

UNCLE DANIEL THE GOVERNOR OR REVEREND FAIR NOT YET SETTLED

Suffers From Shock of Severe Storm While Returning From His Recent Trip to Europe.

His Visit With His Fellow Co-Laborers In the Vineyard, a Most Successful Affair.

The Show at Sand Hill Will Open September 25th and Last on the 27th.

Editor Fox Will Prosecute Seed for Slander—Case Is Not Settled as Was Reported.

Daniel L. Davis, democratic politician, who has been on a tour of Europe, returned home Saturday morning. Friends of Mr. Davis, who met him at the car, were shocked to see him so seriously ill.

"Uncle Dan" is suffering from an attack of extreme nervousness brought on while going through a fearful hurricane while two days out from New York. He was on the steamer "Drusus" homeward bound from Naples' Italy. Mr. Davis describes the storm at sea with graphic vividness, but says that it is beyond description.

The Governor's party, which arrived at our little city last Saturday, about noon and we can truly say that we are proud of our loyal citizens. Never before on any Fourth of July, Decoration Day or any other holiday, did old Birmingham display as much bunting, immense flags, medium sized flags, and little flags floated from every house nearby. The party were in fine spirits and after a good hearty dinner with mine host Anderson of the National Hotel, speeches were made by many of the party and listened to by a large and enthusiastic audience among which were many ladies. Congressman Smith made one of his natural, interesting, pleasing speeches, giving Governor Warner, Mr. Power of Farmington, candidate for county treasurer, spoke well, and in leaving felt that he had no fear of Bloomfield for having defeated our townsman, Andrew H. Porter, at the convention. But the heart winner, the speaker of the day was Patrick H. Kelly, as one of the ladies was heard to remark, "His eyes suit me." A larger crowd for the time of day was not expected and every body was enthusiastic and cheered heartily as the distinguished guests moved away. Their visit here was a success and very satisfactory to all. A big political meeting at Farmington, the governor's home, wound up the day.

Next to the State Fair in popularity with the Detroit people is the Redford Fair, held at the pleasant suburb of Sand Hill, nine miles out of Detroit on Grand River Avenue. A day at the Redford Fair is a nice little outing, and it comes after the hot weather and the air fresh and was.

The show this year will be held September 25, 26 and 27, after nearly all the others are over, and the attractions that have been making the circuit concentrate there. The coming fair will be the twenty-third, and there has never been a failure to show a balance on the right side of the ledger.

A liberal premium list is offered and lovers of good horses and good racing can have a chance to see some clear work of that kind. As an inducement for the exhibition of live stock a liberal premium list is offered. Games and sports are also provided.

The officers of the Redford Agricultural society are as follows: President, George C. Burgess, Sand Hill; treasurer, C. A. Pierce, Bell Branch; secretary, C. A. Lahser, Sand Hill; track manager, H. P. Burgess, Sand Hill; marshal, George Burt.

The report that I have settled with Seed is one of his malicious lies made out of whole cloth," says Editor Fox of the Rochester Era, who was the victim of a foul attack in the columns of Seed's paper. Fox says he will press the criminal charge to the finish. It is generally admitted that Seed's article was a most disgraceful one and of a character so vile as to be indecent in print. It is a pity that journalistic strife should lead to the publication of anything so out of place in any newspaper.

HE REMAINETH

John Stay, of Troy, Could Not Go Although He Tried to Start via the Revolver Route.

John Stay, a farmer living north of Big Beaver, shot himself with a revolver in an attempt to commit suicide last week Friday. The bullet struck in the middle of his forehead and came out over the left ear, but without penetrating the skull. While the wound is a serious one, it is thought that he will recover.

Stay was dependent over family troubles. About a month ago he and his wife separated. Mrs. Stay going to Detroit and Stay to a neighbor's house. He has been dependent ever since and last Friday left his friends home to visit his old home.

Shortly after a shot was heard and neighbors found him with the revolver in his hand, lying in a pool of blood. It is believed he will recover.

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OBITUARY.

Died at his home, Friday, September 21st, 1906, at four o'clock, a. m., William Sturgis. Mr. Sturgis was 64 years old and had been a resident of the township of Troy nearly his whole life. He was born a temperate, moral and honorable citizen and enlisted in the Civil War in 1862 and was discharged from service on account of sickness from which he never recovered and which was the direct cause of his death.

He will not only be missed by his family and relatives, but by many friends who offer their sympathy to the bereaved ones.

Mrs. Wm. Sturgis and Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Lamb appreciate very much the many kindnesses bestowed upon them by the many friends during their bereavement and wish to thank them for the same.

Money Value of Poitennes.

The attitude of too many public servants seems to be one of hostility toward the public. Manifest indignation to answer perfectly proper questions is shown. Such defects of character are almost certain to bar the way to advancement in any calling, says the Philadelphia Ledger. Superior ability may bring a high degree of success without any grace or suavity of manner, but the majority of employers do not possess exceptional talents and must rise by energy, integrity and a pleasing personality. This last-named quality more than any other explains the rise of certain persons to high status. Very ordinary men have gained their way to honors and fortune. A cheerful, friendly person may pass for something much better than he really is, so great is the value which the world sets upon good nature.

Women are sometimes regarded as likely to lose their heads and grow hysterical with fear in times of sudden danger, but every little while some incident occurs which puts them in another light. An open car filled with passengers ran away down a long hill in New York the other day. When it was found that the car and beyond control many passengers screamed and jumped and some were badly hurt, says the Youth's Companion. A woman who had a baby in her arms stood calmly up in her place, motioned to a man on the street who was watching the car approaching car, tossed the baby to him as the car passed, and then sat down. The man caught the baby, and in a few moments the mother walked back, thanked him, and took the child. Nothing panicky about that!

So long as human judgment stops this side of infallibility there will be steamship and railway disasters. There is no natural catastrophe that could not have been prevented if the wrong man had not been intrusted with responsibility.

A deaf-mute has become able to talk and hear as a result of being run over by an automobile. It is not explained how or why he happened to refrain long enough from walking on railway tracks to get run over by the automobile.

People who live in boarding houses where they have codfish balls for breakfast every second morning will be delighted to know that the cod crop this summer is a total failure. Hacks with cod labels will continue to be served, however.

Some of the Russian nobility have started the first golf club in their country. Doubtless they have already had an expert inspector of golf balls to weed out any small diameter bombs that may become mixed with them.

You will have to show St. Joseph, Mo., that there is any fun in the bargain counter jokes. One woman was fatally hurt and a number of others were injured there, a day or two ago, in a bargain rush.

Fifty bomb-factories were discovered last week by the Russian police. The car ought to import an American captain of industry to convert the bomb business into a trust and raise the profits beyond the reach of the terrorists.

Nobody of course will be mean enough to hint that the single blessedness club formed by those Evansville girls because they had no boys to petted by beaus looks a little boastful.

A Reward.

We offer a reward of 25 cents for every case of skin trouble, eczema, ulcers, or itching sores, which Dermolac, a kind of scalp trouble that Dermolac is not intended to cure, for if not cured we pay the 25 cents back.

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To float peacefully out on the bosom of Lake Erie, to be fanned by cool and invigorating breezes and to feel that the cares of life have lagged behind are the delights enjoyed by travelers between Eastern and Western States. The D. & B. Lake Trip is a service between Detroit and Buffalo, N. Y., which is accepted for transportation. Send 2 stamp for illustrated pamphlet. Address D. & B. STEAMBOAT CO., 7 Wayne St., Detroit, Mich.

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NEW STORY OF THE COW AND THE SUMMER GIRL.

The Cow charged upon the sauntering Summer Girl, all in the usual way, and was not a little disconcerted when the creature stood before her. "Why don't you take to your heels?" demanded the Cow, impatiently, and added, with a palpable sneer, "because they are French heels, per-haps."

"No, ma'am," replied the Summer Girl, with considerable asperity. "It's simply because my parasol is no order than you are. My advice to you is to cast the beam of your own eye before you go running after the note in your neighbor's eye."

"Now, by this, the Cow was so crushed and humiliated that she forthwith retired to a dairy, contenting herself unequal to the duties of a farm where they took miscellaneous boarders.—Puck.

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Anxious Mamma—Little Dick is up stairs crying with the toothache.

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Fixing the Blame.

Stern Parent—No, sir, I'll never give my consent to your marriage with my daughter until you are a little support her.

Young Man—Oh, very well. If you want her to die an old maid, I have nothing more to say.—Chicago Daily News.

Inconsistent.

Coddington—If your address is changed again, I'll hear your address is changed again.

Smoker—Yes—beastly nuisance! Coddington's doing!

Coddington—What changed the number of the house, has he?

Smoker—No, applied for the rent.

An Odious Comparison.

"Doesn't Scribbly look cheap beside that magnificent, well-dressed wife of his?"

"I should say so. He looks like a bartender's shirt-stud beside the Kohlsdorf."—Edge.

Between Friends.

Askitt—That's a new umbrella?

Notit—No; it has been in my possession for nearly two years.

Askitt—Don't you think it's about time you returned it?—Chicago Daily News.

How He Got In.

"How did you get into this country?" asked a reporter of a Chinese man.

"Was it through the open door?"

"No; through a chink," replied the Mongolian, tersely.—Judge.

Highly Disclosed.

Mike—Wheeler, Bill! Where 'yer get yer black eye from?

Bill—Ad a scrap, I did run.

Mike—H! He could run, then?

Pictured May Fever.

In Paris there is just now proceeding a seasonable discussion on hay fever, concerning which an amusing instance of the capricious nature of the infection is related. A lady was quite proof against catching the sneezings of hay fever from either hay or any other flower or plant except one. The mere sight of a rose used to set her sneezing violently. Knowing her weakness, she carefully avoided these flowers, but one day a carnation stopped before a still life painting representing a basket of roses. At most instantly she was seized with a sneezing fit. Clearly, says the London Globe, imagination has its part in the disease.

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A Relief Movement.

"Sir," said the aggrieved, mistreated teacher to the philanthropist who lived in the apartment beneath his, "you agreed to pay me for all my time provided that I devoted it only to the pupils you should send me."

"I did," acknowledged the philanthropist pleasantly.

"You gave me to understand it was in conjunction with your work along certain lines of relief."

"That is true."

"Yet the only pupils you have sent me are the unemphasized people, who cannot possibly use a piano."

"I know, I may have omitted to tell you that I was doing this for my own relief."—Judge.

ADVERTISED LETTERS.

List of letters remaining uncalled for in Birmingham post-office, on September 15th: Wm. H. Boss, Wm. Harkins, R. A. Hastings, Mrs. Reuben Barber.

JOHN HANNA, P. M.

FROM THE MAIL BAG.

How much longer is that old woodpile going to remain on Daines street? Editor:—"We give it up. How long is it now? 18 inches?"

Result of Environment.

"I saw the oddest freak the other day," says the man with the honest eyes and the trustworthy face.

"A three-legged cat?" we ask, smiling.

"No. It was a chicken that had fur instead of feathers."

"Pur!"

"Yes. It was hatched from a cold storage egg."—Life.

Conquered.

She (after a lover's quarrel)—I suppose you want your presents back?

He—Ah, no, keep them. If any of the fellows ask about the presents, I'll explain that they were fully paid for in hugs and kisses.

She (on second thought)—My dear, suppose we forget we have quarreled and begin over again.—N. Y. Weekly.

In His Line.

"Married, are you?" laughed his friend. "I thought you were a confirmed old bachelor."

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