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; 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 60 rods of the electric road to Detroit and Pontiac. Land in same section is held at $100 an acre no better than this. Must be sold to settle estate, and the price has been put down to $70 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 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 VanEvery farm on the north shore of Wing Lake, 160 acres, two good houses, three barns, fine lake frontage, 10 acres fine orchard, 15 acres timber. Excellent fishing, boating and bathing. Terms easy.

No. 7.

The J. R. Quick homestead in Birmingham with 140 feet frontage on Saginaw St. and about 350 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 Detroit 25c, Pontiac 10c. One or two months in 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 almost enough to say when we tell you that it is the John Bullough farm in the town of Troy, 220 acres, excellent buildings, two good flowing wells. Carp pond well stocked, 9 miles of title, 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 fishing, boating and bathing; 30 acres of it 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, 123 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, 127½ acres. Good farm house and farm buildings, flowing well at the barn which is the wonder and pride of Troy; 23 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 county. Look it up.

No. 13.

Part of the e½ of the ne¼ of sec 14 in Bloomfield and about 2½ miles from Birmingham and a mile from Circle, 58 acres, no buildings and fenced for pasture, rolling gravelly loam, 55 acres good plow land, balance excellent pasture. Look here! The price is only $35 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 fair 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; 25 acres 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.

No. 18.

A small farm of five acres, being part of the w½ 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, two-story, seven rooms, woodshed, cellar, cistern and all conveniences; 6½ miles from Birmingham, over roads which are the best in the county; a mile from good school; 80 rods from Erity's mill. Excellent neighborhood. This little farm is ready for business, without a cent for repairs or improvements. Price $1,700; Terms easy.

No. 19.

A farm of 103 acres in the township of Rose Ogemaw County, Mich; 50 acres cleared, 30 acres hard wood timber. Barn worth $400. Soil, sandy loam. Price $5 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 village. High and dry, city water, convenient to the D. & P. Electric Ry. and will be sold cheap and on easy terms. Prices range from $125 up. Let us tell you all the particulars about 'em. We also include in this number lots 49, 50, 51 and 52, Block 5 in Urbanrest, near Royal Oak, at $20 per lot.

No. 21.

The Corson Homestead on Maple Ave., consisting of lots 6, 7 and 8 of Willitt's plat, being 6 x 1184 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 Maple Ave. alone is worth $25 per front foot; that would make $4,500. Now, owing to the fact that Mr. Corson wishes to sell and sell right away, he will take $3,500, and if sought to be spot cash on 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 fifty decent price will get it. Watkins Lake is delightfully situated in West Bloomfield Township, the place is known as the Hinkins farm. Has about 40 rods lake frontage, with hard beach—no mosquitoes. A fringe of fine shade trees 60 rods deep. 1½ miles west of Birmingham and the same distance from Pontiac. Postoffice on the farm, with daily mail from Birmingham. 28 miles from Orchard Lake; 3½ mile from good school. Fishing, boating and bathing unexcelled. Forty acres 33 cleared; 7 oak timber, balance oak, fine orchard, beautiful maple grove. House nearly new; good barn. Price $2,000. Like the sound of it? Let us tell you more about it.

THE EXCHANGE BANK,
Birmingham, Mich.

THE BIRMINGHAM ECCENTRIC

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

BIRMINGHAM, FRIDAY, APR. 14, '99

Theatrical angels rush in where wise men fear to tread.

The golden rule measures exactly twelve inches to the foot.

When a man reaches the end of his collateral he is pawn-broke.

Only those on the lower part of the wheel are in favor of revolutions.

The average burlesque actress is simply what the name would indicate.

If a man speaks and acts as his conscience dictates he is called a crank.

If a girl will not marry when she may she may not marry when she will.

Lots of men who imagine they have a literary bent soon find themselves broke.

Occasionally we meet a man whose mind is so weak that it can't even wander.

The young husband forsakes his club during the honeymoon—unless he's a policeman.

It occasionally happens that a man dislocates his common sense when he falls in love.

Bigamist Bates wants to marry again. Some people never learn anything by experience.

A soft answer turneth away wrath, but a wrathful answer doesn't always turn away the soft individual.

The Cuban assembly evidently does not care how many good things get away from the Cuban soldiers.

As the Oom Paul of the Samoan district old Mr. Matuafa has found life exciting but more or less uncertain.

A moralistic failure is a man who gives you advice about getting on in the world, then winds up by striking you for a loan.

Idol-making is one of the most common arts of man. Like the Hottentots, we can make a god out of almost anything; yea, and worse than they do, we may even worship ourselves.

Edna May in London declares that she cannot get along with her husband in San Francisco. Under the circumstances, just think what a terrible time she would have if they happened to be in the same city some time!

All real and wholesome enjoyments possible to man have been just as possible to him since first he was made of the earth, as they are now; and they are possible to him chiefly in peace. To watch the corn grow, and the blossom set, to draw hard breath over the plowshare and spade, to read, to think, to love, to pray—these are the things to make men happy; they have always had the power of doing these—they never will have power to do more.—Ruskin.

Queen Victoria's will is described as engrossed on vellum quarto size, and bound as a volume. When the queen's death makes this document a practical issue, will some one rise to offer the stock objections of "unsound mind" and "undue influence?" The process would be no more absurd than the proceedings in our probate courts, where the wishes of testators are so often ignored. One almost infers that it has become an axiom in probate that a man who has shown good sense and a sound mind in the accumulation of wealth is quite unequal to the task of directing what disposition shall be made of his money after his death. The wise way for men to do is to give their property in trust before death deprives them of option in the disposition of it.

Snobbishness is held up to ridicule by London Truth. A recent occurrence in England prompted its derision. The children of an orphan asylum at Derby were invited by sympathetic friends to attend a local concert, and were, of course, delighted at the prospect. But the children of the poorhouse were also invited, and intended to be present, whereupon the manager of the orphanage declined to permit the children of that institution to share in the anticipated enjoyment. His prohibition was based on the ground that the children of the poorhouse were paupers, with whom he did not wish the inmates of the orphanage to associate. As both orphanage and poorhouse are charitable institutions, this attempt at drawing the line and inducing one class of unfortunates to look down upon another at their social inferiors seems, to Truth, like "snobbishness gone mad."

Beautiful it is to understand and know that a thought did never yet die; that, as thou, the originator thereof, has gathered it and created it from the whole past, so thou wilt transmit it to the whole future. It is thus that the heroic heart, the seeing eye of the first times, still feels and sees in us of the latest, that the wise man stands ever encompassed and spiritually embraced by a cloud of witnesses and brothers; and there is a living literal communion of saints, wide as the world itself and as the history of the world.—Carlyle.

A great field of industry is opened by the Milwaukee man who has sued the members of the jury that convicted him for damages. If he can make that kind of a case stick there is lots of sport ahead for everybody either directly or indirectly connected with a court.

Mrs. Louise Tahelka of Chicago made love to a policeman and has been declared insane. Of course her act was prima-facie evidence, but isn't it going a little too far to regard it as absolutely conclusive?

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

"A STOUT GRASP" LAST SUNDAY'S SUBJECT.

From Second Book of Samuel, Chapter xxiii, Verse 10, as Follows: "And His Hand Clave Unto the Sword"—David and the Philistines.

What a glorious thing to preach the Gospel! Some suppose that because I have resigned a fixed pastorate I will cease to preach. No, No. I expect to preach more than I ever have. If the Lord will, four times as much, though in manifold places. I would not dare to halt with such opportunity to declare the truth through the air to the deafness, and to the eye through the printing press. And here we have a stirring theme put before us by the prophet.

A great general of King David was Eleazar, the hero of the text. The Philistines opened battle against him, and his troops retreated. The cowards fled. Eleazar and three of his comrades went into the battle and swept the field for four men with God on their side are stronger than a whole regiment with God against them. "Fall back!" shouted the commander of the Philistine army. The cry ran along the host: "Fall back!" Eleazar, having swept the field, throws himself on the ground to rest; but the muscles and sinews of his hand had been so long bent around the hilt of his sword that the hilt was imbedded in the flesh, and the gold wire of the hilt had broken through the skin of the palm of the hand, and he could not drop this sword which he had so gallantly wielded. "His hand clave unto the sword." That is what I call magnificent fighting for the Lord God of Israel. And we want more of it.

I propose to show you how Eleazar took hold of the sword and how the sword took hold of Eleazar. I look at Eleazar's hand, and I come to the conclusion that he took the sword with a very tight grip. The cowards who fled had no trouble in dropping their swords. As they fly over the rocks I hear their swords clanging in every direction. It is easy enough for them to drop their swords. But Eleazar's hand clave unto the sword. In this Christian conflict we want a tighter grip of the Gospel weapons, a tighter grip of the two-edged sword of the truth. It makes me sick to see these Christian people who hold only a part of the truth, and let the rest of the truth go so that the Philistines, seeing the loosened grasp, wrench the whole sword away from them. The only safe thing for us to do is to put our thumb on the Book of Genesis and sweep our hand around the Book until the New Testament comes into the palm, and keep on sweeping our hand around the Book until the tips of the fingers clutch at the words: "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth." I like an infidel a great deal better than I do one of these namby-pamby Christians who hold a part of the truth, and let the rest go. By miracle, God preserved this Bible just as it is, and it is a Damascus blade. The severest test to which a sword can be put in a sword factory is to wind the blade around a gun-barrel like a ribbon, and then when the sword is let loose it flies back to its own shape. So the sword of God's truth has been fully tested, and it is bent this way and that way, and that way, but it always comes back to its own shape. Think of it! Written near nineteen centuries ago, and come of it thousands of years ago, and yet in our time the average sale of this Book is more than twenty thousand copies every week, and more than a million copies a year. I say now that a Book which is divinely inspired and divinely kept and divinely scattered is a weapon worth holding a tight grip of. Bishop Colenso will come along and try to wrench out of your hand the five books of Moses, and Strauss will come along and try to wrench out of your hand the miracles, and Renan will come along and try to wrench out of your hand the entire life of the Lord Jesus Christ, and your associates in the office or the factory or the banking house will try to wrench out of your hand the entire Bible; but in the strength of the Lord God of Israel, and with Eleazar's grip hold on to it. You give up the Bible, you give up any part of it, and you give up pardon and peace and life and heaven.

Do not be ashamed, young man, to have the world know what you are a friend of the Bible. This Book is the friend of all that is good, and it is the sworn enemy of all that is bad. An eloquent writer recently gives an incident of a very bad man who stood in a cell of a Western prison. This criminal had gone through all styles of crime, and he was there waiting for the gallows. The convict standing there at the window of the cell, this writer says, "looked out and declared, 'I am an infidel.' He said that to all the men and women and children who happened to be gathered there. 'I am an infidel,'" and the eloquent writer says; "Every man and woman there believed him." And the writer goes on to say: "If he had stood there saying, 'I am a Christian,' every man and woman would have said: 'He is a liar!'"

This Bible is the sworn enemy of all that is wrong, and it is the friend of all that is good. Oh, hold on it! Do not take part of it and throw the rest away. Hold on to all of it. There are so many people now who do not know. You ask them if the soul is immortal, and they say: "I guess it is: I don't know. Perhaps it is, perhaps it isn't." Is the Bible true? "Well, perhaps it is, and perhaps it isn't. Perhaps it may be, figuratively, and perhaps it may be partly, and perhaps it may not be at all." They despise what they call the apostolic creed; but if their own creed were written out, it would read like this: "I believe in nothing. I maker of heaven and earth, and in nothing which it hath sent, which nothing was born of nothing, and which nothing was dead and buried and descended into nothing, and arose from nothing, and now sitteth at the right hand of nothing, from which it will come to judge nothing. I believe in the holy agnostic church and in the communion of nothingarians, and in the forgiveness of nothing, and the resurrection of nothing, and in the life that never shall be. Amen!" That is the creed of tens of thousands of people in this day. If you have a mind to adopt such a theory, I will not. "I believe in God the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth, and in Jesus Christ, and in the holy Catholic church, and in the communion of saints, and in the life everlasting. Amen." Oh, when I see Eleazar taking such a stout grip of the sword in the battle against sin and for righteousness, I come to the conclusion that we ought to take a stouter grip of God's eternal truth—the sword of righteousness.

As I look at Eleazar's hand I also notice his spirit of self-forgetfulness. He did not notice that the hilt of the sword was eating through the palm of his hand. He did not know it hurt him. As he went out into the conflict he was so anxious for the victory he forgot himself, and that hilt might go ever so deeply into the palm of his hand, it could not disturb him. "His hand clave unto the sword." O, my brothers and sisters, let us go into the Christian conflict with the spirit of self-abnegation. Who cares whether the world praises us or denounces us? What do we care for misrepresentation, or abuse, or persecution in a conflict like this? Let us forget ourselves. That man who is afraid of getting his hand hurt will never kill a Philistine. Who cares whether you get hurt or not if you get the victory? Oh, how many Christians there are who are all the time worrying about the way the world treats them. They are so tired, and they are so abused, and they are so tempted, when Eleazar did not think whether he had a hand, or an arm, or a foot. All he wanted was victory.

We see how men forget themselves in worldly achievement. We have often seen men who, in order to achieve worldly success, will forget all physical fatigue and all annoyance and all obstacle. Just after the batte of Yorktown, in the American Revolution, a musician, wounded, was told he must have his limbs amputated, and they were about to fasten him to the surgeon's table—for it was long before the merciful discovery of anaesthetics. He said, "No, don't fasten me to that table; get me a violin." A violin was brought to him, and he said: "Now go to work as I begin to play," and for forty minutes, during the awful pangs of amputation, he moved not a muscle nor dropped a note, while he played some sweet tune. Oh, is it not strange that with the music of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, and with this grand march of the church militant on the way to become the church triumphant, we cannot forget ourselves and forget all pangs and all sorrow and all persecution and all perturbation.

We know what men accomplish under worldly opposition. Men do not shrink back for antagonism, or for hardship. You have admired Prescott's "Conquest of Mexico," as brilliant and beautiful a history as was ever written; but some of you may not know under what disadvantages it was written—that "Conquest of Mexico"—for Prescott was totally blind, and he had two pieces of wood parallel to each other fastened, and totally blind with his pen between those pieces of wood he wrote, the stroke against one piece of wood telling how far the pen must go in one way, the stroke against the other piece of wood telling how far the pen must go the other way. Oh, how much men will endure for worldly knowledge and worldly success, and yet how little we endure for Jesus Christ. How many Christians there are that go around saying, "O my hand. O this hand, my hurt hand; don't you see there is blood on the hand, and there is blood on the sword?" while Eleazar, with the hilt imbedded in the flesh of his right hand does not know it.

Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize,
Or sailed through bloody seas?

What have we suffered in comparison with those who expired with suffocation, or were burned, or were chopped to pieces for the truth's sake? We talk of the persecution of olden times. There is just as much persecution going on now in various ways. In 1849, in Madagascar, eighteen men were put to death for Christ's sake. They were to be hurled over the rocks, in order to make their death the more dreadful in anticipation, they were put in baskets and swung to and fro over the precipice that they might see how many hundred feet they would have to be dashed down, and while they were swinging in these baskets over the rocks they sang:

Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the billows near me roll,
While the tempest still is high.

Then they were dashed down to death. Oh, how much others have endured for Christ, and how little we endure for Christ. We want to ride to heaven in a Pullman sleeping car, our feet on soft plush. The bed made up early so we can sleep all the way, the black porter of Death to wake us up only in time to enter the golden city. We want all the surgeons to fix our hand up. Let them bring on all the lint and all the bandages and all the salve, for our hand is hurt, while Eleazar does not know his hand is hurt. "His hand clave unto the sword."

As I look at Eleazar's hand, I come to the conclusion that he has done a great deal of hard fighting. I am not surprised when I see that these four men—Eleazar and his three companions—drove back the army of Philistines, that Eleazar's sword clave to his hand, for every time he struck an enemy with one end of the sword, the other end of the sword wounded him. When he took hold of the sword, the sword took hold of him.

Divorced.

Mrs. D'Cree, of Chicago—Is he her husband? Mrs. A. P. Cante (also of that place)—Well, rather her has been, I should say.—Philadelphia North American.

The flesh of alligators tastes very like veal, and is regarded as a delicacy by many people in India

OUR BUDGET OF FUN.

SOME GOOD JOKES, ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

A Variety of Jokes—Gibes and Jeers: Original and Selected—Flotsam and Jetsam from the Tide of Humor—Witty Sayings.

Up-to-Date.

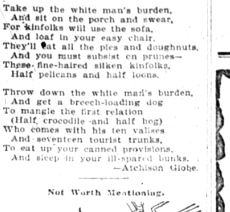
Take up the white man's burden,
And blow in your hard-earned tin
For coddled and canned tomatoes
To fatten your wife's loan kin;
Her aunts and her wicked uncles
Are coming to drive you wild;
These half-starved sullen peoples,
Half devil and half child.

Take up the white man's burden,
And fill up your house with bunks,
That kinfolks may sleep in comfort;
They're coming with bags and trunks;
They're coming to stay all summer,
To die in your yard next fall—
These half-starved sullen peoples,
Half stomach and half gall.

Take up the white man's burden,
And sit on the porch and swear,
For kinfolks will use the sofa,
And loaf in your easy chair.
They'll eat all the pies and doughnuts,
And you must subsist on prunes—
These half-starved silken kinfolks,
Half pelicans and half loons.

Throw down the white man's burden,
And get a breech-loading dog
To mangle the first relation
(Half crocodile and half hog)
Who comes with his ten valises
And seventeen tourist trunks,
To eat up your canned provisions,
And sleep in your ill-spared bunks.
—Atchison Globe.

Not Worth Mentioning.



The Shaved—Didn't you take off a piece of my ear, then?

The Shaver—Yes, sah, but not enough to hurt de Razzah.

Away Behind.

"What's the matter?. I hear that you are going to withdraw from our club."

"Yes, I can't afford to run the risk of being ostracized by society for remaining a member of an organization that has never had a cake walk."—Chicago Daily News.

The Practical Side of It.

Uncle Hiram—So yew study Latin an' Greek at college, dew ye?

Nephew—Yes, sir. Don't you approve of those studies?

Uncle Hiram—Wal, the Latin might come in handy if ye ever work in a drug store, but I don't see what the Greek is good for.

It Made Him Angry.

"Fosdick received a valentine that made him very angry."

"One of those outrageous comic things, I suppose?"

"No; it is a pretty valentine, but it was sent by express, charges to be collected."—New York World.

A Perfectly Natural Query.

The Lady—So you are a hero of the late war, eh?

The Tramp—Yes, ma'am.

The Lady—Well, what have you done with the money you received for your magazine articles?—Puck.

Rough on Auntie.

Tommy—"Sunday school is over 200 years old."

Cissy—"My aunt says it's only low."

Tommy—"Oh, well, I suppose that's as far back as she can remember."—Stray Stories.

A Last Resource.

King's Daughter—Mercy! Do you allow that half-grown girl to read Zola and Ouida?

The Mother—I must do something to keep her away from the newspapers—Life.

Force of Habit.

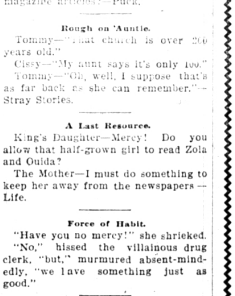
"Have you no mercy?" she shrieked.

"No," hissed the villainous drug clerk, "but," murmured absent-mindedly, "we have something just as good."

Bryant Revised.

The melancholy days are come,
The saddest ever yet,
When we put our overcoats in hock
Our summer suits to get.

Hardest Luck of All.



Beggar (pathetically)—Ah, mister, was it on account of havin' no home ter go ter?

Citizen (unsteadily)—Nuzzin, my friend—nuzzin'—'cept havin' a home that you've got to go to.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Quite the Contrary.

Biggs—Is your wife's mother still visiting you?

Riggs—She is visiting us, but she is not still.

A Certainty.

Jones—In a roof garden show? Impossible!

Johnson—Well, I'll bet she's not above it.

Office of
L. Garner, M.D.

Lansing, Mich., Oct. 25th, 1897.

Mess. S. A. Sloman & Co.,

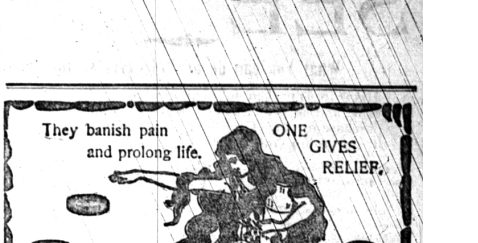
Gentlemen:—

I find your Diamond Wedding whiskey first class in every respect for medicinal purposes.

Yours,

Dr. L. Garner

They banish pain and prolong life. ONE GIVES RELIEF.

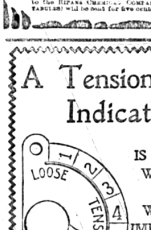


R·I·P·A·N·S

No matter what the matter is, one will do you good, and you can get ten for five cents.

A new style package containing five cents, or twelve tablets for a dime (without glass) is now for sale at nearly all druggists in the United States. The five cent packet contains enough for ordinary occasions. One tablet gives relief. For the five cent packets (20 tablets) can be had by mail by sending forty-eight cents to the Ripans Chemical Company, No. 10 Spruce street, New York. A single tablet (one R·I·P·A·N·S) will be sent for five cents. Best medicine ever made since the world was created.

A Tension Indicator



IS JUST WHAT THE WORD IMPLIES.

It indicates the state of the tension at a glance. Its use means time saving and easier sewing.

It's our own invention and is found only on the

WHITE Sewing Machine.

We have other striking improvements that appeal to the careful buyer. Send for our elegant H. T. catalog.

WHITE SEWING MACHINE CO.
Cleveland, Ohio.

WHITEHEAD & MITCHELL, Agents,
Birmingham, Mich

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