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DRS. K. & K.

The Leading Specialists of America
20 YEARS IN DETROIT.
250,000 CURED.

WE CURE EMISSIONS

Nothing can be more demoralising to young or middle-aged men than the presence of those "nightly losses," producing weakness, nervousness, a feeling of disgust and a whole train of symptoms. They unfit a man for business, married life and social happiness. No matter whether caused by evil habits in youth, natural weakness or sexual excesses, our New Method Treatment will positively cure you.

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250,000 CURED

Young Man—You are pale, feeble and haggard; nervous, irritable and excitable. You become forgetful, morose, and despondent; blotches and pimples, sunken eyes, wrinkled face, stooping form and downcast countenance reveal the blight of your existence.

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148 SHELBY STREET,
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 two cords of stone on the premise ago with the place. Must be sold shake as an offer.

No. 2.

Farm of 50 acres, well fenced, well watered—never-failing stream; 10 acres timber; 3 miles from Bloomfield Center and 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 81 rods of the electric road to Detroit and Pontiac. Land in same section is held at $300 an acre no better than this. Must be sold to settle estate, and the price has been put down to $75 an acre to close it out at once. Terms are cash, but we will take a mortgage on this farm ourselves in order to settle the estate. This is, without doubt, one of the best bargains between Pontiac and Detroit.

No. 4.

Tenant house and two lots with 105 feet frontage on Saginaw St., and 97 feet deep. Cellar, well, cistern, etc. Price $550. 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, the lake frontage, 10 acres fine orchard, 35 acres timber. Excellent fishing, boating and bathing. Terms easy.

No. 7.

The J. E. Quick homestead in Birmingham with 14 feet frontage on Saginaw St. and about 250 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. Over [illegible] thousand 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 Battolph farm in the town of Troy, 200 acres, excellent buildings, two good flowing wells. Carp pond well stocked, 9 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; 107 acres as good 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 193 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, 127 acres. Good farm house and farm buildings, flowing well at the barn which is the wonder and pride of Troy; 23 acres good timber, sugar 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 3½ miles from Birmingham and a mile from Circle, 68 acres, no buildings and fenced for pasture, rolling gravelly loam, 35 acres good plow land, balance excellent pasture. Look here! The price is only $25 per acre. If you want a cheap farm, here it is.

No. 14.

Two hundred and fourteen acres in sections 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, buildings in good repair, 30 acres good plow land, all kinds of fruit, good 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. 24, '99

Mercy to the guilty is often cruelty to the innocent.

Time heals all wounds. Money is also a great healer.

Women may be the weaker vessel, but man is often broke.

The powers that be too frequently sit down on an evil as if it were an inverted tack.

Senator Allison is having his semi-annual trouble to keep the appropriation bills in the right of way.

If Mr. Sherman writes another book its publishers will have to bind it in covers warranted to resist high pressure.

The fighting in the Philippine Islands may have the good effect of closing the quarrels among our army officers at home.

Dewey is quoted as having remarked during the battle of Manila Bay that the slowness with which he was knocking the Spanish ships to pieces was "damnable."

Words of French origin now used in the German army are the subject of an imperial cabinet order. German words are to be substituted for them by the emperor's command. Political sanitation in the German empire thus deals with the French microbe in one of its many manifestations. Microbes, however, are slippery things, and have an unpleasant way of escaping ordinances and officials. Despite the order, French words will be sure to cross the border and threaten the emperor's peace.

Descriptions of a recent prize-fight omit no detail of bet or oath; of bunches of muscle, of cruel jabs; of bleeding noses and bruised faces; of "terrible belts on the heart," and of "falls in agony." Yet there are other ideals of manly athletes. "Mine," wrote Sidney Lanier, "many have a mere thread for his biceps, yet he shall play ball with the earth; and albeit his stature may be no more than a boy's, his height shall be the height of great resolution, of faith and love and knowledge and humble meditation; his head shall be forever among the stars." Is not the antithesis itself a sermon?

More sleep, with more regularity in taking it, is a prime need of our exhausting modern life. People talk of giving a rest to their minds; but it is not likely that the mind itself ever tires. The brain, or some overworked tract of it, may need repose; and it seems a well-established physiological fact that this central organ literally undergoes repair and renewal during sleep. The slowing down of the blood permits the deposit of nutritive particles, just as the slowing of a river permits the silt to sediment. There is wisdom as well as wit in the Quixotic saying: "Blessings on him that first invented this same sleep!"

A young soldier under General Sheridan said to him, just before a battle, "If I am killed, tell my mother that I kept my conduct. Not a drop of strong drink have I tasted." The battle was fought, and the lad lay among the slain. Said Sheridan, "I carried his message to his mother. She replied, 'General, that is more glory for my boy than if he had taken a city.'". When "well done" can truly be said at such a moment, parental pride stands by parental sorrow and puts a staff in its hand. There are higher and holier compensations, but the knowledge of "what death he died" will always be a qualifying element in grief for one loved and lost, either to sweeten memory or to poison it.

In order to raise the money to build a railroad, the city of Paducah, Ky., issued municipal bonds for the necessary amount. The issue was properly authorized and promptly subscribed, but when the interest became due, the city attorney, having discovered a technical error which made the bonds legally worthless, ordered the city council not to pay it. The business men of the city immediately took the matter up. "The good name of the city is our good name," they said. "When Paducah borrowed this money she promised to pay for the use of it. We owe it to the city, and to ourselves as well, to see that the promise is made good. A technical error does not lessen our moral responsibility." A meeting was therefore called and a committee was appointed to raise the money for the interest by public subscription. A city whose business men maintain so noble a standard of civic honor and duty as this deserves to rank as one of the great cities of the country, no matter what the figures of the census report may say about the number of her population.

Italian dispatches state that alarm is felt on the mainland opposite Venice by reason of a fatal disease that has ravaged extensively the sheep and cattle districts and is pronounced by veterinary surgeons to be essentially an influenza. A similar disease has been epidemic at intervals of ten or a dozen years in various parts of the continent. The tramways are suffering most from the effects of the plague, the service in Bologna being seriously impaired, fifty horses having died already.

The house of representatives last week completed and passed the bill for the codification of the criminal laws of Alaska. Liquor dealers by its provisions are to pay a license of $1,000 a year, and the consent of a majority of the white citizens residing within two miles of a saloon must be obtained before a license can issue.

Two soap trusts have been formed; one with a capital of $100,000,000 and the other with $29,000,000. Well, we suppose if we must we can take our morning bath without soap.

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

"THE MIDNIGHT EXPRESS TRAIN" AS SUBJECT.

"The Chariots Shall Rage in the Streets, They Shall Jostle One Against the Other in the Broad Ways"—From Nahum 2:4.

It has been found out that many of the arts and discoveries which we suppose were peculiar to our own age are merely the restoration of thousands of years ago. I suppose that the past centuries have forgotten more than the present century knows. It seems to me that they must have known thousands of years ago, in the days of Nineveh, of the uses of steam and its application to swift travel. In my text I hear the rush of the rail train, the clang of the wheels and the jamming of the car couplings. "The chariots shall rage in the streets; they shall jostle one against another in the broad ways; they shall seem like torches; they shall run like the lightnings."

I halt the train long enough to get on board, and I go through the cars, and I find three-fourths of the passengers are commercial travelers. They are a folk peculiar to themselves, easily recognized, at home on all trains, not startled by the sudden dropping of the brakes, familiar with all the railroad signals, can tell you what is the next station, how long the train will stop, what place the passengers take luncheon at, can give you information on almost any subject, are cosmopolitan, at home everywhere from Halifax to San Francisco. They are on the 8 o'clock morning train, on the noon train, on the midnight train. You take a berth in a sleeping-car, and either above you or beneath you is one of these gentlemen. There are 100,000 professed commercial travelers in the United States; but 500,000 would not include all those who are sometimes engaged in this service. They spend millions of dollars every day in the hotels and in the rail trains. They have their official newspaper organ, they have their mutual benefit association, about 4,000 names on the rolls, and have already distributed more than $200,000 among the families of deceased members. They are ubiquitous, unique and tremendous for good or evil. All the tendencies of merchandise are toward their multiplication. The house that stands back on its dignity and waits for customers to come, instead of going to seek bargain-makers, will have more and more unsalable goods on the shelf, and will gradually lose its control of the markets; while the great, enterprising and successful houses will have their agents on all the trains, and their chariots will rage in the streets; they shall jostle one against another in the broad ways; they shall seem like torches; they shall run like the lightnings."

I think commercial travelers can stand a sermon of warm-hearted sympathy. If you have any words of good cheer for them, you had better utter them. If you have any good, honest prayers in their behalf, they will be greatly obliged to you. I never knew a man yet who did not like to be prayed for; I never knew a man yet that did not like to be helped. It seems to me this sermon is timely. At this season of the year there are tens of thousands of men going out to gather the spring trade. The months of February and March in all our commercial establishments are very busy months. In a few days our national perplexities will all be settled, and then look out for the brightest ten years of national prosperity which this country has ever witnessed.

Now you, the commercial traveler, have received orders from the head men of the firm that you are to start on a long excursion. You have your patterns all assorted and prepared. You have them put up in bundles or cases as marked. You have full instructions as to prices. You know on what prices you are to stand firm, and from what prices you may retreat somewhat. You have your valise or trunk, or both, packed. If I were a stranger I would have no right to look into that valise, but as I am your brother I will take the liberty. I look into the valise and I congratulate you on all these comfortable articles of apparel. The sermons are so changeable you have not taken a single precaution too many. Some night you will get out in the snowbank and have to walk three or four miles until you get to the railroad station, and you will want all these comforts and conveniences. But will you excuse me if I make a suggestion or two about this valise? You say, "Certainly, as we are having a plain, frank talk, I will not be offended at any honorable suggestion."

Put in among your baggage some carefully selected, wholesome reading. Let it be in history or a poem or a book or pure fiction, or some volume that will give you information in regard to your line of business. Then add to that a Bible in round, beautiful type—small type is bad for the eyes anywhere, but peculiarly killing in the jolt of a rail train. Put your railroad guide and your Bible side by side—of it, wrote to the father of the young of the one to show you the route through this world, and the other to show you the route to the next world. "Oh," you say, "that is superfluous, for now in all the hotels, in the parlor, you will find a Bible, and in nearly all the rooms of the guests you will find one." But, my brother, that is not your Bible. You want your own hat, your own coat, your own blanket, your own Bible. "But," you say, "I am not a Christian, and you ought not to expect me to carry a Bible." My brother, a great many people are not Christians who carry a Bible. Besides that, before you get home you might become a Christian, and you would feel awkward without a copy. Besides that, you might get bad news from home. I see you with trembling hand opening the telegram saying, "George is dying," or "Fannie is dead—come home!" Oh, as you sit in the train, stunned with the calamity, going home, you will have no taste for fine scenery or for conversation, and yet you must keep your thoughts employed or you will go stark mad. Then you will want a Bible, whether you read it or not, it will be a comfort to have it near you—that book full of promises which have comforted other people in like calamity. Whether you study the promises or not, you will want that book near you. Am I not wise when I say put in the Bible?

* * *

"Oh," you can say, "I have no taste for reading." Now, that is the trouble, but it is no excuse. There was a time, my brother, when you had no taste for cigars; they made you very sick; but you persevered until cigars have become to you a luxury. Now, if you can afford to struggle on to get a bad habit, is it not worth while to struggle on to get a good habit like that of reading? I am amazed to find how many merchants and commercial travelers preserve their ignorance from year to year, notwithstanding all their opportunities. It was well illustrated by one who had been largely successful, and who wanted the show of a library at home, and he wrote to a book merchant in London, saying: "Send me six feet of theology and about as much metaphysics and near a yard of civil law in old folio!" There is no excuse for a man lacking information, if he have the rare opportunities of a commercial traveler. Improve your mind. Remember the "Learned Blacksmith," who, while blowing the bellows, set his book up against the brick work and became acquainted with fifty languages. Remember the scholarly Gifford, who, while an apprentice, wrought out the arithmetical problem with his awl on a piece of leather. Remember Abercrombie, who snatched here and there a fragmentary five minutes from an exhausting profession, and wrote immortal treatises on ethics.

Be ashamed to sell foreign fabrics or fruits unless you know something about the looms that wove them or the vineyards that grew them. Understand all about the laws that control commercial life; about banking, about tariffs, about markets, about navigation, about foreign peoples—their characteristics and their political revolutions as they affect ours; about the harvests of Russia, the vineyards of Italy, the tea fields of China. Learn about the great commercial centers of Carthage and Assyria and Phoenicia. Read all about the Medici of Florence, mighty in trade, mightier in philanthropies. You belong to the royal family of merchants; be worthy of that royal family. Oh, take my advice, and turn the years of weariness into years of luxury. Take those hours you spend at the depot waiting for the delayed train, and make them Pisgah-heights, from which you can view the promised land. When you are waiting for the train, hour after hour in the depot, do not spend your time reading the sewing machine advertisements, and looking up the time-tables of routes you will never take, going the twenty-fifth time to the door to see whether the train is coming, bothering the ticket agent and the telegraph operator with questions which you ask merely because you want to pass away the time. But rather summon up the great essayists and philosophers and story-tellers and thinkers of the ages, and have them entertain you.

But you have come now near the end of your railroad travel. I can tell by the motion of the car that they are pulling the patent brakes down. The engineer rings the bell at the crossing. The train stops. "All out!" cries the conductor. You dismount from the train; you reach the hotel. The landlord is glad to see you—very glad! He stretches out his hand across the registry book with all the disinterested warmth of a brother! You are assigned to an apartment. In that inviting apartment you stay only long enough to make yourself presentable. You descend then into the reading-room, and there you find the commercial travelers sitting around a long table, with a great elevation in the center covered with advertisements; while there are inkstands sunken in the bed of the table and scattered all around are rusty steel pens and patches of blotting paper. Of course you will not stay there. You saunter out among the merchants. You present your letters of introduction and authority. Your begin business. Now, let me say, there are two or three things you ought to remember. First, that all the trade you get by the practice of "treating" will not stick. If you cannot get custom except by tipping a wine glass with somebody, you had better not get his custom. An old commercial traveler gives as his experience that trade gotten by "treating" always damages the house that gets it in one way or another.

* * *

Again, I charge you, tell the whole truth about everything you sell. Lying commercial travelers will precede you; lying commercial travelers will come right after you into the same store. Do not let their unfair competition tempt you from the straight line. It is an awful bargain that a man makes when he sells his goods and his soul at the same time. A young man in one of the stores of New York was selling some silks. He was binding them up when he said to the lady customer: "It is my duty to show you that there is a fracture in that silk." She looked at it and rejected the goods. The head of the firm, hearing this, wrote to the father of the young man in the country, saying: "Come and take your son away; he will never make a merchant." The father came in agitation, wondering what his boy had been doing, and the head men of the firm said: "Why, your son stood here at this counter and pointed out a fracture in the silk, and of course the lady wouldn't take it. We are not responsible for the ignorance of customers; customers must look out for themselves, and we look out for ourselves. Your son will never make a merchant." "Is that all?" said the father. "Ah! I am prouder of my boy than I ever was. John, get your hat and come home."

But it is almost night, and you go back to the hotel. Now comes the mighty tug for the commercial traveler. Tell me where he spends his evenings, and I will tell you where he will spend eternity, and I will tell you what will be his earthly prospects. There is an abundance of choice. There is your room with the books. There are the Young Men's Christian Association rooms. There are the week-night services of the Christian churches. There is the gambling saloon. There is the theater. There is the house of infamy. Plenty of places to go. But which, O immortal man, which? Oh, God, which? "Well," you say, "I guess I will—I guess I will go to the theater." Do you think the tarrying in that place until 11 o'clock at night will improve your bodily health, or your financial prospects, or your eternal fortune? No man ever found the path to usefulness, or honor, or happiness, or commercial success, or heaven through the American theater. "Well," you say, "I guess then I will go to—I guess I will go to the gambling saloon." You will first go to look; then you will go to play. You will make $100, you will make $500, you will make $1,000, you will make $1,500—then you will lose all. Then you will borrow some money so as to start anew. You will make $50, you will make $100, you will make $600—then you will lose all. These wretches of the gambling saloon know how to tempt you. But mark this: All gamblers die poor. They may make fortunes—great fortunes—but they lose them.

* * *

But now the question is still open: Where will you spend your evening? Oh, commercial travelers, how much will you give me to put you on the right track? Without charging you a farthing, I will prescribe for you a plan which will save you for this world and the next. If you will take it. Go, before you leave home, to the Young Men's Christian Association of the city where you live. Get from them letters of introduction. Carry them out to the towns and cities where you go. If there be no such association in the place you visit, then present them at the door of Christian churches and hand them over to the pastors. Be not slow to arise in the devotional meeting and say: "I am a commercial traveler; I am far away from home, and I come in here tonight to seek Christian society." The best houses and the highest style of amusement will open before you, and instead of your being dependent upon the leprous crew who hang around the hotels, wanting to show you all the slums of the city, on the one condition that you will pay their expenses, you will get the benefit of God in every town you visit. Remember this, that whatever place you visit, bad influences will seek you out; good influences you must seek out.

While I stand here, I bethink myself of a commercial traveler who was a member of my church in Philadelphia. He was a splendid young man, the pride of his widowed mother and of his sisters. It was his joy to support them, and for that purpose he postponed his own marriage day. He thrived in business, and after a while set up his own household. Leaving that city for another city, I had no opportunity for three or four years of making inquiry in regard to him. When I made such inquiry, I was told that he was dead. The story was, he was generous, and kind-hearted, and genial, and social, and he got into the habit of "treating" customers and of showing them all the sights of the town, and he began rapidly to go down, and he lost his position in the church of which he was a member, and he lost his position in the commercial house, of which he was the best agent; and his beautiful young wife, and his sick old mother, and his sisters, went into destitution, and he, as a result of his dissipations, died in Kirkbride insane asylum.

Oh, commercial travelers, I pray for you the all-sustaining grace of God. There are two kinds of days when you are especially in need of divine grace. The one, the day when you have no success—when you fail to make a sale, and you are very much disappointed, and you go back to your hotel discomfited. That night you will be tempted to go to strong drink and rush into bad surroundings. The other day, when you will especially need divine grace, will be when you have had a day of great success, and the devil tells you you must go and celebrate that success. Then you will want the grace of God to sustain you from rollicking indulgences. Yes, there will be a third day when you will need to be Christians, and that will be the last day of your life. I do not know where you will spend it. Perhaps in your house, or more probably in a rail car or a steamer or the strange hotel. I see you on your last commercial errand. You have bidden good-by to the family at home for the last time. The train of your earthly existence is nearing the depot of the grave. The brakes are falling. The bell rings at the terminus. The train stops. All out for eternity. Show your ticket now or getting into the gate of the shining city—the red ticket washed in the blood of the Lamb.

At the Theater.

"Really, Jane, dear," said Mr. Robbeter to his wife, as they sat down in the theater, "your hat is too high. Take it off and put it in your lap." "Well, I like that!" snapped Mrs. Robbeter. "I put this [illegible] in my lap how am I going to see over it?"

How It Started.

The trouble came up in this way: She had been handing him a few hot ones. "As far back as I can remember you——" Then he stopped her with: "Oh, hold on! Let's stick to the nineteenth century." Attorneys have been engaged.

Precociousness.

Teacher—Who built the Suez canal? Small Boy—Nobody, sir. It wuzn't built; it wuz dug.

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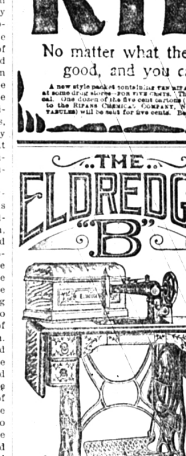

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