Always the Same

Calumet Baking Powder

The only high grade Baking Powder sold at a moderate price.

THE MAN OF WHEELS.

They were sitting in the cosy corner of the club and talking about mutual acquaintances.

"By the way," asked Jones, "does anybody know what's become of Jigsby?"

"I haven't seen him for ages," said Smith.

It appeared that Jigsby had dropped out of everybody's ken.

"Such a clever chap he was, too," went on Jones. "He was a marvel with machines, understood all of 'em, and could do anything with 'em. Quite a genius with wheels."

"Oh, a genius, no doubt," said Brown. "He broke all records with the pneumatic bike."

"I never saw a bicyclist like him. He was a wonder."

"He was the first man I ever saw riding a motor-bike," said Robinson. "The inventor took it to him, and Jigsby had mastered it in 20 minutes."

"He was clever with the motor car, too. He was the first man to do 60 miles an hour on the road."

"His genius didn't stop there," said Robinson. "I met him in Paris a year or two ago, and he was running a flying machine business then. He had done the biggest fly-up-to-date, and he had thoughts of winning the big prize."

"It's a wonder he should have dropped out of sight, a genius like that!" said Brown.

"He's still about," remarked a little man puffing a big pipe. "Saw him last Sunday. Looked awfully melancholy and woebegone. I pitied the poor beggar."

"What? Is he doing nothing now?"

"Oh, yes, he's still in the machine and wheeling line—still successful, too successful, in fact. When I saw him he was pushing a perambulator with twins in it!"

The Ruling Passion.

"The colonel is a very sick man," sympathetically said the attending physician, addressing the auctioneer's anxious wife. "His pulse is now going at 104."

"Going at 104!" feebly cried the invalid. "At 104! Going at 104! who'll make it 105? 105, do I hear, for a pulse that has been running steadily for 47 years and never once stopped? One hundred and five, will you gimme? Who'll make it 105?"—Puck.

DAMAGED IN TRANSIT.

"What's the matter with your face, Percy?"

"Nothing. It was like this when I got it."

Spring Lamb.

They went into a restaurant—
John Jones and Mary Drew;
Mary had a little lamb,
And John, he had lamb, too.

Soporific.

Irate wife—But what is the use of my talking when you just go to sleep? Do you hear? (Bang!) What is the use of my talking when you just go to sleep?

Tired Husband—On the contrary, Jenny, it was only because I was listening to you that I dozed off.—Judge.

What She Liked.

"I think the country is just sweet," said the town young lady. "I love to see the peasant returning to his humble cot, his sturdy figure outlined against the setting sun, his faithful collie at his side, and his plow upon his shoulder."—Royal Magazine.

Kind All Around.

"Has my boy been a little defender and been kind to dumb animals today?"

"Yes, grandma. I let your canary out of the cage, and when my cat caught it I set Towser on her."—Royal Magazine.

His Mistake.

Mr. Jones—Would you support my daughter in the style to which she has been accustomed?

Cholly—Yes, sir.

Mr. Jones—Then you're an idiot, and you can't have her!—Judge.

Chance for Inventors.

Tin Pedler—Madam, I am selling a patent self-basting pan for roasting.

Old Lady—I don't think I'd care for that; but if you have any patent self-darning needles for mending, I'll take one.—New York Weekly.

Down by the Lake.

Summer Girl—What a queer-looking boat! What kind is it?

Boatman—That's a catboat, miss.

Summer Girl—Indeed! And where are the kitten boats?—Chicago Daily News.

One on the Judge.

Jessica—When the judge asked you how old you were, what did you say?

Margery—I told him if he were a good judge he wouldn't ask.—Judge.

I've Been Thinking

By Charles Battell Loomis

THE editor was "getting up" his Christmas issue, or, to be more exact, he was thinking of getting it up, and as he lolled lazily in his hammock and watched the shadows of the July clouds chasing each other over the distant hills he wondered whether he could not strike a new note in Christmas issues—something that would appeal to every man, woman, and child in the land and cause them to tumble over each other in their eagerness to buy his magazine.

The shadows lengthened in the grass, the hum of the insects lost the help of the bees, who had ceased their work and gone to rest, and from the house within came the tinkle of a silvery bell that told him supper was served.

But he did not move, and at last his wife came to the door and, fanning her face with her apron, said, "John, everything is getting hot from standing. Do come in."

He bounded from his hammock.

"I have it, Mary, dear! I have it! I will have a Christmas issue that will leave all others in the rear. It will be the first of its kind, and I fully expect our sales to be increased a hundred-fold."

And then he told her of his scheme.

"We will bring out the magazine on Christmas Eve, and from beginning to end there will not be a single mention of Christmas except on the cover."

"Well, but people will be expecting Christmas stuff."

"What! Expecting? Yes; they will be expecting it. You're right, and that's where we'll win. They won't get it. They will have had Christmas issues from early in November, and when they realize that they can spend the 25th of December reading a magazine that has absolutely no hint of an overcooked holiday in it they will buy it and send it to their friends all over the world. Fold me to your bosom, little wife, for I have at last hit on a money maker!"

His little wife folded him to her bosom, but it was such warm weather that he asked her to unfold him, and she unfolded him right away, because the way they preserved harmony in the family was by minding each other at once, always.

Next day he went to the hot city and told his associates of his plan and they were aghast.

"W-h-at!" said they. "Nothing about little tots and their stockings? Not a word as to the origin of the Christmas legend? Nothing about the genial, jovial old saint? No Dickens story refashed? No peace and good will by the yard? Not a yule log nor a reference to mistletoe and the old maid, aunt? Why, Puffer, you're daffy!"

But if Puffer was daffy he was also editor, and what he said went.

Oh, how happy the typesetters were when they learned that they would have to spell Christmas but once!

And if they were happy, think how more than happy the poets were who were told that no stuff would be accepted that hinted at the glad season, and that stockings were barred, what over their pattern!

And the sketch and story writers. They came to Mr. Puffer with tears in their eyes and said to him, "You have saved our lives. Now we can write with enthusiasm. We had begun to hate Santa Claus and we hated to hate him, for he is such a nice old fellow; but we have had to ring so many changes on him that the sight of a snowy beard and ruddy cheeks makes us pessimistic."

And the artists. Really it was hard to stop the artists from drawing chimneys and reindeers. The announcement that a Christmas number was on the stocks had always meant so many prancing deer and so many barefooted, nightgowned tots, and more than one artist turned in pictures of midsummer sheep warming their fleeces at yule logs instead of gamboling on sunny hillsides.

And the public. Well, it was even as Mr. Puffer had prophesied. At first they would not believe that there was such a magazine, and so they bought it to make sure. And it was full of stories about every day in the year but Christmas, and the cover had clover and clematis on it, and little naked boys in swimming under a summer sky. Oh, it was a great success, and for seven days the printing of it went on, and when New Year's day came Mr. Puffer got a six months' leave of absence and went with his wife to travel in foreign lands, and when they returned they found out that every editor in America had taken a leaf out of Mr. Puffer's book and was going to bring out a Christmas-less Christmas number.

So Mr. Puffer laid low and said nothing to his brother editors, but, being now a very rich man, he invited a large number of writers and artists up to his summer place, and told them to write when they pleased and draw when they pleased, but to try to bend their energies to the making up of the only Christmas magazine in America.

And taking it that way in the middle of summer in a delightful place, they found they could think of Christmas without distaste, and they set to and planned the very best Christmas number that had ever been thought of.

And now the public prints contained no mention of Christmas, and people began to sort of yearn for the pretty stories and the winsome yule-loggy pictures, and by the time Christmas day came they were positively hungry for them.

And that is why Mr. Puffer's Christmas issue, full of Christmas stories and pictures, beat all records. Its circulation was only five or six short of sixteen millions.

And Mr. Puffer made so much money that he and his wife have been traveling ever since, and they always spend Christmas in the city where St. Nicholas was born, and they hang up their stockings and go through the motions and emotions, because there's a good deal in that Christmas spirit if you don't get too much of it.

(Copyright, by James Pott & Co.)

Slaughter of Wild Swans.

Gunners on the lower Niagara river almost annihilated a flock of wild swans that visited that section late Sunday afternoon.

Most of the swans were brought down with howling pieces as they hovered over the lower river, but not a few of them were taken alive. The birds that settled into the water seemed to get caught in the ice and eddies and could not rise and the hunters went after them in boats.

The capture of swans at that point is not an unusual occurrence, though such a big catch as that of Sunday has never before been recorded here.—Niagara Falls Correspondence Buffalo News.

Lim Jucklin on Country Doctors

By Opie Read

A neighbor had been lingering between life and death, and the attending physician had just given his vague and guarded opinion, when old Lim Jucklin looked up from the box where he was sitting in front of the grocery store and remarked: "Every man that gets money without steadin' earns it, I reckon, but I don't know of anybody that comes nearer doin' it twice over than the country doctor. He has to put forth all the skill he has and then must lie to keep hope alive. And hope is the best medicine ever discovered, for it not only aids the sick, but helps the well to bear their burdens.

"I recollect once when old Dock Haines practiced in this neighborhood, long before the most of you were born. Satchell Smith was taken down with some sort of new-fangled fever that was prowlin' around the neighborhood, and kept on a-gettin' worse. Finally, one day, his neighbors came in to be present at his death, and they were a-settin' about a-waitin' for the dreaded end when Dock he came in—spoke cheerfully to everybody, joked with a gal about her beau, and jollied a widow about an old fellow that was seen hangin' around on the outskirts of her good graces. Well, the wife of the sick man she comes in, just able to walk, she was so grief-stricken, and puts her arms about one of the women and begins to cry—and well she might, for Smith he was a good husband and never found fault with a thing that was or was not on the table at meal time. All of the women folks thought it was about time to cry, and they cried and the men hemmed and hawed and Smith he lay there a feichin' of his breath the best he could under the circumstances. Parson Biglow went up to the bed and asked Smith how he felt, and Smith said he wan't feelin' at his best, and no one in the room disputed the assertion. But Dock he demurred to the proceedin's; he 'lowed that it wan't meet and it wan't fittin', to cross-question the patient in sich a manner. Biglow furmed about and says, says he: 'I am a preacher, sir, and I have a right to talk to him about his soul.'

"'Yes,' says Dock, 'but not till after I get through with his body.'

"Biglow he was up in matters of rettort, and he says, says he: 'And when you do get through with his body his soul will be gone,' and Smith he lay there a-settin' like he couldn't find another breath. Then Dock he straightened up, and we all knowed that somethin' extraordinary was about to happen. If anybody believes strong enough that Smith here is goin' to die he's got a chance to win some easy money,' said he. 'Twenty dollars ain't picked up every minute and I'll bet $20 in gold and put up the money right now that Smith ain't goin' to die this season. Any takers?

"The preacher says: 'Yes, under takes,' which showed to us that along with his knowledge of divine things he was sorter sarcastic. A discussion might have followed, but up spoke Slip Buckner. He was the hottest man probably that ever lived, and if a chance to bet ever got to him it was in the night when he was in bed and asleep. Well, he spoke up and says that he will take the bet and we all looked at him, but not with any partic'lar admiration, for he was bettin' on a sure thing. He fished up his money onten the swans of his clothes and his wife she scolded him under her breath, but he shook his head at her and proceeded with the business in hand. 'Here's my money,' says he, and I just need twenty more to complete the purchase of a yoke of steers that I've had my eye on for some time.' He looked at Dock and so did we all, for we couldn't see why he would throw away his $20. But he didn't winge. He took out his gold piece and Squire Patterson held the stakes, and after the excitement of puttin' up the money the women returned to their cryin' and things were purty much as they were before—that is, except with Smith himself.

"Now, Smith, he had traveled up and down the Mississippi river in his younger days, a-bettin' everything he had, and it had always held a sort of charm for him. He had sorter sided off with the church, but he couldn't forget the excitement of a bet, and, while he didn't indulge during his later life, he felt the thrill of it and would hang 'round for hours a-beggin' the boys not to bet on hosses, but stayin' till the last race was won. And now he was interested. It was the first thing that had claimed his entire mind since the fever came along and spread its heat over him. He'll be a walkin' about in less than two weeks,' says Dock, and Slip Buckner begins to search himself. 'Somewhere about me I've got twenty more that says—he—won't,' he declared, and Dock he sorter winced at this, but he was game, and without sayin' a word he outs with another gold piece and Buckner he covered it with silver and paper, and the women folks 'lowed that the world was gettin' closer and closer akin to old Satan every day.

"For a long time Dock he set there swearin' that he was sure to win, and finally he says to Smith that he will give him half the money. And Smith laughed—yes, sir, laughed, not a loud haw-haw, but a chuckle, and the women cried afresh, for they thought that Smith was goin' into eternity a-laughin', which to them was a mighty bad promise for the future. Well, we set about till evenin', and when the candles were lighted the fire on the hearth began to sing a low, sweet song, half-at'in the sound of somebody walkin' through snow, and we heard Smith breathin' in a natural sort of way and we looked at him and he was asleep. Well, to make a long story short, he was better the next morning, and within the time set he was walkin' about, and Dock not only gave him half the money, but all he had won. And like—well, some time afterwards, when Smith was a candidate for justice of the peace, Buck he 'lows, 'I ain't goin' to vote for him. He done me a bad turn once—beat me out of a lot of money.' Dock told me that he expected to lose the money, but it was one chance in a thousand that he might save Smith by excitin' his mind.

"Yes, sir," the old man added after a few moments of meditation, "a doctor must know human nature as well as medicine, and this knowledge mixed with medicine is what makes one doctor better than another. I've known 'em to git out of their beds the coldest nights that ever blowed and ride ten miles to doctor a man they knowed wan't a goin' to pay a cent. It takes great strength always to handle weakness; it takes a god-like patience to deal with the fretful and not be warped over to the side of continual peevishness, and whenever I hear a doctor a-laughin' I always rejoice with him. Science in medicine travels slow, it is true, for such human body is an individual machine, and every mornin' has a new way to go wrong. And I have known men to be such liars that they wouldn't tell a doctor the truth as to how they felt, fearin' that they were givin' him some little advantage. The average doctor has a good sense of humor and has stored up some of the oldest jokes I ever heard, and this is in the direct line of his usefulness, for a sick man can't understand a new joke as well as an old one.

"The saddest time for the sick man is not when the doctor is comin' to see him, but the time when the doctor's bill begins to pay its visits. It ought not to be, but a doctor's bill is a mighty hard thing to pay. It is like payin' for a January overcoat in July. When old Alf Bug was gettin' well—just about the time the doctor pronounced him out of danger—he said to him: 'Doctor, you have been mighty faithful, and I thank you, but I'm sorry that I can't pay you nothin'. If I had died you would have got your money, for my life is insured, but as it is I can't give you a cent.'

"The doctor looked at him a minute and says: 'Bug, I think you need just one more dose of medicine.'

"'Much obleeged to you,' replied Bug, 'but I've got a plenty.'"

(Copyright, by Opie Read.)

Put Your Money In a New Country

The Pacific Coast extension of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway now under construction, opens to the settler thousands of acres of excellent agricultural land. The new country in Adams, Hettinger, and Bowman Counties, North Dakota, and Butte County, South Dakota, is now reached by the new track. The soil is a dark loam with clay subsoil, and produces in abundance wheat, oats, barley, spelt, flax, corn and potatoes. The land is well adapted to farming, good water is found at a depth of from twenty to fifty feet, and the whole country is underlaid with lignite coal that outcrops along the streams, and in most cases can be had for the digging.

The climate is healthful, the air is dry and invigorating, and the percentage of sunshiny days is high. Outdoor work can be done almost every day in the year. Rainfall is amply sufficient to raise the crops. Regular mail service has been established, the roads are good, rural telephone lines traverse the country, and automobiles are in common use. The deeded land in this district sells for from $10 to $18 per acre. There are many instances this year where the crop equalled in value the cost of the land.

In Butte County, South Dakota, there is considerable government land open for homestead entry. Government land offices are maintained at Lemmon, Hettinger and Bowman, where filings and final proofs may be made. All of these towns are on the new line of the

Chicago Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway

In Montana, the new railroad traverses good farming land. It has been demonstrated that big crops of grain may be raised. Along the Yellowstone and Musselshell rivers, the water is used for irrigation, and phenomenal yields of alfalfa, sugar beets, and grain, are always certain. In the Judith Basin near Lewistown, Montana, is one of the most remarkable sections to be found on the new line. Under natural rainfall, the famous bench lands produced this year an average of 35 bushels of hard wheat to the acre, and the price was 94 cents per bushel. The basin contains about 1500 square miles and is sparsely settled. Some government land still remains open for settlement. A government land office is maintained at Lewistown. In Fergus County, outside the Judith Basin, is one of the greatest stock countries in the world, and good ranches can be purchased at a reasonable figure.

The Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway Co. has established an immigration department for the purpose of assisting in the settlement and development of the new lands now being opened. Pamphlets descriptive of its resources will be forwarded free on request

F. A. MILLER
General Passenger Agent,
CHICAGO

GEO. B. HAYNES
Immigration Agent,
95 ADAMS STREET, CHICAGO

Mistaken Identity.

O'Hagan—Oi have found the man that hit me wid a brick as Oi was passin' the alley, Mr. Murphy.

Mr. Murphy—And what did you do with him?

O'Hagan—Nothin'. 'Twas all a mistake—the man was only doing his duty. He thought Oi was a policemar in plain clothes.

TEN TELEPHONE COMMANDMENTS.

George W. Christie, of Long Prairie, Minnesota, sends Telephony a list of 10 commandments which he has compiled for the use of telephone subscribers. They follow:

1. Thou shalt call by number only.
2. Thou shalt always answer thy telephone at the first sound of the bell.
3. Thou shalt not use thy telephone when the lightning cracks in the sky, for verily I say thou endangerest thyself and will not be answered.
4. When the operator says, "Shake up your transmitter" thou shalt shake even if it givest thee paralysis.
5. Thou shalt not call again directly after ringing off else the operator deem it a ring off and not answer.
6. Thou shalt not expect to get a party in another town directly after calling, for the line may be busy or the party not be found.
7. Always shalt thou ring off when through speaking, for it will save confusion all around.
8. Thou shalt not rave and cuss at the operator if he does not answer on the dot, for he is busy and will attend to thy wants as soon as possible.
9. Never shalt thou flirt with the operator nor force her to converse with thee for it doth impair the service.
10. Above all never shalt thou get huffy and lose thy temper, but be thou courteous and pleasant voiced, and remember especially that thine is not the only wire in the cable.

ORDER FOR PUBLICATION—General.

State of Michigan, the Probate Court for the County of Oakland. At a session of said Court, held at the Probate Office in the City of Pontiac, in said county, on the 13th day of May, A. D. 1905. Present, Hon. Joseph S. Stockwell, Judge of Probate. In the matter of the estate of JOHN H. SNOW, Deceased.

Emma E. Snow, executrix of said estate, having filed in said Court a petition praying for the examination and allowance of her final account and for the settlement of the estate.

It is ordered that the 15th day of June, A. D. 1905, at 9 o'clock in the forenoon, at said Probate Office, be and is hereby appointed for hearing said petition. It is further ordered that public notice thereof be given by publication of a copy of this order, for three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing, in the Birmingham Eccentric, a newspaper printed and circulated in said county. JOSEPH S. STOCKWELL,

(A true copy.) Judge of Probate.

ROSS STOCKWELL, Probate Clerk. 22my-12jun

60 YEARS' EXPERIENCE

PATENTS

TRADE MARKS
DESIGNS
COPYRIGHTS &c.

Anyone sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain our opinion free whether an invention is probably patentable. Communications strictly confidential. HANDBOOK on Patents sent free. Oldest agency for securing patents.

Patents taken through Munn & Co. receive special notice, without charge, in the

Scientific American.

A handsomely illustrated weekly. Largest circulation of any scientific journal. Terms, $3 a year; four months, $1. Sold by all newsdealers.

MUNN & Co. 361 Broadway, New York
Branch Office, 625 F St., Washington, D. C.

Grand Trunk Railway System

West-bound from Birmingham

No. 19—Grand Rapids Local ..... † 7 45 a. m
No. 13—Grand Haven Local ..... †12 48 p. m
No. 11—Grand Rapids Local ..... † 3 57 p. m.

East-bound from Birmingham

No. 16—Detroit Local ..... † 7 45 a. m
No. 12—Detroit Local ..... †11 20 a. m
No. 18—Detroit Local ..... ‡17 46 p. m

Solid wide vestibule trains of coaches and sleeping cars are operated to New York (and Philadelphia) via Niagara Falls by the Grand Trunk-Lehigh Valley Route.

*Daily †Daily except Sunday.
‡ Stops on signal.

M. T. CRANE, Agent.

Everything in Drugs

If you are going to entertain a few friends and want something dainty in the refreshment line, order your Ice Cream of me.

If you are surprised by the unexpected arrival of company, and haven't dessert, order your Ice Cream here.

Don't forget our Counter Service, either. We are serving the latest combinations at the cleanest and most modern fountain ever seen in these parts, with tables always at your service.

Order a dozen of Keyser's Ginger Ale for house use. 60c dozen.

Charles J. Shaiu
BIRMINGHAM

The Grand Trunk R'y System
Will give another
SUNDAY EXCURSION
JUNE 14

FARE FOR ROUND TRIP
BIRMINGHAM
TO
JACKSON - $1.00
LAKELAND - .75
ORCHAND LAKE .35
WALLED LAKE .50

Tickets will be good going and returning only on advertised Sunday excursion train on day of sale.
Baggage will not be checked on excursion trains.
Call at Station for particulars.

M. T. CRANE, Agent.