# The Farmington Enterprise

J. A. Price, Editor

Published Friday of each Week and entered at the postoffice at Farmington, Oakland County, Michigan, as second class mail matter.

**$1.00 per year, in advance**

Devoted to the upbuilding of Farmington and Oakland County


## Announcement

After withdrawing my name as a candidate for treasurer two years ago, I have decided at the request of friends to announce my candidacy for the office of Township Treasurer, subject to the wishes of the Republican caucus to be held this Spring.

Your support will be appreciated.

L. F. SCHROEDER.

## Announcement

I wish to announce to my many friends in Farmington township that I will be a candidate for the office of Highway Commissioner, subject to the wishes of the Republican caucus, to be held during March. Your support will be greatly appreciated.

Respectfully,

15-tw PERRY E. WIXOM.

## Announcement

At the urgent request of, numerous friends, I herewith announce my candidacy for the office of Village Treasurer on the Republican ticket, subject to the wishes of the village caucus, to be held Thursday, February 25th.

Respectfully,

JOHN R. WALTERS.

Don't forget the caucus.

Mr. G. Hog evidently missed calculations about five weeks.

The thirty-first annual meeting of the Michigan State Dairymen's Association was held at Flint this week.

The annual village financial statement is due for publication shortly, the law requiring its publication prior to election.

Sears-Robuck are reported as having just declared a big dividend amounting to nearly 100 per cent on capitalization. What share of that dividend did you pay? What part of that money will ever come back into circulation in Farmington?

The annual scramble of eligible men in the village getting out of the way of places on the village council is again in vogue.

For the first time in over fifty years that such a thing has happened, the February moon will not get "full" during the entire month, but on the other hand, it done it twice during January. The Prohibition wave is not only extending in four directions, but must have struck up around Moonville, as well.

Farmers' Week will be observed at the Agricultural College, March 1 to 6. The usual courses are open to all, and the only expense to farmers attending will be for railroad fare to East Lansing and for board. Particular attention will be paid to soils and crops, dairying, etc., and special courses in Home Economics.

Two tickets will probably be in the field at Redford, says the Record, and further, it is just possible that the election may assume a "wet and dry" aspect, if some remarks and reports we have heard are true. Northville is also going to try it out on "home rule" at the coming election, and with Farmington participating in an option fight, it looks like the wets will have to bring up some of their "big Krupps".

The publishers of the Birmingham Eccentric have dug up a new one on the high cost of living. Farmer Jones came to town and bought a dandy 95c beef roast for Sunday dinner, paid a dollar and received a nickel change. Arriving home he missed the roast. Absent minded, of course. He looked in the pocket where he thought he had put the meat and found the nickel, then upon examining further he investigated his purse and therein found the roast.

## After Many Years

J. L. Southers, Eau Claire, Wis. writes: "Years ago I wrote you in regard to grear results I obtained from Foley Kidney Pills. After all these years I have never had a return of those terrible backaches or sleepless nights: I am permanently cured." Men and women, young and old, find this reliable remedy relieves rheumatism, backache, stiff joints and ills caused by weak or diseased kidneys or bladder. Sold by T. A. McGee.

## "BLACK JIM" THE CONVICT

By M. QUAD

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The man known as "Black Jim" had been sent out to the penal colony of Australia for forgery.

They sent him up to Woona Wally after his first two years of imprisonment, and he fell into the hands of George Stebbins. In those days an Australian convict was bid off—that is, a settler in want of help would bid a price for so many men, and they were turned over to him for a certain length of time. He was responsible for their feed and care, and his word was law. He could work them as hard and as long as he wished. He could starve and beat them and there was no one to come between. In case of insubordination he could shoot them down, and the government simply accepted his statement of the affair. All convicts were glad enough to get away from prison and out upon the ranches, and in most cases they found good masters and were decently treated. As a member of the mounted police I knew that Stebbins was a hard man to get along with. He had been a tavern keeper and a bully in England, and his wife had committed suicide, and his two sons had been taken away from him by the law on account of his cruelty.

Black Jim came up to Woona Wally with six other men, and the gang were up at police headquarters for the night. It fell to us to take their pedigrees and post them as to their new master and what would be expected of them. In our district we always gave a convict a fair start. He was told what would be required of him, advised to do his best to please his master and given to understand that if he went straight we would see that he had fair usage. I was interested in Black Jim at once. The law had made a convict of him, but it hadn't degraded him.

I had an idea that Stebbins would be down on him from the first because of his superior looks, and I went pretty thoroughly into details. When I had finished the prisoner said:

"I thank you, sir, and shall do my best to please."

Things came about as I feared. As Stebbins inspected his gang he picked Black Jim out for special attention. He had little to say to the others beyond making bloodcurdling threats of what would happen if they didn't toe the mark, but to Jim he said:

"So they have sent me a gentleman, have they? They thought I needed somebody to teach me manners perhaps. Mebbe the idea was for you to sit on the veranda and give me daily lessons. Well, you've come to the wrong shop. Look, now, I'm goin' to keep an eye on you! You think yourself head and shoulders above the crowd, but I'll take the conceit out of you!"

Not one convict in a thousand would have stood the insults and degradation put upon Black Jim the next year. I know he tried his best, but there was no pleasing Stebbins. He was always boasting that he had a gentleman convict and that he was bound to "break" him, and he spent a good share of his time worrying the man. One day, as I was returning with the troop after hunting down a false alarm of bushrangers, my horse shied and threw me almost in front of Stebbins' house, and as I struck on a stone and had several ribs broken I was carried in. He was not glad to see me, but under the circumstances was obliged to give me a bed. On the fourth night of my accident four men and three women arrived for an evening visit.

When dinner had been finished and the drink had gone around Stebbins sent for Black Jim and ordered him to dance for the amusement of the company. The convict respectfully but firmly refused, and his master cried out in indignation:

"You won't dance, eh? Too much of a gentleman to give us a hornpipe! Mebbe this company isn't swagger enough for the likes of a bloomin' murderer!"

"The charge against me was forgery, sir," quietly replied the man.

"I don't care what it was. You are insubordinate, and up you go by the thumbs! After hangin' till daylight you'll probably be a little more humble."

The man had been hanging ten minutes and the agony had almost brought unconsciousness when the door was kicked open and bushrangers crowded in. It was a complete surprise. The women screamed out and began to cry, but the men, with the exception of Stebbins, took it rather coolly. The bully and coward went white as death and fell into a chair, and it was almost pitiful to hear him beg for his life.

The next instant Stebbins toppled out of his chair with a bullet in his head, and the leader said:

"Sorry we have interrupted the festivities, but it was our calling night. We were after Stebbins alone, and the rest of you need not fear. Come, Jim, we want you."

Two of them helped the forger-convict out of the house and upon a horse, and that was the making of the most notorious bushranger in all Australia. He had a career of five years and then died from a bullet, and it was two years after his death before it became publicly known that he had let the law make a convict of him in order to shield a brother. I had always believed him innocent of the crime, and, knowing how he had been persecuted and abused by Stebbins, I almost rejoiced when the bushrangers carried him off to make a leader of him.

## Big Game February 27

A week from Saturday night, February 27, the old Farmington Independents will take the floor in an effort to show the local fans that they have not forgotten how to play basket-ball and can still give a good account of themselves.

The opponents for the entertainment will be the Wayne Omegas. The Wayne team is composed of tall, rangy players and are coming here determined to drag the Farmington banners in the dust.

The lineup of the locals and further details will appear in next week's issue.

## Ladies Literary Club

Mrs. Florence Moore was hostess to the Ladies Literary Club on Wednesday afternoon, when an exceptionally interesting program was presented, as follows:

Paper, Shakespeare in Tragedy, by Mrs. Melow. A complete synopsis of the play, King Henry the Eighth, by Mrs. Winnie Wilber. Reading of Act I, by the club. Magazine article, Choosing Our Furniture, by Mrs. McGee. Paper, The Wit and Humor of Shakespeare, Mrs. Way. Paper, The Fools of Shakespeare, by Mrs. Pierce.

The club adjourned, to meet with Mrs. Ella Irish March 3rd.

## Methodist Church

Service morning and evening at 10:30 A. M. and 7:00 P. M. A welcome to all. The morning subject is "Man's Right Place". The evening subject is "The Devil's Own Place."

E. R. Stevenson, Pastor.

Don't forget TAXES tomorrow.


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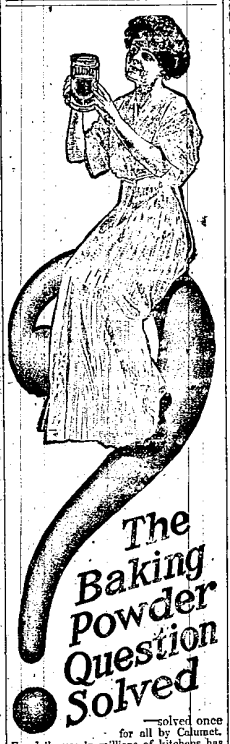
FARMINGTON, MICHIGAN





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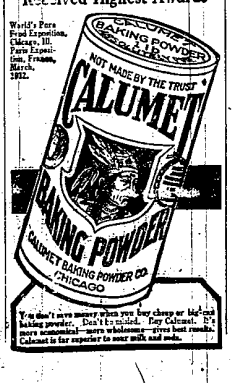


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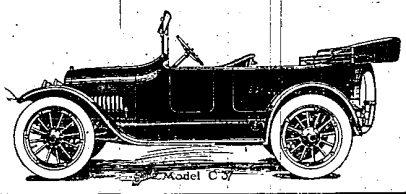




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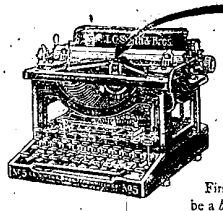

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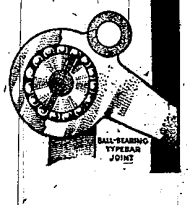
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