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Real Estate Exchange

Of Whitehead & Mitchell at the Exchange Bank, Birmingham, Mich.

The following is a partial list of farms, city and village lots and real estate generally which we have for sale. As our list is constantly changing, we request that parties will write us if they do not see what they want in this list:

No. 1.

Sixty feet front on Southfield Ave., Birmingham, at the end of Fremont Ave. About ten cords of stone on the premises go with the place. Must be sold. Make us an offer.

No. 2.

Farm of 50 acres, well fenced, well watered—never-failing stream; 10 acres timber; 14 miles from Bloomfield Center and electric railway to Detroit and Pontiac. Terms easy.

No. 3.

The e½ of sw¼ of section 5, Royal Oak, 80 acres good land, well fenced, fair buildings, within 80 rods of the electric road to Detroit and Pontiac. Land in same section is held at $300 an acre no better than this. Must be sold to settle estate, and the price has been put down to $75 an acre to close it out at once. Terms are easy, and we will take a mortgage on this farm ourselves in order to settle the estate. This is without doubt, one of the best bargains between Pontiac and Detroit.

No. 4.

Tenant house and two lots with 105 feet frontage on Saginaw st., and Fremont Ave. Cellar, well, cistern, etc. Price $950. Electric cars pass the door.

No. 5.

Elegant house and lot 66 feet front and 20 rods deep on Maple Ave. East, half a mile west of Pine Barn and every modern convenience. Furnace, bath, closet, etc. Can be bought for what the buildings cost. Will exchange for improved city property for portion of the purchase price.

No. 6.

The VanEvery farm on the north shore of Wing Lake, 160 acres, two good houses, three barns, fine lake frontage, 10 acres fine orchard, 15 acres timber. Excellent fishing, boating and bathing. Terms easy.

No. 7.

The J. E. Quick homestead in Birmingham with 140 feet frontage on Saginaw st. and about 250 feet deep. New modern dwelling, good barn, fine lawn, shrubbery and small fruit. Electric cars pass the door every half hour for Detroit and Pontiac. Fare 10. Our price, $4,150. Pontiac 10c. Owner has moved to Toronto and must sell. We will make it an object for any one to investigate this bargain. Make us an offer.

No. 8.

One of the best farms in Oakland county. It is almost enough to say when we tell you that it is the John Buttolph farm in the town of Troy, 220 acres, excellent buildings, two good flowing wells. Carp pond well stocked. 2 miles of tile, fine orchard, 8 miles from Birmingham, 2 miles straight south of Troy corners, where there is a church, store, postoffice, school, etc. Price low and terms easy.

No. 9.

Excellent farm on Gilbert Lake, about three miles from Birmingham. Good buildings, fences in good shape and everything in good repair. Lovely location on the lake and fine fishing, boating and bathing; 197 acres of as fine farming land as there is in the county of Oakland. Will exchange in part for good improved city property. Thirty acres of good heavy timber. Terms very easy.

No. 10.

Large roomy two-story house on Townsend St. in Birmingham, good barn, city water and all ordinary conveniences, 120 feet front and 175 deep. Small fruit and good neighborhood.

No. 11.

The old Shutes farm in the township of Troy, one mile east of Birmingham, 50 acres, all cleared, 7 acres of the finest orchard, good house and two barns. All the advantages of the village and none of the inconvenience. There are other things, too. Come and find out all about it.

No. 12.

The Bayley farm in the town of Troy, 127½ acres. Good farm house and farm buildings, flowing well at the barn which is the wonder and pride of Troy; 20 acres good beech and maple timber, 4 acres fine grafted orchard. Circumstances render it advisable to sell at once and the man who comes first will secure one of the best bargains in the country. Look it up.

No. 13.

Part of the e½ of the ne¼ of sec 14 in Bloomfield and about 3½ miles from Birmingham and a mile from Circle, 68 acres, no buildings and fenced for pasture, rolling gravelly loam, 85 acres good plow land, balance excellent pasture. Look here! The price is only $35 per acre. If you want a cheap farm, here it is.

No. 14.

Two hundred and fourteen acres in sections 13 and 16, Southfield, with finest farm buildings in the township. Large and productive orchard of all kinds of best varieties of fruit, 10 acres of very heavy timber. Will sell or exchange for city property and will divide the two farms if required. Buildings on each tract. Price as low as any on our list, all things considered. Ask us about it.

No. 15.

The Butler farm in the township of Troy, 41 acres, ample buildings in good repair; 32 acres plow land, all kinds of fruit, good water and everything convenient for a small and tidy farm and a cozy home. Come and let us show you over the premises.

THE EXCHANGE BANK,
Birmingham, Mich.

THE BIRMINGHAM ECCENTRIC
ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.
WHITEHEAD & MITCHELL, PUBS.

BIRMINGHAM, FRIDAY, DEC. 16, '98

The wise man gets a lot of free instruction from fools.

An actor is naturally spiritless when the ghost falls to walk.

The new woman usually meets her match in the new servant.

It's always a great bore for the burglar if the safe is locked.

Fools oftimes rush in where wise men would be afraid of the police.

Pleasure that isn't shared with another loses half its power to please.

There is always a tender connection between the locomotive and the train.

When a man is riding a hobby it's always a good plan to give him the road.

Some people are inclined to mind their own business, but lack the ability to do so.

The Texas steer is a pretty tough proposition—when you meet him in a restaurant.

The man with the narrow mind usually makes up for it in the length of his arguments.

The chaplain of congress will soon take a look at that body—and then pray for the country.

The poor optimist gets more real enjoyment out of his earthly sojourn than the wealthy pessimist.

The man who makes his wife get up and light the fire every morning of her life shows his appreciation by erecting a $10 tombstone to her memory.

A Boston newspaper says that the unlimited enfranchisement of the negro was a mistake. Thirty years ago anyone in Massachusetts who would have uttered such a sentiment would have been invited to leave the state.

Mr. Carnegie is a tremendous benefactor to the human race. He has just entered a combination to increase the price of steel rails, although he admitted some time ago that his firm was making good profits at the old prices. As the railroads pay the increased price, they have to get the money back in the way of freight and passenger rates. The increase comes out of the pockets of the people and is unnecessary and unjustifiable.

The present generation is the first that has known the telephone and the bicycle. There are today more than a million telephones in use in this country. How many cycles there are no one knows. Both inventions save steps, time, labor and money. It is not easy to estimate what is the extent of the influence of such devices in bringing about social changes. We know that the influence is enormous, and that the world becomes year by year an easier place in which to live.

As we look through a telescope and obtain a glimpse of the wonders it reveals, or as we study the results which have been attained by experts in its use, the mind is naturally impressed with the grandeur and power of the Creator of the heavenly bodies. When we learn something of their movements so absolutely accurate that their phases and positions can be foretold with perfect certainty long centuries in advance, defying competition by the most perfect instruments of human devising, it is impossible without some of reason to deny the controlling presence of an infinite mind.

There are now 161 high schools on the accredited list of the University of Illinois. A large number of these are to be re-examined this year, and the high school visitor is crowded with work as never before. Schools are being accredited for whatever work is well done. There has thus been added the work of considering the claims of high school graduates to advanced standing. There are many high schools in the state that do more work than that required for admission to the university, and the university is anxious to recognize that fact and to encourage as much as possible such advanced work in the high schools. The university is careful also not to constrain small high schools to undertake more than can be well accomplished, and hence would prefer to accredit a small high school with less than the amount required for admission to the university than with the full amount less thoroughly done. While stimulating every high school to do all that it ought to do, the university at the same time desires that the high school shall work out its own problem spontaneously, rather than be constrained to external standards.

It will be some years, perhaps, before the merits and defects of the city "skyscrapers" will all be known. Thus far they have withstood severe tests extremely well. Not long ago a gale that swept over Chicago stopped many of the clocks in the upper stories of such buildings, but did not injure the buildings. They are ugly. They cut off light from the streets and are otherwise objectionable. Nevertheless, thus far they have shown all needed strength. What earthquakes and the corroding teeth of the atmosphere will do to them is yet to be made manifest.

The ladies of Macon, Ga., are somewhat discouraged at the failure of their public prayers to secure victory for the anti-prohibition ticket last Thursday. They can't account for the result, but there doesn't appear to be any mystery about it. Omnipotence was either not interested in the prohibition question or didn't care to interfere with a free ballot and a fair count. It may be, too, that the Infinite Being doesn't shape his actions at the importunity of finite creatures, no matter how pious.

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

"THE SHUT IN" LAST SUNDAY'S SUBJECT.

From Genesis vii. 16, as Follows: "The Lord Shut Him In"—Address to a Class of Persons Perhaps Not Before Addressed in a Sermon.

Cosmogony has no more interesting chapter than the one which speaks of that catastrophe of the ages, the submersion of our world in a time of Noah, the first ship carpenter. Many of the nations who never saw a Bible have a flood story—Egyptian flood story; Grecian flood story, of which Deucalion was the Noah; Hawaiian flood story; New Zealand flood story; Chinese flood story; American Indian flood story—all of which accounts agree in the immersion of the continents under universal rains, and that there was a ship floating, with a select few of the human family and with specimens of zoological, ornithological and reptilian worlds, although I could have wished that these last had been shut out of the ark and drowned.

All of these flood stories represent the ship thus afloat as finally stranded on a mountain top. Hugh Miller, in his Testimony of the Rocks, thinks that all these flood stories were infirm traditions of the Biblical account, and I believe him. The worst thing about that great freshet was that it struck Noah's Great Eastern from above and beneath. The seas broke the chain of shells and crystal and rolled over the land, and the heavens opened their clouds for falling columns of water, which roared and thundered on the roof of the great ship for a month and ten days. There was one door to the ship, but there were three parts to that door, one part for each of the three stories. The Bible account says nothing about parts of the door belonging to two of the stories, and I do not know on which floor Noah and his family voyaged, but my text tells us that the part of the door of that particular floor on which Noah stayed was closed after he had entered. "The Lord shut him in." So there are many people now in the world who are as thoroughly shut in—some by sickness, some by old age, some by special duties that will not allow them to go forth, some surrounded by deluges of misfortune and trouble, and for them my sympathies are aroused, and this sermon, which I hope may do good to others, is more especially intended for them. Today I address the shut-in. "The Lord shut them in."

Notice, first of all, who closed the door so that they could not get out. Noah did not do it, nor his son Shem, nor did Ham, nor did Japheth, nor did either of the three women who were on shipboard; nor did desperadoes who had scoffed at the idea of peril, which Noah had been preaching, close that door; they had turned their backs on the ark and had in disgust gone away. I will tell you how it was done. A hand was stretched down from heaven to close that door. It was a divine hand as well as a kind hand. "The Lord shut them in."

And the same kind and sympathetic being has shut you in, my reader or my hearer. You thought it was an accident, ascribable to the carelessness or misdoings of others, or a mere "happen so." No! no! God had gracious design for your betterment, for the cultivation of your patience, for the strengthening of your faith, for the advantage you might gain by seclusion, for your eternal salvation. He put you in a schoolroom, where you could learn, in six months or a year, more than you could have learned anywhere else in a lifetime. He turned the lattice or pulled down the blinds of the sickroom, or put your swollen foot on an ottoman, or held you amid the pillows of a couch which you could not leave, for some reason that you may not now understand, but which he has promised he will explain to you satisfactorily, if not in this world, then in the world to come, for he has said, "What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter!"

The world has no statistics as to the number of invalids. The physicians know something about it, and the apothecaries and the pastors, but who can tell us the number of blind eyes, and deaf ears, and diseased lungs, and congested livers, and jangled nerves, and neuralgic temples, and rheumatic feet, or how many took no food this morning because they had no appetite to eat, or digestive organs to assimilate, or have lungs so delicate they cannot go forth when the wind is in the east, or there is a fog rising from the river, or there is a dampness on the ground or pavement because of the frost coming out? It would be easy to count the people who every day go through a street, or the number of passengers carried by a railroad company in a year, or the number of those who cross the ocean in ships; but who can give us the statistics of the great multitudes who are shut in? I call the attention of all such to their superior opportunities of doing good.

Those of us who are well and can see clearly, and hear distinctly, and partake of food of all sorts and questions of digestion never occur to us, and we can wade the snowbanks and take an equinox in our faces, and endure the thermometer at zero, and every breath of air is a tonic and a stimulant, and sound sleep meets us within five minutes after our head touches the pillow, do not make so much of an impression when we talk about the consolations of religion. The world says right away, "I guess that man mistakes the buoyancy of natural spirits for religion. What does he know about it? He has never been tried." But when one goes out and reports to the world that that morning on his way to business he called to see you and found you, after being kept in your room for two months, cheerful and hopeful, and that you had not one word of complaint, and asked all about everybody, and rejoiced in the success of your business friends, although your own business had almost come to a standstill through your absence from store or office or shop, and that you sent your love to all your old friends, and told them that if you did not meet them again in this world, you hoped to meet them in dominions seraphic, with a quiet word of advice from you to the man who carried the message about the importance of his not neglecting his own soul, but through Christ seeking something better than this world could give him—why, all the business men in the counting-room say, "Good! Now, that is religion!" And the clerks get hold of the story, and talk it over so that the weigher and cooper and hackman, standing on the doorstep, say: "That is splendid! Now, that is what I call religion!"

It is a good thing to preach on a Sunday morning, the people assembled in such respectable attire and seated on soft cushions, the preacher standing in neatly upholstered pulpit, surrounded by personal friends, and after an inspiring hymn has been sung, and that sermon, if preached in faith, will do good; but the most effective sermon is preached by one seated in dressing-gown, in an armchair into which the invalid has with much care been lifted, the surrounding shelves filled with medicine bottles, some to produce sleep, some for the relief of sudden paroxysm, some for stimulant, some for tonic, some for anodyne, and some for febrifuge, the pale preacher quoting promises of the gospel, telling of the glories of a sympathetic Christ, assuring the one or two or three persons who hear it of the mighty reinforcements of religion. You say that to such a sermon there are only one or two to three hearers. Aye! But the visitor calling at that room, then closing the door softly and going away, tells the story, and the whole neighborhood hears it, and it will take all eternity to realize the grand and uplifting influence of that sermon about God and the soul, though preached to an audience of only one man or one woman. The Lord has ordained all such invalids for a style of usefulness which athletics and men of two hundred healthy avoirdupois cannot affect. It was not an enemy that fastened you in that one room or sent you on crutches, the longest journey you have made for many weeks being from bed to sofa and from sofa to looking-glass, where you are shocked at the pallor of your own cheek and the pinchedness of your features; then back again from mirror to sofa and sofa to bed, with a long sigh, saying, "How good it feels to get back again to my old place on the pillow!" Remember who it is that appointed the day, when, for the first time in many years, you could not go to business, and who has kept a record of all the weary days and all the sleepless nights of your exile from the world. Oh, weary man! Oh, feeble woman! It was the Lord who shut you in. Do you remember that some of the noblest and best of men have been prisoners? Ezekiel a prisoner, Jeremiah a prisoner, Paul a prisoner, St. John a prisoner, John Bunyan a prisoner. Though human hate seemed to have all to do with them, really the Lord shut them in.

* * *

Do you forget when, in childhood, you danced and skipped because you were so full of life you had not patience to walk, and in after years you climbed the mountains of Switzerland, putting your alpenstock high up on glaciers which few others ever dared, and jumped long reaches in competition, and after a walk of ten miles you came in jocund as the morning? Oh, you shut-ins! Thank God for a vivid memory of the times when you were free as the chamois on the rocks, as the eagle going straight for the sun. When Noah pounded the roof of the ark the eight voyagers on that craft did not forget the time when it gally pattered in a summer shower, and when the door of the ark shut to keep out the tempest, they did not forget the time when the door of their home in Armenia was closed to keep out the spring rains which came to fill the cups of lily and honeysuckle and make all the trees of the wood clap their hands.

* * *

Notice, also, that there was a limit to the shut-in experience of those ancient mariners. I suppose the forty days of the descending and uprising floods, and the 150 days before the passengers could go ashore must have seemed to those eight people in the big boat like a small eternity. "Rain, rain, rain!" said the wife of Noah. "Will it never stop?" For forty mornings they looked out and saw not one patch of blue sky. Floating around amid the peaks of mountains, Shem, and Ham, and Japheth had to hush the fears of their wives lest they should dash against the projecting rocks. But after awhile it cleared off. Sunshine, glorious sunshine! The ascending mists were folded up into clouds, which instead of darkening the sky only ornamented it. As they looked out of the windows these worn passengers clapped their hands and rejoiced that the storm was over, and I think if God could stop a storm so that, he could stop any storm in your lifetime experience. If He can control a vulture in mid-sky, he can stop a summer hat that flies in at your window. At the right time he will put the rainbow on the cloud and the deluge of your misfortunes will dry up. I preach the doctrine of limitation, relief and disenthralment. At just the right time the pain will cease, the bondage will drop, the imprisoned will be liberated, the fires will go out, the body and mind and soul will be free. Patience! An old English proverb referring to long-continued invalidism, says, "A creaking gate hangs long on its hinges," and this may be a protracted case of valetudinarianism; but you will have taken the last bitter drop, you will have suffered the last misinterpretation, you will feel the gnawing of the last hunger, you will have fainted the last time from exhaustion, you will have felt the cut of the last lancet, you will have wept under the last loneliness. The last week of the Noachian deluge came, the last day, the last hour, the last moment. The heating of the rain on the roof ceased, and the dashing of the billows on the side of the ship quieted, and peacefully as a yacht moves out over quiet Lake Cayuga, Como or Luzerne, the ark, with its illustrious passengers and important freight, glided to its mountain wharfage.

* * *

Meanwhile you have all divine and angelic sympathy in your infirmities. That Satan thoroughly understood poor human nature was evidenced when, in plotting to make Job do wrong, the great master of evil, after having failed in every other way to overthrow the good man, proposed physical distress, and then the boils came which made him swear right out. The mightiest test of character is physical suffering. Critics are impatient at the way Thomas Carlyle scolded at everything. His seventy years of dyspepsia were enough to make any man scold. When you see people out of patience and irascible and lachrymose, inquire into the case, and before you get through with the exploration your hypercriticism will turn to pity, and to the divine and angelic sympathy will be added your own. The clouds of your indignation, which were full of thunderbolts, will begin to rain tears of pity.

By a strange Providence, for which I shall be forever grateful, circumstances with which I think you are all familiar, I have admission through the newspaper press week by week, to tens of thousands of God's dear children, who cannot enter church on the Sabbath and hear the excellent pastors, because of the age of the sufferers, or their illness, or the lameness of foot, or their incapacity to stay in one position an hour and a half, or their poverties, or their troubles of some sort will not let them go out of doors, and to them as much as to those who hear me I preach this sermon, as I preach many of my sermons, the invisible audience always vaster than the visible, some of them tossed on wilder seas than those that tossed the eight members of Noah's family, and instead of forty days of storm and five months of being shut in, as they were, it has been with these invalids five years of "shut-in," or ten years of "shut-in," or twenty years of "shut-in." Oh, comforting God! Help me to comfort them! Give me two hands full of salve for their wounds. When we were three hundred miles out at sea, a hurricane struck us, and the life-boats were dashed from the davits and all the lights in the cabin were put out by the rolling of the ship and the water which through the broken skylights had poured in. Captain Andrews entered and said to the men on duty, "Why don't you light up and make things brighter, for we are going to outride this storm? Passengers, cheer up! Cheer up!" And he struck a match and began to light the burners. He could not silence either the wind or the waves, but by the striking of that match, accompanied by encouraging words, we were all helped.

And as I now find many in hurricanes of trouble, though I cannot quiet the storm, I can strike a match to light up the darkness, and I strike a match: "Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth." I strike another match: "Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning." I strike another match: "We have a great High Priest who can be touched with the feeling of our infirmities, and he was in all points tempted like as we are." Are you old? One breath of heaven will make you everlastingly young again. Have you aches and pains? They insure Christ's presence and sympathy through the darkest December nights, which are the longest nights of the year. Are you bereft? Here is a resurrected Christ, whose voice is full of resurrectionary power. Are you lonely? All the angels of heaven are ready to swoop into your companionship. Here is the Christ of Mary and Martha when they had lost Lazarus, and of David when he had lost his son, and of Abraham when he had lost Sarah, and of your father and mother when in time of old age they parted at the gates of the tomb. When last I was in Savannah, Georgia, at the close of the Sabbath morning service, I was asked to go and see a Christian woman, for many years an invalid. I went. I had not in all that beautiful city of splendid men and gracious women seen a face brighter than that. Reaching her bedside, I put out my hand, but she could not shake hands, for her hand was palsied. I said to her, "How long have you been down on this bed?" She smiled and made no answer, for her tongue had been palsied; but those standing around said, "Fifteen years." I said to her, "How do you manage to keep your courage up all that time?" She gave me a very little motion of her head in affirmative, for her whole body was paralytic. The sermon I had preached that morning had no power on others compared with the power that silent sermon had on me. What was the secret of her triumph over pain and privation and incapacity to move? Shall I tell you the secret? I will tell you: The Lord shut her in.

There is a good deal of fanaticism abroad about the recovery of the sick, but if we had as much faith as Martin Luther we would have Luther's success. His friend, Myconius, was very ill, and Luther fell upon his knees and said, "O, Lord, no! Thou must not yet take our brother Myconius to Thyself. Thy cause will not prosper without him. Amen." Then he wrote, "My dear Myconius: There is no cause for fear. The Lord will not let me hear that you are dead. You shall not and must not die. Amen." Luther's letter so excited Myconius that an ulcer on his lungs broke, and he got well. Would to God that we had faith like that to ask to pray, that we might have similar results! Oh, men and women, visible and invisible! The probability is you will never write your autobiography. It is the most difficult book to write, because you are tempted to omit passages in your life that were not complimentary to yourself, and to quote a diary which is always incomplete, because there are some things which you do not think best to write down. As you will not undertake an autobiography, the story of yourself. I will take the responsibility of presenting your biography, which is the story of one's life by some one else. If you will give your love and trust to Him of Bethlehem and Calvary, this will be your biography: "Born at the right time, but the most important event in his life was when he was born again. Died at the right time, but long before that he had died unto sin. He had many crosses, but in all of them was divinely directed; weaknesses, but they were divinely sympathized with. In his life there were many sorrows, wave after wave, storm after storm, but he outrode everything and landed in eternal safety. Why? Why? Because the Lord shut him in."

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