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 minutes walk to 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. 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 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, 15 acres timber. Excellent fishing, boating and bathing. Terms easy.

No. 7.

The J. E. Quick homestead in Birmingham with 145 feet frontage on Saginaw St. and about 300 feet deep. New modern dwelling, good barn, fine lawn, shrubbery and small fruit. Street cars pass the door every half hour for Detroit and Pontiac. Fare to Detroit 25c, to Pontiac 10c. Own a home where Toronto and must sell. We will meet reasonable offer for any person to investigate this bargain. Make us an offer.

No. 8.

One of the best farms in Oakland county. It is almost enough to say it when we tell you that it is the John Burtolph farm in the town of Troy, 200 acres, excellent buildings, two good flowing wells, large pond well stocked, 3 miles of tile, fine orchard, 5 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 132 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; 25 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. 68 acres, one buildings and fenced for pasture, rolling gravelly land, 8 acres timber plow land, balance excellent pasture. Look here! The price is only $55 per acre. If you want a cheap farm, here it is.

No. 14.

Two hundred and fourteen acres in sections 13 and 18, Southfield, with fifteen farm buildings in the township. Large and productive orchard of all kinds of best varieties of fruit, 70 acres of very heavy timber. Will sell or exchange for city property and will divide the two farms if required. Buildings on each track. Price as low as any on our list, all things considered. Ask us about it.

No. 18.

A small farm of five acres, being part of the w¼ of section 2, Southfield township, Oakland County. Four good buildings, house, barn, fowlhouse 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 fences, excellent soil, gravelly loam in high state of cultivation. House, two-story and wing; 8 rooms, woodshed, cellar, cistern and all conveniences; 2¾ miles from Birmingham, over roads which are the best in the country; 40 rods from good school; 80 rods from Derby's mill. Excellent neighborhood. This little farm is ready for business, not a cent for repairs or improvements. Price $1,500; Terms easy.

No. 19.

A farm of 100 acres in the township of Rose, Ogemaw County, Mich.; 30 acres cleared, 40 acres mixed hard wood timber. Barn worth $100. Soil, sandy loam. Price $25 per acre; terms $500 cash, balance on long time at 5 per cent. Here is a golden opportunity for a poor man to acquire 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 the others face out on Vinewood Ave. These are beautiful residence lots, the best building lots in the village. High and dry, city water, convenient to the D. & P. Electric Ry. 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 49, 50, 51 and 52, Block 3 in Urbanrest, near Royal Oak, at $60 per lot.

No. 21.

The Corson Homestead on Maple Ave., consisting of lots 6, 7 and 8 of Willitt's Addition, six lots, 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 ample room for a garden. Fine shade trees and best neighborhood in the village. Frontage along this locality on Maple Ave. is worth $35 per front foot. Lots 7 and 8 are offered separately for the fact that Mr. Corson wishes to sell and sell right away, he will take $2,500, 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 Haskins farm. Has about 40 rods lake frontage, with hard banks—no marsh—and a fringe of fine shade trees 6¾ miles west of Birmingham and the same distance from Pontiac. Postoffice on the farm with daily mail from Birmingham, 7 miles from Orchard Lake; ¾ mile from good school. Fishing, boating and bathing in the lake. Forty Acres, 33 cleared; 7 oak timber, rich, sandy soil, fine orchard, beautiful maple grove. House nearly new; good barn. $2,800. Like the sound of it? Let us tell you more about it.

No. 23.

Feed Mill at Royal Oak, Mich. Four lots, brick and basement mill with 20-horse power and steam engine. Ypsilanti feed roller process. Building alone worth $1,000, 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 Flat, Birmingham, on 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 locality and wants to dispose of this place. The price asked for that lot is in earnest about selling, for he will take 1,200, and the terms will be all right.

THE EXCHANGE BANK,
Birmingham, Mich.

THE BIRMINGHAM ECCENTRIC

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

BIRMINGHAM, FRIDAY, DEC. 15, '99.

A servant-girl trust wouldn't do a thing to the crockery trust.

Any actor who tackles Hamlet ought to have at least a ghost of a show.

Said a man with the gout: "The pain is something awful, but I can't kick."

"Know thyself" and the chances are you'll have one more undesirable acquaintance.

"Beggars on horseback" is an old epithet that is being paralleled by Chicago's new development of "thieves in buggies."

One hundred thousand words an hour is promised by a new telegraphy system. Only money and an angry woman can beat this.

The notorious W. F. Miller of the Franklin syndicate is said to have stated that his income was $75,000 per day. This is enough to make Cecil Rhodes blush with envy.

Recent police records having established the fact that an umbrella may be a deadly weapon it will be surprising if some legislature with intellect to spare doesn't pass a law regulating the use of such articles.

A writer in the Review of Reviews gives this advice: "If you have a farm, keep it; if not, get one; for the time may come when the population of this country will be largely divided into monopolists, dependents and farmers; and the farmer will be the most independent of all men, and will be the saving power of our institutions." We venture to say that it will not depend so much upon the farm as upon the farmer.

President McKinley, in speaking at a town in South Dakota a few weeks ago, remarked that the little folks now had a good deal of geography to learn that he did not have when a boy. This is significantly true. Africa, in the old geographies, took up little space; it was the dark continent. Australia is also a comparatively new chapter. So is a great part of the United States. South Dakota, where the president spoke, was a wilderness in 1843, the year in which he was born, and he was 14 years old before its first permanent settlement, at Sioux Falls, was started.

A valuable but little-known daily newspaper is published in Washington by the bureau of foreign commerce, and is entitled "Advance Sheet of the Consular Reports." It has reached its five hundredth number. In its pages are found many interesting glimpses of life in foreign lands, and the range of its matter is wide, as the following list of articles in a single issue shows: "American Fruit in Norway," "Sugar in Spain," "Heating and Cooking Stoves in Uruguay," "Coffee in Jamaica," "Conversion of Mexican Debt," and "Direct Steamship Connection with Syria." These papers are extracts from consular reports. They are of prime interest to business men, but nearly every issue contains some paragraphs which are curious, amusing or novel. This is true of many other government publications, but this daily is exceptionally favored.

About ten years ago there sprang up among the metropolitan papers a rivalry that led to some interesting as well as awful developments. Though the Sunday issues were chiefly affected, the changes did not apply to them alone. It seemed to be—and it was—the effort of some publishers to give in the columns of their daily issues not only the news of the world, but illustrations of the leading events, and pictures of those who took part in them, with literature of all kinds, and its criticism thrown in as a side dish. From a dozen, the Sunday issues ran up to twenty, forty, sixty, and sometimes to a hundred pages. Very often—it might almost be said generally—the quantity was offset by a dilution of the quality, and it became a puzzle to discover who read the mass of material the presses turned out every Saturday. The reaction has been noted for some time. Pictures have disappeared altogether from the columns of the leading papers, not only in New York, but in other great cities. There has been a return to the older idea that a daily newspaper has an ample field for all its energies in seeking to give to clean-minded readers all the clean news of the day. With the tremendous expansion of the news service of the press—an expansion that has brought the ends of the earth together, it may be said—this is a task that can give the greatest energy and enterprise full employment, and the execution of which can secure to the intelligent readers of a daily paper the most profitable satisfaction.

Evidently the mayor of Allentown, Pa., is an up-to-date business man. He has recommended that the city council prohibit the littering of the city streets and sidewalks by "those who still regard the handbill as a useful method of advertising."

Chauncey M. Depew's salary as a senator for six years will be $30,000. He has leased a house in Washington for a term of six years for $50,000. It is evident, therefore, that Chauncey expects to earn a little extra money by working overtime.

Two Missouri editors in the same town are "at war," which fact leads the St. Joseph News to remark that they are using up a great deal of space that might be sold at a good price per inch. And, it might be added, saving their self-respect and that of their readers.

Being expert in the ancient art of "oiling the palm," that big British syndicate probably experienced little difficulty in gaining control of the Manhattan Oil company and the Indiana Pipe line.

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

"THE WORLD AS IT WILL BE" SUNDAY'S SUBJECT.

Text: II. Peter 3: 13.—A New Earth, Wherein Dwelleth Righteousness—Story of the New Earth as It Will Be in Centuries to Come.

Down in the struggle to make the world better and happier we sometimes get depressed with the obstacles to be overcome and the work to be accomplished. Will it not be a tonic and an inspiration to look at the world as it will be when it has been brought back to paradisaical condition? So let us for a few moments transport ourselves into the future and put ourselves forward in the centuries, and see the world in its rescued and perfected state, as we will see it if in those times we are permitted to revisit this planet, as I am sure we will. We all want to see the world after it has been thoroughly gospelized and all wrongs have been righted. We will want to come back, and we will come back, to look upon the refulgent consummation toward which we have been on larger or smaller scale toiling. Hallelujah! Amid the opening of the orchestra, on whose strings some discords traveled, we will want to hear the last triumphant bar of the perfected oratorio. Having seen the picture as the painter drew the first outlines on the canvas, we will want to see it when it is as complete as Reuben's "Descent from the Cross," or Michael Angelo's "Last Judgment." Having seen the world under the gleam of the star of Bethlehem, we will want to see it when, under the full shining of the Sun of Righteousness, the towers shall strike twelve at noon.

There will be nothing in the coming century of the world's perfection to hinder our terrestrial visit. Our power and velocity of locomotion will have improved infinitely. It will not take us long to come here, however far off in God's universe heaven may be. The Bible declares that such visitation is going on now. "Are they not all ministering spirits sent forth to minister to those who shall be heirs of salvation?" Surely, the gates of heaven will not be bolted, after the world is Edenized, so as to hinder the redeemed from descending for a tour of inspection and congratulation and triumph. "You know with what interest we look upon ruins—ruins of Kenilworth castle, ruins of Melrose abbey, ruins of Rome, ruins of Pompeii. So this world in ruins is an enchantment to look at, but we want to see it when rebuilt, replanted, recovered, realtered, rededicated. The exact date of the world's restoration I cannot foretell. It may be that through mighty awakenings it may take place in the middle of the near-by twentieth century. It may be at the opening of the twenty-first century, but it would not be surprising if it took more than 100 years to correct the ravages of sin which have raged for 6,000 years. The chief missionary and evangelistic enterprises were started in this century, and be not discouraged if it take a couple of centuries to overcome evils that have had full swing for sixty centuries. I take no responsibility in saying on what page of the earthly calendar it will roll in, but God's eternal veracity is sworn to it that it will roll in; and the redeemed in heaven will have their pleasure, and have all the facilities of transit from world to world, you and I, my hearer or reader, will come and look at what my text calls "A new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness."

I imagine that we are descending at that period of the world's complete gospelization. There will be no peril in such a descent. Great heights and depths have no alarm for glorified spirits. We can come through chasms between worlds without growing dizzy, and across the spaces of half a universe without losing our way. Down and farther down we come. As we approach this world we breathe the perfumes of illimitable gardens. Floralization that in the centuries past was here and there walled in, lest reckless and dishonest pluck or despoil it, surges its billows of color across the fields and up the hillsides, and that which was desert blossoms as the rose. All the foreheads of crag crowned with flowers; the feet of the mountains slippered with flowers. Oh! this perfume of the continents, this aroma of the hemispheres! As we approach nearer we hear songs and laughter and hosannas, but not one groan of distress, not one sob of bereavement, not one clank of chain.

Alighted on the redeemed earth, we are first acosted by the spirit of the twenty-first century, who proposes to guide and show us all that we desire to see. Without his guidance we would lose our way, for the world is so much changed from the time when we lived in it. First of all, he points out to us a group of abandoned buildings. We ask this spirit of the twenty-first century, "What are those structures whose walls are falling down, and whose gates are rusted on the hinges?" Our escort tells us: "Those were once penitentiaries filled with offenders, but the crime of the world has died out. Theft and arson and violence have quitted the earth. People have all they want, and why should they appropriate the property of others, even if they had the desire? The marauders, the assassins, the buccaneers, the Herods, the Nana Sahibs, the ruffians, the bandits are dead, or, transformed by the power of the Christian religion, and are now upright and beneficent and useful. Prisons are of no more use in this world, except as places to be visited by curiosity seekers, as farther back in the annals of time tourists visited the fortress where the prisoner of Chillon was incarcerated, or Devil's island, where Dreyfus endured four years of cruelty."

After passing on amid columns and statues erected in memory of those who have been mighty for goodness in the world's history, the highest and the most exquisitely sculptured are those in honor of such as have been most effectual in saving life or improving life, rather than those renowned for destroying life. We come upon another group of buildings that must have been transformed from their original shape and adapted to other uses. "What is all this?" we ask our escort. He answers: "Those were almshouses and hospitals, but accuracy in making and prudence in running, machinery of all sorts have almost abolished the list of casualties, and sobriety and industry have nearly abolished pauperism, so that those buildings, which once were hospitals and almshouses, have been turned into beautiful homes for the less prospered; and if you will look in you will see the poorest table has abundance, and the smallest wardrobe luxury, and the harp, waiting to have its strings thrummed, leaning against the piano, waiting for its keys to be fingered. Yes, we have on the shelves of our free libraries the full story of dispensaries, and crutches, and clinics, and surgery, and what a time of suffering there must have been on those battlefields of Sedan and Gettysburg and south Africa one or two hundred years ago. We can hardly believe now that the science of wholesale murder and multiform assassination was so popular that in the United States in four years 500,000 men on one side went forth to put to death 509,000 men on the other side.

"Hospitals and almshouses must have been a necessity once, but they would be useless now. And you see all the swamps have been drained. The sewerage of the great towns has been perfected, and the world's climate is so improved that there are no pneumonias to come out of the cold, or rheumatism out of the dampness, or fevers out of the heat. Consumptions banished. Pneumonias banished. Diphtheria banished. Ophthalmia banished. Neuralgias banished. As near as I can tell from what I have read, our atmosphere of this century is a mingling of the two months of May and October of the nineteenth century."

"I believe what our escort says, for as we pass on we feel health glowing on every cheek and beaming in every eye, and springing in every step and articulating in every utterance, and you and I whisper to each other as our escort has his attention drawn to some new sunrise upon the morning sky, and we say to each other, "Who would believe that this is the world that we lived in over a hundred years ago? Look at those men and women as we pass on the road! How improved the human race! Such beauty! Such strength! Such graciousness! Such geniality! Faces without the mark of one sorrow! Cheeks that seem never to have been wet by one tear! A race sublimated! A new world born!"

But I say to our escort: "Did all this merely happen so? Are all the good here spontaneously good? How did you get the old shipwrecked world afloat again, out of the breakers into the smooth seas?" "No, no," responds our twenty-first century escort. "Do you see those towers? Those are the towers of churches, towers of reformatory institutions, towers of Christian schools. Walk with me, and let us enter some of these temples." We enter, and we find that the music is in the major key, and none of it in the minor. Gloria in Excelsis rising above Gloria in Excelsis. Tremolo stop in the organ not so much used as the trumpet stop. More of Ariel than of Naomi. More chanting than dirges. Not a thin song, the words of which seem to understands on the lip of the soloist, but mighty harmonies that roll from outside the door to chancel, and from floor to groined rafter, as though Handel had come out of the eighteenth century into the twenty-first, and had his feet on the organ pedal, and Thomas Hastings had come out of the early part of the nineteenth century into the twenty-first and were leading the voices. Music that moves the earth and makes heaven listen.

But I say to the twenty-first century escort: "I cannot understand this. Have these worshipers no sorrows, or have they forgotten their sorrows?" Our escort responds: "Sorrows! Why they had sorrows more than you could count, but by a divine illumination that the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries never enjoyed, they understand the uses of sorrow, and are comforted with a supernatural condolence, such as previous centuries never experienced."

I ask again of the interpreter: "Has death been banished from the world?" The answer is: "No, but people die now only when the physical machinery is worn out, and they realize it is time to go, and they are certainly and without doubt going into a world where they will be infinitely better off and are to live in a mansion that awaits their immediate occupancy." "But how is all this effected?" I ask our escort. Answer: "By floods of gospel power. You who lived in the nineteenth century never saw a flood of religion to be compared with what occurred in the latter part of the twentieth and the early part of the twenty-first century. The prophecy has been fulfilled that a nation shall be born in a day; that in ten or twenty or forty million people converted in twenty-four hours. In our church history we read of the great awakening in 1857, when 500,000 souls were saved; but that was only a drop of the coming showers that since then took into the kingdom of God everything between the Atlantic and Pacific, between the Pyrenees and the Himalayas." The evils that good people were in the nineteenth century trying to destroy have been overcome by celestial forces. What human weapons fail to accomplish, has been done by omnipotent thunderbolts. * * *

The good work was helped on by the fact that it became a general habit among millionaires and multi-millionaires to endow churches and schools and institutions of mercy, not to be built after the testators were dead, but so that they might be present at the laying of the corner-stone, and at the dedication, and leave less inducement for the heirs at law to prove in orphans' court that when the testators made their last will and testament they were crazy. The telegraphic wires in the air, and the cables under the sea, thrill with Christian invitation. Phonographs charged with gospel sermons are sent to neighborhood. The 5,000,000,000 of the world's inhabitants in that century are 5,000,000,000 disciples.

"But," I say to our escort, the spirit of the twenty-first century, "you have shown us much; but what about international conditions? When we lived on earth it was a century that bled with Marengo, and Challons, and Lodi-Bridge, and Lucknow, and Solferino, and Leipsic, and Waterloo, and San Juan." Our escort replies: "Come with me to this building of white marble and glittering dome." As we pass up and on we are taken into a room where the mightiest and best representatives of all nations are assembled to settle international controversies. As we enter I hear the presiding officer opening the council of arbitration, reading the second chapter of Isaiah: "They shall beat their swords into plowshares, and their spears into pruning hooks; nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more." Questions which in our long-past nineteenth century caused quarrel and bloodshed, as when Germany and France were deciding about Alsace and Loraine, as when the United States and Spain were deciding about Cuba—such questions in this twenty-first century settled in five minutes, one drop of ink doing more than once could have been accomplished by a river of blood. * * *

And now you and I have left our escort as we ascend, for the law of gravitation has no power to detain ascending spirits. Up through immensities, and by stellar and lunar and solar splendors, which cannot be described by mortal tongue, we rise higher and higher, till we reach the shining gate as it opens for our return, and the questions greet us from all sides: "What is the news? What did you find in that earthly tower? What have you to report in this city of the sun?" Prophetic, apostolic, saintly inquiry. And standing on the steps of the house with many mansions, we cry aloud the news: "Hear it, all ye glorified Christian workers of all the past centuries! We found your work on earth was successful, whether on earth you toiled with knitting needle, or rung a trowel on a living wall, or smote a shoe last, or endowed a university, or swayed a sceptre; whether on earth you gave a cup of cold water in the name of a disciple, or at some pentecost preached 3,000 souls into the kingdom. In that world we have just visited the deserts are all alboom, and the wildernesses are bright with fountains. Sin is extirpated. Crime is reformed. Disease is cured. The race is emancipated. Earth is full of the knowledge of God, as the waters cover the sea. The redeemed of the Lord have come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads. The Lord God Omnipotent reigneth, and the kingdoms of the world have become the kingdoms of our Lord Jesus Christ. Let the harpers of heaven strike the glad tidings from the strings of their harps, and the trumpeters put them in the mouth of their trumpets, and the orchestras roll them into the grand hareh of the eternities, and all the cathedral towers of the great capital of the universe chime them all over heaven."

And now I look up and see the casting down of the bejeweled and radiant crowns at the sacred feet of the incarnate Jesus. Missionary Carey is casting down before those feet the crown of India saved. Missionary Judson is casting down the crown of Burmah saved. Missionary Abeel casting down the crown of China saved. David Livingstone casting down at those feet the crown of Africa saved. Missionary Brainerd casting down the crown of this country's aborigines saved. Souls that went up from all the denominations in America in holy rivalry, seeking which could succeed most in the crown of this continent at the Savior's feet, and America saved.

But often you and I who were companions in that expedition from heaven to earth, seated on the green bank of the river that rolls through the paradise of God, will talk over the scenes we witnessed in that parenthesis of heavenly bliss, in that varegated from the skies, in our terrestrial visitation—we who were early residents in the nineteenth century, escorted by the spirit of the twenty-first century, when we saw what my text describes as "a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness." "Glory to the Father, and to the Son and to the Holy Ghost, as it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. Amen."

ANOTHER SET OF RULES.

A set of rules for young men to follow are those laid down by a man who built up an immense business, the ramifications of which extended all over the United States. They will bear perusal, and are as follows:

Keep good company or none. Never be idle.

If your hands cannot be usefully employed, attend to the cultivation of your mind.

Always speak the truth. Make few promises.

Live up to your engagements. Keep your own secrets, if you have any.

When you speak to a person, look him in the face.

Good company and good conversation are the very sinews of virtue.

Good character is above all things else.

Your character cannot be essentially injured except by your own acts.

If any one speaks evil of you, let your life be so that none will believe him.

Drink no kind of intoxicating liquors.

Ever live (misfortune excepted) within your income.

When you retire to bed, think over what you have been doing during the day.

Make no haste to be rich, if you would prosper.

Small and steady gains give competency with tranquillity of mind.

Never play at any game of chance.

Avoid temptation, through fear you may not withstand it.

Earn money before you spend it.

Never run into debt unless you see a way to get out again.

Never borrow, if you can possibly avoid it.

Do not marry until you are able to support a wife.

Never speak evil of any one.

Be just before you are generous.

Keep yourself innocent if you would be happy.

Save when you are young, to spend when you are old.

Read over the above maxims at least once a week.

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

Monroe, Mich., Oct. 25, 1897.

Mess. 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.

200,000 WEAK MEN CURED!

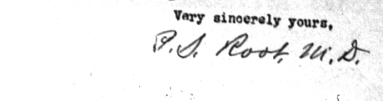
STARTLING FACTS FOR DISEASED VICTIMS.

CURES GUARANTEED OR NO PAY.

ARE YOU? Nervous and despondent; weak or debilitated; tired mornings; no ambition—life less; memory poor, easily fatigued, exhausted and irritable; losses; restless; haggard looking; weak back, bone pains; hair falling; pimples; sore throat; varicocele; decay in urine and drains at stool; distrustful; want of confidence; lack of energy and strength — WE CAN CURE YOU!

RESTORED TO MANHOOD BY DRS. K. & K.

JOHN A. MANLIN. JOHN A. MANLIN. CHAS. POWERS. CHAS. POWERS.



BEFORE TREATMENT. AFTER TREATMENT. BEFORE TREATMENT. AFTER TREATMENT.

NO NAMES OR TESTIMONIALS USED WITHOUT WRITTEN CONSENT.

VARICOCELE, EMISSIONS AND IMPOTENCY CURED.

John A. Manlin says:—"I was of the count less victims of early ignorance commenced at 15 years of age. I tried seven medical firms and spent $300 without avail. I gave up in despair. The drains on my system were weakening my intellect as well as my sexual and physical life. My brother advised me as a last resort to consult Drs. Kennedy & Kergan. I commenced their Vitalizer Treatment and in a few weeks was a new man, with new life and ambition. This was four years ago, and now I am married and happy. I recommend these reliable specialists to all my afflicted fellowmen."

CURES GUARANTEED OR NO PAY.—CONFIDENTIAL.

"The vices of early boyhood laid the foundation of my ruin. Later on a 'gay life' and exposure to blood diseases completed the wreck. I had all the symptoms of Nervous Debility—sunken eyes, emissions, drain in urine, nervousness, weak back, etc. Syphilis caused my hair to fall out, bone pains, ulcers in mouth and on tongue, blotches on body, etc. I thank God I tried Drs. Kennedy & Kergan. They restored me to health, vigor and happiness." CHAS. POWERS.

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