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Large purchases before the recent advance in the price of diamonds, together with the fact that we want to reduce our stock before the arrival of fall orders, makes it possible for us to save you 20 per cent on any piece of Diamond Jewelry.

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STEAKS, CUTLETS, CHOPS, HAM, Etc.,

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A. R. PARKS, The Corner Market Man.

Poultry, Game, Fish and Vegetables in Season

John D. Riker, M. D.

Practice Limited to EYE, EAR, NOSE, THROAT. Pontiac, Mich.

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AUCTIONEER

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SEE ME. R. D. BELT, Pontiac, Mich

33 Fairgrove Ave.

Kills Daughter and Self. Friday, Ohio, dispatch: Mrs. J. Shiloh, wife of a prominent business man, shot and killed her 15-year-old daughter and then took her own life. She was about to have an operation performed.

ACCIDENTS

HAPPEN

Death and taxes are sure--fires will occur: two within one week.--Clark Beach and Dr. Clawson. Mr. McQuarter a severe accident in the grand old Hartford and against loss of time by accident in the Etna. J. ALLEN BICE, LOW, Agt.

ADVERTISED LETTERS.

Sept. 2, 1905. The following unclaimed letters are at the postoffice: A. J. Smith, Mrs. E. Robinson, Mrs. E. Simpson, Miss Kath Sanford (care of S. V. Clark & Co.). JOHN HANNA, P. M.

Japanese are state socialists. In Japan state socialism is favored by the government and taught in the colleges.

OBITUARY.

MRS. NANCY A. MCKINNEY. Mrs. Nancy A. McKinney died at the home of her daughter, Miss Grace A. in Birmingham, of old age, on the 14th of September. Mrs. McKinney was very well known here and we sympathize greatly with the loved ones who are left at the separation.

Nancy Arthur was born in Ireland on the 6th day of July 1816, living there with her parents until she was nineteen years of age, when she was married to Wm. McKinney and came immediately to America, living to years in Philadelphia, then moved to a farm in Wayne county, Michigan and later to Birmingham, where she spent the last twenty years of her life. Seven children were the result of this union, three of whom are living; Mrs. Frank Young, and Miss Grace A. of Birmingham and J. W. McKinney of Holly Mich. Beside the children, there are a great number of friends, grand children and great grand children to mourn her loss. The funeral was held at the home in charge of Rev. Patterson of Southfield interment in Greenwood cemetery.

The charm of happiness lies in striving for it rather than in the realization. An illusion realized is an illusion shattered.

A SERIOUS ACCIDENT!

Ed. McQuarter Badly Injured While at Work on the J. & S. Block.

Tuesday afternoon the village people were startled by a crashing, breaking, sound of splintering timbers and the next thing a scream for help, and prompt energetic and willing hands with an impetuous lever rescued Ed. McQuarter from a perilous predicament.

It seems that in mixing mortar for plastering, about two tons of sand had been piled up on the first floor of the north store of J. E. S. Block, later on Ward Place and Harry Gray brought in nearly two tons of plastering sand and put it on the floor near the pump. All of this was one section of flooring next to a cellar opening--the weakest spot in all the building.

Two men, Joe Petrick and Melvin Henry, steam fitters putting in the heating system were at work under the same floor. Ed had just come into the cellar for a drink of water, when all the boys heard a cracking sound. Ed called up to get bringing in any more pulp when the crack came. The furnace men ran to the front part while Ed. ran for the rear and was caught and crushed.

Injuries were feared to be fatal but no bones were broken, but his face and head was bruised and scraped and one foot smashed up very badly. He was taken to the office of Dr. Shaw and afterwards taken to his home where he is slowly but surely recovering. It is a happy escape and both the cellar workers are yet congratulating themselves on their escape.

ADVENTISTS AT HOLLY

James J. Davenport, a Devout Adventist, Attended From Here.

The past week was a busy one for the little town of Holly. The camp meeting grounds presenting a very neat appearance with their white tents for the use of the Adventists who flocked thither to attend the meetings, some of the speakers being E. K. Slade of Searles Center, the Elder R. K. Slade, the president of the conference, and Elder M. Shepard of Wayne.

The work at the camp ceased at sunset, for the Adventists make it a point to observe literally the sacred Sabbath teaching that the day begins and ends at sunset. "From even to even shall ye celebrate your Sabbath" is to them a divine command and that explains why Adventists are frequently seen upon the streets and in the stores Saturday nights, their Sabbath having passed.

They have a very interesting program for the whole convention and James J. Davenport, a very enthusiastic adventist is representing this community and more than enjoying himself.

AT THE THEATRES.

WHITNEY

Harry Clay Blaney, the popular comedian, will be seen at the Whitney next week in his new comedy, "The Boy Behind the Gun." He gives his auditors glimpses of the Golden Gate, the powerful Russian stronghold, Port Arthur, a review of the Mikado's flower kingdom, a peep into its famous tea gardens, with picturesque Chinese girls and a vivid and inspiring descriptive picture of the Sea of Japan showing Admirable Togo's flagship in the midst of that now world-famous fleet with which this tiger of the sea so completely annihilated the Russian stronghold. Matinees daily, except Wednesday.

LYCEUM

The genuinely amusing comedian, Lew Dockstader, and his All Star minstrel company will be seen at the Lyceum next week. He will be seen in a novelty entitled "The Album of Minstrelsy," a most amusing skit called "The Rubber-necks" and one of his brand new monologues. A dancing feature by Jarney Fagan. Twenty of the world's greatest terpsichorean artists, including the well known Foley boys. Matinees--Wednesday and Saturday.

RED BLAZES!

Dr. S. W. Clawson of Detroit who owns the large farm at Northwood on the D. U. R. line four miles south of here lost all his barns and outbuildings by fire Tuesday evening about four o'clock. Men were at work there with an engine, filling his silo. Fire consumed his cattle barn which had just been finished, his grain barn full of oats, wheat and corn, his carriage house, water tank and also his cow shed.

RED BLAZES! Dr. S. W. Clawson of Detroit who owns the large farm at Northwood on the D. U. R. line four miles south of here lost all his barns and outbuildings by fire Tuesday evening about four o'clock. Men were at work there with an engine, filling his silo. Fire consumed his cattle barn which had just been finished, his grain barn full of oats, wheat and corn, his carriage house, water tank and also his cow shed. Building insured but not contents. Building reached 3000. Desperate fighting was being done but some time was being lost in a change in the wind as well as thought all would go.

JAMES VAN EVERY

Knows the History of Detroit by Actual Observation.

Born Here 14 Years Ago, is Male and Hearty, And Has Read The News For 30 Years.

FROM DETROIT NEWS--SEPT. 19 '05. Eighty-four years old, but doesn't look above 64, never was sick in his life until last winter, when the grip clutched him, but he shook it off; even now, to use his own words, "physically as tough as a hickory knot," owner of a fine farm of 150 acres in Bloomfield township, Oakland county, six miles south west of Pontiac, and a daily reader of The News for more than 30 years.

This is James Van Every, who was a caller at The News office Monday, his birthday, and who doesn't need even the help of a walking stick to get around when he comes to the city.



JAMES VAN EVERY. We celebrated his 84th birthday anniversary Monday, and who is "as tough as a hickory knot."

Mr. Van Every was born on the site of the Detroit water works. It was then a farm owned by his father, Peter Van Every, who had been a soldier in Hall's army and who became a prisoner of war when Hull surrendered Detroit. Later the father was a member of the territorial legislature, a member of the first legislature after Michigan's admission to statehood in 1837, and a justice of the peace. James Van Every well remembers Gov. Mason, H. H. Emmons, afterwards United States Judge; Jacob M. Howard, later a United States senator, and William A. Howard, who they were all young lawyers in his father's justice office. He used to see a good deal of Gen. Cass and Gen. Wing, and was an eye witness nearly 75 years ago when one Simmons, who had been convicted of murder, was executed on a gallows erected on what was then a commons, but which is now Capitol square park on upper Griswold street, where the bones of Gov. Mason were permanently interred this year.

Mr. Van Every lived on the water works farm until 15 years old, when he moved to Franklin, Oakland county. In 1849 he took up a quarter section of woods in Bloomfield township, which he has transformed into his present big farm home. He says "The News is the only paper he cares to read, and he reads it readily with spectacles.--Evening News

R. F. D. NO. 1.

AT THE THEATRES.

Last Monday, as J. M. Henning was taking his niece, Miss Mary Wallace, to her school the horse suddenly became frightened at an old boiler which the workmen were moving across the road, overturning the buggy and throwing the occupants violently to the ground, both sustaining painful injuries about the shoulders. Miss Wallace had her collar bone broken while Mr. Henning got badly shook up. The horse was caught by Jerry/Russell after smashing the buggy to kindling wood.

Geoff England and family have moved to Oxford where he has taken a position on a large farm. We wish them good luck.

Charles Martin last Saturday paid off his hired man and had \$1 left which he put in a drawer in his bedroom and then went out to the barn, while he was gone the scoundrel took the money out of the drawer and made his escape.

Howard Russell is home for a two weeks vacation from Fremont, Ohio.

Miss E. A. Taylor has gone to Grand Rapids to attend the fair there this week, and will also visit other places.

Frank Rinder has commenced to break ground for his new home.

J. Hancock is getting a well.

Mr. S. Russell has taken her son, Earl, to college and will be gone for two weeks.

School has opened in the Parker district with Miss Mabel Allen as teacher.

Mrs. V. B. Miller took the following prizes at the state fair held at Detroit last week: Cake, 1st, \$5; Jelly, 2d, \$4; Butter, 3d, \$3. (See certainly did splendidly.--E.)

V. B. Miller lost a fine colt Sunday.

Indian Slays White Thieves. Plover, S. D. special: Beach Flite, a Plover Indian, shot and killed Edward Peterson and Edward Colby, both of Blomston, at Flite's home, near Plover. Peterson and Colby had been visiting Flite's personal property.

A True Story

With a Moral

I once subscribed for my country paper, as I told my wife, to help the editor along and keep him encouraged. I told him I would hand him a dollar some time. I did not take the paper because I wanted to read it, but as I said to help the editor along and then I thought perhaps my wife might want to read it, but as for me I had no time to waste on the darned little thing. Well it came regularly and never missed a week, rate or a thing. My wife read every word in it and was always telling me of something she had seen in that paper, but I never paid much attention to it. I had a fine horse to sell and was very anxious to disp of it so I could find one wanting to buy horses. One day I said to my wife, I do wish I could run across some fellow wanting to part from his money for a horse. She said, "Why yes, I saw in the paper where a man would be in town on a certain day to buy horses." I rushed around and found the paper, read the notice, and the time was passed by a week. I asked the partner of my bosom why he had thus dealt with me, withholding such valuable information, and she said she had no idea I had a horse to sell and besides I should read the paper myself. I felt hurt at my wife, the town, my neighbors, the horse buyer, and the editor, why didn't somebody tell me about it. What else had that measly editor do, but come out to see me and bring that horse buyer with him? I was paying him a dollar a year and felt like there was due me some courtesy. Well now I was not paying him a dollar yet but of course I would pay him some time when I had a dollar to spare.

Things racked along and walked along and ran along for some time until I began to cool off. In the meantime I had bought some fruit trees from an agent and when I ordered them he could not tell me the date of delivery but would give notice through the paper. Well one day I said to my wife, "Nancy, it seems those trees are a long time getting here, for it is now nearly spring and no fruit trees yet, they should have been set out three months ago." "Why, Jack, I saw a notice in the paper two months ago that they had come and for everybody to come in and get them." There it was again, my old shogun, my old shogun, my old shogun, and when I got there I asked the editor about it. He said the agent left them there in town with old man Smith and that Smith died about a month ago. I rushed around to Smith's and found out from his widow that my trees were frozen. I was too full for utterance so I said nothing. Well after that I began to notice everything in that paper and found it was full of good reading matter and good advice from the editor.

I had been taking the paper three years and had never yet handed the editor a dollar, but I always needed my dollars, so one day I got a notice from this paper editor stating I owed him three dollars on subscription and he would be proud if I would call at once and pay him. This made me so angry that I liked to have a fight. "Did that little cuss have the audacity to send me a dun?" Me, Jack Mee, a respectable fellow? To send me a dun simply because I had not come around and paid him a little significant sum of \$3. My blood boiled, I yanked up our three-year-old boy and spanked him all over for not resenting the insult. I gave my wife into that man with both feet. I grabbed my old shogun, my pocket-knife, an ax handle and an old cow bell and started for that printing office with blood in my eye and murder in my heart. I had no trouble in finding the editor at home and then I began away back at the time of the flood and propounded to him the fratilities and shrewdness of mankind till I got down the present generation when I made my point clear by telling him what I thought of him and his dun. "I had it in the horse and I was gague possible that it was unnecessarily disturbed. I told him I was not the man to sit quietly down and allow any man to dun me right under my own vine and fig tree. He said, "Is that what is ailing you?" I said, "Ain't that enough?" He laughed a comical laugh like a nightingale might land at the property of me, and he said, "I was not so high as you from his desk and showed me a pile of duns, three feet high he had gotten from concerns he owed for ink, type, paper, machinery and several other things. He showed me in the twinkle of an eye that it was impossible for him to pay his bills unless his subscribers paid him. After he had delivered this sermon I did not wait for the benediction, but began to beat out. He said his own wife had been paid him ten years in advance. Now I take his paper and read every word it says and I shall never allow my paper to get behind again.--Jack Mee, Cisco (Texas) Roundup.

BEAUTIFUL FLOWER SHOW MICHIGAN HAS "MEMORY DAY"

First One Held in This Vicinity And We Would be Proud of It.

On Thursday last the Village Improvement society held the first flower show ever held in this vicinity at the Birmingham school building. The flowers were arranged on tables in the lower hall, each room having a table by themselves, and the children of each school did their very best to have the nicest flowers in the show, and in every way the best display. The result was beautiful and something for each child to be proud of.

Mrs. L. M. Brey, Mrs. M. E. Hemmings and Miss Esther Chapman were the judges and awarded the prizes, two very beautiful chandeliers in gilt frames, to Miss Pepper's room, and the 6th and 7th grade room, first prize going to the former.

Beside this good work the Village Improvement society have greatly improved the looks of this pretty village by growing flowers in the place of weeds along the streets.

BIG BEAVER. Mr. and Mrs. Frank Roggenbourn mourn the loss of their only child, a little boy of three and one-half months. Funeral was held Saturday at the home, Rev. L. Houghton of Birmingham officiating. "Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

Quite a number of Big Beavers attended the state fair last week. Our school is in session again with Geo. Dondero of Royal Oak as teacher. The Lambs have been entertaining relatives from Bay City the past two weeks.

Mrs. A. A. Gibbs attended the M. E. conference in Detroit last Friday.

The April fool story printed in Berlin about the looting of Uncle Sam's treasury was taken seriously. The doctor apparently is not the only person who need trepanning to get a look into the brain cells.

IN RE JOHN CHAPMAN. To the Editor of the Eccentric. Dear Sir: I would like, through your paper to express my appreciation of a great book in the Birmingham public library. It was written by Dr. Hillis under the title "The Quest of John Chapman." Of this book I have had several. This, I think, is one of the best. Mention has already been made by Miss Baldwin in the columns of the Eccentric, but I desire to add just one more testimony in its favor. Yours very sincerely, E. Ham, Sept. 18, 1905. D. H. Jamison.