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 Pleasant ave. Above lies on its 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; 11 miles from Bloomfield Center and electric railway to Detroit and Pontiac. Terms easy.

No. 3.

The e½ of sw¼ of section 8, 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 $500 an acre no better than this. Must be sold to settle estate, and the price has been put down to $70 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 pass the door.

No. 5.

Elegant house and lot 66 feet front and 90 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 400 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 [illegible] 15c. Pontiac 10c. Fare to [illegible] 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 Boitolph farm in the town of Troy, 200 acres, excellent buildings, two good flowing wells. Carp pond well stocked; 9 miles of tile; fine orchard, 8 miles from Birmingham, 2 miles straight south of Troy corners, which is the site of 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 order. 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 pride 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 2½ miles from Birmingham and a mile from Circle, 38 acres, no buildings; fenced for fowl-house and pig-pen. Buildings insured for $1,500. Premises abundantly supplied with never 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 fences, excellent soil, gravelly loam in high state of cultivation. House, two-story and a half, 7 rooms, woodshed, cellar, cistern and all conveniences, 2½ miles from Birmingham, over roads which are the best in the country; 40 rods from good school; 80 rods from Fitty's mill. Excellent neighborhood. This little farm is ready for business, without a cent for repairs or improvements. Price $1,500; Terms easy.

No. 19.

A farm of 100 acres in the township of Hose Oganaw County, Mich.; 65 acres cleared, 50 acres mixed hard wood timber, the rest pine, loam, sandy loam. Price $25 per acre; terms $500 cash, balance on long time at 6 per cent. Here is a golden opportunity for a poor man to exchange a good home in a short time. Better investigate.

No. 20.

This includes all of the Corson addition left unsold, comprising lots 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 and 7. Lots 1 and two face woodward Ave., next to the residence of W. C. Jenks and one of the others face out on Vinewood Ave. These are, without question, the finest building lots in the village. High and dry, city water, connection with 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 include in this number lots 60, 30, 31 and 32, Block 8 in Urbanrest, near Royal Oak, at $20 per lot.

No. 21.

The Corson Homestead on Maple Ave., consisting of lots 6, 7 and 8 of Willits's plat, being 80x 165½ feet each. 160 feet front on Maple Ave. one of the most valuable residence portions of the village. A good comfortable house and good barn, with an abundance of fruit and fine shade trees and best neighborhood in the village. Frontage alone this location on Maple Ave. is worth $20 per front foot; that would make $4,800. Now, owing to the fact that Mr. Corson wishes to sell and sell right away, we 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 Blakely farm. Has about 40 rods lake frontage, with hard banks—no marsh—with a fringe of fine shade trees. 6¼ miles west of Birmingham and the same distance from Pontiac. Postoffice on the farm with daily mail. Birmingham has 2¼ miles from Orchard Lake; ¾ mile from good school. Fishing, boating and bathing in unsurpassed. Forty acres, 33 cleared; 7 oak timber, 6 inch, loam soil, fine orchard, beautiful maple grove. House nearly new; good barn. Price, $9,000. 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. 27, '99.

Hope is a tonic that stimulates ambition.

The street car conductor is a wayfaring individual.

A traveler says the average train boy is a banana skin.

The multiplication table affords the miser food for thought.

Give some people half a chance and they'll take the other half.

Humbugs are gilded coins of plausibility from the mint of deception.

You can't tell the extent of a man's piety by the length of his Sunday face.

It makes a great difference whether glasses are used over or under the nose.

Some men have no business in politics, and politics is all the business some men have.

If it takes nine tailors to make a man how many does it take to construct a tailor-made woman?

The man who can afford love in a cottage at the seashore can afford a brown-stone front in town with the advent of winter.

There are two reasons why some people fail to mind their own business; one is that they haven't any business, and the other is they haven't any mind.

The rule of the western ranch is that unbranded cattle shall be marked by the brand of the man on whose place they are found. When Gov. Roosevelt was a ranchman, he and one of his neighbors had a man-to-man row on a neighbor's farm, and the cowboy triumphantly put Roosevelt's brand upon it. The present governor discharged him on the spot. "If you steal for me," was his succinct explanation, "you will steal from me."

Col. John W. Clous, judge-advocate of the army, department of the east, defending the action of the Carter court martial, before the United States Circuit court at New York recently, held that the action of a court martial can not be reviewed by any civil court. This seems strange doctrine. It constituted one of the main contentions of the French generals in the Dreyfus case, but was overruled. It appears to be sound legal principle that the sentence of any court, military or otherwise, if it can be shown to be contrary to law, is subject to revision by a supreme authority.

The White Star steamship Oceanic, which made her first trip across the Atlantic recently from Queenstown to New York, is the largest ship ever built. She is 704 feet long, which is 13 feet longer than the famous Great Eastern. Her engines have 45,000 horse-power, or more than twice that of the St. Paul, and they drive her through the water at a speed of 23 knots an hour. She made her first trip in six days and two and a half hours. This is not record-breaking time, but the Oceanic is not intended so much for speed as for regularity of passage. Her owners anticipate that her trips may be scheduled almost like express trains.

Emperor William has made a contribution to the woman question by his four k's, or kinder and kuchen, kleider and kirche (children and cooking, clothes and the church). As a statement of the old conservative view of woman's sphere the kaiser's definition is the briefest and best. The new ideas of the advanced woman find little response in the Teutonic mind, and in defining woman's destiny thus comprehensively the kaiser may be regarded as the spokesman of his people. Germany's ideal, however, has changed since the days when Tacitus described the women of the Teutons as accompanying their husbands to battle and engaging in the fight, and it may change again, despite the kaiser's clever saying.

For the first time in her annals, Porto Rico has enjoyed the excitement of a municipal election, and has experienced the unwonted delights of a trial by jury. Eleven natives, with one Yankee to act as foreman, composed the jury, and the result of their deliberations is said to have been eminently satisfactory to every one except the culprit. The election, although promising as a first attempt, was marked by innocent, but somewhat embarrassing, innovations. The supervisors became hungry at noontime, and adjourned for dinner, taking the ballot boxes with them. This rendered the appointing of another election necessary to forestall possible complaints of illegality. These and other encouraging facts show that American ideas and methods are making headway in Porto Rico.

Speaking of the dullness of many honest reformers; their inability to get beyond small retail methods of administration; their lack of public imagination; of civic pride; of power of initiation and of quick sympathy with popular aspirations, Doctor McKelway says: "The political freebooters often take these things into account, with results that make the mercurial masses prefer brilliant brigandage to incompetent integrity." The alliterative wit of this remark need not make us forget its wisdom.

This year the Indian government must spend 5,500,000 rupees to relieve the famine sufferers in the central provinces. There are numerous interesting features to the assimilation business which do not manifest themselves till after the conquest.

The college students of Russia have become so extremely critical of government measures that it was though necessary to teach them how to kee their mouths shut. Now, when the are too outspoken, they are drafte into the army.

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

THE DEER HUNT LAST SUNDAY'S SUBJECT.

From the Bible Text: Psalms, Chapter xlii., Verse 1, as Follows: "As the Hart Panteth After the Water Brooks."

(Copyright 1899 by Louis Klopsch.)

David, who must some time have seen a deer hunt, points us here to a hunted stag making for the water. The fascinating animal, called in my text the hart, is the same animal that in sacred and profane literature is called the stag, the roebuck, the hind, the gazelle, the reindeer. In central Syria, in Bible times, there were whole pasture fields of them, as Solomon suggests when he says: "I charge you by the hinds of the field." Their antlers jutted from the long grass as they lay down. No hunter who has been long in "John Brown's track" will wonder that in the Bible they were classed as clean animals, for the dews, the showers, the lakes, washed them as clean as the sky. When Isaac, the patriarch, longed for venison, Esau shot and brought home a roebuck. Isaiah compares the sprightliness of the restored cripple of millennial times to the long and quick jump of the stag, saying: "The lame shall leap as the hart." Solomon expressed his disgust at a hunter, who, having shot a deer, is too lazy to cook it, saying: "The slothful man roasteth not that which he took in hunting."

But one day David, while far from the home from which he had been driven, and sitting near the mouth of a lonely cave where he had lodged, and on the banks of a pond or river, hears a pack of hounds in swift pursuit. Because of the previous silence in the forest the clangor startles him, and he says to himself: "I wonder what those dogs are after!" Then there is a crackling in the brushwood, and the loud breathing of some rushing monster of the woods, and the antlers of a deer rend the leaves of the thicket, and by an instinct which all hunters recognize, plunges into a pond or lake or river to cool its thirst, and at the same time by its capacity for swifter and longer swimming, to get away from the foaming harriers.

David says to himself: "Aha, that is myself! Saul after me. Absalom after me, enemies without number after me. I am chased, their bloody muzzles at my heels, barking at my goal, their barking after my body, barking after my soul. Oh, the hounds, the hounds! But look there," says David, "that hunted deer has splashed into the water. It puts its hot lips and nostrils into the cool water, laves the lathered flanks, and it swims away from the fiery canines, and it is free at last. Oh, that I might find in the deep, wide lake of God's mercy and consolation, escape from my pursuers! Oh, for the waters of life and rescue! As the hart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God."

Some of you have just come from the Adirondacks, and the breath of the balsam and spruce and pine is still on you. The Adirondacks are now populous with hunters, and the deer are being slain by the score. Once while talking with a hunter, I thought I would like to see whether my text was accurate in its allusion and as I heard the dogs baying a little way off and supposed they were on the track of a deer I said to the hunter in rough corduroy: "Do the deer always make for the water when they are pursued?" He said: "Oh, yes, mister; you see they are a hot and thirsty animal, and they know where the water is, and when they hear danger in the distance, they lift their antlers and catch the breeze and start for Racquet or Loon or Saranac; and we get into our cedar shell boat or stand by the 'runway' with rifle loaded ready to blaze away."

My friends, that is one reason why I like the Bible so much. Its allusions are so true to nature. Its partridges are real partridges, its ostriches real ostriches, and its reindeer real reindeer. I do not wonder that this antlered glory of the forest, as he hunt, dreads the cool water, and his cheek glow, and his respiration quicken. To say nothing of its usefulness, although it is the most useful of all game, its flesh delicious, its skin turned into human apparel, its sinews fashioned into bow strings, its antlers putting handles on cutlery, and the shavings of its horns used as a restorative, its name taken from the hart and called hartshorn—by putting aside its usefulness, this enchanting creature seems the model of grapefulness and elasticity. What an eye, as if gathered up from a hundred lakes at sunset! The horns, a coronal branching into every possible curve, and after it seems done, ascending into other projections of exquisiteness, a tree of, polished bone, uplifted in pride, or swung down for awful combat. It is velocity embodied. Timidity impersonated. The enchantment of the woods. Eye lustrous in life and pathetic in death. The splendid animal a complete rhythm of muscle and bone and color and attitude and locomotion, whether couched in the grass among the shadows, or a living bolt shot through the forest, or turning at bay to attack the hounds, or rearing for its last fall under the buckshot of the trapper.

It is a splendid appearance, that the painter's pencil fails to sketch, and only a hunter's dream on a pillow of hemlock at the foot of St. Regis is able to picture. When, twenty miles from any settlement, it comes down at eventide to the lake's edge to drink the lily-pads, and, with its sharp edged hoofs, hammers the crystal flooring into a very picturesque. But only when, after miles of pursuit, with heaving sides and lolling tongue, and eyes swimming in death, the stag leaps from the cliff into Upper Saranac, can you realize how much David had suffered from his troubles, and how much he wanted God when he expressed himself in the words: "As the hart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God."

There are whole chains of lakes in the Adirondacks, and from one height you can see thirty lakes; and there are said to be over 800 in the great wilderness. So near are they to each other that your mountain guide picks up and carries the boat from lake to lake, the small distance between them for that reason is called a "carry." And the realm of God's word is one long chain of bright, refreshing lakes; each promise a lake, a very short carry between them, and though for ages the pursued have been drinking out of them, they are full up to the top of the green banks; and the same David describes them, and they seem so near together that in three different places he speaks of them as a continuous river, saying: "There is a river, the streams whereof shall make glad the city of God"; "Thou shalt make them drink of the rivers of thy pleasures"; "Thou greatly enrichest it with the river of God, which is full of water."

But many of you have turned your back upon that supply, and confront your trouble, and you are soured with your circumstances, and you are fighting society, and you are fighting a pursuing world; and troubles, instead of driving you into the cool lake of heavenly comfort, have made you stop and turn round and lower your head, and it is simply antler against tooth. I do not blame you. Probably under the same circumstances I would have done worse. But you are all wrong. You need to do as the reindeer does in February and March—it sheds its horns. The rabbinical writers allude to this resignation of antlers of the stag when they say of a man who ventures his money in risky enterprises, he has hung it on the stag's horns; and a proverb in the far east tells a man who has foolishly lost his fortune to go and find where the deer shed his horns. My brother, quit the antagonism of your circumstances, quit misanthropy, quit complaint, quit pitching into your pursuers; be as wise as next spring will be the deer of the Adirondacks. Shed your horns!

But very many of you who are wronged of the world and if in any assembly between the Atlantic and Pacific oceans, it were asked that all who had been badly treated should raise both their hands, and full response should be made, there would be twice as many hands lifted as persons present—I say many of you would declare, "We have always done the best we could and tried to be useful, and why we become the victims of malignment, or invidious or missing is inscrutable." Why, do you know that the finer a deer, and the more elegant its proportions, and the more beautiful its bearing, the more anxious the hunters and the hounds are to capture it? Had that roebuck a ragged fur, and broken hoofs, and an obliterated eye, and a limping gait, the hunters would have said, "Pshaw! don't let us waste our ammunition on a sick deer." And the hounds would have given a few sniffs at the track, and then darted off in another direction for better game. But when they see a deer with antlers lifted in mighty challenge to earth and sky, and the track of whose hoofs as if had been smoothed by invisible hands, and the fat sides enclose the richest pasture that could be nibbled from the bank of rills so clear they seem to have dropped out of heaven, and the stamp of its foot defies the jack-shooting lantern and the rifle, the horn and the hound, that deer they will have if they must needs break their necks in the rapids. So if there were no noble stuff in your make-up, if you were a bifurcated nothing, if you were a forlorn failure, you would be allowed to go undisturbed; but the fact that the whole pack is in full cry after you is proof positive that you are spendid game and worth capturing. Therefore sarcasm draws on you its "finest bead"; therefore the world goes running for you with its best Winchester breech-loader. Highest compliment is it to your talent, or your virtue or your usefulness. You will be assailed in proportion to your great achievements. The best and the mightiest Being the world ever saw had set after him all the hounds, terrestrial and diabolic, and they lapped his blood after the Calvarian massacre. The world paid nothing to its Redeemer but a bramble, four spikes and a cross. Many who have done their best to make the world better have had such a rough time of it that all their pleasure is in anticipation of the next world, and they would, if they could, express their own feelings in the words of the Baroness of Nairn at the close of her long life, when asked if she would like to live her life over again:

Would you be young again?
So would not I;
One tear of memory given
Onward I'll hie;
Life's dark wave forded o'er,
All but at rest on shore,
Say, would you plunge once more,
With home so nigh?

If you might, would you now
Retrace your way?
Wander through stormy wilds,
Faint and astray?
Night's gloomy watches fled,
Morning, all beaming red,
Hope's smile around us shed,
Heavenward, away!

We are told in Revelation, 22:15: "Without are dogs," by which I conclude there is a whole kennel of hounds outside the gate of heaven, or, as when a master goes in a door, his dog lies on the step waiting for him to come out, so the troubles of this life may follow us to the shining door, but they cannot get in. "Without are dogs!" I have seen dogs, and owned dogs, that I would not be chagrined to see in the heavenly city. Some of the grand old watch-dogs that are the constabulary of the homes in solitary places, and for years have been the only protection of wife and child; some of the sleek dogs that drive back the wolves and bark away the flock from going too near the precipice, and some of the dogs whose neck and paw Landseer, the painter, has made immortal, would not find me shutting them out from the gate of shining pearl. Some of those old St. Bernard dogs that have lifted perishing travelers out of the Alpine snow; the dog that John Brown, the Scotch essayist, saw ready to spring at the surgeon, lest, in removing the cancer, he too much hurt the poor woman whom the dog felt bound to protect, and dogs that we caressed in our childhood days, or that in later time laid down on the rug in seeming sympathy when our homes were desolated, I say, if some soul entering heaven should happen to leave the gate ajar, and these faithful creatures should quietly walk in, it would not at all disturb my heaven. But all those human or brutal hounds that have chased and torn and lacerated the world, yea, all that now bite or worry or tear to pieces, shall be prohibited, "Without are dogs!" No place there for harsh critics or backbiters, or despoilers of the reputation of others! Down with you to the kennels of darkness and despair! The hart has reached the eternal water brooks, and the panting of the long chase is quieted in still pastures, and "there shall be nothing to hurt or destroy in all God's holy mount."

Oh, when some of you get there, it will be like what a hunter tells of when he was pushing his canoe far up north in the winter, and amid the ice-floes, and a hundred miles, as he thought, from any other human being. He was startled some day as he heard a stepping on the ice, and he cocked the rifle ready to meet anything that came near. He found a man, bare footed and insane from long exposure, approaching him. Taking him into his canoe and kindling fires to warm him, he restored him, found out where he had lived, and took him to his home, and found all the village in great excitement. A hundred men were searching for the lost man, and his family and friends rushed out to meet him, and as had been agreed at his first appearance, bells were rung, and guns were discharged, and bonfires were kindled and the rescuer loaded with presents. Well, when some of you step out of this wilderness, where you have been chilled and torn, and sometimes lost amid the icebergs, into the warm greetings of all the villages of the redeemed, and your friends rush out to give you welcoming kiss, the news that there is another soul forever saved will call the caterers of heaven to spread the banquet, and the bellmen lay hold of the rope in the tower, and while the chalices clink at the feast and the bells clang from the turrets, it will be a scene so uplifting I pray God I may be there to take part in the celestial merriment. And now do you not think the prayer in Solomon's song, where he compared Christ to a reindeer in the night, would make an exquisitely appropriate peroration to my sermon: "Until the day break and the shadows flee away, be thou like a roe or a young hart upon the mountains of Bether"?

READING OF BOOKS.

Weeding Out All the Trash Possible in Self-Defense.

The ability to appreciate or the willingness to study a book, a great picture or even a great play is rare, says the Brooklyn Eagle. If the prosperity of art or literature depended upon this cultivated minority art and literature would be sorry businesses. That was the fact not so many generations ago, and poets and painters starved and begged and truckled to unworthy "patrons" all over Europe. It is doubtful if the proportion of strong minds has greatly increased since those unhappy days. There was an enormous increase in education, and the reading, the play-going and the picture-seeing habits have grown accordingly. None will pretend that that is not a good thing for art and literature, and no one but a dyspeptic dictator would contend that these new readers must read the things which the dictator considered best for them. The people who read for education will read only so fast as they can assimilate, and will confine themselves to a very small part of the printed output, and will, in self-defense, weed out all the trash possible. They will also read those books which appeal to their own minds and will not be seriously or long misled or lured into the perusal of books which are dry husks to them, no matter how vital they may be to book reviewers. This condition is a fine thing to have this caste increased. Children should be taught how to read books and that their education stops only with their death-bed.

Take Time to Be Generous.

The ant is a pattern of industry and thrift, though very much overrated, but he was a cold utilitarian when he outraged the laws of hospitality and recommended the poor happy-go-lucky grasshopper, as he had "sung all summer," to "dance all winter." One can fancy the careful, prim, narrow little housekeeper, with an odious art of virtue, freezing out the improvident suppliant. Thrift for its own sake is not virtue, though may be prudence. If we garner up the grain, it should be that we may scatter it again to bring forth a good harvest. And if any man, even the thriftless, come to us beseeching bread, shall we deny him and ask, after the fable, "Why did you not treasure up food during the summer?" It is a gray day indeed which has in it no grain of pleasure, no opportunity for doing good, no sweet moment of rest. The future is a sort of rapacious Moloch demanding humanity to sacrifice to him the present. The miser spends his heart's blood and his soul's peace to pay tribute to the monster; the fool laughs at his claims; but the wise man pays him a just tithe.—Carrie E. Garret, in the September Woman's Home Companion.

The Queen Wore Whiskers.

It was pay day in a certain English battalion quartered in Natal. Private Smith, on receiving his month's "insult," minutely inspected a particular coin, hesitated and coughed; then he saluted and addressed his officer: "Please, sir, I don't think this is a bad 'arf-crown you've given me." The officer looked at the coin. It was from the Transvaal and bore the likeness of President Kruger. "Oh, that's all right," he replied; "the money is quite good; it will pass in the canteen." Private Smith saluted again. "Of course, if you say so, it's orl right, sir. But it's the first time I ever see 'er majesty wearin' whiskers."—Exchange.

The Reason.

"Will you have a piece of the pie, Mr. Goodman?" asked Robby's mother of the minister. "Thanks, no." "Will you, Robby?" she inquired. "No, I think not," said Robby, rather hesitatingly. The minister looked at Robby in surprise. "I thought all little boys were fond of pie," he said. "They are," replied Robby. "I could eat that hull pie, but ma said if you didn't take any, I mustn't, and she'd save it for tomorrow."—What to Eat.

Office Of
P. S. Root, M.D.

Monroe, Mich., Oct. 25, 1897.

Wess. S. A. Sloman & Co.,
Gentlemen:—

I am pleased to say that the use of your excellent Diamond Wedding whiskey in my practice for medicinal purposes, has been most satisfactory. Patients speak of its thoroughly beneficial results, pleasant bouquet etc. and I congratulate you upon the success that this brand is so deservedly having.

Very sincerely yours,
P. S. Root, M. D.

The "White"

RIDDEN by the professional racer, it has proven a winner oftener than any in competition. Ridden by the non-professional, by the "scorcher," for business or pleasure, it has a record second to none Material used in its construction, pains-taking care in manufacturing details, ease in running, and handsome, symmetrical design are a few of its claims for superiority. Reasonable prices, coupled with high values, are characteristics of the "WHITE." Our long established reputation guarantees the excellence of our product.

Models A and B	$50.00
Model G (30-in. wheel)	60.00
"Special Racer"	65.00
Models E and F (chainless)	75.00

White Sewing Machine Company,
CLEVELAND, OHIO.

FARM JOURNAL

50 CENTS FOR 5 YEARS

THE BIGGEST PAPER of its SIZE in the UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

The Boiled Down Paper
Cream not Skim Milk
Hits the Nail on the Head
Knows What to Put in
Knows What to Leave out
—Full of Ginger
Full of Sunshine
A Practical Paper
For Sleeves-rolled-up Farmers
Good in any State where Gumption is Current
Cut to Fit the Man who Knows What's What
Farmers at the First Table
Justice to All Men

Why have a Mortgage on the Farm, Poor Crops, Rheumatism, Sour Bread, Sick Hogs, a Leaky Roof, Ropy Milk, a Balky Horse, Grip, Hole in the Pocket, Skeleton in the Closet, or any other

Pain or Trouble

when you can get the Farm Journal five years for 50 cents? Address FARM JOURNAL, Phila., Pa.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.—By special arrangement made with the FARM JOURNAL, we are enabled to offer that paper from now until December, 1903, to every subscriber who pays for ours one year ahead—both papers for the price of ours only.
☞Be prompt in accepting this offer.

THE BIRMINGHAM ECCENTRIC,
Whitehead & Mitchell, Pubs., Birmingham, Mich.

For a SUMMER CRUISE take the

COAST LINE to MACKINAC

NEW STEEL PASSENGER STEAMERS

COMFORT, SPEED and SAFETY

The Greatest Perfection yet attained in Boat Construction—Luxurious Equipment, Artistic Furnishing, Decoration and Table Service

To Detroit, Mackinac, Georgian Bay, Petoskey, Chicago

No other Line offers a panorama of 460 miles of equal variety and interest.

FOUR TRIPS PER WEEK BETWEEN
Toledo, Detroit and Mackinac
"STOCKEY," "THE SOO," MARQUETTE AND DULUTH.

LOW RATES to Picturesque Mackinac and Return, including Meals and Berths. Approximate Cost from Cleveland, $10.50; from Toledo, $16.25; from Detroit, $12.75

DAY AND NIGHT SERVICE BETWEEN
DETROIT AND CLEVELAND
Fare, $1.50 Each Direction.
Berths, 75c., $1. Stateroom, $1.75.
Connections are made at Cleveland with Earliest Trains for all points East, South and Southwest, and at Detroit for all points North and Northwest.
Sunday Trips June, July, Aug., Sep., Oct. Only

EVERY DAY AND NIGHT BETWEEN
Cleveland, Put-in-Bay and Toledo.

Send 2c. for Illustrated Pamphlet. Address A. A. SCHANTZ, G. P. A., DETROIT, MICH. Detroit and Cleveland Navigation Company.

KNOCK THE SPOTS Use ST. JACOBS OIL A sore spot, green, black, or blue, is a BRUISE and watch the color fade, the soreness disappear. IT IS MAGICAL. OUT.