BIRMINGHAM ECCENTRIC.

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The army worm may do more damage in the state than would an army in force.

If those seniors and sophomores of the Chicago university don't reform they will land in the state legislature.

The sultan doubts his ability to comply with the demands of the powers. But perhaps the powers will help him to comply with their demands.

If the reports of renewed Turkish massacres of Christian missionaries be true it behooves the European powers to take another fall out of poor little Greece.

Of course, the sultan brought the Turco-Grecian war to an abrupt termination, just as soon as he was given to understand that unless he did so General Miles would have to miss the queen's jubilee.

The contest between romance and realism has reached an acute stage. An offer is made, in a newspaper column devoted to such proffers, to exchange "Tom Brown's School Days" for "setting of white Leghorn or Plymouth Rock eggs."

Herbert Spencer, the English philosopher, has mastered the science of method. He keeps five secretaries busy in order to bring his sociology up to date, though he himself can only work one hour a day when in his best physical condition. Much of the time he cannot work that one hour, but his secretaries, directed by him, do their daily task.

In the recent engagements the Greeks used against the Turks rifles which nearly thirty years ago were fired at Germans by the French, captured by the Germans, and by them sold to the Greeks. Many of these rifles have now been captured a second time. To whom will the Turks sell the out-of-date weapons? Their history makes them undesirable. They have a tendency to go off—to the other side.

A press dispatch from Quebec tells of new guns received at that point, and also a quantity of projectiles for twelve-pounder, quick-firing cannon. How the face of history would have been changed had a few modern, quick-firing guns been magically supplied to Montcalm just as the English forces reached the Plains of Abraham! No heroism of Wolfe's little army would have availed against such instruments of slaughter suddenly reinforcing the defenders of Quebec; and it might well be that "Here Montcalm died victorious" would be the legend read on that historic monument which now commemorates Wolfe.

When Edward Bass, who became the first Episcopal bishop of Massachusetts, took his master's degree at Harvard, his thesis was: "Will the blessed in the future world, after the last judgment, make use of articulate speech, and will that be Hebrew?" He decided both questions in the affirmative. Had he takeen the negative he would have been equally safe since nobody could successfully contradict. The incident suggests that in a century and a half the world has moved little. Men are still tempted to dogmatize about the unknowable—but only here and there a theologian wastes himself in that way. The leaders of religious thought find scope for all their energy in setting forth the eternal verities, founded on the teachings of Christ, that relate to the formation of character for this life and for the life to come.

There are actually more employees of manufactories, male, female, and child labor included, in Germany, Great Britain and France than there are in the United States, though the population of the United States is 22,000,000 greater than the poplation of Germany, and 34,000,000 greater than the population of Great Britain or the population of France. There were returned by the last national census 5,091,000 persons as in 'manufacturing and mechanical industries," in the United States, but included in this number were 150,000 seamstresses, 185,000 tailors, 60,000 milliners, 288,000 dressmakers and 105,000 butchers, and with these and sundry other similar deductions from the number of those engaged in manufacturing and mechanical industries it is found by the last report of the commissioner of labor that the actual number of persons engaged in manufactories in this country is 3,837,000. But though the number of employees is less than in other manufacturing countries, the United States stand at the head of them all in their products of manufactories, the product by hand, the volume of steam power used and the annual wages paid.

Japanese courtesy stands the latest test. An American riding a bicycle in Tokio accidentally knocked down a venerable man. The aged victim gathered himself together, deferentially approached the rider, and humbly begged pardon for being in his "honorable way."

That California professor who thinks he has discovered a lost race in Lower California needn't feel puffed up at all by his discovery. Harvard and Yale discovered the same thing the other day at Poughkeepsie.

It is said an attempt will be made by the stockholders of a railroad to oust Russell Sage from the presidency. If they succeed we don't know what the poor man will do, as the vacancies in presidencies are growing fewer since the courts went into railroad business.

Senator Vest, in a tariff speech the other day remarked that the finest and most luscious cherries in the world are raised in Oregon and Washington. The Cherry Sisters of Iowa should promptly cancel the senator's season pass.

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

"SALESMEN AND SALESWOMEN" SUNDAY'S SUBJECT.

From the Text, Acts 16:14 as Follows: And a Certain Woman Named Lydia, a Seller of Purple of the City of Thyatira Which Worshiped God.

THE first passage introduces to you Lydia, a Christian merchantess. Her business is to deal in purple cloths or silks. She is not a giggling nonentity but a practical woman, not ashamed to work for her living. All the other women of Philippi and Thyatira have been forgotten; but God has made immortal in our text Lydia, the Christian saleswoman. The other text shows you a man with head, and hand, and heart, and foot all busy toiling on up until he gains a princely success. "Seest thou a man diligent in his business? He shall stand before kings."

Great encouragement in these two passages for men and women who will be busy; but no solace for those who are waiting for good luck to show them, at the foot of the rainbow, a casket of buried gold. It is folly for anybody in this world to wait for something to turn up. It will turn down. The law of thrift is as inexorable as the law of the tides. Fortune, the magician, may wave her wand in that direction until castles and palaces come; but she will, after a while, invert the same wand, and all the splendors will vanish into thin air.

There are certain styles of behavior which lead to usefulness, honor and permanent success, and there are certain styles of behavior which lead to dust, dishonor and moral default. I would like to fire the ambition of young people. I have no sympathy with those who would prepare young folks for life by whittling down their expectations. That man or woman will be worth nothing to church or state who begins life cowed down. The business of Christianity is not to quench but to direct human ambition. Therefore it is that I utter words of encouragement to those who are occupied as clerks in the stores and shops and banking houses of the country. They are not an exceptional class. They belong to a great company of tens of thousands who are in this country amid circumstances which will either make or break them for time and eternity. Many of these people have already achieved a Christian manliness and a Chritisan womanliness which will be their passport to any position. I have seen their trials. I have watched their perplexities. There are evils abroad which need to be hunted down and dragged out into the noonday light.

In the first place, I counsel clerks to remember that for the most part their clerkship is only a school from which they are to be graduated. It takes about eight years to get into one of the learned professions. It takes about eight years to get to be a merchant. Some of you will be clerks all your lives, but the vast majority of you are only in a transient position. After a while, some December day, the head men of the firm will call you into the back office and will say to you: "Now, you have done well by us; we are going to do well by you. We invite you to have an interest in our concern." You will bow to that edict very gracefully. Getting into a street car to go home, an old comrade will meet you and say: "What makes you look so happy to tonight?" "Oh," you will say, "nothing, nothing." But in a few days your name will blossom on the sign. Either in the store or bank where you are now, or in some other store or bank, you will take a higher position than that which you now occupy. So I feel I am now addressing people who will yet have their hand on the helm of the world's commerce, and you will turn it this way or that; now clerks, but to be bankers, importers, insurance company directors, shippers, contractors, superintendents of railroads — your voice mighty "on 'Change"—standing foremost in the great financial and religious enterprises of the day. For, though we who are in the professions may, on the platform, plead for the philanthropies, after all, the merchants must come forward with their millions to sustain the movement.

Be, therefore, patient and diligent in this transient position. You are now where you can learn things you can never learn in any other place. What you consider your disadvantages are your grand opportunity. You see an affluent father some day come down a prominent street with his son who has just graduated from the university, and establishing him in business, putting $50,000 capital in the store. Well, you are envious. You say: "Oh, if I only had a chance like that young man—if I only had a father to put $50,000 in a business for me, then I would have some chance in the world." Be not envious. You have advantages over that young man which he has not over you. As well might I come down to the docks when a vessel is about to sail for Valparaiso, and say, "Let me pilot this ship out to sea." Why, I would sink crew and cargo before I got out of the harbor, simply because I know nothing about pilotage. Wealthy sea captains put their sons before the mast for the reason that they know it is the only place where they can learn to be successful sailors. It is only under drill that people get to understand pilotage and navigation, and I want you to understand that it takes no more skill to conduct a vessel out of the harbor and across the sea than to steer a commercial establishment clear of the rocks. You see every day the folly of people going into a business they know nothing about. A man makes a fortune in one business; thinks there is another occupation more comfortable; goes into it and sinks all. Many of the commercial establishments of our cities are giving their clerks a mercantile education as thorough as Yale, or Harvard, or Princeton are giving scientific attainment to the students matriculated. The reason there are so many men foundering in business from year to year, is because their early mercantile education was neglected. Ask the men in high commercial circles, and they will tell you they thank God for this severe discipline of their early clerkship. You can afford to endure the wilderness march, if it is going to end in the vineyards and orchards of the promised land.

But you will say: "Will the womanly clerks in our stores have promotion?" Yes. Time is coming when women will be as well paid for their toil in mercantile circles as men are now paid for their toil. Time is coming when a woman will be allowed to do anything she can do well. It is only a little while ago when women knew nothing of telegraphy, and they were kept out of a great many commercial circles where they are now welcome: and the time will go on until the woman who at one counter in a store sells $5,000 worth of goods in a year, will get as high a salary as the man who at the other counter of the same store sells $5,000 worth of goods. All honor to Lydia, the Christian saleswoman.

The second counsel I have to give to clerks is that you seek out what are the lawful regulations of your establishment, and then submit to them. Every well-ordered house has its usages. In military life, on ship's deck, in commercial life, there must be order and discipline. Those people who do not learn how to obey will never know how to command. I will tell you what young man will make ruin, financial and moral; it is the young man who thrusts his thumb into his vest and says: "Nobody shall dictate to me, I am my own master; I will not submit to the regulations of this house." Between an establishment in which all the employes are under thorough discipline and the establishment in which the employes do about as they choose, is the difference between success and failure—between rapid accumulation and utter bankruptcy. Do not come to the store ten minutes after the time. Be there within two seconds, and let it be two seconds before instead of two seconds after. Do not think anything too insignificant to do well. Do not say, "It's only just once." From the most important transaction in commerce down to the particular style in which you tie a string around a bundle obey orders. Do not get easily disgusted. While others in the store may lounge, or fret, or complain, you go with ready hands, and cheerful face, and contented spirit to your work. When the bugle sounds, the good soldier asks no questions, but shoulders his knapsack, fills his canteen and listens for the command of "March!"

Do not get the idea that your interests and those of your employer are antagonistic. His success will be your honor. His embarrassment will be your dismay. Expose none of the frailties of the firm. Tell no store secrets. Do not blab. Rebuff those persons who come to find out from clerks what ought never to be known outside the store. Do not be among those young men who take on a mysterious air when something is said against the firm that employs them, as much as to say: "I could tell you something if I would, but I won't." Do not be among those who imagine they can build themselves up by pulling somebody else down. Be not ashamed to be a subaltern.

Then there are all the trials which come to clerks from the treatment of inconsiderate employers. There are professed Christian men who have no more regard for their clerks than they have for the scales on which the sugars are weighed. A clerk is no more than so much store furniture. No consideration for their rights or interests. Not one word of encouragement from sunrise to sunset, nor from January to December. But when anything goes wrong— a streak of dust on the counter, or a box with the cover off—thunder-showers of scolding. Men imperious, capricious, cranky toward their clerks—their whole manner as much as to say: "All the interest I have in you is to see what I can get out of you." Then there are all the trials of incompetent wages, not in such times as these, when if a man gets half a salary for his servies he ought to be thankful; but I mean in prosperous times. Some of you remember when the war broke out and all merchandise went up, and merchants were made millionaires in six months by the simple rise in the values of goods. Did the clerks get advantage of that rise? Sometimes, not always. I saw estates gathered in those times over which the curse of God has hung ever since. The cry of unpaid men and women in those stores reached the Lord of Sabaoth, and the indignation of God has been around those establishments ever since.

Then, there are boys ruined by lack of compensation. In how many prosperous stores it has been for the last twenty years that boys were given just enough money to teach them how to steal! Some were seized upon by the police. The vast majority of instances were not known. The head of the firm asked: "Where is George now?" "Oh, he isn't here any more." A lad might better starve to death on a blasted heath than take one farthing from his employer. Woe be to that employer who unnecessarily puts a temptation in a boy's way. There have been great establishments in these cities, building marble palaces, their owners dying worth millions, and millions, and millions, who made a vast amount of their estate out of the blood, and muscle, and nerve of half-paid clerks. Such men as —well, I will not mention any name. But I mean men who have gathered up vast estates at the expense of the people who were ground under their heel. "Oh," say such merchants, "if you don't like it here, then go and get a better place." As much as to say: "I've got you in my grip, and I mean to hold you; you can't get any other place."

Oh, what a contrast between those men and Christian merchants who today are sympathetic with their clerks—when they pay the salary, acting in his way: "This salary that I give you is not all my interest in you. You are an immortal man; you are an immortal woman; I am interested in your present and your everlasting welfare; I want you to understand that, if I am a little higher up in this store, I am beside you in Christian sympathy." Go back forty or fifty years to Arthur Tappen's store in New York—a man whose worst enemies never questioned his honesty. Every morning, he brought all the clerks, and the accountants, and the weighers into a room for devotion. They sang. They prayed. They exhorted. On Monday morning the clerks were asked where they had attended church on the previous day, and what the sermons were about. It must have sounded strangely, that voice of praise along the streets where the devotees of mammon were counting their golden beads. You say, Arthur Tappen failed. Yes, he was unfortunate, like a great many good men; but I understand he met all his obligations before he left this world, and I know that he died in the peace of the Gospel, and that he is before the throne of God today—forever blessed. If that be failing, I wish you might all fail.

* * *

After the last store has been closed, after the last bank has gone down, after the shuffle of the quick feet on the Custom House steps has stopped, after the long line of merchantmen on the sea have taken sail of flame, after Washington, and New York, and London, and Vienna have gone down into the grave where Thebes, and Babylon, and Tyre lie buried, after the great fire-bells of the judgment day have tolled at the burning of a world—on that day, all the affairs of banking houses and stores will come up for inspection. Oh, what an opening of account books! Side by side, the clerks and the men who employed them. Every invoice made out—all the labels of goods—all certificates of stock—all lists of prices—all private marks of the firm, now explained so everybody can understand them. All the maps of cities that were never built, but in which lots were sold. All bargains. All gougings. All snap judgments. All false entries. All adulteration of liquors with coppers and strychnine. All mixing of teas, and sugars, and coffees, and syrups, with cheaper material. All embezzlements of trust funds. All swindles in coal, and iron, and oil, and silver, and stocks. On that day when the cities of this world are smoking in the last conflagration, the trial will go on; and down in an avalanche of destruction will go those who wronged man or woman, insulted God and defied the judgment. Oh, that will be a great day for you, honest Christian clerk. No getting up early; no retiring late; no walking around with weary limbs; but a mansion in which to live, and a realm of light, and love, and joy over which to hold everlasting dominion. Hoist him up from glory to glory, and from song to song, and from throne to throne; for while others go down into the sea with their gold like a millstone hanging to their neck, this one shall come up the heights of amethyst and alabaster, holding in his right hand the pearl of great price in a sparkling, glittering, flaming casket.

FOR THE SLUGGARD.

Sir John Lubbock makes the remarkable statement that ants rank next to man in intelligence. He says when we consider "their social organizations, large communities, elaborate habitations, roadways, possession of domestic animals and even of slaves, it must be admitted that they have a fair claim to rank next to man in the scale of intelligence."

There are over 1,000 varieties of ants, all differing in their habits. Their industry is appalling. An aunt was put in a saucer with some larvae and watched. From 6 o'clock in the morning she worked until 10 at night, and carried 187 of the larvae to her nest. The small red ants, so abundant in India, are so small that it takes from eight to twelve of them to carry off a grain of wheat not half so large as an English grain, yet they will carry one of these grains a thousand yards to their nest. They travel in a straight line, going over obstructions instead of around.

Some ants keep slaves and would die if left to themselves. The slaves clean and feed them. The modes of fighting among ants are varied. Some attack in serried masses, never sending out detachments, while single ants never make attacks. Sometimes three or four together seize an enemy, pulling different ways so the captive cannot reach any of his foes. Then one ant jumps on the captive's head and saws off his head. The American ant has a method of combat peculiar to herself. She has powerful and pointed jaws and when attacked she catches hold of her enemy's head between her jaws and if the enemy does not loose her hold the Amazon closes her jaws, the sharp points of the mandibles pierce the brain and the enemy dies in convulsions.

Bad Law and Bad Sense in This.

Dealing editorially with the recent decision of a Philadelphia judge, which practically declared that under any and all circumstances the bicycle, as the lighter vehicle, should give way to all others, the Baltimore News has this to say: "The general principle laid down was that the lighter vehicle should make way for the heavier. This is in itself quite a righteous principle, but its application is questionable. The cart was within the street car tracks, going in a direction opposite to the cars. That is, it was on the wrong side of the street, where it had no right to be. The bicycle was also on the street car track going in the direction in which the cars were going. That is, it was on the right side of the street, where it had a perfect right to be. It is a principle in law ethics as old as civilized courts that one must himself be blameless before he can accuse another of doing him wrong. The principle that the lighter vehicle should give way to the heavier could give the heavier vehicle no right to break the law by going on the wrong side of the street, and then claim right of way over a vehicle which was exercising its clear legal rights. The rule could only apply where the rights of the vehicle to the positions which they held were otherwise equal. It may be earnestly hoped by wheelmen that this decision of Judge Wilson will promptly be declared by a higher court to be what it is, bad law, bad justice and bad common sense."

The Political Editor.

"Say," remarked the war editor, "I don't see how Turkey ever got her forces transported into Greece, do you?" "Certainly," replied the political editor; "she got hold of all the passes. Ask me something hard."—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

FEAT ACHIEVED BY A HEN.

A Precocious Cackler and Her Nest, Which Nobody Could Find.

"You kin talk about yer new-fangled inkybators jest ez much ez ye like," said Uncle Cephas, "but they ain't in it with one thet a leetle ol'-fashioned hen o' my father's set up fer herself when I wuz a small boy," quotes the Boston Herald. "You see, this warn't no fashionable bred hen—nuthin' fancy 'bout her—jest a plain, ord'nary, business hen. Father had a pooty big flock on 'em, and I, bein' the youngest boy in the family, uster chase roun' an' gether up the eggs—some in the barn, some in the woodshed, some out under the fence—in all sorts o' places. They wuz all pooty smart hens, an' cal'lated they could hide their eggs, but I spotted 'em every time—thet is, all but the eggs laid by thet little ol' hen I'm tellin' ye on. She'd cackle an' cackle enough ter raise the dead, a'most, an' make a terrible fuss all over the lot, sometimes in one spot an' sometimes in another, but all one spring she beat me, an' I couldn't no how find her eggs. I'd watch her fer hours an' hours, an' then she'd be out o' my sight afore I knowed it, an' poty soon I'd hear her a-cacklin' away somewheres ez ef she wuz laffin' 'cause she'd fooled me. I noticed after awhile that she spent a good deal of her time a-roostin' on an ol' bar'l that laid on its side back o' the barn, but I knowed she couldn't lay no eggs on the roundin' staves, 'cause they'd roll off an' I'd find 'em. But one day after she'd left it, an' wuz a-hollerin' out in the lot, I went over an' wuz a-lookin' at the bar'l, when I heerd a sort o' peepin' thet seemed ter come from the inside. I couldn't see nothin' through the bunghole on top, an' so I rolled the bar'l over, an' jest ez sure ez I'm a-standin' here they wuz 168 chickens run one by one out o' thet bunghole! S'prised! Wall, I jez' guess I wuz. But I seed how it wuz in a minute. Thet yer little ol' hen hed jes' laid thet bar'l full of eggs, an' set on the bunghole tell they wuz all hatched. Talk about yer inkybators! They ain't in it with thet little ol' hen. No, sir; b'gosh!"

"Got any of the same breed on your farm now, Uncle Cephas?" asked the poultry fancier.

"Not a one, more's the pity. Thet hen killed herself a-tryin' to brood over all them chickens at oncet."

"Didn't you raise any of her chickens?"

"All on 'em but two."

"Wouldn't they lay?"

"They wuz all roosters."

PHILLIPS' SNAKE STORY.

The Reptile's Greed Put It in Great Danger.

The Danville Advocate begins its series of snake stories with the following, told by John Phillips, a Boyle county farmer: Phillips told of a very fine piece of asparagus land back of Junction City. Its owner, desiring to dispose of the property, had cleared it of all unsightly growths and debris and surrounded it with a very fine fence. One day, said Phillips, a huge rattlesnake, while meandering over the place, encountered a fat, plump rabbit and swallowed it. After having put away the morsel it glanced through a crack in the fence and noticed upon the other side of the obstruction another very fine rabbit. The crack in the fence was large enough to admit of the passage of the snake's body, and cautiously crawling through it soon gobbled up hare No. 2. After this second meal the snake concluded that it was time to return to its den and take an after-dinner nap, but here a most unexpected difficulty presented itself. The snake had not gone entirely through the crack in the fence when it started for the second rabbit, for the first one swallowed had so enlarged its body that it could not go all the way; and so, likewise, after the second rabbit had disappeared the front half of the reptile could not, for the same reason, be withdrawn, and thus it was imprisoned, unable to go either backward or forward. Phillips, after watching the snake's desperate but futile efforts to liberate himself, put an end to his sufferings by striking it over the head with a stick. But the interesting feature of the incident didn't end here. Phillips, after killing the snake, ripped open its hide, and the two rabbits then hopped out and scrambled off without loss of time, more or less frightened, but otherwise none the worse off because of their thrilling Jonah-like adventure.

A Nickle-In-the-Slot Tire Inflater.

An Englishman has invented a nickel-in-the-slot tire inflator. A stand holds the cycle, a tube connects with each tire, and when the latter is of sufficient hardness mechanical levers, actuated by the coin, shut off the air, rendering it impossible to burst the tires. When a coin is dropped into the slot a handle is thrown into gear, which the contributor can pump easily. In case of a puncture, the machine is so arranged that it may be worked at half pressure until the puncture is located. It is proposed to utilize side pillars for the delivery of oil, lamp wick, matches and other supplies. The inventor expects to organize a company and place his machine at all cycle resorts.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Kansas Enterprise.

Kansas women have always been self-assertive. The Coolidge Enterprise cites this modern instance: "While going down to view the burning hay stacks Wednesday evening, Miss Ida Boggs stepped on a jack rabbit, killing it instantly, and the very next step she landed on a rattlesnake, crushing the life out of it. Her friends managed to get her to the house without her doing any damage to the cattle or horses."

Gloves of Frogskin.

The latest in the realm of glove making is gloves of frog skin. This skin is said to be the finest and toughest leather in the world. The demand for them is not great, but of sufficient dimensions to make it worth while to manufacture. The average person would object to wearing them, consequently the average annual output only amounts to 500 pairs many of them being sent abroad.—Philadelphia Record.

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THE BIRMINGHAM ECCENTRIC.

A RARE CHANCE.

Here is a chance for some wily speculator who wants to make some easy money. Twelve acres of fine land bounded on three sides by streets, square as a checker-board, not an inch of waste land in sight, ¼ acre of young orchard. Parties want to sell and will close out reasonable. Barn on land. Now then with the boom for Birmingham just in sight, why not lay hold of this piece of land and make a big sum? For particulars all on A. Whitehead, Exchange Bank.

WHO WANTS A BARGAIN?

We have had placed in our hands for sale the home of Mrs. Jno. G. Wilson on Saginaw street in this village. This place is a most desirable one for anyone who wishes to keep a restaurant or a hotel in a small way. The location is advantageous—none better in the village—three-fourths of an acre of land and a house in pretty good shape. The house has a large dining-room, kitchen, woodshed and bedroom down stairs, two bedrooms up stairs with a large clothes press. A small barn and plenty of small fruits. Price $800 and time given on part if required. Apply to Whitehead & Mitchell. tf

REAL ESTATE COLUMN.

The Following Choice Parcels of Land Are for Sale in the Real Estate Department of the Exchange Bank, Birmingham, Mich., Where All Inquiries Will Be Cheerfully Answered.

LOT 1.

Four and one-third acres of land in the south-east corner of the village of Birmingham, with a frontage on Woodward avenue, of 330 feet. Good house, small barn, grapes, peaches, etc., all ready to make some one a comfortable home with a chance to make money out of the very best acreage in the village. Electric railway to Detroit and Pontiac along the entire Woodward avenue front. You cannot help making money whether you hold it or plat it. Price very low and terms easy.

LOT 2.

Farm of 78 acres straight west of Birmingham. All plow land and none better, being a rich, gravelly loam. Good barn 30x40 but an inferior house. Fine orchard. Price $55 per acre. Terms $2,000 cash and balance on easy terms and long time. There is no better bargain in farms in this section. Land every way inferior having been sold in the immediate neighborhood in the past two years for nearly double this price.

LOT 7.

A farm of one hundred acres within a mile and a half of the new Electric Railway. Sixty acres cleared and twenty in timber. Two barns and house in good repair. Insured for $1,250. Four acres of orchard all grafted trees. Two fine springs furnishing an abundance of excellent water. Soil, a rich clay loam, price, $100, per acre. Land in the immediate neighborhood has been sold for nearly double the price asked for this place. The place is owned by Volney Goodwin, of Birmingham.

LOT 8.

We have had placed in our hands for sale one of the beautiful homes our pretty village is noted for. This place is handsomely located, shaded to perfection with large maple trees, has ten large living rooms, all bedrooms with closets, good well and cistern. Cellar under whole house. Two-story house, wood-shed and all necessary outbuildings. Three lots 40x103 go with the place. Call on Whitehead & Mitchell for particulars.

LOT 9.

A farm of 66 acres within one and one-half miles of the village of Birmingham, in the township of Bloomfield. Fifty-six acres cleared, three acres excellent orchard and the balance in timber. Good house, barn and all necessary outbuildings in good repair. Never-failing stream of good water running through the length of farm. One of the finest farms for grazing and stock raising that could be desired. Owned by J. McCracken. Price $5,000. Terms easy.

LOT 10.

The farm known as the "Bayley Farm" in the township of Troy. It was awarded the first premium of many contestants for the best farm in the county of Oakland and there are none better to-day. The owner really wishes to sell and realizing that fancy prices are discouraged by us, has finally consented to put the farm in our hands for sale and has put the price down to $75 per acre. Finest flowing well in the country furnishes an abundance of the best water the year round. One hundred and twenty-seven acres of rich, loamy soil, 20 acres timber, beech and maple, 4 acres orchard fine, grafted fruit. Seven buildings, insured for $2,800. Terms, half cash, balance on easy terms, or will exchange partially for Detroit property. You can't help but be suited with this place. Come and see it.

LOT 12.

The Franklin Mills, situated at the village of Franklin, Oakland county, in one of the best farming countries in the state. The property includes house and lot and other buildings. Water power with old fashioned stone run for flour. Was formerly held at $10,000 but owing to the poor health of the present owner it will be closed out for cash at the remarkably low figure of $3,500, or will exchange for a small farm. At one time this mill had the largest patronage in the county and a hustling young man could soon bring it back to its former prestige and make it a remarkably good investment. It is worth looking up a little and we will gladly answer all inquiries.

LOT 13.

Twenty acres of land adjacent to the little village of Big Beaver and about six miles from the village of Birmingham, with good barn 24x30. One acre of good orchard and everything ready for a man who would like a small farm to keep a cow, horse, a few chickens, etc. Price $50 per acae. Terms cash.

LOT 14.

Here's a chance for some one to make a little fortune in Birmingham acreage—and that's what they are all looking after just now, too. Sixteen acres bounded on the south by Harmon street, where the new electric railroad power plant is about to be erected, and on the west by Cemetery avenue with a 60 foot street running north to intersect with Saginaw avenue. Some of the finest residences in Birmingham are in the immediate vicinity. The price now is $5,000 but we will not promise to sell at that figure 60 days from this date, (Jan. 15, 1896). This is, without a possible exception, the finest acreage in the village. A good tile drain extends throughout the tract and there is nothing in the way of platting the entire lot—not a foot of waste land on it. Come and see it and bother us all you can about it—that's what we are here for.

LOT 15.

What better farming country could be found than the immediate vicinity of Birmingham? Where could you find a finer location for a good roller process mill? Well, here it is, right here ready and doing a good business, and for sale at a price which is lower than it was sold for before the roller process was put in at a cost of many hundred dollars. The lowest cash price is $8,500 and half cash will buy it. Or you can buy an undivided half interest free and clear for $4,000. The new and improved roller process consists of nine sets of rollers of the Geo. D. Smith pattern. The real estate consists of four and one-half acres and abundant water power, and the entire outfit will be sold as above, or will be exchanged for city property or a good farm. The property is the Birmingham Mills and is owned at present by Jones & Fredericks. We will be pleased to show you over the property at any time.

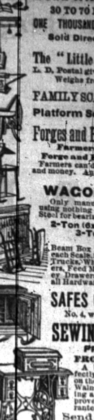
LOT 17.

The "Wooster Farm," 165 acres more or less, within one mile of Birmingham, Mich., the River Rouge runs through this highly desirable farm, giving its owner the very finest, most coveted grazing lands in the great state of Michigan. The best land for potatoes and grain raising in any section of the country. Well wooded, good large farm house, barns in sufficient number, good well, cistern and cellar. No better farm could ever be wished for, for a dairy farm or stock raising. We predict for this property a speedy sale at the price offered and will be greatly pleased at any time to visit the premises and show it thoroughly to anyone looking for a location.

TAKE NOTICE.

All the land advertised herein is in our hands and controlled by us exclusively. The commission comes from the seller, invariably, and it is not possible in any case to purchase from the owner any cheaper than you can from us. All the necessary papers will be made free of cost to the parties interested and abstracts examined for customers, by a competent person, free of charge. For any information in regard to the above mentioned property address THE EXCHANGE BANK, BIRMINGHAM, and your inquiries will be answered with courtesy and dispatch.

Very respectfully,
WHITEHEAD & MITCHELL.



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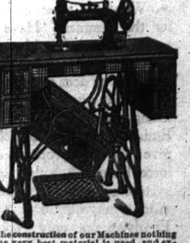

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