With the World's Great Humorists

Selections from the Writings of the Best Known Makers of Mirth.

Addison Spriggs in Love

By S. E. Kiser.

Within the breast of Addison Spriggs was formed a great and glorious resolution. He had lived for 42 years in single blessedness, or what he had always supposed was single blessedness. Now, however, it occurred to him that it had really been single selfishness.

"What right have I," he asked himself, "to deny to the woman who was intended for me the happiness she was born to inherit? It is my duty to find her out and give her the gladness for which she is waiting. I feel within me stirring the spirit of love. It is a sign that I should be up and doing. Who knows that she may not at any moment be pining for my caress?"

For two weeks Miss Beatrice Bonner had been officiating as stenographer for the firm in which Mr. Spriggs was a silent partner. Thrice within a few days she had looked up at him and smiled in a way that had caused him to experience certain thrills within the region of the solar plexus. As he reflected upon these occurrences it became clear to him that Miss Bonner had been sent into the world to become his soul mate, and, gazing at her where she sat reading "Beautiful Nell the Millhand's Daughter," he decided to permit her to have immediate cognizance of the good fortune that was about to befall her. "Approaching her and tenderly placing a hand upon one of her shoulders, he said:

"Miss Bonner, I have decided to call on you this evening. Will you please tell me where you live and how I can get there?"

After she had finished the directions he returned to his desk, leaving her somewhat perplexed but hopeful. At eight o'clock that evening Addison Spriggs was ushered into the small

"Come and Sit Beside Me."

parlor maintained by the Bonner family, and little Launcelot Bonner informed him Beatrice would come in as soon as she could get all her hair on. Mr. Spriggs was not inclined to waste valuable time, and as soon as the lady of his choice appeared he drew a long, deep sigh, at the same time wondering what he had ever done to deserve one so sweet and so beautiful as she who stood before him.

"Won't you take the rocking chair, Mr. Spriggs?" Miss Bonner asked, after she had persuaded little Launcelot to leave them alone together.

"No," he replied, "the settee looks better. Come and sit beside me. I have something important to tell you."

She sat down, and again he saw in her soulful eyes the look that had previously thrilled him. Cautiously he slipped an arm around her waist and gradually he drew her to him. For a few minutes they sat in silence, and she permitted her face to incline toward him until her cheek rested upon his shoulder. At last he pushed her gently from him and said:

"Miss Bonner, I have come to bring you glad tidings of great joy. Your parents are not rich, are they?"

"Before I answer your questions," she replied, "I wish to say something. You have never before told a girl that you loved her. You have never before had your arm around the waist of any girl. You have never had your lips so close to the sweet mouth of a beautiful girl that you might have kissed her, whether she wished to be kissed or not. You have never before been ready to ask one of the opposite sex to surrender herself to your care, have you?"

"No, never before. But what has caused you to think so?"

"You're such a rank amateur at love-making."

As he was dejectedly walking home that night Addison Spriggs said to himself:

"Confound it, I wonder if there is left in the world a girl who is really worthy of me?"

(Copyright, 1909, by W. G. Chapman.)

Irrigating Balloons

By William J. Lampton.

"There are so many balloonatics around these days," said Artemus C. Johnson, president of the Near-aero club of Colorado, situated a mile and a half from Pike's peak or bust, "that you can't throw a brick without hitting one—"

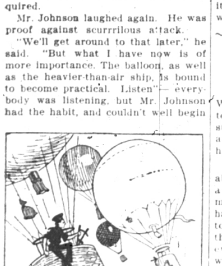
"A gold-brick?" interrupted an eager listener.

"They hit harder than the other kind," laughed Mr. Johnson without resenting the interruption, "but what I have on hand is no gold brick proposition. On the contrary it is a sure winner."

"It isn't an asylum for balloonatics, is it?" some other eager listener inquired.

Mr. Johnson laughed again. He was proof against scurrilous attack.

"We'll get around to that later," he said. "But what I have now is of more importance. The balloon, as well as the heavier-than-air ship, is bound to become practical. Listen"—everybody was listening, but Mr. Johnson had the habit, and couldn't well begin



"We Are a Great Improvement Over the Ordinary Ram System."

to tell anything without the preface so much in use these days—"I've been out through the arid lands of Wyoming and I've got a plan perfected, and a company organized, the Aerial Irrigation Company, to revolutionize the whole system of irrigation. Land out there that ain't worth a dam. I mean a dam to hold water, will under proper irrigation be worth anywhere from $50 to $100 an acre. But how will they irrigate, with water too far to be brought to it at an expense that will justify? There is no way on earth but by balloons—"

"They ain't on earth, are they?" put in a third eager listener.

"That's the answer," laughed Mr. Johnson. "Transportation on earth is too expensive, so we propose to take to the air. We've got the company organized and stock for sale. Our plan is to establish at Green River, Wyo., a thrifty little city on the river of the same name, our central station. The Green river is a beautiful stream of clear water, and in evidence all summer, which cannot be said of all the streams of the arid region. Now, from our central station we propose to send out balloons, dirigible balloons, of course, going in every direction where water is needed. To each of our balloons is attached a tank with a wide-mouthed sprinkler below it. That is the entire mechanism. We will fill these tanks at Green River and the balloons will sail away through the blue empyrean distributing water which shall fall as the gentle rain making the desert to blossom as the rose. Do you get the idea? Natural irrigation by artificial means. Isn't it the goods? We are a great improvement over the ordinary rain system, because whenever a farmer needs water he can telephone the central station and have a tank sent out and sprinkled on his place.

I have talked to several well-known promoters and some Wall street men on the subject, and they are a unit in assuring me that they have never known a proposition so fraught with wind and water to make stock buoyant and active. Shares are selling below par now, but they will begin to go up as soon as the balloons do."

(Copyright, 1909, by W. G. Chapman.)

Uncle William's Nature Story

By W. D. Nesbit.

The children clustered about Uncle William's knees and demanded that he tell them a really, truly true animal story before they should go to bed, and Uncle William, being a kind-hearted old fellow, told them this:

I don't believe I have ever told you about the three pets I had once upon a time—the pet elephant and the pet mosquito and the pet bumblebee. I had caught the bumblebee when it was too young even to bumble at all, and the mosquito I had taken in one chilly evening and treated so kindly that it would eat off my hand. The pet elephant was one that I got in Africa on one of my hunting trips. While there one afternoon I came upon an elephant's nest and in it was the little elephant, the cunningest little baby elephant you ever saw. So I took it and brought it home with me. At first it was so small that it trotted after me like a pet dog, but it grew rapidly and finally became a full grown elephant, and it would have done your heart's good to have seen the way people would stare at me when I would stroll down street with my huge elephant pacing contentedly after me, or could have heard the objections of street car conductors when I would insist upon taking the elephant aboard with me. I called the elephant Bumpjoo and the bumblebee Bumblyob and the mosquito Buzzyloo.

But, alas! they fell out once and that broke up the happy family. My pets had grown so fond of each other and I of them that I allowed the three to sleep together. I had a comfortable big bed made for them, and Bumpjoo slept next the wall, Buzzyloo in the middle and Bumblyloo on the outside. Bumpjoo may have been growing again, but one night Buzzyloo began whining and complaining that he was being crowded, and Bumblyloo set up the same complaint. Bumpjoo paid no attention to them, being rather petulant that evening, and from my bed in the other room I listened with amusement, thinking that soon their little quarrel would end in peaceful slumber. But evidently Bumpjoo was obstinate; maybe he intentionally took up more than his share of the bed. At any rate I heard Buzzyloo demanding that he lay over and Bumblyloo saying if he was crowded any more he would show somebody what was what. Suddenly I heard Buzzyloo and Bumblyloo scolding Bumpjoo fiercely, and then Bumpjoo snorted with surprise and pain, for Buzzyloo had bitten him, and the next instant he snorted even louder, for Bumblyloo had stung him. This shows what happens if we let our angry passions rise, children. I got up and started in to quiet them, when Bumpjoo snorted again and jumped up, with Buzzyloo and Bumblyloo after him, and the next thing I knew Bumpjoo had charged right through the wall and was out, running down the big road waving his trunk wildly to one side and his tail wildly to the other, with Buzzyloo biting him and Bumblyloo stinging him at every step. I pursued them in the hope that I could, but eventually had to give up. Last summer I saw an elephant in a circus and he looked at me so sadly and reminiscently that I am sure it was my little pet, Bumpjoo, for an elephant's memory is long, but I had been many years since he had been with me, and of course I could not be sure. But, children the thing that caused this terrible quarrel between Bumpjoo, Buzzyloo and Bumblyloo was that they had sat up too late one evening and were cross and tired when they went to bed, so let us not run any risks of that sort.

(Copyright, 1909, by W. G. Chapman.)

The Parting of the Ways

Only One Idea Suggested Itself to Uncle Ransom If Separation Had to Come.

"Uncle Ransom," said the planter, "you rode my best horse 20 miles to that festival Saturday night; you kept him out all day Sunday and nearly killed him Sunday night. How many times have I told you to let my horses rest on Sunday?"

"Yes, suh, Marse Robert, dat's so, but—"

"How many times have I told you if you didn't quit that, you and I couldn't get along together on this place?"

"Dat sho' is the 'truf, Marse Robert. You pi'nitedly tole me dat—but you knows a nigger, he jes' nacherly forgits."

"Every negro on this place believes that he can do exactly as he pleases."

"Dar now, bless Gawd, you sho' spoke a parable; dese young niggers is gittin' mightily triflin'."

"It has come to this, Ransom; please tell me where you live and how I can get there?"

After she had finished the directions he returned to his desk, leaving her somewhat perplexed but hopeful. At eight o'clock that evening Addison Spriggs was ushered into the small parlor maintained by the Bonner family, and little Launcelot Bonner informed him Beatrice would come in as soon as she could get all her hair on. Mr. Spriggs was not inclined to waste valuable time, and as soon as the lady of his choice appeared he drew a long, deep sigh, at the same time wondering what he had ever done to deserve one so sweet and so beautiful as she who stood before him.

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Erudition.

The following gems of literature are bona fide examples of the erudition possessed by certain students who are taking this year's course of English at Harvard. An effort to write something about the word "Vulgate" in connection with the Bible resulted in the production of "In the fourteenth century lived Vulgate. He translated the Bible for Roman Catholics." Ahithophel is a name not wholly unfamiliar to Biblical students, but perhaps this will give new information concerning him: "Ahithophel was the first man after the flood to lead a holy existence, but after him and before the time of Christ there were a number of Christians ensconced in different places."—Christian Register.

Gold Hoarded in India.

It was estimated by the London Statist in November, 1892, that in the 33 years ending with March of that year, the amount of gold which had gone to India and been retained, or in other words, hoarded, was no less than £356,324,000.' This was at the rate of £10,750,000 per annum. A 50-year period is now completed and there is no reason to suppose that the Indian hoarding has become less. There are, in fact, some reasons which may be adduced for supposing that the amount of gold secreted has tended to increase.—Wall Street Journal.

Invest in Timber

A VISIBLE INCREASING SECURITY

20% Earnings

THE MICHIGAN PACIFIC LUMBER COMPANY

Commenced operations April 1st, and reports are received from the Camp regularly. Logs are now being delivered to the mills at the rate of 150,000 feet daily at a profit of $6.00 per thousand feet; $900 per day, or $300,000 per year. These are facts, not estimates. The Company will market 300,000 feet daily next year—figure for yourself what the profits will be. At this rate it would take twenty-five years to cut the timber.

If you are interested in learning how money is made from operation in Timber, write us for copies of the reports as they come from Camp.

PROPERTY

50 square miles—
2,580,000,000 feet of Timber—
On tide water—30 miles from market—
Value today as standing Timber $2,000,000.
Bond issue represents but 1 9 1-2 cts. per thousand.
Capitalization less than actual value.

We have purchased $500,000 of the first mortgage 6% bonds on this property, together with a large block of the capital stock and are now offering same to our clients, and the Michigan public generally. We bought these bonds and stock last fall when logs were selling at $8.50 per thousand feet. They are now worth $11.50 and will sell much higher. To purchasers of bonds we extend the privilege of buying a like amount of stock. As often as $500,000 of the bonds are sold, the price of the stock will be advanced until it is selling somewhere near its value. It is listed on the local Detroit Exchange where a ready market is obtainable. Watch the daily papers for quotations and

BUY NOW. DON'T WAIT.

If you are not familiar with the standing of our House, ask your Banker.

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Detroit United Lines

Birmingham Time Table

Cars leave Birmingham Car House for Detroit at 5:25 a. m. and every half hour thereafter until 7:54 p. m.; then hourly until 10:55 p. m. Passengers in last car changing at Royal Oak to southbound car of Flint Division.

Cars leave Birmingham Car House for Pontiac at 6:30 a. m., 7:00 a. m. and half-hourly thereafter until 8 p.m.; then hourly until 12:00 midnight.

Cars leave Detroit for Birmingham at 6:30 a. m. and every half hour thereafter until 7:00 p. m.; then hourly until 11:00 p. m. This car awaiting the close of the last theatre.

On Sundays the first car out of Detroit is 7:00 a. m.

For Flint Division change at Royal Oak.
WM. R. HOLDEN, Agent.

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Will cure a cough or cold no matter how severe and prevent pneumonia and consumption.

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This is to certify that all druggists are authorized to refund your money if Foley's Honey and Tar fails to cure your cough or cold. Contains no opiates. The genuine is in a yellow package. REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.

ORDER FOR PUBLICATION—Sale of Mortgage of Real Estate.

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 11th day of May, A. D. 1909. Present, Hon. Kleber P. Rockwell, Judge of Probate. In the matter of the Estate of

JENNIE DOUGLAS, Deceased.

Almeron Whitehead, executor of said Estate, having filed in said Court a petition praying for the sale of the real estate in the interest of said Estate in certain real estate therein described.

It is ordered that the 19th day of June, A. D. 1909, at 9 o'clock in the forenoon, at said Probate office, be and is hereby appointed for hearing said petition and that all persons interested in said estate appear before said Court, at said time and place, to show cause why a license to sell the interest of said estate should not be granted. 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.

KLEBER P. ROCKWELL,
(A true copy.) Judge of Probate.
JUDSON A. FREDENBURGH, Probate Clerk.
may21-jun11

COMMISSIONERS' NOTICE.

In the matter of the estate of Danford Beach, deceased. The undersigned having been appointed by the Honorable Kleber P. Rockwell, Judge of Probate in and for the County of Oakland, State Michigan, Commissioners to receive, examine and adjust all claims against said estate, and four months from the 19th day of May A. D. 1909 being been allowed by said Judge of Probate to all persons holding claims against said estate in which to present them to us for examination and adjustment, notice is hereby given that we will meet on the 10th day of July, 1909, and the 16th day of September, 1909, at 10 o'clock a. m. of each day, at the First State Savings Bank, in the Village of Birmingham, in said county, for the purpose of receiving and adjusting said claims.

J. F. RUNDELL,
FRANK PEARSALL,
Commissioners.
may14-jun11

298

House, barn, wagon shop, blacksmith shop, two lumber sheds, two acres of land, fine orchard; buildings in good repair, 2½ miles from electric, in Village of Franklin, prettiest village in Michigan. All ready for an enterprising blacksmith and wagonmaker to make a good living in a prosperous farming community. Best of reasons for selling, and $2,000 cash will buy it right off the bat.

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Succeed when everything else fails. In nervous prostration and female weaknesses they are the supreme remedy, as thousands have testified.

FOR KIDNEY, LIVER AND STOMACH TROUBLE

it is the best medicine ever sold over a druggist's counter.

Thief Ready to Help Judge.

R. S. Latshaw, judge of the criminal court, was troubled in spirit. He called a deputy marshal to his bench.

"Is that harness thief out of jail?" he asked.

"You mean 'Blackie,' whose name is Stevens?" the deputy asked.

"Yes, the man who has a specialty of stealing harness."

"He's still in jail. What's up?"

"My riding bridle was stolen the other night. I thought I might get a clew if 'Blackie' be out."

The deputy marshal returned later after having talked with the prisoner.

"Judge," he said, "Blackie wants to know what kind of a bridle you lost. He says he didn't take it, but he can get you another when he is free."

The judge was dumfounded.—Kansas City Star.

Good to Be Alive.

"Elfsoon with fishing rod and line and can of squirming bait, the younker to the creek will hie and sit him down and wait. And when the wily sucker fish with skill he doth ensnare, a more exultant soul than he will not be anywhere," carole the Punxsutawney Spirit. Gadzooks! that hath a lively lilt, and eke a happy swing. The dull-est-witted lout on earth should know that it is spring when Punxsutawney-ites was glad and carol ecstatic lays! Odds fish, it's good to be alive these rare, sweet April days!—Washington Herald.

John J. Gafill, Attorney, Detroit, Mich.

MORTGAGE SALE.

Mortgage sale under the power of sale contained in mortgages, Albert P. Jacobs and Grace W. Jacobs, his wife, of the Village of Birmingham, Oakland county, Michigan, mortgagors, and Whitehead & Mitchell, a co-partnership, of the Village of Birmingham, Oakland county, Michigan, mortgagees. The mortgage bears date March 2, 1907, and was recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds for Oakland county, Michigan, on the 6th day of March, 1907, in Liber 173 of Mortgages, on pages 438 and 439. The mortgagee hereby declare that the principal and interest is now due, and the amount due at date hereof is the sum of four thousand six hundred and seventy-one and 56-100 dollars ($4,671.56). The mortgaged premises are situated in the Village of Birmingham, County of Oakland, State of Michigan, and are described as follows: Lots numbered forty-three (43), forty-five (45), sixty-one (61), sixty-two (62), sixty-three (63), sixty-four (64) and sixty-six (66), of Merrill's Plat of the said Village of Birmingham, Michigan, according to the plat thereof as recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds in and for the county aforesaid. Also the following described lands: (1) Lot numbered fifty-seven (57), according to the Willitts Plat, so called, containing 2.44 acres of land; (2) a piece of lot numbered fifty-nine (59), according to said Willitts Plat, lying west of lot fifty-seven (57), and running so far west as to contain two (2) acres of land; (3) a parcel of land commencing twenty-two (22) chains and eighty (80) links west of the quarter post between sections twenty-five (25) and twenty-six (26), in town two (2) north, range ten (10) east, Oakland county, Michigan, thence north three degrees (3°) west three (3) chains and sixteen and one-fifth (16 1-5) links, thence south eighty-seven degrees (87°) west three (3) chains and sixteen and one-fifth (16 1-5) links to the place of beginning, containing one (1) square acre of land; (4) a piece of land bounded north by lands formerly owned by E. Harmon, east by lands formerly by Edwin Baldwin, south by Maple Avenue, and west by lands formerly owned by E. Harmon. All of said lands latterly described being the former residence and the grounds appurtenant thereto belonging and occupied by Horace A. Randall, now deceased. This land, with the appurtenances, will be sold at the Saginaw-Street entrance to the Oakland County Court House at Pontiac, Oakland county, Michigan (that being the place where the Circuit Court for the County of Oakland is held), on Saturday, the 7th day of August, 1909, at 10 o'clock a. m. of said day, to satisfy the amount due on said mortgage, costs and expense of sale, and the attorney fee provided for in said mortgage and by law.

Dated May 10, 1909.

WHITEHEAD & MITCHELL,
Mortgagees.

JOHN J. GAFILL, JR., Attorney for Mortgagees, 310 Wayne County Bank Building, Detroit, Michigan.
may14-aug6

Griswold House

DETROIT, MICHIGAN

European Plan

200 Rooms	100 Rooms	50 Rooms
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Table d'Hote dinner at noon and night, 50 cents — Lady waiters in main dining room

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