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, 45 the east of Fremont Ave. About 1½ cords of stone on the premises go with the place. Must be sold. Make us an offer.

No. 2.

Farm of 80 acres, well fenced, well watered—never-failing stream; 10 acres timber; 1½ miles from Bloomfield Center and electric railway to Detroit and Pontiac. Terms easy.

No. 3.

The ej of nej of section 8, Royal Oak, 36 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 $200 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 cash, but 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 97 feet deep. Cellar, well, cistern, etc. Price $500. Electric cars past the door.

No. 5.

Elegant house and lot 66 feet front and 20 rods deep on Maple Ave. East, (half an acre). Fine 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, 10 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 300 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 to Detroit 15c, Pontiac 10c. Over an hour's ride to Toronto and must sell. We will not say what price 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 we bought it from the estate of the John Buttolph farm in the town of Troy, 200 acres, excellent buildings, two good flowing wells. Carp pond well stocked, 9 miles of tile, 80 rods of hedge, 5 miles from Birmingham, 3 miles straight south of Troy corners, where is a fine 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 every acre tillable and level. Lovely location on the lake and fine fishing, boating and bathing; 107 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 103 ft. 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 inconveniences. 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 ej of the nej of sec 14 in Bloomfield and about 2½ miles from Birmingham and a mile from Circle, 65 acres, no buildings and fenced for pasture, rolling gravelly loam, 55 acres good plow land, balance excellent pasture. Good here! The price is only $25 per acre. If you want a cheap farm, here it is.

No. 14.

Two hundred and fourteen acres in sections 18 and 16, Southfield, with finest farm buildings in the township. Large and prosperous 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 land if desired. 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, sandy buildings in good repair; 25 acres plow land, all kinds of fruit, good well and everything convenient for a small and tidy farm and a cozy home. Come and let us show you over the premises.

No. 18.

A small farm of five acres, being part of the wij of section 2, Southfield township, Oakland County. Four good buildings, including chicken-house and pig-pen. Buildings insured for $1,200. Premises abundantly supplied with cold pure water from flowing well, which is piped to the barn, furnishing plenty of water for stock or other purposes all the year round, good, very excellent soil, gravelly loam in high state of cultivation. House, two-story and wing; 9 rooms, woodshed, cellar, cistern and all conveniences; 6 miles from Birmingham, one mile from which are the best in the country; 40 rods from good school; 80 rods from Kirby's station. Excellent neighborhood. This little farm is ready for occupancy and will divide the land if desired. Buildings on each tract. Price as low as any on our list, all things considered. Ask us about it.

No. 20.

This includes all of the Corson addition left unsold, comprising lots 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 and 7. Lots 7 is one of W. C. Jenks and the others face out on Vinewood Ave. These are high, dry location, the finest building lots in the village. High and dry city water, convenient to the D. & E. Electric R'y and will be sold cheap and on easy terms. Prices range from $120 up. Let us tell you all the particulars about 'em. We also inside in the number lots 60, 80, 81 and 82, Block 3 in Urbanrest, near Royal Oak, at $50 per lot.

No. 21.

The Corson Homestead on Maple Ave., consisting of lots 6, 7 and 8 of Willits's land, being six 116½ feet each. 180 feet front on Maple Ave. one of the finest and most valuable residence portions of the village. A good comfortable house and good barn, with ample room for a dozen cows. Fine shade trees and best neighborhood in the village. Frontage along this beautiful Maple Ave. is worth $25 per front foot; that would make $4,500. Now, owing to the fact that Mr. Corson wishes to sell and sell right away, he will take $3,500, and it ought to be spot cash at that; but that can be arranged so that the terms need not worry you at all.

No. 22.

Want a lovely lake farm? Well, here it is and a fairly decent price will get it. Walnut Lake is delightfully situated in West Bloomfield Township; the place is known as the Hankins farm. Has about 40 rods lake frontage, with hard banks—no marsh—with a fringe of fine shade trees 66 miles west of Birmingham and the same distance from Pontiac. Postoffice on the farm with daily mail and telephone connection. 2½ miles from Orchard Lake; ¾ mile from good school. Fishing, boating and bathing unsurpassed. Forty acres, 33 cleared; 7 oak timber, fresh, loam soil, fine original, beautiful maple grove. House nearly new; good barn. Price, $3,000. Like the sound of it? Let us tell you more about it.

THE EXCHANGE BANK,
Birmingham, Mich.

THE BIRMINGHAM ECCENTRIC

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

BIRMINGHAM, FRIDAY, OCT. 13, '99.

No woman is a heroine to her dressmaker.

Business with the busy little bee is always humming.

The successful sprinter is seldom successful in the long run.

A woman's idea of a lovable man is one who is a good listener.

A man loses confidence in his friends when they refuse to lend him money.

Some politicians take more pride in their influence than in their integrity.

The man who gets a hearing in court is apt to hear something he doesn't like.

No wonder we hear of the angry sea when so many people persist in crossing it.

A man's reputation often depends upon the things that are not found out about him.

The man who takes care of his pennies will have dollars to blow in on the other man's scheme.

The man who considers himself all wool and a yard wide evidently wants to make himself felt.

It's all well enough to call things by their right name, but there are times when it should be done in a whisper.

It's simply impossible for a man to love his neighbor as himself if he has a garden and his neighbor has chickens.

Representatives of window-glass plants have been meeting at Muncie, Ind. Even Muncie can see through their motives.

Public men speak of their unworthiness, but very few of them would be willing to be taken at their publicly expressed estimation of themselves.

It would be quite a relief to people who are compelled to do business with the Chicago river if there were a little more water poured on the troubled oils.

Experiments at the Connecticut agricultural station at New Haven show that the greater part of the flavoring sirups used in soda water are made from salicylic acid colored with poisonous dyes. The information comes a trifle late to be of much service to the young man's pocketbook depleted by the soda-water campaign of the past summer, and by next season the girls will have forgotten all about it.

When the Spanish war broke out, the son of a Mississippian volunteered in spite of parental protest. The father went to the colonel of the regiment and begged that the company might at least wear the confederate gray. That could not be granted. "When my boy was brought home," said that father recently, "with the stars and stripes wrapped about him, my feelings changed. Henceforth that is my uniform, that my flag, and the country for which he fought is my country."

President Kruger quotes the Bible as bearing upon the Transvaal crisis, and the cable announces the fact to the world. He remarked that he considered the Boer position best defined by a certain chapter of scripture, and forthwith more people than in any average twenty-four hours read the psalm beginning, "Keep not thou silence, O God." Since Cromwell's day when hearty praying and hard fighting went hand in hand, rulers and commanders who get inspiration from the Bible are said to be twice armed. No marching orders of a Boer general could so fire the courage of his soldiers as will the words of the psalm, which have stirred and strengthened the hearts of myriads of men for many generations.

The influx of American commercial men is a constant surprise to Englishmen, who are just beginning to realize what American business rivalry means. Entire sections of streets here are now lined with the signs of American firms in every line of trade. A prominent Manchester iron man said to a correspondent of the Associated Press: "The main significance of this inpouring of manufacturing firms is that the Americans are now not only undersselling us here, but they are making their agencies the bases from which they are gradually reaching out into every country in Europe. I know of an immense Cleveland firm which established an agent here who for a year did not undertake an English order, wholly confining himself to Germany, France and Russia. Now the concern has more orders from England alone than it can supply."

More horses were sold at the Chicago stock yards market during the past year than for many previous seasons. The bicycle and the automobile may hold full sway, but as long as there are men who admire the noblest of animals the horse will be in no danger of extinction.

Nearly all the great universities of the nation have now opened their doors for the fall term and the concatenated throbbing of the collegians' mighty brains can almost be heard above the din of football practice.

The insurrection in Santo Domingo has resulted in the overthrow of the government, with very little bloodshed. President Figuereo, who, as vice president, succeeded constitutionally to the office made vacant by the assassination of President Heureaux, has resigned, and a provisional government has been formed. An election will be held later.

Samuel Sherard of Pittsburg has a hat of spun glass. Though he may not talk through his hat, he should be able to see through it.

TALMAGE'S SERMON

DEWEY THE SUBJECT FOR LAST SUNDAY.

From Text, James, Chapter 3, Verse 4, as Follows: "Behold Also the Ships"—A Review of Our Naval Heroes and Those of Other Nations.

If this exclamation was appropriate about eighteen hundred and seventy-two years ago, when it was written concerning the crude fishing smacks that sailed Lake Galilee, how much more appropriate in an age which has launched from the dry docks for purposes of peace the Oceanic of the White Star line, the Lucania of the Cunard line, the Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse of the North German Lloyd line, the Augusta Victoria of the Hamburg-American line; and in an age which for purposes of war has launched the screw-sloops like the Idaho, the Shenandoah, the Ossipee, and our ironclads like the Kalamazoo, the Roanoke and the Dunderberg, and those which have already been buried in the deep, like the Monitor, the Housatonic and the Weehawken, the tempests ever since sounding a volley over their watery sepulchres; and the Oregon, and the Brooklyn, and the Texas, and the Olympia, the Iowa, the Massachusetts, the Indiana, the New York, the Marietta of the last war, and the scarred veterans of war shipping, like the Constitution, or the Alliance, or the Constellation that have swung into the naval yards to spend their last days, their decks now all silent of the feet that trod them, their rigging all silent of the hands that clung to them, their portholes silent of the brazen throats that once thundered out of them. If in the first century, when war vessels were dependent on the oars that paddled at the side of them for propulsion, my text was suggestive, with how much more emphasis and meaning and overwhelming reminiscence we can cry out, as we see the Kearsarge lay across the bows of the Alabama and sink it, teaching foreign nations they had better keep their hands off our American flag, or as we see the ram Albemarle of the Confederates running out and in the Roanoke River, up and down the coast, throwing everything into confusion as no other craft ever did, pursued by the Miami, the Ceres, the Southfield, the Sassacus, the Mattabesett, the Whitehead, the Commodore Hull, the Louisiana, the Minnesota and other armed vessels, all trying in vain to catch her, until Capt. Cushing, 21 years of age, and his men blew her up, himself and only one other escaping; and as I see the flagship Hartford, and the Richmond, and the Monongahela, with other gunboats, sweep past the batteries of Port Hudson, and the Mississippi flows forever free to all northern and southern craft, and under the fire of Dewey and his men the Spanish ships at Manila burn or sink, and the fleet rushing out of Santiago harbor are demolished by our guns, and the brave Cerera surrenders, I cry out with a patriotic emotion that I cannot suppress if I would, and would not if I could, "Behold also the ships."

Full justice has been done to the men who at different times fought on the land, but not enough has been said of those who on ship's deck dared and suffered all things. Lord God of the rivers and the sea, help me in this sermon! So, ye admirals, commanders, captains, pilots, gunners, boatswains, sailmakers, surgeons, stokers, messmates and seamen of all names, to use your own parlance, we might as well get under way and stand out to sea. All hail Dahlgren so ashore. Full speed now! Four bells!

Never since the sea fight of Lepanto, where 300 royal galleys, manned by 50,000 warriors, at sunrise, Sept. 6, 1571, met 250 royal galleys, manned by 120,000 men, and in the four hours of battle 8,000 fell on one side and 15,000 on the other, and the blood was red on the gilded prow, never since the day when at Actium, thirty-one years before Christ, Augustus with 200 ships scattered the 220 ships of Marc Antony, and gained universal dominion as the prize, yea, since the day when at Salamis the 1,200 galleys of the Persians, manned by 500,000 men, were crushed by Greeks with less than a third of that force; yea, never since the time of Noah, the first ship captain, has the world seen such a miraculous creation as that of the American navy in 1861.

There were about 200 available seamen in all the naval stations and receiving ships, and here and there an old vessel. Yet orders were given to blockade 3,500 miles of seacoast—greater than the whole coast of Europe—and besides that the James, Tennessee, Cumberland, Mississippi, and other great rivers, coveying an extent of 2,000 miles, were to be patrolled. No wonder the whole civilized world burst into guffaws of laughter at the seeming impossibility. But the work was done, done almost immediately, done thoroughly, and done with a speed and consummate skill that eclipsed all the history of naval architecture. What brilliant achievements are suggested by the mere mention of the names of the admirals! If all they did should be written, every one, I suppose, that even the world itself could not contain the books that should be written. But these names I have received the honors due. The most of them went to their graves under the cannonade of all the forts, navy yards and men-of-war, the flags of all the shipping and capitals at half-mast.

I recite to-day the deeds of our naval heroes, many of whom have not yet received appropriate recognition. "Behold also the ships." As we will never know what our national prosperity is worth until we realize what it cost, I recall the unrecited fact that the men of the navy in all our wars ran especial risks. They had not only the human weaponry to contend with, but the tides, the fog, the storm. Not like other ships could they run into harbor at the approach of an equinox, or a cyclone or a hurricane, because the harbors were hostile. A miscalculation of a tide might leave them on a bar, and a fog might overthrow all the plans of the wisest commodore and admiral, and accident might leave them not on the land ready for an ambulance, but at the bottom of the sea, as when in our civil war the torpedo blew up the Tecumseh in Mobile bay, and nearly all on board perished. They were at the mercy of the Atlantic and Pacific oceans, which have no mercy. Such tempests as wrecked the Spanish Armada might any day swoop upon the squadron. No hiding behind the earthworks. No digging in of cavalry spurs at the sound of reveille. Mightier than all the fortresses on all the coasts is the ocean when it bombards a flotilla.

In the cemeteries for Federal and Confederate dead are the bodies of most of those who fell on the land. But where those are who went down in the war vessels will not be known until the sea gives up its dead. The Jack tars knew that while loving arms might carry the men who fell on the land and bury them with solemn liturgy and the honors of war, for the bodies of those who dropped from the ratlines into the sea, or went down with all on board under the stroke of a gunboat, there remained the shark and the whale and the endless tossing of the sea which cannot rest. Once a year, in the decoration of the graves, those who fell on the land are remembered; but how about the graves of those who went down at sea? Nothing but the archangel's trumpet shall reach their lowly bed. A few of them were gathered into naval cemeteries of the land, and we every year garland the sod that covers them; but who will put flowers on the fallen crew of the exploded Westfield and Shawsheen, and the sunken Southfield and the Winfield Scott? Bullets threatening in front, bombs threatening from above, torpedoes threatening from beneath, the ocean, with its reputation of 6,000 years for shipwreck, lying all around, am I not right in saying it required a special courage for the navy in 1863, as it required especial courage in 1898?

It looks picturesque and beautiful to see a war vessel going out through the Narrows, sailors in new rig singing—

"A life on the ocean wave,
A home on the rolling deep"

—the colors gracefully dipping to passing ships, the decks immaculately clean, and the guns at quarantine firing a parting salute. But the poetry is all gone out of that ship as it comes out of that engagement, its decks red with human blood, white-house gone, the cabins a mass of shattered mirrors and destroyed furniture, steering-wheel broken, smokestack crushed, a hundred-pound Whitworth rifle shot having left its mark from port to starboard, the shrouds rent away, ladders splintered and decks plowed up, and smoke-blackened and scalded corpses lying among those who are gasping their last gasp far away from home and kindred, whom they love as much as we love wife and parents and children.

O, men of the American navy returned from Manila and Santiago and Havana, as well as those who are survivors of the naval conflicts of 1862 and 1864; men of the western gulf squadron, of the eastern gulf squadron, of the south Atlantic squadron, of the north Atlantic squadron, of the Mississippi squadron, of the Pacific squadron, of the West India squadron and of the Potomac flotilla, hear our thanks! Take the benediction of our churches. Accept the hospitalities of the nation. If we had our way we would get you not only a pension, but a home and a princely wardrobe and equipage, and a banquet while you live, and after your departure a catafalque and a mausoleum of sculptured marble, with a model of the ship in which you won the day. It is considered a gallant thing when, in a naval fight, the flag that gets blue cuts the grass ahead has been torn into a thousand admiral standing in the shroud-watching and giving orders. But I have to tell you, O veterans of the American navy, of your great reward. Better than the wreath of oak leaves on your brow, better than the admiral's flag on your mast head, better than the admiral's flag on your mast head, better than the admiral's flag on your mast head