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# DRS. K. & K.

The Leading Specialists of America 20 Years in Detroit. 250,000 Cured.

## WE CURE STRICTURE

Thousands of young and middle-aged men are troubled with this disease—many unconsciously. They may have a smarting sensation, small, twisting stream, sharp cutting pains at times, slight discharge, difficulty in commencing, weak organs, emissions, and all the symptoms of nervous debility—they have STRICTURE. Don't let doctors experiment on you, by cutting, stretching, or tearing you. This will not cure you, as it will return. Our NEW METHOD TREATMENT absorbs the stricture tissue; hence removes the stricture permanently. It can never return. No pain, no suffering; no detention from business by our method. The sexual organs are strengthened. The nerves are invigorated, and the blood of manhood returns.

## WE CURE GLEET

Thousands of young and middle-aged men are having their sexual vigor and vitality continually sapped by this disease. They are frequently unconscious of the cause of these symptoms. General Weakness, Unnatural Discharges, Failing Manhood, Nervousness, Poor Memory, Irritability, at times Smarting Sensation, Sunken Eyes, with dark circles, Weak Back, General Depression, Lack of Ambition, Varicocele, Shrunken Parts, etc. GLEET and STRICTURE may be the cause. Don't consult family doctors, as they have no experience in these special diseases—don't allow Quacks to experiment on you. Consult Specialists, who have made a lifestudy of Diseases of Men and Women. Our NEW METHOD TREATMENT will positively cure you. One thousand dollars for a case we accept for treatment and cannot cure. Terms moderate for a cure.

## CURES GUARANTEED

We treat and cure: EMISSIONS, VARICOCELE, SYPHILIS, GLEET, STRICTURE, IMPOTENCY, SECRET DISEASES, UNNATURAL DISCHARGES, KIDNEY and BLADDER Diseases. CONSULTATION FREE. BOOKS FREE. If unable to call, write for QUESTION BLANK for HOME TREATMENT.

DR'S.

## KENNEDY & KERGAN

Cor. Michigan Ave. and Sheiby St.

DETROIT, MICH.

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# Real Estate Exchange

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

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

### No. 1.

Sixty feet front on Southfield Ave., Birmingham, at the end of Fremont Ave. About ten rods of the electric road to Detroit and Pontiac. Must be sold shake or no offer.

### No. 2.

Farm of 50 acres, well fenced, well watered—never-failing stream; 10 acres timber; 14 miles from Birmingham; 1 mile from electric railway to Detroit and Pontiac. Terms easy.

### No. 3.

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

### No. 4.

Tenant house and two lots with 100 feet frontage on Saginaw St., and 97-164 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., Royal Oak, 7 acres. Plenty barn and every modern convenience. Fine orchard, etc. Can be divided for two village buildings sold. Will exchange for improved city property for portion of the purchase price.

### No. 6.

The VanAvery 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 141 feet frontage on Saginaw St. and about 200 feet deep. New and modern dwelling, good barn, fine lawn, shrubbery and small fruit. Electric cars pass the door every half hour for Detroit and Pontiac. Fare for [illegible] Pontiac 10c. Owner has moved to Toronto and must sell. We will make this one of the best bargains to investigate this bargain. Make us an offer.

### No. 8.

One of the best farms in Oakland county. It is almost enough to say when we tell you that it is the John Buttolph farm in the town of Troy, 220 acres, excellent buildings, two good flowing wells. Large pond well stocked. 3 miles of fine orchard, 5 miles from Birmingham, 2 miles from 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, 132 feet front and 165 ft. deep. Small fruit and good neighborhood.

### No. 11.

The old Shutes farm in the township of Troy, one mile east of Birmingham, 80 acres, all cleared, 7 acres of the finest orchard, good house and 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, 127 acres. Good farm house and farm buildings; flowing well at the barn which is the wonder of the country; 20 acres of good beech and maple timber, 6 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 county. Look it up.

### No. 13.

Part of the e½ of the ne¼ of sec 14 in Bloomfield and a trifle 3 miles from Birmingham and a mile from Circle, 66 acres, no buildings and fenced for pasture, rolling gravelly land, 45 acres good plow land, balance excellent pasture. Look here! The price is only $40 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 finest farm buildings in the township. Large and productive orchard of all kinds of best varieties of fruit, 10 acres of very heavy timber. Will sell or exchange for city property and will divide the two farms if required. Buildings on each tract. Price as low as any on our list, all things considered. Ask us about it.

### No. 15.

The Butler farm in the township of Troy, 41 acres, ample buildings in good repair; 35 acres now under all kinds of crops; well water and everything convenient for a small and tidy farm and a cozy home. Come and let us show you over the premises.

## THE EXCHANGE BANK,

Birmingham, Mich.


# THE BIRMINGHAM ECCENTRIC

ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

WHITEHEAD & MITCHELL, PUBS.

BIRMINGHAM, FRIDAY, FEB. 17, '99


The best citizen never seeks to evade jury duty.

A gratuitous falsehood naturally gives itself away.

The thermometer sometimes gets very low but it's never vulgar.

Giving advice to women and throwing stones at dogs has much the same effect.

Some men make more noise in doing a day's work than others make in a lifetime.

Many of our laws seem to have been created for the purpose of executing injunction.

The ancients evidently considered life worth living, judging by the way they cling to it.

No matter how little a person has to do he does it with an air as if he really amounted to something.

It is beginning to look as if Agoncillo may fool around until he receives official recognition from some policeman.

The fact that there are just as good fish in the sea as ever were caught is rather encouraging to the piscatorial liars.

Of course, the Nicaraguan canal will have plenty of locks, but there won't be any canal if the first thing is a deadlock in congress.

Those Pennsylvania legislators who are alleged to have been bought by Quay may not be suckers, but they associate with C. O. D.

The manager of an Oshkosh skating rink has drawn the color line. He must have a notion to run for office in one of the Carolinas.

Secretary Long says that it could make no difference whether Sampson was present or not at the Santiago fight, and the facts seem to bear the secretary out.

Chicago philanthropists have established a hotel for working girls where board, lodging and baths may be had for two dollars a week. What has become of the New York undertaking of this sort?

An exchange informs us that Joaquin Miller has had his hair cut. That shows that the rewards of literature, though slow, are certain. Twenty years ago he could not have afforded such a luxury.

Cairo, Egypt, is to have the overhead trolley, but, then, the overhead trolley has some appropriateness in a place where one of the principal lines of business is the exhibition of mummies and other antiquated things.

A story comes from Peoria to the effect that a young woman who was arrested and locked up was courted, won and wed before she got out of her cell. Of course it may be all right, but it looks a good deal like an attempt to popularize the Peoria jail.

A statement of losses in this country by embezzlements, forgeries, bank-wreckings and the like, during the year just closed, gives an aggregate of toward six million dollars. Only $21,000 of the amount is credited to postmasters. If the great company of the officials thus commissioned, temptation to steal government property made few conquests. It is of course a blot on our public service record if any office-holder proves faithless, but with large opportunity for wrong-doing, the delinquents are the rare exceptions to the rule of honest men serving the government industriously and with no disposition to plunder the people.

"Treasury of Remedies for the Mind," is the inscription in the library at Alexandria, Egypt. Well-chosen libraries are more than remedies; they are preventives of moral and intellectual disease. Mr. Andrew Carnegie, when a boy, was invited with other working boys to spend his Saturday evenings in the private library of a rich man. They were even allowed to take the books home with them. Realizing the good work this man was doing, young Carnegie resolved that if ever he were able, he would establish free libraries for working people. This resolve he has carried out in three cities and towns of Pennsylvania, one in Colorado and nine in his native Scotland; and he now offers to give one to Washington. "And if I live," he adds, "there will be more." Such royal gifts are not within the power of many; but who has not a few books which light the fires of aspiration in some impoverished young life?

Marshall Field and John D. Rockefeller have presented to the University of Chicago the two blocks of property north of Fifty-seventh street between Ellis and Lexington avenues. The property is valued at $355,000, of which Marshall Field donated $135,000 and John D. Rockefeller $200,000. Another gift to the university is a block of land having a frontage of 288 feet in Ellis avenue, immediately opposite the university grounds. It is valued at $33,874 and was given by Martin A. Ryerson, president of the board of trustees.

About 2,000 Cubans in Havana have government employment already. About 1,300 are working on the new branch of the railroad from the government dock to Quemados camp, 500 Cubans are handling quartermasters' stores at the wharves and elsewhere, 200 are cleaning the streets and 200 more are cleaning the public buildings.

Several days have now passed since they caught Mr. Carnegie investing in a wild project of any kind. He evidently doesn't believe in working overtime at it, anyway.

# TALMAGE'S SERMON.

## "HOUSEHOLD ANNOYANCES," LAST SUNDAY'S SUBJECT.

"Lord Dost Thou Not Care That My Sister Hath Left Me to Serve Alone—Bid Her Therefore That She Help Me"—Luke 10: 40.

Yonder is a beautiful village homestead. The man of the house is dead and his widow has charge of the premises. It is Widow Martha of Bethany. Yes, I will show you also the pet of the household. It is Mary, the younger sister, with a book under her arm, and in her face no sign of care or anxiety about anything. Company has come. Christ appearing at the outside of the door makes some excitement inside the door. The sisters set back the disarranged furniture, arrange their hair, and in a flash prepare to open the door. They do not keep Christ waiting outside until they have newly apparelled themselves or elaborately arranged their tresses, and then, with affected surprise, come out, and pretending that no one heard the two or three previous knockings, say: "Why, is that you?" No, they were ladies, and always presentable, although perhaps they had not on their best. None of us always have on our best; otherwise we very soon our best would not be worth having on. They throw open the door and greet Christ. They say, "Good morning, Master, come in and be seated." Christ brought a company of friends with him, and the influx of so many city visitors, you do not wonder, threw the country home into some perturbation. I suppose the walk from the city had been a keen appetizer. The kitchen department that day was a very important department, and I think as soon as Martha had greeted her guests she went to that room. Mary had no anxiety about the dinner. She had full confidence that her sister Martha could get up the best dinner in Bethany, and she practically said, "Now, let us have a division of labor. Martha, you cook, and I'll sit down and learn."

The same difference you now sometimes see between sisters. There is Martha, industrious, painstaking, a good manager, ever inventive of some new pastry, discovering something in household affairs. Here is Mary, fond of conversation, literary, so full of questions of ethics she has no time to discuss questions of household welfare. It is noon. Mary is in the parlor. Martha is in the kitchen. It would have been better for them to have divided the toil, and then they could have divided the opportunity of listening to Christ. But Mary monopolizes Christ, while Martha sweltered before the fire.

It was very important that they have a good dinner that day, for Christ was hungry, and he did not often have luxurious entertainment. Alas! men if all the responsibility of that entertainment had rested with Mary. What a repast they would have had! But something went wrong in the kitchen. Either the fire would not burn, or the bread would not bake, or something was turned black that ought to have been only turned brown, or Martha scalded herself, and, forgetting all the proprieties of the occasion, with besweated brow she rushed out of the kitchen into the parlor, perhaps with tongs in one hand and pitcher in the other, and she cried out, "Lord, dost thou not care that my sister has left me to serve alone? Bid her therefore that she help me?" Christ scolded not a word. If it were scolding I would rather have him scold me than anybody else bless me. There was nothing secret in the Saviour's reply. He knew that Martha had been working herself almost to death to get him something to eat, and he appreciated her kindness, and he practically said: "My dear woman, do not worry, let the dinner go; sit down here on this couch beside your younger sister, Mary; let us talk about something else. Martha, Martha, thou art careful and troubled about many things; but one thing is needful."

As Martha drowns open the door, I look in today, and I see a great many household anxieties, perplexities, fatigues, and trials, and about them I am going to speak, if the Lord of Mary and Martha and Lazarus will help me by his grace.

As I look into that door, in the first place, I see the trial of non-appreciation. That was what made Martha so vexed at Mary. Mary, the younger sister, had no proper estimate of the elder sister's fatigue. Just as now, men having annoyances of store and factory and shop, or at the stock exchange, come home and tell the fear of some household annoyance and they say, "Oh, that's nothing; you ought to be in a factory a day and have ten or fifteen or twenty or a hundred subordinates. Then you would know something about annoyance and trouble." Man, let me tell you that a wife and a mother has to conduct at the same time a university, a clothing establishment, a restaurant, a laundry, a library, and has to be health officer, police, and president of the whole realm! She has to do a thousand things, and to do them well, in order to make things go smoothly, and that is what puts the awful tax on a woman's nerves and a woman's brain. I know there are exceptions to the rule. Sometimes you will find a woman who can sit in the arm chair of the library all day without any anxiety, or tarry on the belated pillow, and all the cares of the household are thrown upon servants who have large wages and great experience; but that is the exception. I speak of the great masses of housekeepers, to whom life is a struggle, and who at thirty years of age look as though they were forty. The fallen at Chalons and Austerlitz and Gettysburg and Waterloo are a small number in comparison with those who are gone down under the Armageddon of the kitchen. Go out to the country and look over the epitaphs on the tombstones. They are all beautiful and poetic, but if the tombstones could tell the truth thousands of them would say: "Here lies a woman who was killed by too much mending and sewing and baking and scouring and scrubbing," and the weapon with which she was killed was a broom or a sewing machine or a ladle.

The housewife rises in the morning half rested. At an irrevocable hour she must have the morning repast ready. What if the fire will not burn? What if the clock stop? What if the marketing has not been sent in? No matter that; it must be ready at the irrevocable hour. Then the children must be got ready for school. But what if the garments be torn? What if they do not know their lessons? What if the hat or sash is lost? they must be got ready. Then you have the duty of the day, or perhaps several days to plan out. But what if the butcher sends meat unmasticable? What if the grocer furnishes you articles of food adulterated? What if the piece of silver be lost, or a favorite chalice be broken, or the roof leak, or the plumbing fail, or any one of a thousand things occur? No matter. Everything must be ready. The spring is coming, and there must be revolution in the family wardrobe, or the autumn is at hand, and you must shut out the northern blast. But how if the moth has preceded you to the chest? How if the garments of the last year do not fit the children now? What if all the fashions have changed? * * *

As Martha opens the door I look in and I also see the trial of severe economy. Nine hundred and ninety-nine households out of a thousand are subjected to it, either under the greater or less stress of circumstances. It is especially so when a man smokes expensive cigars and dines at costly restaurants. He will be very apt to enjoin severe economy at home. That is what kills thousands of women—the attempt to make five dollars do the work of seven. It is amazing how some men dole out money to the household. If you have not got the money, say so. If you have, be cheerful in the expenditure. Your wife will be reasonable. "How long does the honeymoon last?" said a young woman about to enter the married state, to her mother. The mother answered, "The honeymoon lasts until you ask your husband for money." "How much do you want?" "A dollar." "A dollar! Can't you get along with fifty cents? You are always wanting a dollar." This thirty years' war against high prices, this everlasting attempt to bring the outgo within the income has exhausted multitudes of housekeepers. Let me say to such, it is a part of the Divine discipline. If it were best for you, all you would have to do would be just to open the front windows, and the ravens would fly in with food, and after you had baked fifty times from the barrel in the pantry, like the barrel of Zarephath, the barrel would be full, and the children's shoes would last as long as the shoes of the Israelites in the wilderness—forty years. * * *

Romance and novelty may for a little while seem to be a substitute. The marriage day has only gone by, just gone by, and all household cares are atoned for by the joy of being together, and by the fact that when it is late at night it is not necessary to discuss whether it is time to go. All the mishaps of the newly-married couple in the way of household affairs are not matters of anxiety or reprehension, but merriment. The loaf of bread turned into a geological specimen, the slushy custards and jaundiced and measly biscuits? Oh, it is a very bright sunlight that falls upon the cutlery and mantel ornaments of a new home! Romance and novelty will do for a little while, but after a while the romance is all gone and there is a loaf to be made, a loaf that cannot be sweetened by any earthly condiments, and cannot be flavored with any earthly flavors, and cannot be called in any ordinary oven. It is the loaf of domestic happiness. All the ingredients from heaven. Fruit from the tree of life and sweetened with the new wine of the kingdom, and baked in the oven of home trial. God only can make that loaf. You can cut it, but it takes God to make it.

Solomon wrote out of his own miserable experience—he had a wretched home—no man can be happy with two wives, much less with seven hundred—and out of his wretched experience he wrote: "Better is a dinner of herbs where love is, than a stalled ox and hatred therewith." Oh, the responsibilities of housekeepers! Kings, by their indigestion, have lost empires, and generals, through indigestion, have lost battles. One of the great statisticians says that out of a thousand married men thirty were criminals, and out of a thousand married men only eighteen were criminals, showing the power of home. And, oh, the responsibility resting upon housekeepers! By the food they provide, by the couch they spread, by the books they introduce, by the influence they bring around the home, they are helping to decide the physical, the intellectual, the moral, the eternal welfare of the human race. Oh, the responsibility!

That woman sits in the house of God to-day, perhaps, entirely unappreciated. She is the mother of her home, the president, the cashier, the teller, the discount clerk; and ever and anon there is panic. God knows the anxieties and the cares, and he knows that this is not a useless sermon, but that there are multitudes of hearts, waiting for the divine comfort. The Divine mercy and solace in their hour of trials and their home duties and their own fatigues. The world hears nothing about them. They never speak about them. You could not with the agonies of an inquisition bring the truth out of them. They die still. They say nothing. They endure, and will until God and the judgment right their wrongs. Oh, but says some sister, "Are you not trying to show that all a woman's life at home is one of self-sacrifice?" Yes, my sister, and that is the only life that is worth living. That has been the life of, Florence Nightingale; that was the life of Edward Payson; that was the life of the Lord Jesus Christ; that is the life of every man or woman that is happy—a life of self-sacrifice. Those people living for themselves are they happy? Tell me one. We all give you all the nations of the earth to find me one. Not happy, no, not happy. It is the self-sacrificing people that are happy, for God pays so largely, so gloriously, so magnificently, in the deep and eternal satisfactions of the soul. Self-sacrifice. Oh, we all admire it in others. How little we exercise of it! How much would we endure; how much would we risk for others? A very rough schoolmaster had a poor lad that had offended the laws of the school, and he ordered him to come up. "Now," he said, "take off your coat instantly and receive this whip." The boy declined, and more vehemently the teacher said, "I tell you, now, take off your coat; take it off instantly." The boy again declined. It was not because he was afraid of the lash; he was used to that in his cruel home. But it was for shame; he had no undergarments, and when at last he removed his coat there went up a sob of emotion all through the school as they saw why he did not wish to remove his coat, and as they saw the shoulder-blades almost cutting through the skin. As the schoolmaster lifted his whip to strike, a roseate, healthy boy leaped up and said, "Stop, schoolmaster; whip me. He is only a poor chap; he can't stand it; whip me." "Oh," said the teacher, "it's going to be a very severe scourging. But if you want to take the position of a substitute, you can do it." The boy said, "I don't care; whip me; I'll take it; he's only a poor chap. Don't you see the bones almost come through the flesh? Whip me." And when the blows came down on the boy's shoulders, this healthy, robust lad made no outcry; he endured it all uncomplainingly. We all say "Bravo!" for that lad. Bravo! That is the spirit of Christ! Splendid! How much scourging, how much chastisement, how much anguish will you and I take for others? Oh, that we might have something of that boy's spirit! Aye, that we might have something of the spirit of Jesus Christ; for in all our occupations and trades and businesses, and all our life, home life, foreign life, we are to remember that the sacrifice for others will soon be over.

### TAKE IT PHILOSOPHICALLY.

One of the Lessons That All of Us Must Learn.

It is a question which is the most difficult thing to do—to take victory modestly or to bear up cheerfully under defeat, says the Detroit Free Press. Perhaps there are more people who are able to subdue themselves and their pride when victory crowns their efforts than there are able to give the victor a heartfelt and cheerful sympathy when they themselves are the vanquished. It is certainly hard not to feel downcast, or sometimes even angered, when things turn out against one's wishes and against one's efforts. In a game of marbles the fellow who loses feels a weight on his heart for hours. In a game of ball the losers are forever saying, "If this had not happened just as it did," or, "If we had a chance to do that at the proper time we could have won." In the deeper and more weighty games of life it is much the same and men are forever making excuses for their defeats. But tell us, little lad, what if you have lost a half-dozen of your marbles does the sky lose thereby any of its blue? Or has not the sport paid well for the losing? And you who have lost the ball game, has that damaged your character in any? Has it taken away any of your friends? Have you not even more in your stock of experience than you had before? After all, it is but a game, and all games must be lost and won. Would you always be the winner? Then, should you wish to see your neighbors, your relatives, your business rivals always defeated, the game of life would lose its zest. Is it not the better policy to do one's best and let come what will? If the result is favorable we can then be glad; not losing sight of the fact that some one has done his best and failed. If we lost is our part then ought we to take the result as cheerfully as if it had been victory, knowing full well that there has been no harm done to our true characters, and the world will wag on just as evenly as before. Is it a money loss? We can and will be just as happy without the stuff, and it may be doing much more good to him who has it than it did to ourselves. To take victory and defeat with equal modesty, cheerfulness and thoughtfulness for the other fellow—that is the real success, and along this line should be the training and this should be the true object of every game and every contest.

### The French and Newfoundland.

A Newfoundland correspondent of the Family Herald and Weekly Star, who knows the west coast, "the French shore," writes denying that the fishermen of Newfoundland have any grievance against the French. "On the contrary," he says, "they are kindly disposed. They spread, by the books they introduce, the influence they bring around the home, they are helping to decide the physical, the intellectual, the moral, the eternal welfare of the human race. Oh, the responsibility! That woman sits in the house of God to-day, perhaps, entirely unappreciated. She is the mother of her home, the president, the cashier, the teller, the discount clerk; and ever and anon there is panic. God knows the anxieties and the cares, and he knows that this is not a useless sermon, but that there are multitudes of hearts, waiting for the divine comfort. The Divine mercy and solace in their hour of trials and their home duties and their own fatigues. The world hears nothing about them. They never speak about them. You could not with the agonies of an inquisition bring the truth out of them. They die still. They say nothing. They endure, and will until God and the judgment right their wrongs. Oh, but says some sister, "Are you not trying to show that all a woman's life at home is one of self-sacrifice?" Yes, my sister, and that is the only life that is worth living. That has been the life of, Florence Nightingale; that was the life of Edward Payson; that was the life of the Lord Jesus Christ; that is the life of every man or woman that is happy—a life of self-sacrifice. Those people living for themselves are they happy? Tell me one. We all give you all the nations of the earth to find me one. Not happy, no, not happy. It is the self-sacrificing people that are happy, for God pays so largely, so gloriously, so magnificently, in the deep and eternal satisfactions of the soul. Self-sacrifice. Oh, we all admire it in others. How little we exercise of it! How much would we endure; how much would we risk for others? A very rough schoolmaster had a poor lad that had offended the laws of the school, and he ordered him to come up. "Now,"

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A cigarette smoker sends into the air about 4,000,000,000 particles of dust at every puff, according to Dr. Atkins' investigations.

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W. E. Newark, M.D

Charlotte, Mich., Aug. 2, 1897.

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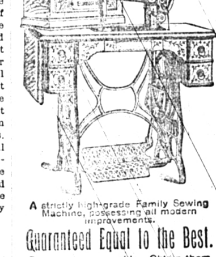

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