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 Pennsylvania. Will deliver cords of stone on the premises so 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; 14 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 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 in order to sell 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 $360. Electric cars pass the door.

No. 5.

Elegant house and lot 66 feet front and 20 rods deep on Maple Ave. East, (half an acre). Fine barn and every modern convenience. Furnace, bath, closet, etc. Can be bought for what the buildings cost. Will exchange for improved city property for portion of the purchase price.

No. 6.

The VanVlery 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 165 feet frontage on Saginaw St., and about 260 feet deep. New modern dwelling, good barn, fine lawn, shrubbery and small fruits. Electric cars pass the door every half hour for Detroit and Pontiac. Fare to Detroit 15c, Pontiac 10c. Over 25 trains daily to Detroit and must sell. We will make it an object to 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 Buttolph farm in the town of Troy, 220 acres, excellent buildings, two good flowing wells. Carp pond well stocked, 9 miles of tile; fine orchards, 5 miles from Birmingham, 8 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; 197 acres of as good farming land as there is in the county of Oakland. Will exchange in part for good improved city property. Thirty acres of good heavy timber. Terms very easy.

No. 10.

Large roomy two-story house on Townsend St. in Birmingham, good barn, city water and all ordinary conveniences, 120 feet front and 103 ft. deep. Small fruit and good neighborhood.

No. 11.

The old Shutes farm in the township of Troy, one mile east of Birmingham, 80 acres, all cleared, 7 acres of the finest orchard, good house and 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 and never-failing water 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 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 a mile from Circle, 68 acres, no buildings and good for pasture, rolling gravelly loam, 55 acres good plow land, balance excellent pasture. Look here! The price is only $25 per acre. If you want a cheap farm, here it is.

No. 14.

Two hundred and fourteen acres in sections 15 and 16, Southfield, with them 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 and has 9 rooms, woodshed, cellar, cistern and all conveniences; 2¼ miles from Birmingham, over roads which are the best in the country; 40 rods from good school; 80 rods from Kirby's mill. Excellent neighborhood. This little farm is ready for business, without a cent for repairs or improvements. Price $1,500; Terms easy.

No. 19.

A farm of 100 acres in the township of Rose, Ogemaw County, Mich.; 50 acres cleared, 50 acres mixed hard wood timber land. Price $700. Soil, sandy loam. Price $25 per acre; terms $200 cash, balance on long time at 8 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 roadway very soon to the residence of W. C. Jeaks 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 R'y and will be sold cheap and on easy terms. Prices range from $125 up. Let us tell you all the particulars about them. We also include in this number lots 49, 50, 21 and 32, Block 3 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 1165 feet each, 198 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 held at $25 per front foot; that would make $4,950. Now, owing to the fact that Mr. Corson wishes to sell and sell right away, he will take $3,500, and it ought to be worth 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 set it. Walnut Lake is handsomely situated in West Bloomfield Township; the place is known as the Meakes farm. Has about 40 rods lake frontage, with hard banks—no marsh—with a fringe of fine shade trees on miles west of Birmingham and the same distance from Pontiac. Pontiac and the farm with daily mail from Birmingham, 2¾ miles from Orchard Lake, ¾ mile from good school. Fishing, boating and bathing is unexcelled. Forty acres 35 cleared; 7 oak timber, 3 elm, loam soil, fine orchard, beautiful maple grove. House nearly new; good barn. Price, $9,000. 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. 7, '99

Riches, perhaps, do not so often produce crimes as incite accusers.

When an army officer smokes cigarettes he is reduced to the ranks.

No man is absolutely worthless. A good skeleton will bring $25 cash.

The sting of a snub often proves to be most lacerating to the one who makes it.

What makes Italy so mad is that she found the open door in China swung the wrong way.

When a man reaches the top he should kick the ladder over if he wants to remain there.

The majority doesn't always rule. One bad little boy sometimes gets a dozen good little boys into mischief.

In Berlin sheet music is sold by weight. In this country the autocrat of the bass drum supplies it by the pound.

The certainty that life cannot be long, and the probability that it will be much shorter than nature allows, ought to awaken every man to the active prosecution of whatever he is desirous to perform. It is true that no diligence can ascertain success; death may intercept the swiftest career; but he who is cut off in the execution of an honest undertaking, has at least the honor of falling in his rank, and has fought the battle, though he missed the victory.

Perhaps no kind of superiority is more flattering or alluring than that which is conferred by the powers of conversation, by extemporaneous sprightliness of fancy, copiousness of language, and fertility of sentiment. In other exertions of genius, the greater part of the praise is unknown and unenjoyed. The writer, indeed, spreads his reputation to a wider extent, but receives little pleasure or advantage from the diffusion of his name, and only obtains a kind of nominal sovereignty over regions which pay no tribute. The colloquial wit has always his own radiance reflected on himself, and enjoys all the pleasure which he bestows; he finds his power confessed by every one that approaches him, sees friendship kindling with rapture and attention swelling into praise.

Miss Rella C. Harber of Trenton, Mo., secretary of the Interstate Good Roads and Public Improvement Association, appeared in Springfield, Ill., last week to inaugurate a movement for the organization of the state in the interests of hard roads. It is proposed to hold a state convention in Illinois early in the summer, and plans will then be made for the organization of every county in the state. There is at present a hard-roads association in Illinois, and it is not proposed to organize a rival association, but to make the existing one perhaps the nucleus for a great organization. The object of Miss Harber's visit to Springfield at this time is to interest Gov. Tanner and the members of the legislature in the project. Lists of questions are to be sent out over the state with a view to securing reliable information as to the condition of the country roads and the amount annually expended upon them. It is proposed to institute such a system of agitation that the question of hard roads will soon become a local political issue.

The nondescript tongue known as "pidgin-English" is almost the only medium of communication between foreigners and the Chinese, and nine-tenths of the enormous business done in China between the English, German and Americans and the Chinese is done through this grotesque gibberish. Mr. Chester Holcombe, in his "Real-Chinaman," gives two amusing anecdotes to show how absurd it is. A young foreigner who called upon two young ladies, also foreigners, was informed by their Chinese servant, "That two piecey girlo no can see. Number one piecey top side makee washee, washee. Number two piecey go outside, makee walkee, walkee." He meant to say that the elder of the two was taking a bath up-stairs, and the younger had gone out. When King Kalakaua, of the Hawaiian Islands, visited Shanghai, he occupied a suite of rooms up one flight of stairs at the Astor House. Two American gentlemen called to pay their respects one morning, and meeting the proprietor, inquired if the king was in. "I will see," replied the landlord, and shouting to a Chinese servant at the head of the stairs, asked, "Boy! That piecey king top side, had got?" "Hab got," laconically answered the servant. "Gentlemen, his majesty is in. Pray walk up," said the landlord.

The suggestion that oysters might be cultivated at the mouths of streams emptying into the Great Salt Lake has led to a careful examination by Dr. H. F. Moore of the United States fish commission. The lake itself is too salt for oysters, but it was thought that in bays and arms, where fresh water enters, the salinity might be reduced to a point suitable for oysters, clams, crabs and similar animals used for food. The investigation renders it doubtful if the supply of fresh water is regular enough for the purpose.

Whatever is done skillfully appears to be done with ease; and art, when it is once matured to habit, vanishes from observation. We are, therefore, more powerfully excited to emulation by those who have attained the highest degree of excellence, and whom we can therefore with least reason hope to equal.

There is no higher duty to be performed by an army officer than that of self-control. The man who cannot command his own passions cannot be trusted to command other men.

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

"ANGELS OF THE GRASS" LAST SUNDAY'S SUBJECT.

From Luke, 12:22, as Follows: "If Then God So Clothe the Grass . . . How Much More Will He Clothe You, O Ye of Little Faith?"

The lily is the queen of Bible flowers. The rose may have disputed her throne in modern times, and won it; but the rose originally had only five petals. It was under the long-continued, and intense gaze of the world that the rose blushed into its present beauty. In the Bible train, cassia and hyssop and frankincense and myrrh and spikenard and camphire and the rose follow the lily. Fourteen times in the Bible is the lily mentioned; only twice the rose. The rose may now have wider empire, but the lily reigned in the time of Esther, in the time of Solomon, in the time of Christ, Caesar had his throne on the hills. The lily had her throne in the valley. In the greatest sermon that was ever preached there was only one flower, and that a lily. The Bedford dreamer, John Bunyan, entered the House of the Interpreter, and was shown a cluster of flowers, and was told to "consider the lilies."

We may study or reject other sciences at our option. It is so with astronomy; it is so with chemistry; it is so with jurisprudence; it is so with physiology; it is so with geology; but the science of botany Christ commands us to study when he says: "Consider the lilies." Measure them from root to tip of petal. Inhale their breath. Notice the gracefulness of their poise. Hear the whisper of the white lips of the Eastern and the red lips of the American lily.

Belonging to this royal family of lilies is the lily of the Nile, the Japan lily, the Lady Washington of the Pyrenees, the golden band lily, the giant lilly of Nepaul, the Turk's cap lily, the African lily from the Cape of Good Hope. All these lilies have the royal blood in their veins. But I take the lilies of my text this morning as typical of all flowers and their voice of floral beauty seems to address us, saying, "Consider the lilies, consider the azaleas, consider the fuchsias, consider the geraniums, consider the ivies, consider the hyacinths, consider the hellotropes, consider the oleanders. With deferential and grateful and worshipful souls, consider them. Not with insipid sentimentalism, or with sophomoric vaporing, but for grand and practical and every-day, and, if need be, homely uses, consider them.

The flowers are the angels of the grass. They all have voices. When the clouds speak, they thunder; when the whirlwinds speak, they scream; when the cataracts speak, they roar; but when the flowers speak, they always whisper. I stand here to interpret their message. What have you to say to us, O ye angels of the grass? This morning I mean to discuss what flowers are good for. That is my subject—What are flowers good for?

I remark, in the first place, they are good for lessons of God's providential care. That was Christ's first thought. All these flowers seem to address us today, saying, "God will give you apparel and food. We have no wheel with which to spin, no loom with which to weave, no sickle with which to harvest, no well-sweep with which to draw water, but God slakes our thirst with the dew, and God feeds us with the bread of the sunshine, and God has appointed us with more than Solomonic regality. We are prophetesses of adequate wardrobe. "If God so clothed us, the grass of the field, will he not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith?" Men and women of worldly anxieties, take this message home with you. How long has God taken care of you? Quarter of the journey of life? Half the journey of life? Three-quarters of the journey of life? Can you not trust him the rest of the way? God does not promise you anything like that which the Roman emperor had on his table at vast expense—five hundred nightingales' tongues—but he has promised to take care of you. He has promised you the necessities, not the luxuries—bread, not cake. If God so luxuriantly clothes the grass of the field, will he not provide for you, his living and immortal children? He will.

No wonder Martin Luther always had a flower on his writing desk for inspiration! Through the cracks of the prison door a flower grew up to cheer Picciola. Mungo Park, the great traveler and explorer, had his life saved by a flower. He sank down in the desert to die, but seeing a flower near by, it suggested God's merciful care, and he got up with new courage and traveled on to safety. I said the flowers are the angels of the grass. I add now they are the evangels of the grass.

If you ask me the question, What are flowers good for? I respond, they are good for the bridal day. The bride must have them on her brow, and she must have them in her hand. The marriage altar must be covered with them. A wedding without flowers would be as inappropriate as a wedding without music. At such a time they are for congratulations and prophecies of good. So much of the pathway of life is covered up with thorns we ought to cover the beginning with orange blossoms.

Flowers are appropriate on such occasions, for in ninety-nine out of a hundred cases it is the very best thing that could have happened. The world may criticise and pronounce it an inaptitude, and may lift its eyebrows in surprise and think it might suggest something better; but the God who sees the twenty, forty, fifty years of wedded life before they have begun arranges for the best. So that flowers, in almost all cases, are appropriate for the marriage day. The divergences of disposition will become correspondences, recklessness will become prudence, frivolity will be turned into practicality.

There has been many an aged widowed soul who had a carefully locked bureau, and in the bureau a box, and in the box a folded paper, and in the folded paper a half-blown rose; slightly fragrant, discolored, carefully pressed. She put it there forty or fifty years ago. On the anniversary of her wedding she will go to the bureau, she will lift the box, she will unfold the paper, and to her eyes will be exposed the half-blown bud, and the memories of the past will rush upon her, and a tear will drop upon the flower, and suddenly it is transaguared, and there is a stir in the dust of the anther, and it rounds out, and it is full of life, and it begins to tremble in the procession of the church aisle, and the dead music of a half century ago comes throbbing through the air, and vanished faces reappear, and right hands are joined, and a manly voice promises, "I will, for better or worse," and the wedding march thunders a salvo of joy at the departing crowd; but a sigh on that anniversary day scatters the scene. Under the deep-fetched breath, the flowers, the congratulating groups are scattered, and there is nothing left but a trembling hand holding a faded rosebud, which is put into the paper, and then into the box, and the box carefully placed in the bureau, and with a sharp, sudden click of the lock the scene is over.

Ah, my friends, let not the prophecies of the flowers, on your wedding day, be false prophecies. Be bind to each other's faults. Make the most of each other's excellences. Remember the vows, the ring on the third finger of the left hand, and the benediction of the calla lilies.

If you ask me the question, What are flowers good for? I answer, They are good to honor and comfort the obsequies. The worst gash ever made into the side of our poor earth, is the gash of the grave. It is so deep, it is so cruel, it is so incurable, that it needs something to cover it up. Flowers for the casket, flowers for the hearse, flowers for the cemetery. What a contrast between a grave in a country churchyard, with the fence broken down, and the tombstone aslant, and the neighboring cattle browsing amid the mullein stalks and the Canada thistles, and a June morning in Greenwood, the wave of roseate bloom rolling to the top of the mounds, and then breaking into foaming crests of white flowers all around the pillows of dust! It is the difference between sleeping under rags and sleeping under an embroidered blanket. We want Old Mortality with his chisel to go through all the graveyards in Christendom, and while he carves a chisel in one hand we want Old Mortality to have some flower seed in the palm of the other hand. * * *

It was left for modern times to spell respect for the departed and comfort for the living in letters of floral Gospel. Pillow of flowers, meaning rest for the pilgrim who has got to the end of his journey. Anchor of flowers, suggesting the Christian hope which we have as an anchor of the soul, sure and steadfast. Cross of flowers, suggesting the tree on which our sins were slain. And I may say I would cover up all the dreamless sleepers, whether in golden-handled casket or pine box, whether a king's mausoleum or Potter's field, with radiant or aromatic arborescence. The Bible says: "In the midst of the garden there was a sepulchre." I wish that every sepulchre might be in the midst of a garden.

If you ask me the question, what are flowers good for? I answer, for religious symbolism. Have you ever studied Scriptural flora? The Bible is an arboretum, it is a divine conservatory, it is an herbarium of exquisite beauty. If you want to illustrate the brevity of the brightest of life, you will quote from Job: "Man cometh forth as a flower and is cut down." Or you will quote from the Psalmist: "As the flower of the field, so he perisheth; the wind passeth over it, and it is gone." Or you will quote from Isaiah: "All flesh is grass and all the goodliness thereof is as the flower of the field." Or you will quote from James the Apostle: "As the flower of the grass, so he passeth away." What graphic Bible symbolism!

All the cut flowers will soon be dead whatever care you take of them. Though morning and night you hap. fore them in the name of the shower the baptism will not be to them a saving ordinance. They have been fatally wounded with the knife that cut them. They are bleeding their life away; they are dying now. The fragrance in the air is their departing and ascending spirits. Oh, yes! Flowers are almost human. Botanists tell us that flowers breathe, they take nourishment, they eat, they drink. They are sensitive. They have their likes and dislikes. They sleep, they wake. They live in families. They have their ancestors and their descendants, their birth, their burial, their cradle, their grave. The zephyr rocks the one, and the storm digs the trench for the other. The cowslip must leave its gold, the lily must leave its alive, the rose must leave its diamond necklace of morning dew. Dead, dead! So we come up, we prosper, we spread abroad, we die, as the flower—as the flower!

Change and decay in all around I see. O thou who changest not, abide with me!

Flowers also afford mighty symbolism of Christ, who compared himself to the ancient queen, the lily, and the modern queen, the rose, when he said: "I am the rose of Sharon, and the lily of the valley." Redolent like the one, humble like the other. Like both, appropriate for the sad who want sympathizers, and for the rejoicing who want banqueters. Hovering over the marriage ceremony like a wedding-bell, or folded like a chaplet on the pulseless heart of the dead. Oh, Christ! let the perfume of thy name be wafted all around the earth—the rose and rose, lily and rose—until the wilderness crimson into a garden, and the round earth turn into one great bud of immortal beauty laid against the warm heart of God. Snatch down from the world's banners eagle and lion, and put on lily and rose, lily and rose.

But, my friends, flowers have no grander use than when on Easter morning we celebrate the re-animation of Christ from the catacombs. The flowers spell resurrection. There is not a nook or corner in all the building but is touched with the incense. The women carried spices to the tomb of Christ, and they dropped spices all around the tomb, and from these spices have grown all the flowers of Easter morn. The two white-robed angels that hurled the stone away from the door of the tomb, hurled it with such violence down the hill that it crashed in the door of the world's sepulchre, and millions of dead shall come forth.

However labyrinthine the mausoleum, however costly the sarcophagus, however architecturally grand the necropolis, however beautifully parterred the family grounds, we want them all broken up by the Lord of the Resurrection. The forms that we laid away with our broken hearts must rise again. Father and mother—they must come out. Husband and wife—they must come out. Brothers and sisters—they must come out. Our darling children—they must come out. The eyes that we with trembling fingers we closed, must open in the luster of Resurrection morn. The arms that we folded in death must join opra in embrace of reunion. The beloved voice that was hushed must be retuned. The beloved form must come up without its infirmities, without its fatigues—it must come up. Oh, how long it seems for some of you! Waiting—waiting for the Resurrection! How long! how long! I make for your broken hearts today a cool, soft bandage of lilies. I comfort you this day with the thought of resurrection.

When Lord Nelson was buried in St. Paul's Cathedral in London, the heart of all England was stirred. The procession passed on amid the sobbing of a nation. There were thirty trumpeters stationed at the door of the Cathedral, with instruments of music in hand, waiting for the signal, and when the illustrious dead arrived at the gates of St. Paul's Cathedral, these thirty trumpeters gave one united blast, and then all was silent. Yet the trumpets did not wake the dead. He slept right on. But I have to tell you, what thirty trumpeters could not do for one man, one trumpeter will do for all nations. The ages have rolled on, and the clock of the world's destiny strikes nine, ten, eleven, twelve, and time shall be no longer! Behold the archangel hovering! He takes the trumpet, points it this way, puts its lips to his lips, and then blows one long, loud, terrific, thunderous, reverberating and resurrectionary blast! Look, look! They rise! The dead—the dead! some coming forth from the family vault; some from the city cemetery; some from the country graveyard. Here a spirit is joined to its body, and there another spirit is joined to another body, and millions of departed spirits are assorting the bodies and then re-clothing themselves in forms radiant for ascension.

The earth begins to burn—the bonfire of a great victory. All ready now for the procession of re-united humanity! Upward and away! Christ leads and all the Christian dead follow, battalion after battalion, nation after nation. Up, up! On, on! Forward, ye ranks of God Almighty! Lift up your heads, ye everlasting gates, and let the conquerors come in! Resurrection! Resurrection.

And so I twist all the festal flowers of the chapels and cathedrals of all Christendom into one great chain, and with that chain I bind the Easter morning of 1899 with the closing Easter of the world's history—Resurrection! May the God of peace that brought again from the dead our Lord Jesus, that great Shepherd of the sheep, through the blood of the covenant, make you perfect in every good work to do his will.

GLASS HOUSES HOLD HEAT.

Energy from Sun Passes Through Glass in Waves of Light.

From the Boston Globe: It is very curious, said the old professor of physics, to see how many market gardeners there are to raise crops under glass and be mighty much of the process, and yet do not know why their heating frames and their hothouses remain hot inside. Now, as a matter of fact, the heat mechanism of a hothouse depends on a well-known proposition of physics. I suppose you are acquainted with the fact that energy from the sun travels in the form of little waves. The energy does not come down to us in straight lines; it comes, as it were, in a zigzag manner, dancing from side to side as it comes along. If these waves are very short, light is the result. If they are a trifle longer, they take the form of heat. If the light waves strike anything on the way down they are very apt to be turned into heat. Now, the waves which form light are so short that they will readily pass through glass, but the waves which form heat are so long that they will not pass through. From this, therefore, you may see why a hothouse remains hot. The energy from the sun passes into the house through the glass roof in the form of light. Then it strikes the objects in the house and is turned to heat. But this heat cannot pass out through the glass. The heat waves are too long. So the light keeps coming in and the heat keeps accumulating, and soon the hothouse becomes very warm indeed, even on the coldest days in winter.

Of course our dwelling-houses are heated by the sun in the same way. The light comes in through the windows, but the heat cannot pass out.

For Spring Wear.

The flowers which bloom in the spring are already largely in evidence, and the modern is the transition from plumes innumerable that the more audacious of spring chapeaux appear positively startling. The new bows, too, are stiff and aggressive, and the simple Empire knot has evolved into an octopus arrangement of many loops, these generally of varying height, and in various shades. Ribbon loops and bows are so deftly manipulated that they appear of most elaborate weaving, but stripes of bebe velvet, chenille and sequin spots or a lattice work of chenille and beads are all put on by hand and certainly enhance the value of the ribbon and increase the effect of the chapeau. Choux of ribbon, of velvet cut on the bias and of rich satin are much in favor for the relief color under the brim. Turquoise and nasturtium tints are very popular on dark hats, and black feathers still prevail. A new short coat, with sack and three cutaway front, is admirably adapted for spring wear, and has already been copied for the Riviera and Cairo and our own Florida. White cloth has also been extensively used for Riviera toilettes of the coat and skirt type, and, needless to say, with the indispensable stitched lines. The Eton shape has taken a new lease of life, and it is no longer the sober, sedate Eton, but a glorified substitute, fancifully shaped and adorned.

Dr. Healy & Richard.

Office over Coffee Store,

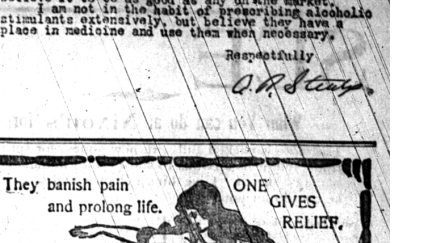
Charlotte, Mich. July 3 1897

Mess. S. A. Sloman & Co.,

Gentlemen:— Will say from the examination of your Diamond Wedding whiskey thus far made believe it to be as good as any on the market. I am not in the habit of prescribing alcoholic stimulants extensively, but believe they have a place in medicine and use them when necessary.

Respectfully

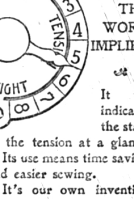
O. R. Healy.



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

A new style package containing TEN RIPANS TABULES in a paper carton (without glass) is now for sale at some of our advertising druggists. This low-priced carton is for the accommodation of those who only need a few of these remedies at present. The regular family bottle, containing 72 TABULES, will be sent for five cents. Best medicine ever made known to mankind. Ripans Tabules.

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.
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