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HERE BELOW,

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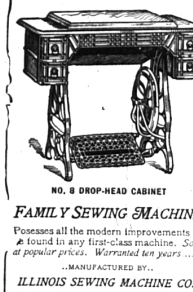

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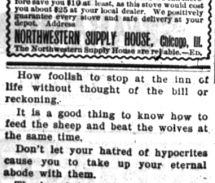

NORTHWESTERN SUPPLY HOUSE, Chicago, Ill.
The Northwestern Supply House are reliable.—Ed.

How foolish to stop at the inn of life without thought of the bill or reckoning.

It is a good thing to know how to feed the sheep and beat the wolves at the same time.

Don't let your hatred of hypocrites cause you to take up your eternal abode with them.

Theology is but the map of what man has discovered of God's country; it is not the land itself.

The man who is seeking a church a pasture for himself will hardly make a good pastor for the church.

There is no difference in quality between sins of omission and sins of commission; either are fatal.

LIQUID AIR FOR SALE

PUSH-CART MEN SEE NEW OPENING.

The Wonderful Power Will Be Sold for 5 Cents a Gallon—An Immense Plant Being Established in New York City.

Pushcart venders will soon sell liquid air at a nickel a gallon, and every house will have its own cooling apparatus. A plant capable of turning out 1,500 gallons of liquid air daily has been established in West Thirty-third street, and a company expects to put the discovery on the market in a short time as a commercial product. The air is produced with comparative cheapness, and will be sold as a refrigerant and as a source of power. The promoters of this new novelty gave a public exhibition yesterday of their apparatus, and demonstrated that they could produce air much cheaper than any one else. The apparatus for producing the air is the Ostergren-Burger process. While the system follows Tripler's invention in the main, the insulation used by Ostergren and Burger to prevent the absorption of warmth from the surrounding atmosphere appears to be more effective. Tripler roughly estimated the cost of producing a gallon of liquid air to be about 20 cents. Ostergren and Burger appear to get it for from 6 to 10 cents at present, although they hope to improve on these figures. With a steam engine capable of developing 200 horse power in a day of twenty-four hours an output of about 1,500 gallons has been obtained. The new experimenters in this interesting line of work have invented a motor for utilizing the stored energy of the liquid air and hope for a patent within a few weeks. Already they have a tiny turbine operated by a jet of vaporized liquid, and this turbine drives a fan. Rooms occupied by people can thus be conveniently cooled. It is thought that by using the liquefying apparatus in place of an ammonia plant cold storage may be had as cheaply as by any other method. It has been a puzzling matter hitherto to put liquid air in a convenient shape for transportation. It was found to be unsafe to inclose it in sealed receptacles, because evaporation was sure to take place, and the pressure which would thus be exerted from the interior upon the walls of the containing vessel would be ruinous. But a plan has been devised for obviating this difficulty, yet without allowing expensive waste. A vessel that has double metallic walls holds the fluid, and the air which evaporates on escaping from the inner receptacle flows out between the two metallic walls, but it is kept there under pressure. A safety valve prevents any serious tension, and yet discourages the vbiatilizing process. The vessel described is inclosed in a much larger one of wicker or similar material, and excelsior is packed between it and the outside walls of the reservoir. In these receptacles the company will put the air on the market at a low figure.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Rose Tree Ten Centuries Old.

Last winter it was said that the famous one-thousand-year-old rose tree of Hildesheim was dying, and the quaint old town made famous by Bishop Bernward 800 years ago was greatly dismayed at the news. Great care was taken of it, however, and it has safely survived the winter and the changeable months of spring, and is now as flourishing as ever, and even putting forth fresh shoots. There can be no doubt that the rose, if not the actual stem, are at least 800 years old. This was proved conclusively by Humboldt, who was greatly interested in the matter, and who went carefully through many old manuscripts to see if there were any truth in the story. Documents dating from the eleventh century state that when Bishop Hezilo rebuilt the Cathedral in 1055-1061, after it was burnt down, he inclosed the roots of the tree within a vault, which still exists, and upon this vault he constructed the crypt, spreading out the branches upon its outer walls. The vault was especially constructed so that this might be done without interfering with the growth of the branches in any way. In 1849 the stem was 22½ feet high and the branches covered about 32 feet of the external wall. Since then it has been cut and trimmed in good deal to make it more hardy and to prevent the threatened decay.

A Curious Plant.

From the Washington Star: "A curious plant," said an eminent botanist to the writer, a day or two ago, "is the wild tamarind, or junbal plant of the riverside and waste places of tropical America, and very strange are its effects upon the non-ruminant animals that feed upon its young shoots, leaves, pods and seeds. It causes horses to lose the hair from their manes and tails, has a similar effect upon mules and donkeys, and reduces pigs to complete madness. Horses are said to recover when fed exclusively on corn and grass, but the new hair is of a different color and texture from the old, so that the animal is never quite the same as it was before. Cattle, of which I personally knew, after feeding on the plant, lost its hoofs and had to be kept in slings until they grew and hardened again. Ruminant animals are not thus affected, and the growth of the plant is thus encouraged in the Bahamas as a fodder plant for cattle, sheep and goats. The difference in its action upon ruminants and non-ruminants is probably due to changes effected upon it in the chewing of the cud."

A Great Improvement.

Penn—Can you suggest any way in which I might improve my new novel? Brushe—You might put the last chapter first. Penn—But all the characters die in the last chapter, Brushe—Yes, I know.

Edison's Automobile.

Edison is at work on an automobile which he believes will be far ahead of anything that the French or American inventors have as yet turned out.

THE MARRED BETROTHAL BAND.

"You are sure you love me, Elsie?"

"Very, very sure, Ramond."

My love looked upon me intently for a moment and said: "Then I think you will wear this ring for my sake, darling, it may seem vaguely prophetic to you, perhaps; but let it be as little talisman of our loves, dearest, and by and by of their perfect and happy fulfillment."

"Wear this!" I interrupted hastily, and surprisedly.

"Yes, wear it, Elsie!" he questioned.

I gazed down upon the little worn and marred souvenir in his hand with mingled emotions of perplexity and disgust. My idea of betrothal pledges was—well, I scarcely know what, but something which could not bring disgust to the recipient at the very least, but on the contrary yield to its possessor both pride and happiness. I was very fastidious in my tastes and somewhat exacting in my requirements. My nature was emotional and imaginative in the extreme, while my lover's was thoroughly practical and common sense. His strong and manly characteristics proved a perfect balance wheel to my weaker and more effeminate ones, and usually I conceded to him the palm of victory in every case. I think my face must have shown all the contempt with which I regarded his offering, for he said at length, half deprecatingly, and oh, so sadly:

"I have for years looked hopefully forward, my dear Elsie, to a time when the one woman of all others whom I would call my wife should wear this ring which is so sacred and dear to me. Something of its history you already know, and there is but little more to tell. It was my mother's ring—placed upon her fingers by my father on their bridal day. She wore it always, and oh how precious it seemed to her when her soul was summoned so suddenly to his long rest. I, a fair, smiling boy at her feet wondered why she wept, when I turned it around on her finger in my childish way. When I grew older and her grief troubled me she would strive to conceal it for my sake; but she did not stay with me long after that, dearest, and in dying she whispered, with her white lips smiling down upon the little ring—'Take it from my finger when I am gone, my son, and some future day, when your heart's chosen shall have come to you, place it upon her dear hand with your dead mother's blessing.'"

There were tears in the dark eyes which were looking so reverently upon the sacred token, and the dear hand trembled which clasped my own, while a tremulous voice whispered:

"Will you wear it, dearest?"

I shall never know what demon of obstinacy impelled me to coldly withdraw my hand and answer haughtily:

"No—a thousand times no! I will never wear that old and battered thing—never!"

I saw a spasm of pain sweep over the calm, pale face before me, but he only said:

"Very well, Elsie," and replaced the golden circlet in its case again.

He did not remain long afterward. When he left me it was with the parting kiss, as usual, but his lips were cold, and he looked down into my eyes with such an expression of pain that I stood for a moment irresolute and then faltered forth:

"You are not angry with me, Ramond?"

"No, not angry, dear," he said, and left me.

I grew to be very sorry for what I had done, and although I could not, through my inordinate pride, see any fitness in the poor little circlet as a love-offering, still the pale face of my noble Ramond, with the pained look in his dear dark eyes haunted me for hours afterwards.

And then he must have gone away, I thought, even to a great distance, for he did not come to me the next day, nor the next. He had never left me so long before, and if his absence was unavoidable why did he not write? The strange, ominous silence was unbearable. Did he love me the same after my haughty rejection of the ring as before the unfortunate episode, which had resulted so disastrously? And yet he still loved me, for such a love as his could not ruthlessly be cast aside. It was thus I reasoned, and still he did not come, until suspense became almost agony.

At this time there was a gathering of friends in honor of a guest visiting in our circle and I was present. Ramond was not, although the young lady to whom the honor was extended was his especial favorite. I had often told him in a bantering way that I regarded Edith Grey as a most formidable rival. This with a hundred things uninteresting to all save foolish lovers. How little I thought these same inconsiderate words would ever come back to me in their full significance.

I had scarcely time to remove my wraps upon the night in question when Edith came to my side and smilingly, yet half mockingly offered me words of condolence regarding my absent lover. I was about to utter some light rejoinder, but the words died upon my lips, while I could only gasp for breath. On the other hand from that held forth in greeting was Ramond's ring—the ring I had so proudly rejected! Yes, there on the wee white finger it rested, lovingly and tenderly!

Oh, how my heart did throb after that first great pain, and how thick and hot my breath was. Things grew strangely small and danced about the room like midges. Farther and farther away they went—farther and farther still, until all was blank and darkness and oblivion.

When I opened my eyes to consciousness once more I was reclining upon a couch in my own room, with my dear Ramond bending over me most solicitously. I shuddered convulsively, and turning away from him covered my eyes and sobbed aloud.

"What is it, darling?" he asked, tenderly.

"Oh—oh—oh!" I moaned, sitting up and rocking backwards and forwards in terror, as it all came back to me so vividly—

"Oh—oh—oh!"

"But what is it, my little Elsie?" he said, and I was pillowed close to his great warm heart.

"The ring—your ring!" I moaned hysterically. "Oh it was so cruel—so terribly cruel!"—and then the whole truth dawned upon me instantaneously—I had been dreaming!

My dear Ramond was not cognizant of the fact, however, and accepted the wild, incoherent ravings of my wandering as those born of penitence and humility; and I did not undeceive him, for indeed such they now were.

When I became calmer the sacred pledge was once more removed from its worn case and placed most reverently upon my irresisting fingers, while my dear one whispered:

"I came back in a few hours, dear, feeling sure that my little Elsie would relent, and remember, darling, an angel's blessing goes with my little gift."

And it was.

F. W.

Real Estate Exchange

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

LIST No. 2.

No. 23.

Feed Mill at Royal oak, Mich. Four lots, 5-story and basement mill with flour, feed, shorts and steam engine. Ypsilanti feed roller process. Building some worth $1,500, to say nothing of the lots. Good farming country, no competition. Well established business with excellent run of custom. Satisfactory reasons for selling made known to customer.

No. 24.

House and two lots, Nos. 58 and 59, Merrill Plat, Birmingham, one north side of Merrill St. Comfortable, cozy little home, for some one who cannot afford a brown stone front on Fifth Avenue, but is willing to take solid comfort at a moderate price. Place is owned by Chas. G. Hunt, who has removed from this place and wants to dispose of this place. The price shown this is in cash or cash down, for he will take 1,800, and the terms will be all right.

No. 25.

The Toynton place, a nice little farm of 70 acres, with four acres of good orchard and buildings as good as anybody's. One mile west of Bloomfield Centre (Cheat postoffice), five minute's walk from Long Lake. Sale-house, barn which cost nearly $1,500. House has seven rooms and woodshed, cellar, cistern, well, tool house, chicken house, pig pens, corn crib. A never failing stream runs through the farm. This farm is on the line of the proposed Bloomfield and Orchard Lake Electric Railway, from Bloomfield Centre to Orchard Lake. The price which was $65 per acre before the new electric road was thought of, remains the same, although all the farms in the neighborhood have gone skyrocketing.

A LITTLE ABOUT A LOT

Of new goods that have just come. We are anticipating a very large trade during November and December, and the large purchases which are now arriving show that we intend to be able to supply our patrons with just such goods as winter weather requires and Dame Fashion demands. In our Cloak Dept. we have received some 90 new garments, in Fur Capes, Jackets, Boas and Fur Sets, ranging in price from $5 to $50. Every fur garment guaranteed. There are a number of new Golf Capes at $5, $7.50 and $10. Yesterday there arrived 50 new Jackets to sell at $10. They're the best we ever shown at the price. Made of Washington Kersey, Skinner satin lined, with facing to the button hole, with fine rows of silk stitching. The colors are Mixtures, Blues, Browns and Black. We've at last received another shipment of Golf Suits. They are hard to get because of the scarcity of golf cloth. They cost $16.50 to $20. Big piles of new Flannel Wrappers, with 5½ yard flounce, to sell at $1.03. They are creating much favorable comment.

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A NERVOUS WRECK.

Thousands of young and middle aged men are annually swept to a premature grave through EARLY INDISCRETIONS, EXCESSES AND LOOSE DISEASES. If you have any of the following symptoms consult us before it is too late. Are you nervous and weak, despondent and gloomy, specks before the eyes with dark circles under them, weak back, kidneys irritable, palpitation of the heart, bashful, dreams and losses, sediment in urine, pimples on the face, eyes sunken, hollow cheeks, careworn expression, poor memory, lifeless, distrustful, lack energy and strength, tired mornings, restless nights, languishing in life, weak manhood, stunted organs and premature decay, bone pains, hair loose, sore throat etc.

YOU HAVE SEMINAL WEAKNESS!

OR NO STOP TREATMENT alone can cure you, and it is a man of you. Underfed, influence the brain becomes active, the blood jur fled so that all pimples, blotches and ulcers disappear, the nerves become strong as steel, so that nervousness, dissatisfaction and despondency disappear, the eyes become bright, the face full and clear, energy returns to the body, and the mental, physical and sexual systems are invigorated, all drains cease, no more vital waste from the system. The varicose veins become natural and healthy. You feel years (if a man and know marriage cannot be a failure. We invite all who are afflicted to consult us confidentially and free of charge. Don't let quacks and fakirs rob you of your hard earned dollars. We cure you or we pay.

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Notices of Sale, Etc.

MORTGAGE SALE. Default having been made in the payment of the money secured by a mortgage dated the 7th day of January, 1895, executed by Joseph Sikota, Jr., and Rosa Sikota, his wife, of Royal Oak, Michigan, and William Schwas, of Troy, Michigan, and recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds for the county of Oakland in Liber 125 of Mortgages on page 10, on the 8th day of January, 1895. And whereas, the amount claimed to be due on said mortgage at the date of this notice is the sum of one thousand six hundred and twenty-eight dollars 50-100 dollars ($628.50) of principal and interest and the sum of twenty-five dollars ($25.00) as an attorney fee stipulated for in said mortgage and also all the legal costs and expenses of foreclosure, and which is the whole amount claimed to be due on said mortgage, and no suit or proceeding having been instituted at law to recover the debt now remaining secured by said mortgage, or any part thereof, whereby the power of sale contained in said mortgage has become operative. Notice is hereby given that by virtue of said power of sale and in pursuance of the statute in such case made and provided the said mortgage will be foreclosed by a sale of the premises therein described at public auction, to the highest bidder, at the front door of the Court House in the city of Pontiac in said county of Oakland, (that being the building wherein is held the Circuit Court for said county) on Thursday, **the 17th day of January, A. D. 1900,** at ten o'clock in the forenoon of that day, of said premises are described in said mortgage substantially as follows, to-wit: All that piece or parcel of land situate in the township of Royal Oak, county of Oakland and state of Michigan, described as the east half of the south quarter of section twenty-four (24) in town one (1) north of range eleven (11) east, Michigan.

Dated October 11, 1899.

WILLIAM SCHWAS, Mortgagee.

JOHN B. PATTERSON,
Attorney for Mortgagee.
Business address, Pontiac, Mich.
Oct13-Jan5

STATE OF MICHIGAN, } ss. At a session of
COUNTY OF OAKLAND, } ss.

held at the Probate Office, in the city of Pontiac on the 6th day of October, in the year one thousand, eight hundred and ninety-nine.

Present, Thomas L. Patterson, Judge of Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of EDITH B. HALL, deceased.

On reading and filing the petition of Anna E. Hall, praying for the probate of an instrument in writing, heretofore filed in this court, purporting to be last will and testament of said deceased.

It is ordered that Monday, the 27th day of November next at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, at said Probate office, be appointed for proving said instrument. And it is further ordered that a copy of this order be published three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing, in the BIRMINGHAM ECCENTRIC, a newspaper printed and circulating in said county of Oakland.

THOMAS L. PATTERSON,
[A TRUE COPY] Judge of Probate.
Nov2-Nov16

STATE OF MICHIGAN, } ss. At a session of
COUNTY OF OAKLAND, } ss.

held at the Probate Office, in the city of Pontiac on the 6th day of October, in the year one thousand, eight hundred and ninety-nine.

Present, Thomas L. Patterson, Judge of Probate.

In the matter of the estate of MARGARET E. SULLIVAN, deceased.

On application of Catherine C. Gibbs, the administrator, for the examination and allowance of his final account and settlement of the estate.

It is ordered that Monday, the 20th day of November next, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, at said Probate Office, be appointed for hearing said application and the examination and allowance of said final account; and it is further ordered, that a copy of this order be published three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing in the BIRMINGHAM ECCENTRIC, a newspaper printed and circulating in said county of Oakland.

THOMAS L. PATTERSON,
Oct27-Nov17 Judge of Probate.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, } ss. At a session of
COUNTY OF OAKLAND, } ss.

held at the Probate Office, in the city of Pontiac on the 6th day of October, in the year one thousand, eight hundred and ninety-nine.

Present, Thomas L. Patterson, Judge of Probate.

In the matter of the estate of MATHEW DALRIP, deceased.

On reading and filing the petition of David Hanna, the administrator, praying for license to sell the real estate of said deceased for the purpose of paying debts.

It is ordered that Monday, the 20th day of November next, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, at said Probate office, be appointed for hearing said petition, and that all persons interested in said estate appear at the time and place aforesaid and show cause, if any exist, why said petition should not be granted, and it is further ordered that a copy of this order be published three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing in the BIRMINGHAM ECCENTRIC, a newspaper printed and circulating in said county of Oakland.

THOMAS L. PATTERSON,
Oct27-Nov17 Judge of Probate.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, } ss. At a session of
COUNTY OF OAKLAND, } ss.

held at the Probate Office, in the city of Pontiac on the 6th day of October, in the year one thousand, eight hundred and ninety-nine.

Present, Thomas L. Patterson, Judge of Probate.

In the matter of the estate of ISAAC H. BLODGETT, deceased.

On reading and filing the petition of Eugene Brooks, praying for the probate of an instrument in writing, heretofore filed in this court, purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased.

It is ordered that Monday, the 18th day of November next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at said Probate office, be appointed for proving said instrument; and it is further ordered that a copy of this order be published three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing in the BIRMINGHAM ECCENTRIC, a newspaper printed and circulating in said county of Oakland.

THOMAS L. PATTERSON,
[A TRUE COPY] Judge of Probate.
Oct26-Nov10

COMMISSIONER'S NOTICE.—In the matter of the estate of BIRD A. TIBBLS, deceased. The undersigned, having been appointed by the Honorable Thomas L. Patterson, Judge of Probate in and for the county of Oakland, state of Michigan, commissioners to receive, examine and adjust all claims against said deceased, all months from the 11th day of October, A. D. 1899, having been allowed by said Judge of Probate to all persons holding claims against said estate, in which to present them to us for examination and adjustment, notice is hereby given that we will meet on the 25th day of November, 1899, and on the 11th day of April, 1900, at 10 o'clock a. m. of each day at the Exchange bank, in the village of Birmingham, in said county, for the purpose of receiving and adjusting such claims.

ALBERTUS WHITEHEAD,
ALANSON PARTRIDGE, } Commis's
Oct20 Nov17

STATE OF MICHIGAN, } ss. At a session of
COUNTY OF OAKLAND, } ss.

held at the Probate Office, in the city of Pontiac, on the 16th day of October, in the year one thousand, eight hundred and ninety-nine.

Present, Thomas L. Patterson, Judge of Probate.

In the matter of the estate of ISAAC H. BLODGETT, deceased.

On reading and filing the petition of Eugene Brooks, praying for the probate of an instrument in writing, heretofore filed in this court, purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased.

It is ordered that Monday, the 27th day of November next at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, at said Probate office, be appointed for proving said instrument. And it is further ordered that a copy of this order be published three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing, in the BIRMINGHAM ECCENTRIC, a newspaper printed and circulating in said county of Oakland.

THOMAS L. PATTERSON,
[A TRUE COPY] Judge of Probate.
Nov2-Nov16