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 a 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 blies 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 life study 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.

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

DRS.
KENNEDY & KERGAN
Cor. Michigan Ave. and Shelby St.
DETROIT, MICH.

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 stone on the farm—easy with the place. Must be sold—make us an offer.

No. 2.

Farm of 50 acres, well fenced, well watered—never-failing stream; 10 acres timber; 1½ miles from Birmingham 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 80 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 $500. Electric cars pass the door.

No. 5.

Elegant house and lot 60 feet front and 20 rods deep on Maple Ave. East, (half ac. 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 VanDevry 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 140 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] Pontiac 15c. Owner is [illegible] Toronto and must sell. We will make it an object for any one to investigate this bargain. Make us an offer.

No. 8.

One of the best farms in Oakland county. It is enough to say when we tell you that it is the John Bultolph farm in the town of Troy. 80 acres, excellent buildings, two good dowling wells. Carp pond well stocked; 9 miles of fine gravel, 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; 120 acres of as fine farming land as there is in the county. 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 bath, city water and all ordinary conveniences. 120 feet front and 103 ft. deep. Small fruit and good neighborhood.

No. 11.

The old Shutes farm in the township of Troy, one mile east of Birmingham, 50 acres, all cleared, 7 acres of the finest orchard, good house and two barns. All the advantages of the village and none of the inconveniences. There are other things, too. Come and find out all about it.

No. 12.

The Bayley farm in the town of Troy, 127½ acres. Good farm house and farm buildings. Bowling well at the barn which is the wonder and pride of Troy; 8 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 4½ from Circle, 68 acres, no buildings and fenced for pasture, rolling ground, 35 acres good for plow land, balance excellent pasture. Look here! The price is only $60 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 most 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 go with 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, never-failing stream; all kinds of fruit, good water and everything convenient for a city home. Only a short 4 cent fare. 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, MAR. 10, '99

Chicago hospital doctors are merely ward healers.

Gen. Gomez was liberal enough to make a $57,000,000 discount for cash.

When it is necessary for ships to navigate the Chicago river then comes the tug.

All persons are born happy, but in order to continue so to the end they must die young.

Both the wily liveryman and the bloated bondholder use cutters in the accumulation of wealth.

It begins to look as if the destruction of Cervera's fleet also supplied enough trouble to go around.

What this country needs is a few converted heathen to do a little missionary work in our large cities.

There is no truth in the rumor that Mr. P. D. Armour is to be made president of the Pure Food Association.

A Pennsylvania mine-owner says there will be no anthracite coal after 2063. After that what will the trust do?

It is nearly time for some enterprising reporter to interview Mr. Roberts of Utah, regarding his "white man's burden."

After Cervera is convicted and serves out his term, the best thing he can do will be to come to the United States and live among his friends.

The palmist who has discovered that Gen. Miles will become president some day, is not the one who figured Grover Cleveland to be a three-time winner.

Statesmanship is probably needed in the Philippines, as Dewey said, but just at present it is hard to see how any is to be spared from Washington.

Young Senator-elect Beveridge of Indiana has several of the qualifications which may some time make him a president. He began his career by driving a log team.

The report that Ambassador Choate is negotiating for the Curzon mansion in London looks as if he proposed to dispense some choice hospitality when he gets located over there.

Alger went to Boston with President McKinley and was hissed. It takes a good deal to make the Hubites forget their manners, but ignoring baked beans as army rations is no slight provocation.

A telegram from Princeton, N. J., says Mr. Cleveland will be a candidate for the democratic nomination in 1900. Is it possible that the eminent gentleman is so thoroughly convinced of his mission as savior of the nation and of the people's recognition of him as such that he thinks they will break away from their old-established third-term rule? It is almost certain, if this is the case, that he overestimates the general fear of danger.

Fifty girl students have this year entered upon a full scientific course of farming at the Agricultural College in Minneapolis. Heretofore the opportunities afforded girls for study were confined to the few weeks of summer vacation allotted to the male students, but this year, as in others to come, one may assume they are to enjoy full privileges with the men. It is supposed, if the experiment proves successful, that other states may be induced to follow the example set by Minnesota, and that henceforth farm life may present such unwonted attractions to farmer lads as to induce them to stay at home.

The retaliation clause in the agricultural bill before congress provides that "the secretary of agriculture, whenever he has reason to believe that articles dangerous to the health of the people of the United States are being imported from foreign countries, shall make a request upon the secretary of the treasury for samples from the original packages of such articles for inspection and analysis, and the secretary of the treasury is authorized to open such packages and deliver samples to the secretary of agriculture for the purpose mentioned, giving notice to the owner or consignee, who may be present and have the right to introduce testimony. The secretary of the treasury, with the approval of the president, may refuse to deliver to the consignee any goods which the secretary of agriculture finds to be adulterated or otherwise dangerous to health, and shall proceed against such goods under the law."

Lord Cromer, who has made so notable a success of the British administration in Egypt, says one of the fundamental principles of his policy has been to employ as few Europeans and as many natives as possible in the civil service, and to choose every one, in high place or low, with the utmost care and with sole reference to merit. That is a golden rule of colonial administration which may well be adopted as the corner-stone of our own policy in dealing with the alien lands that have come, or are likely to come, under the eagle's wing.

The amount of public land subject to entry in the western states is still very considerable. In Colorado there are 4,434,846 acres; Minnesota, 2,473,828; Montana, 54,674,779; North Dakota, 8,-854,355, and South Dakota, 2,095,542. But a large portion of this land is unfit for cultivation.

What a great opportunity the bands missed in neglecting to assemble outside of Manila while it was burning and play the well-known national air that used to be so frequently alluded to in Shafter's reports.

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

"THE BUNDLE OF LIFE," SUNDAY'S SUBJECT.

From First Book of Samuel, Chap. 25: 29, as Follows: "The Soul of My Lord Shall be Bound in the Bundle of Life with the Lord thy God.

Beautiful Abigail, in her rhythmic pleas for the rescue of her inebriate husband, who died within ten days, addresses David, the warrior, in the words of the text. She suggests that his life, physically and intellectually, and spiritually, is a valuable package or bundle, divinely bound up, and to be divinely protected.

That phrase, "bundle of life," I heard many times in my father's family prayers. Family prayers, you know, have frequent repetitions, because day by day we acknowledge about the same blessings, and deplore about the same frailties, and sympathize with about the same misfortunes, and I do not know why those who lead household devotions should seek variety of composition. That familiar prayer becomes the household liturgy. I would not give one of my old father's prayers for fifty elocutionary supplications. Again and again, in the morning and evening prayer, I heard the request that my soul might be bound up in the bundle of life, but I did not know until a few days ago that the phrase was a Bible phrase.

Now, the more I think of it, the better I like it. The bundle of life! It is such a simple and unpretending, yet expressive comparison. There is nothing like grandiloquence in the Scriptures. While there are many sublime passages in Holy Writ, there are more passages homely and drawing illustrations from common observation and every-day life. In Christ's great sermons you hear a hen clucking her chickens together, and see the photographs of hypocrites with a sad countenance and hear of the grass of the field, and the black crows which ought heavenly Father feeds, and the salt that is worthless, and the precious stones flung under the feet of swine, and the shifting sand that lets down the house with a great crash, and hear the comparison of the text, the most unpoetical thing we can think of—a bundle. Ordinarily it is something tossed about, something thrown under the table, something that suggests garrets, or something on the shoulder of a poor wayfarer. But there are bundles of great value, bundles put up with great caution, bundles the loss of which means consternation and despair, and there have been bundles representing the worth of a kingdom.

Bundle of hopes, and ambitions also, is almost every man and woman, especially at the starting. What gains he will harvest, or what reputation he will achieve, or what bliss he will reach, or what love he will win. What makes college commencement day so entrancing to all of us as we see the students receive their diplomas and take up the garlands thrown at their feet? They will be Faradays in science; they will be Tennysons in poesy; they will be Willard Parkers in surgery; they will be Alexander Hamiltons in national finance; they will be Horace Greeleys in editorial chair; they will be Websters in the senate! Or she will be a Mary Lyon in educational realms; or a Frances Willard on reformatory platform; or a Helen Gould in military hospitals. Or she will make home life radiant with helpfulness and self-sacrifice, and magnificent womanhood! Oh, what a bundle of hopes and ambitions! It is a bundle of garlands and sceptres from which I would not take one sprig of mignonette nor extinguish one spark of brilliance. They who start in life without bright hopes and inspiring ambitions might as well not start at all, for every step will be a failure. Rather would I add to the bundle, and if I open it now it will not be because I wish to take anything from it, but that I may put into it more coronets and hosannas.

Bundle of faculties in every man and every woman! Power to think—to think of the past and through all the future; to think upward and higher than the highest pinnacle of heaven, or to think downward until there is no lower abyss to fathom. Power to think right, power to think wrong, power to think forever; for, once having begun to think, there shall be no terminus for that exercise, and eternity itself shall have no power to kill it halt. Faculties to love—filial love, conjugal love, paternal love, maternal love, love of country, love of God. Faculty of judgment, with scales so delicate and yet so mighty that they can weigh arguments, weigh emotions, weigh worlds, weigh heaven and hell. Faculty of will, that can climb mountains, or tunnel them, wade seas or bridge them, accepting eternal enthronement or consenting everlasting exile. Oh, what it is to be a man. Oh, what it is to be a woman! Sublime and infinite bundle of faculties! The thought of it staggers me, swamps me, stuns me, bewilders me, overwhelms me. Oh, what a bundle of life Abigail of my text saw in David, and which we ought to see in every human, yet immortal, being!

Know, also, that this bundle of life was put up with great care. Any merchant and almost any faithful householder will tell you how much depends on the way a bundle is bound. The cord or rope must be strong enough to hold; the knot must be well tied. You know not what rough hands may toss that bundle. If not properly put together, though it may leave your hands in good order and symmetrical, before it reaches its proper destination it may be loosened in fragments that the winds to scatter or the rail train to lose.

Now, I have to tell you that this bundle of life is well put together—the body, the mind, the soul. Who but the Omnipotent God could bind such a bundle? Anatomists, physiologists, physicists, logicians, metaphysicians, declare that we are fearfully and wonderfully made. That we are a bundle well put together I prove by the amount of journeying we can endure without damage, by the amount of rough handling we can survive, by the fact that the vast majority of us go through life without the loss of an eye, or the crippling of a limb, or the destruction of a single energy of the body or faculty of mind. I subpoena for this trial that man in yonder view seventy or eighty years of age, and ask him to testify that after all the storms and accidents and vicissitudes of a long life he still keeps his five senses; and though all the lighthouses as old as he is have been reconstructed or new lanterns put in, he has in under his forehead the same two lanterns with which God started him; and though the locomotives of sixty years ago were long ago sold for old iron, he has the original powers of locomotion in the limbs with which God started him; and though all the electric wires that carried messages seventy-five years ago have been torn down, his nerves bring messages from all parts of his body as well as when God strung them seventy-five years ago. Was there ever such a complete bundle put together as the human being? What a factory! What an engine! What a mill-race! What a lighthouse! What a locomotive! What an electric battery! What a furnace! What a masterpiece of the Lord God Almighty! Or, to employ the anticlimax and use the figure of the text, what a bundle!

Know, also, that this bundle of life will be gladly received when it comes to the door of the Mansion for which it was bound and plainly directed. With what alacrity and glee we await some package that has been foretold by letter; some holiday presentation; something that will enrich and ornament our home; some testimony of admiration and affection! With what glow of expectation we untie the knot and take off the cord that holds it together in safety, and with what glad exclamation we unroll the covering, and see the gift or purchase in all its beauty of color and proportion. Well, what a day it will be when your precious bundle of life shall be opened in the "House of Many Mansions," amid saintly and angelic and divine inspection! The bundle may be spotted with the marks of much exposure; it may bear inscription after inscription to tell through what ordeal it has passed; perhaps splashed of wave and scorched of flame, but all it has within is undamaged of the journey. And with what shouts of joy the bundle of life will be greeted by all the voices of the heavenly home circle!

In our anxiety at last to reach heaven we are apt to lose sight of the glee or welcome that awaits us if we get in at all. We all have friends up there. They will somehow hear that we are coming. Such close and swift and constant communication is there between those uplands and these lowlands that we will not surprise them by sudden arrival. If loved ones on earth expect our coming visit and are at the depot with carriage to meet us, surely we will be met at the shining gate by old friends now sainted and kindred now glorified. If there were no angel of God to meet us and show us the palaces and guide us to our everlasting residence, these kindred would show us the way and point out the splendors and guide us to our celestial home, bowered, and fountained, and arched, and illumined by a sun that never sets. Will it not be glorious, the going in and the settling down after all the moving about and upsettings of earthly experience. We will soon know all our neighbors kingly, queenly, prophetic, apostolic, seraphic, archangelic. The precious bundle of life opened amid palaces, and grand marches, and acclamations. They will all be so glad we have got safely through. They saw us down here in the struggle. They saw us when we lost our way. They knew when we got off the right course. None of the thirty-two ships that were overdue at New York harbor in the storm of over a year ago were greeted so heartily by friends on the dock as the steamships that went out to meet them at Sandy Hook, as we will be greeted in the heavenly world, if by the pardoning and protecting grace of God we come to celestial wharfage. We shall be glad to see them of the many wrecks that we have passed on the way across wild seas, and amid Caribbean cyclones. It will be like our arrival some years ago from New Zealand at Sydney, Australia; people surprised that we got in at all, because the ship were two days late and some of the ships expected had gone to the bottom and we had passed derelicts and abandoned crafts all up and down that awful channel,—our arrival in heaven all the more rapturously welcomed, because of the doubt as to whether we would ever get there at all.

Once there it will be found that the safety of that precious bundle of life was assured because it was bound up with the life of God in Jesus Christ. Heaven could not afford to have that bundle lost, because it has been said in regard to its transportation and safe arrival, "Kept by the power of God through faith unto complete salvation." The veracity of the heavens is involved in its arrival. If God should fail to keep His promise to just one ransomed soul the pillars of Jehovah's throne would fall, and the foundations of the eternal city would crumble, and infinite poverties would dash down all the chalices and close all the banqueting halls, and the river of life would dry up of course, sweeping everything with desolation, and frost would blast all the gardens, and immeasurable sickness slay the immortals, and the new Jerusalem become an abandoned city, with no chariot wheels on the streets and no worshipers in the temple—a dead Pompeii of the skies, a buried Herculaneum of the heavens. Lest any one should doubt, the God who cannot lie smites His omnipotent hand on the side of His throne, and takes affidavit, declaring, "As I live, saith the Lord God, I have no pleasure in the death of him that dieth." Oh! I cannot tell you how I feel about it; the thought is so glorious. Bound up with God. Bound up with infinite mercy. Bound up with infinite joy. Bound up with infinite purity. Bound up with infinite might. That thought is more beautiful and glorious than was the heroic Abigail, who at the foot of the crags uttered it—"Bound in the bundle of life with the Lord thy God!"

Now, my hearer and reader, appreciate the value of that bundle. See that it is bound up with nothing mean, but with the unsullied and the immaculate. Not with a pebble of the shifting beach, but with the kohinoor of the palace; not with some fading regalia of earthly pomp, but with the robe washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb. Pray as you never prayed before, that by divine chirography written all over your nature, you may be properly addressed for a glorious destination. Turn not over a new leaf of the old book, but by the grace of God open an entirely new volume of experience, and put into practice the advice contained in the peculiar but beautiful rhythm of some author whose name I know not:

If you've any task to do,
Let me whisper, friend, to you,
Do it.
If you've anything to say,
True and needed, yea or nay,
Say it.
If you've anything to love,
As a blessing from above,
Love it.
If you've anything to give,
That another's joy may live,
Give it.
If some hollow creed you doubt,
Tho' the whole world hoot and shout,
Doubt it.
If you've any debt to pay,
Rest you neither night nor day,
Pay it.
If you've any joy to hold,
Near your heart, lest it grow old
Hold it.
If you've any grief to meet,
At a loving Father's feet,
Meet it.
If you know what torch to light,
Guiding others in the night,
Light it.

Macaulay's Appalling Memory.

The later Henry Reeve, for many years leader writer of the London Times, was dining one night at a house where the other guests included Macaulay and Sydney Smith. Macaulay was at that time laying society waste with his watersposuts of talk. At length, dinner being over, Sydney Smith, Reeve and a few others went away by themselves and immediately got on the overpowering subject of Macaulay. "He confounds colloquy and colloquy," said Reeve. "He is a book in breeches," Smith declared. "The very worst feature in Macaulay's character is his appalling memory," said Reeve. "Aye, indeed" said Sydney Smith, "why, he could repeat the whole History of the Virtuous Blue-Coat Boy," in three volumes, post 8vo., without a slip." After a pause, as if of consideration, the witty divine added "He should take two tablespoonfuls of the waters of Lethe every morning to correct his retentive powers!"

Limit Barbers' Prices.

Though their party went to smash in the last election, there are still some populists in the Kansas senate. They are urging a bill which fixes the maximum prices that barbers shall be allowed to charge for shaves and hair cuts. The bill is believed to reveal a purpose among the populists to effect a change in the personal characteristics by which they have long been recognized. It is hinted that the populists intend to amputate their whiskers and now their hair at intervals of not less than a week, whereas they have heretofore been total strangers in barber shops. When they begin to take tonsorial treatment business in the Kansas shops will be tremendous and will likely result in blockades, in which regular patrons will lose much valuable time. The natural thing to do under such circumstances would be to raise prices, and, foreseeing this, the populist senators are vigorously urging their bill to legally regulate them.

A Modern Crusoe.

The Neues Wiener Tagblatt publishes a sensational report concerning the missing Archduke John, who took the name of John Orth, and was generally believed to have been lost in the wreck of the Santa Margherita, off the coast of South America. The wreck of this vessel was recently declared, and now it is asserted that the archduke never was wrecked, and that he is living on a remote island in the southern Pacific. There he is carrying out as far as possible the customs and practices of Robinson Crusoe. A Croatian sailor, his former coxswain, acts as his servant. If this report proves true the archduke's relatives will endeavor to reclaim him to European civilization.

Why He Was Sure.

"You say," said the St. Louis lawyer, who was cross-examining a witness, "that you met the defendant on the afternoon of the 17th. Now, wasn't it on the 16th or the 18th?"

"No, sir." "Are you sure?" "I'm positive." "But how can you be so positive?" "Because, sir, he loaned me $2 in cash and, though I've lived in St. Louis for eleven years, he is the only man I ever found who'd lend me a cent. His action made such a profound impression that I shall never forget the date."

Burglary in the Future.

"Curse my luck!" hissed the burglar, and fled into the night. Bear in mind, if you please, that all crime was now disease merely, and all disease the work of germs. The burglar perceived in the cellar window where he tried to enter one of the latest electric automatic spraying devices, and endeavored to avoid it. But fortune was against him. A click in the dark, and almost before he knew it he was drenched with germicide and cured of his malady.—Detroit Journal.

California Artichokes.

Quite a business has sprung up of late in California artichokes. It is said that the California variety has a better flavor than that coming from France, besides being fresher. This is very natural, as it takes but a week to get the vegetable here from California, while it takes at least two weeks to get the French supply to the market.

"In Partibus Infidelium."

The phrase "in partibus infidelium" is no longer applied by the Catholic church to bishops of extinct sees, because in most cases the people of such sees, though not Roman Catholics, profess some other form of Christianity, and the pope wants to avoid hurting their feelings. Such prelates will hereafter be called "episcopi titulares," "titular bishops."

Office of
E. W. Jenks, M.D.
Detroit, Mich. July 1897.

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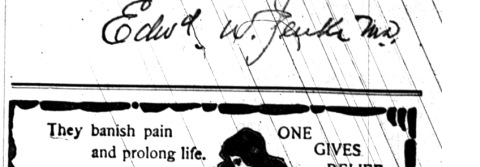

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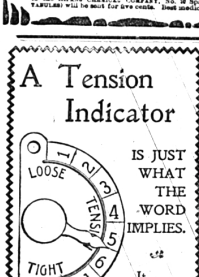

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