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 cords of stone on 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. 3.

The e½ of sw¼ of section 5, Royal Oak, 80 acres good land, well fenced, fair buildings, within 86 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 66 feet frontage and 200 rods deep on Maple Ave. East, one acre. Fine barn and every modern convenience. Furnace, bath, closet, etc., can be bought for what the buildings cost. Within the limits of improved city property for portion of the purchase price.

No. 6.

The VanDivery 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 200 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 10c. Over 250 [illegible] to Detroit and must sell. We will make it a night 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 Burdoph farm in the town of Troy, 220 acres, excellent buildings, two good flowing wells. Large peat well stocked, 3 miles of tile, fine orchard, 3 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 facilities for 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, 4 water and 3 extraordinary 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, 127 acres. Good farm house and farm buildings flowing well at the barn which is the wonder and pride of Troy; 27 acres good heavy and maple timber, 4 acres fine grafted orchard. Circumstances render it advisable to sell at this time and the man who comes first will secure one of the best bargains in the country. 40 rods from school.

No. 13.

Part of the e½ of the ne¼ of sec 14 in Bloomfield and about 2¼ miles from Birmingham and a mile from Circle, 68 acres, no buildings and fenced for pasture, rolling gravelly loam, 3 acres good 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 16, Southfield, with finest farm buildings in the township. Largest and most 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 alone worth the price we ask as any on our list, all things considered. Ask us about it.

No. 15.

The Butler farm in the township of Troy, 44 acres, ample buildings in good repair, 25 acres blow 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.

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, fowl-house 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, cellar, cistern and wing 3 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 Ertly's mill. Excellent neighborhood. This little farm is ready for business, without a cent for repairs or improvements. Price $1,200; Terms easy.

No. 19.

A farm of 100 acres in the township of Hose, Ogemaw County, Mich; 50 acres cleared, 50 acres mixed hard wood timber. Barn worth $100, sandy loam. Price $25 per acre; terms $200 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, without exception, the finest building lots in the vicinity. High and dry, city water, convenient to the D. & E. Electric R'y and will be sold cheap and on easy terms. Prices range from $125 up. Let us tell you all the particulars about 'em. We also include in this number lots 49, 50, 51 and 52, Block 2 in Urbanrest, near Royal Oak, at $50 per lot.

No. 21.

The Corson Homestead on Maple Ave., consisting of lots 6, 7 and 8 of Willitt's plat, being 97x 165 feet each. 180 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; that would make $6,090. Now, owing to the fact that Mr. Corson wishes to sell and sell right away, he will take $4,500, 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 Hadley farm. Has about 40 rods lake frontage, with hard banks—no marsh—with a fringe of fine shade trees. 6¼ miles west of Birmingham, and the same distance from Pontiac. Postoffice on the farm with daily mail from Birmingham. 2¼ miles from Orchard Lake; ¾ mile from good school. Fishing, boating and bathing is unexcelled. Forty acres, 33 cleared; 7 oak timber, rich, loam soil, fine orchard, beautiful maple grove. House nearly new; good barn. Price, $2,500. Like the sound of it? Let us tell you more about it.

THE EXCHANGE BANK,
Birmingham, Mich.

THE BIRMINGHAM ECCENTRIC

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

BIRMINGHAM, FRIDAY, MAR. 31, '99

Many a scriptural text serves as a pretext for a lengthy discourse.

Wise men know more than they tell, but fools always tell more than they know.

Some men who never forget they are gentlemen fail to remember that there are others.

Objects that give color to men's thoughts naturally put them in a brown study.

Why not threaten to feed Filipino prisoners on army beef; that will finish the rebellion.

The feeling of uneasiness among the wives of Chicago sausage manufacturers must be growing rapidly.

Any poor person can become a thief, but in order to get into the kleptomaniac class you must have money.

Queen Victoria has gone to Nice, but Tod Sloan is not about to return to England, so the balance of greatness will be maintained.

It is announced that 25-cent cigars cost 2½ cents each in Manila, but that is by no means the strongest argument for holding the Philippines.

Kansas City has an embalmed milk scandal. In view of the fact that water is cheaper than any chemical known this scare would seem to be wholly unwarranted.

Onions, in the opinion of New York's supreme court, are not sufficient cause for divorce, however they may constructively contribute to the wellknown breath of scandal.

Sixteen battleships will be able to carry our flag to a number of places. The United States has five in commission, five launched and under construction, three in the stocks and three provided for at the last congress.

Orders recently issued from the headquarters of the American Tin-Plate Company in this city for a large increase in wages in all its plants. The men affected by this order are those who have been receiving less than $2.50. Wages will be raised from 5 to 10 per cent, the greatest increase going to those who received the smallest wages. Of the 20,000 men employed by the company, fully one-half of the entire number profit by this advance.

It will be both unfortunate and mischievous if the views expressed by Mr. Rhodes shall be accepted in this hemisphere as in any measure interpretive of American spirit. They are very wide of the mark. The duty of this country with respect to possessions which have fallen to it as the result of a war, unsought and undesired can in no proper sense be associated with a thirst for world-wide dominion or with a disregard of the obligations of neighborliness and honest dealing.

The graphic story of the succor of a starving soldier at Indianapolis has an economic as well as a philanthropic interest. The soldier, it seems, was found in a fainting condition before the house of Gov. Mount. He was carried into the house, where the governor was entertaining some friends. His immediate bodily needs were relieved, and the governor "sent out a call" for money sufficient to secure a railroad pass to Chicago." The governor has an executive turn of mind. He knows how to employ the best instruments; how to accomplish things in the shortest possible way. When a railroad pass is needed who can do the business with more neatness and dispatch than a "member of the legislature"?

It is not the sore place that should be hit in administering a reproof, but the wrong deed. For the reproof that causes wincing is more likely to provoke anger than amendment. Lord Palmerston, while minister of foreign affairs, had a good-natured way of giving reproofs when he did not mean to be severe. "Put a little more starch into your neckcloth, my dear Dash," he said to a diplomatist who he thought did not hold his head high enough at the court where the minister represented Great Britain. A witty repartee often serves as the courteous bearer of a reproof. "I can't find bread for my family," said a lazy fellow. "Nor I," replied an industrious miller. "I am obliged to work for it." Zeno, the Stoic philosopher, remonstrated with certain of his scholars for extravagance. They excused themselves by saying that they were rich enough to indulge in prodigality. "Would you," retorted Zeno, "excuse a cook who should oversalt his meat because he had a superabundance of salt?"

Mr. Wines, the man who has been appointed assistant director of the census, is reported to be a strong and consistent advocate of temperance. But, for that matter, Mr. Moody, who has represented Maryland in congress, is a man of exemplary habits.

Gen. Otis says: "Manila is no place for women. This is war, not a picnic." It is gratifying to note the fact that Gen. Otis has conducted his campaign very successfully thus far without indulging in any profanity whatever for publication.

Dealers in photographic supplies held a meeting in Chicago and decided to raise prices. A strong negative is likely to be developed by the amateur snap-shooters and it may be effective owing to the fact that the dealers have not yet succeeded in forming a positive association.

The newspapers notice and comment on the illness of the czar of Russia because he is the ruler of millions of people, and on the illness of Rudyard Kipling because he is one man among millions, a transcendent genius.

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

"LIFE'S ACIDITIES" LAST SUNDAY'S SUBJECT.

"When Jesus Therefore Had Received the Vinegar"—From John, Chapter xix., Verse 30 — Some Palm Sunday Thoughts for Christians.

The brigands of Jerusalem had done their work. It was almost sundown, and Jesus was dying. Persons in crucifixion often lingered on from day to day—crying, begging, cursing; but Christ had been exhausted by years of maltreatment. Pillowless, poorly fed, flogged—as bent over and tied to a low post, his bare back was inflamed with the scourges interstiched with pieces of lead and bone—and now for whole hours, the weight of his body hung on delicate tendons, and, according to custom, a violent stroke under the armpits had been given by the executioner. Dizzy, nauseated, feverish—a world of agony is compressed in the two words: "I thirst!" O skies of Judea, let a drop of rain strike on this burning tongue! O world, with rolling rivers and sparkling lakes, and spraying fountains, give Jesus something to drink! If there be any pity in earth or heaven or hell, let it now be demonstrated in behalf of this royal sufferer.

The wealthy women of Jerusalem used to have a fund of money with which they provided wine for those people who died in crucifixion—a pious effort to deaden the pain; but Christ would not take it. He wanted to die sober, and so he refused the wine. But afterward they got to a cup of vinegar and soaked a sponge in it, and put it on a stick of hyssop, and then press it against the hot lips of Christ. You say the wine was an anaesthetic and intended to relieve or deaden the pain. But the vinegar was an insult.

In some lives the saccharine seems to predominate. Life is sunshine on a bank of flowers. A thousand hands to clap approval. In December or in January, looking across their table, they see all their family present. Health, ruby-red. Skies flamboyant. Debts resilient. But in a great many cases there are not so many sugars as acids. The annoyances and the vexations, and the disappointments of life overpower the successes. There is a gravity in almost every sheaf. Arbuthnot declared says that there was a worm in Solomon's staff, gnawing its strength away; and there is a weak spot in every earthly support that a man leans on. King George of England forgot all the grandeurs of his throne because, one day, in an interview Beau Brummel rudely called him by his first name, and addressed him as a servant, crying: "George, ring the bell!" Miss Landon, honored all the world over for her poetic genius, is so worried over the evil reports set afloat regarding her, that she is found dead, with an empty bottle of prussic acid in her hand. Goldsmith said that his life was a wretched being, and that all that want and contempt could bring to it had been brought, and cries out: "What, then, is there formidable in a jail?" Correggio's fine painting is hung up for a tavern sign. Hogarth cannot sell his best painting except through a raffle. Andrew Delsart makes the great fresco in the church of the Annunciata, at Florence, and gets for pay a sack of corn; and Dante are annoyances and vexations in high places as well as in low places, showing that in a great many lives are the sours greater than the sweets. "Why," Jesus therefore had received the vinegar.

It is absurd to suppose that a man who has always been well can sympathize with those who are sick, or that one who has always been honored can appreciate the sorrow of those who are despised, or that one who has been born to a great fortune can understand the distress and the straits of those who are destitute. The fact that Christ himself took the vinegar makes him able to sympathize today and forever with all those whose cup is filled with the sharp acids of this life. He took the vinegar!

In the first place, there was the sourness of betrayal. The treachery of Judas hurt Christ's feelings more than all the friendship of his disciples did him good. You have had many friends; but there was one friend upon whom you put especial stress. You feasted him. You loaned him money. You befriended him in the dark passes of life, when he especially needed a friend. Afterward he turned upon you and he took advantage of your former intimacies. He wrote against you. He talked against you. He misrecognized your faults. He flung contempt upon you. You ought to have received nothing but gratitude. At first you could not sleep at nights. Then you went about with a sense of having been stung. That difficulty will never be healed, for though mutual friends may arbitrate in the matter until you shall shake hands, the old cordiality will never come back. Now I commend to all such the sympathy of a betrayed Christ. Why they sold him for less than our twenty dollars! They all forsook him and fled. They cut him to the quick. He drank that cup to the dregs. He took the vinegar.

There is also the soreness of pain. There are some of you who have not seen a well day for many years. By keeping out of draughts, and by carefully studying dietetics, you continue to this time; but oh, the headaches, and the sleeaches which have been your accompaniment all the way through! You have struggled under a heavy mortgage of physical disabilities, and instead of the placidity that once characterized you, it is now only with great effort that you keep away the brightest crowns in heaven will not from irritability and sharp retort. Difficulties of respiration, of digestion, of locomotion make up the great obstacle in your life, and you tug and sweat along the pathway, and wonder when the exhaustion will end. My friends, be given to those who, in stirrups, dashed to the cavalry charge, while the general applauded and the sound of clashing sabers rang through the land; but the brightest crowns in heaven, I believe, will be given to those who trudged on amid chronic ailments which unnerved their strength, yet all the time maintaining their faith in God. It is comparatively easy to fight in a regiment of a thousand men, charging up the parapets to the sound of martial music; but it is not so easy to endure when no one but the nurse and the doctor are the witnesses of the Christian fortitude. Besides that, you never had any pains worse than Christ's. The sharpness that stung through his brain, through his hands, through his feet, through his heart were as great as yours certainly. He was as sick and as weary. Not a nerve or muscle or ligament escaped. All the pangs of all the nations of all the ages compressed into one sour cup. He took the vinegar!

There is also the sourness of poverty. Your income does not meet your outgoings, and that always gives an honest man anxiety. There is no sign of destitution about you—pleasant appearance and a cheerful home for you; but God only knows what a time you have had to manage your private finances. Just as the bills run up the wages seem to run down. You may say nothing, but life to you is a hard push, and when you sit down with your wife, and talk over the expenses, you both rise up discouraged. You abridge here and you abridge there, and you get things snug for smooth sailing, and lo! suddenly there is a large doctor's bill to pay, or you have lost your pocketbook, or some debtor has failed, and you are thrown abeam and, well brother, you are in glorious company. Christ owned not a house in which he stopped, or the colt on which he rode, or the boat in which he sailed. He lived in a borrowed house; he was buried in a borrowed grave. Exposed to all kinds of weather, yet he had only one suit of clothes. He breakfasted in the morning, and no one could possibly tell where he could get anything to eat before night. He would have been pronounced a financial failure. He had to perform a miracle to get money to pay a tax-bill. Not a dollar did he own. Privation of domesticity; privation of nutritious food; privation of a comfortable couch on which to sleep; privation of all worldly resources! The kings of the earth had chased chalices out of which to drink, but Christ had nothing but a plain cup set before him, and it was very sharp and it was very sour. He took the vinegar.

There were years that passed along before your family circle was invaded by death, but the moment the charpied circle was broken everything seemed to dissolve. Hardly have you put the black apparel in the wardrobe before you have again to take it out. Great and rapid changes in your family record. You got the house and rejoiced in it, but the charm was gone as soon as the crape hung on the door-bell. The one upon whom you most depended was taken away from you. A cold marble slab lies on your heart today. Once, as the children romped through the house, you put your hand over your aching head and said: "Oh, if I could only have it still!" Oh, it is there still now. You lost your patience when the toys and the strings, and the shells were left amid floor; but oh, you would be willing to have the trinkets scattered all over the floor again, if they were scattered by the same hands. With what a ruthless plowshare has bereavement rips up the heart! But Jesus knows all about that. You cannot tell him anything now in regard to bereavement. He had only a few friends, and when he lost one it brought tears to his eyes. Lazarus and often entertained him in his house. Now Lazarus is dead and buried, and Christ breaks down with emotion, the convulsion of grief shuddering through all the ages of bereavement. Christ knows what it is to see an unoccupied place at the table. Were there not four of them—Mary and Martha and Christ and Lazarus? Four of them. But where is Lazarus? Lonely and desolate. Christ's eyes seem to be filled with tears! Oh, yes, Christ takes all about the loneliness and the heartbreak. He took the vinegar!

Then there is the sourness of the death hour. Whatever else we may escape, that acid-sponge will be pressed to our lips. I sometimes have a curiosity to know how I will behave when I come to die—whether I will be calm or excited; whether I will be filled with reminiscence or with anticipation. I cannot say. But come to the point I must and you must. An officer from the future world will knock at the door of our hearts, and serve on us the writ of ejectment, and we will have to surrender. And we will wake up after these autumnal and wintry and vernal and summery gales have swept from our vistas, and we will wake up into a realm which has only one season, and that the season of everlasting love.

But you say: "I don't want to break out from my present associations. It is so chilly and so damp to go down into the shade of that vale. I don't want anything drawn so tightly over my eyes. If there were only some way of breaking through the partition between worlds without tearing this body all to shreds!" I wonder if the surgeons and the doctors have not invented a mixture by which this body and soul can all the time be kept together? Is there no escape from this separation? None; absolutely none. A great many men tumble through the gates of the future, as it were, and we do not know where they have gone and they only add gloom and mystery to the passage; but Jesus Christ so mightily stormed the gates of that future world that they have never since been closely shut. Christ knows what it is to leave this world, of the beauty of which he was more appreciative than we ever could be. He knows the exquisiteness of the phosphorescence of the sea; he trod it. He knows the glories of the midnight heavens, for they were the spangled canopy of his wilderness pillow. He knows about the lilies; he fixed them into his sermon. He knows about the fowls of the air; they whirred their way through his discourse. He knows about the sorrows of leaving this beautiful world. Not a taper was kindled in the darkness. He died physician-less. He died in cold sweat and distress and hemorrhage and agony, that have put him in sympathy with all the dying. He goes through Christendom, and he gathers up the stings out of all the death pillows, and he puts them under his own neck and head. He gathers on his own tongue the burning thirsts of many generations. The sponge he soaked in the sorrows of all those who have died in their beds, as well as soaked in the sorrows of all who perished in fiery or fiery martyrdom. While heaven was pitying and earth was mocking and hell was deriding, he took the vinegar!

To all those to whom life has been an acerbity—a dose they could not swallow, a draught that set their teeth on edge and a-rasping—I preach the omnipotent sympathy of Jesus Christ. The sister of Herschel, the astronomer, used to spend much of her time polishing the telescopes through which he brought the distant worlds nigh; and it is my ambition now, this hour, to clear the lens of your spiritual vision, so that looking through the dark night of your earthly troubles you may behold the glorious constellation of a Savior's mercy and a Savior's love. Oh, my friends, do not try to carry all your ills alone. Do not put your poor shoulder under the Apennines when the Almighty Christ is ready to lift up your burdens. When you have a trouble of any kind, you rush this way and that way; and you wonder what this man will say about it, and what that man will say about it; and you try this prescription, and that prescription, and the other prescription. Oh, why do you not go straight to the heart of Christ knowing that for our own sinning and suffering he took the vinegar?

There was a vessel that had been tossed on the seas for a great many weeks, and been disabled, and the supply of water gave out, and the crew were dying of thirst. After many days they saw a sail against the sky. They signaled it. When the vessel came nearer, the people on the suffering ship cried to the captain of the other vessel: "Send us some water. We are dying for lack of water." And the captain on the vessel that was hailed responded: "Dip your buckets where you are. You are in the Amazon, and there are scores of miles of fresh water all around about you, and hundreds of feet deep." And then they dropped their buckets over the side of the vessel, and brought up the clear, bright, fresh water, and put out the fire of their thirst. And so hail you today, after a long and perilous voyage, thirsting as you are for pardon, and thirsting for comfort, and thirsting for eternal life; and I ask you what is the use of your going in that death-struck state, while all around you is the deep, clear, wide, sparkling flood of God's sympathetic mercy? Oh, dip your buckets and drink and live forever. "Whosoever will, let him come and take of the water of life freely."

Yet there are people who refuse this divine sympathy, and they try to fight their own battles, and drink their own vinegar, and carry their own burdens; and their life, instead of being a triumphal march from victory to victory, will be a hobbling on from defeat to defeat, until finally the final surrender to retributive disaster. Oh, I wish I could today gather up in my arms all the woes of men and women, all their heart-aches, all their disappointments, all their chagrins, and just take them right to the feet of a sympathizing Jesus. He took the vinegar. Nana Sahib, after he had lost his last battle, in India, fell back into the jungles of Iheri—jungles so full of malaria that no mortal can live there. He carried with him also a ruby of great size, and of great value. He died in those jungles and his body was never found, and the ruby has never yet been recovered. And I fear that today there are some who will fall back from this subject into the sickening, killing jungles of their sin, carrying a gem of infinite value—a priceless soul to be lost forever. Oh, that that ruby might flash in the eternal coronation! But, no. There are some, I fear, who turn away from this offered mercy, and complain of their sympathy notwithstanding that Christ, for all who accept his grace, trudged the long way, and suffered the lacerating thongs, and received in his face the expectorations of the filthy mob, and for the guilty, and the discouraged, and the discomforted of the race, took the vinegar. May God Almighty break the infatuation, and lead you out into the strong hope, and the good cheer, and the glorious sunshine of this triumphant Gospel!

Better Not Live.

The laws of the day of Henry VIII. were very severe against beggars, and, under a statute passed in that reign, any one caught begging for the first time, being neither aged nor infirm, was whipped at the cart's tail. If caught a second time his ear was cut off. If caught a third time he suffered death as a felon unless some honest person having $50 in goods or $10 in land, or some householder approved by the justices, would take the offender into his service for two years, entering into a bond of $50. So the law of England remained for sixty years. First enacted by Henry VIII., it continued unrepealed through the reigns of Edward and Mary. Reconsidered under Elizabeth the same law was again formally passed, the two legislative houses thereby expressing their conviction that it was better for a man not to live at all than to live the life of a beggar

Bamboo Curtains.

An amusing story, illustrative of the difference between eyes and no eyes, is told by the New Orleans Times-Democrat: "I noticed such a sweet decorative idea on this street yesterday," said a New Orleans visitor to a New Orleans friend while taking a trolley ride near the French market. "It was a house," she continued "hung at all the second and third story windows with pale yellow bamboo curtains. They were perfectly plain and all of the same shade, but you have no idea how they set off the old place. Why, they simply glorified it!" "Hu-m-m," mused her friend, "I don't recall the house. Just point it out as we go by, will you?" Presently the visitor uttered an exclamation. "There it is!" she cried. "The house of the bamboo curtains! I'm sure a colony of artists must live there!" "A colony of Italians," said her friend, grimly. "That's not bamboo. It's a spaghetti factory. They hang the stuff out there to dry."

Office of
W. E. Newark, M.D

Charlotte, Mich., Aug. 2, 1897.

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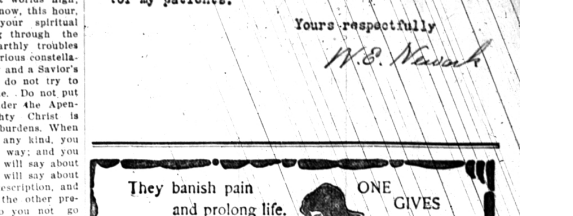
M.E. Newark



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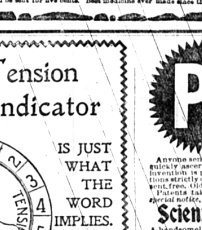

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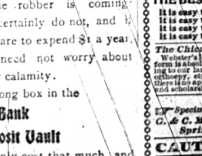

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