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 80 rods of the electric road to Detroit and Pontiac. Land in same section is held at $800 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 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, 100 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. Owner has moved to Toronto and must sell. We will make it a object for any one to purchase 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. 80 acres, excellent land, well watered, two good wells. (arp pond well-stocked, 9 miles of title; fine orchard, 8 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 and bathing. 127 acres of as fine a 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, 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; 21 acres of 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, 64 acres, no buildings and fenced for pasture, rolling gravelly land, 35 acres good hay land, balance excellent pasture. Look here! The price is only $25 per acre. If you want a cheap farm, here it is.

No. 14.

Two hundred and fourteen acres in sections 13 and 18, Southfield, with finest buildings in the township. Large and productive orchard of all kinds of best varieties of fruit, 10 acres of very heavy timber. Will sell on easy terms to 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 city 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 and other purposes all the year round. Good fences, excellent soil, gravelly loam in high state of cultivation. House, two-story and wing 9 rooms, woodshed, cellar, cistern and all conveniences; 2¾ miles from Birmingham, over roads which are the best in the county. Price not high as any on our list, all things considered. Ask us about it.

No. 19.

A farm of 100 acres in the township of Rose, Ogeman County, Mich.; 80 acres clear, 20 acres mixed hard wood timber. Barn worth $100, sandy loam. Price $25 per acre; terms $500 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, 5, 6, 8 and 7. Lots 1 and two face Woodward Ave., next to the residence of W. C. Jenks and the residence of Mrs. Von 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 $120 up. Let us tell you all the particulars about 'em. We also include in this number lots 40, 50, 51 and 52, Block 5 in Urbanrest, near Royal Oak, at $25 per lot.

No. 21.

The Corson Homestead on Maple Ave., consisting of lots 6, 7 and 8 of Willitt's plat, being Six 116½ feet each, 180 feet front on Maple Ave. one of the most valuable residence portions of the village. A good comfortable house, and barn, with ample room for a garden. Fine shade trees and best neighborhood in the village. Frontage along the Woodward Ave. is worth $25 per front foot; that would make $6.8 Now, owing to the fact that Mr. Corson wishes to sell and sell right away, he will take $5,500, 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. Wing Lake is delightfully situated in West Bloomfield Township; the place is known as the Haskins farm. Has about 40 rods lake frontage, with hard banks—no marsh—and a fringe of fine shade trees. 6½ miles west of Birmingham and the same distance from Pontiac. Postoffice on the farm with daily mail from Birmingham 24 miles from Orchard Lake; ¾ mile from good school. Fishing, boating and bathing unsurpassed. Forty acres 33 cleared; 7 oak timber, rich, loamy soil, fine orchard, beautiful maple grove. House nearly new; good barn. Price, $2,800. 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, JUNE 9, '99

Nine-tenths of the born leaders of men are women.

It should be remembered that the gas trust is no light matter.

Surrender is reported in sig.s much oftener than is Aguinaldo.

The cook as well as the dressmaker shows her taste in dressing.

The only man who is fully satisfied with arbitration is the arbitrator.

Don't measure your logistics by the things you are going to do tomorrow.

Lots of money slips through the fingers that are used as a drink measure.

A Cincinnati judge recently gave a man ten days for stealing an eight-day clock.

It isn't necessary to make a fool of yourself every time you have an opportunity.

Most things go wrong because men refuse to take women's advice—so a woman says.

In about a year we will send some one to find the man who has set out to find Andre.

An exchange says Rudyard Kipling is growing heavier. Perhaps he should write lighter stuff.

The man who thinks funny things without expressing them is the worst kind of a pessimist.

Occasionally a man knows a good thing when he sees it, but most men are too dignified to recognize it.

Delaware is using whipping posts. To what class of society belong the gentle creatures who administer the lash?

The man who is thoughtfully imbued with the idea that a public office is a public trust doesn't believe in investigating committees.

The question of capital and labor is not troublesome in the Philippines. They have plenty of capitals over there, but not much labor.

The fact that it was neither Friday nor the 13th of the month when the Paris went ashore shows that superstitions do not always work both ways.

It seems that General Funston, who declines political honors, probably conceals an overweening ambition to be allowed to continue to do something useful.

Beatty Balestier, by his persistent threats against Kipling, is making himself unpopular, not alone with the author, but with the whole English-reading world.

That Commissioner Peck's conception of what should constitute an attractive American exhibit at Paris is adequate and popular is shown by his plans to install at the exposition the greatest display of electrical devices the world has ever seen.

The election of Professor Hadley as president of Yale, foreshadowed in earlier reports, is rightly regarded as a decisive victory for the spirit of the age, for the liberal and progressive tendencies of our time. It is not, however, necessarily a blow to general and rational conservatism, to the spirit which conserves the essential, the good and the permanent and welcomes the changes necessitated by the march of intellectual achievement and moral improvement. Professor Hadley is a layman and his election reverses an unwritten law that only clergymen should be considered for the presidency of Yale, but it is hardly necessary to say that the religious side of the institution will not suffer from the reversal.

The state board of fish and game commissioners of California contemplate a raid on the great herds of sea lions, which are getting too numerous for the good of the salmon fishery. The sea lion has no commercial value. The average weight of these animals is about 1,500 pounds, but there are not a few of the old males that will turn the scales at two tons. When the salmon, which the state and nation are propagating at great expense at the several hatcheries on the coast, start to run to the spawning grounds the sea lions hasten to the bays and rivers to destroy the spawn-laden fish. Much the same state of things exists in the River St. Lawrence, below Quebec, which is infested with whales and porpoises of no commercial value, but which destroy enormous quantities of useful food fishes.

Admiral Kautz is to return to American waters at once, being scheduled, according to dispatches, to arrive at San Francisco June 24. The gallant sailor is something of a hero himself and his presence on the California coast ought to satisfy the people out there until General Funston gets back.

Sympathetic persons should try not to think of the reception which is awaiting that English envoy who has been ordered to tell Oom Paul Krueger to respect the supremacy of the British government.

Yale college at last has elected a president, the successful man being Professor A. T. Hadley, a member of the faculty and a leader in eastern educational thought. The presidential vacancy has existed for some months, during which time nearly every prominent scholar in the country has been "mentioned" for the place.

The gypsy groom who married in Chicago last week paid $600 for his bride. Probably he could afford it. He had never been obliged to take the lady to grand opera.

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

JOY UNBOUNDED, LAST SUNDAY'S SUBJECT.

The Great Divine Discourses to a Multitude—His Theme, "New Springs of Joy," Is Graphically Portrayed—"Thou Hast Given Me a South Land."

The city of Debir was the Boston of antiquity—a great place for brain and books. Caleb wanted it, and he offered his daughter Achsah as a prize to any one who would capture that city. It was a strange thing for Caleb to do; and yet the man that could take the city would have, at any rate, two elements of manhood—bravery and patriotism. With Caleb's daughter as a prize to fight for, Gen. Othniel rode into the battle. The gates of Debir were thundered into the dust, and the city of books lay at the feet of the conquerors. The work done, Othniel comes back to claim his bride. Having conquered the city, it is no great job for him to conquer the girl's heart; for however faint-hearted a woman herself may be, she always loves courage in a man. I never saw an exception to that. The wedding festivity having gone by Othniel and Achsah are about to go to their new home. However loudly the cymbals may clash and the laughter ring, parents are always sad when a fondly cherished daughter goes off to stay; and Achsah, the daughter of Caleb, knows that now is the time to ask almost anything she wants of her father. It seems that Caleb, the good old man, had given as a wedding present to his daughter a piece of land that was mountainous, and sloping southward toward the deserts of Arabia, swept with some very hot winds. It was called "a south land." But Achsah wants an addition of property; she wants a piece of land that is well watered and fertile. Now it is no wonder that Caleb, standing amid the bridal party, his eyes so full of tears because she was going away that he could hardly see her, all gives her more than she asks. She said to him, "Thou hast given me a south land; give me also springs of water." And he gave her the upper springs and the nether springs.

What a suggestive passage! The fact is, that as Caleb, the father, gave Achsah, the daughter, a south land, so God gives to us his world. I am very thankful he has given it to us. But I am like Achsah in the fact that I want a larger portion. Trees and flowers and grass and blue skies are very well in their places; but he who has nothing but this world for a portion has no portion at all. It is a mountainous land, sloping off toward the desert of sorrow, swept by fiery sirocces; it is "a south land," a poor portion for any man that tries to put his trust in it. What has been your experience? What has been the experience of every man, of every woman that has tried this world for a portion? Queen Elizabeth, amidst the surroundings of pomp, is unhappy because the painter sketches too minutely the wrinkles on her face, and she indignantly orders out: "You must strike off my likeness without any shadows!" Hogarth, at the very height of his artistic triumph, is stung almost to death with chagrin because the painting he had dedicated to the king does not seem to be acceptable, for George has cried out: "Who is this, Hogarth? Take his trumpery out of my presence!" Brinsley Sheridan thrilled the earth with his eloquence, but had for his last words, "I am absolutely undone." Walter Scott, fumbling around the bedstand, trying to write, says to his daughter: "Oh, take me back to my room; there is no rest for Sir Walter but in the grave." Stephen Girard, the wealthiest man in his day, or, at any rate, only second in wealth, says: "I live the life of a galley slave; when I rise in the morning my one effort is to work so hard that I can sleep when it gets to be night." Charles Lamb, applauded of all the world, in the very midst of his literary triumph says: "Do you remember, Bridget, when we used to laugh from the shilling gallery at the play? There are now no good plays to laugh at from the boxes." But why go so far as that?

Pick me out ten successful worldlings—without any religion, and you know what I mean by successful worldlings—pick me out ten successful worldlings, and you cannot find more than one that looks happy. Care drags him across the bridge; care drags him back. Take your stand at 2 o'clock at the corner of Nassau and Wall streets, or at the corner of Canal street and Broadway, and see the agonized physiognomies. Your bankers, your insurance men, your importers, your wholesalers, and your retailers, as a class—as a class, are they happy? No. Care digs their steps; and, making no appeal to God for $25 per comfort, they are tossed every whither. How has it been with you, my hearer? Are you more contented in the house of fourteen rooms than you were in the two rooms you had in a house when you started? Have you not had more and warmer worriment since you won that $50,000 than you did before? Some of the poorest men I have ever known have been those of great fortune. A man of small means may be put in great business straits, but the ghastliest of all embarrassments is that of the man who has large estates. The men who commit suicide because of monetary losses are those who cannot bear the burden of any more, because they have only a hundred thousand left.

On Bowling Green, New York, there is a house where Talleyrand used to go. He was a favored man. All the world knew him, and he had wealth almost unlimited; yet at the close of his life he says: "Behold, eighty-three years have passed without any practical result, save fatigue of body and fatigue of mind, great discouragement for the future and great disgust for the past." Oh, my friends, this is "a south land," and it slopes off toward deserts of sorrow; and the prayer which Achsah made to her father Caleb we make this day to our Father God: "Thou hast given me a south land; give me also springs of water. And he gave them the upper springs and the nether springs."

Blessed be God! We have more advantage given us than we can really appreciate. We have spiritual blessings offered to us in this world which I shall call the nether springs, and glories in the world to come which I shall call the upper springs.

Where shall I find words enough threaded with light to set forth the pleasure of religion? David, unable to describe it in words, played it on a harp. Mrs. Hemane, not finding enough power in prose, sings that praise in canto. Christopher Wren, unable to describe it in language, sprung it into the arches of St. Paul's. John Bunyan, unable to present it in ordinary phraseology, takes all the fascination of allegory. Handel, with ordinary music unable to reach the height of the theme, rounds it up in an oratorio. Oh, there is no life on earth so happy as a really Christian life. I do not mean a sham Christian life, but a real Christian life. Where there is a thorn there is a whole garland of roses. Where there is one groan there are three doxologies. Where there is one day of cloud there is a whole season of sunshine. Take the humblest Christian man that you know—angels of God canopy him with their white wings; the lightnings of heaven are his armed allies; the Lord is his Shepherd, picking out for him green pastures by still waters; if he walk forth, heaven is his bodyguard; if he sit down to food, his plain table blooms into the king's banquet. Men say: "Look at that old fellow with the worn-out coat." The angels of God cry: "Lift up your heads, ye everlasting gates, and let him come in!" Fastidious people cry: "Get off my front steps, the doorkeepers of heaven cry: "Come you blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom!" When he comes to die though he may be carried out in a pine box to the potter's field, to that potter's field the chariots of Christ will come down and the cavalcade will crowd all the boulevards of heaven.

I bless Christ for the present satisfaction of religion. It makes a man all right with reference to the past; it makes man all right with reference to the future. Oh, these nether springs of comfort! They are perennial. The foundation of God standeth sure having this seal: "The Lord knoweth them that are His." "The mountains shall depart and the hills be removed, but My kindness shall not depart from thee; neither shall the covenant of my peace be removed, saith the Lord, who hath mercy upon them." Oh, cluster of diamonds set in burnished gold! Oh, nether springs of comfort bursting through all the valleys of trial and tribulation! When you see, you of the world, what satisfaction there is on earth in religion, do you not thirst after it as the daughter of Caleb thirsted after the upper springs? It is no stagnant pond, scummed over with malaria, but springs of water leaping from the Rock of Ages! Take up one cup of that spring water, and across the top of the chalice will float the delicate shadows of the heavenly wall, the yellow jasper, the green of emerald, the blue of sardonyx, the fire of jacinth.

I wish I could make you understand the joy religion is to some of us. It makes a man happy while he lives, and glad when he dies. With two feet upon a chair and bursting with dropsies, I heard an old man in the poor-house cry out: "Bless the Lord, oh my soul!" I looked around and said: "What has this man got to thank God for?" It makes the lame man leap like the hart, the dumb sing. They say that the old Puritan religion is a joyless and joyless religion; but I remember reading Dr. Goodwin, the celebrated Puritan, who in his last moments said: "Is this dying? Why, then, which is strength! I am swallowed up in God." Her ways are pleasantness, and all her paths are peace. Oh, you who have been trying to satisfy yourselves with the "south land" of this world, do you not feel that you would this morning like to have access to the nether springs of spiritual comfort? Would you not like to have Jesus Christ bend over your cradle and bless your table and heal your wounds, and strew flowers of consolation all up and down the graves of your dead?

"Tis religion that can give
Sweetest pleasures while we live;
'Tis religion can supply
Sweetest comfort when we die.

But I have something better to tell you, suggested by my text. It seems that old Father Caleb on the wedding day of his daughter wanted to make her just as happy as possible. Though Othniel was taking her away, and his heart was almost broken because she was going, yet he gives her a "south land"; not only that, but the upper springs, O God, my Father, I thank Thee that Thou hast given me a "south land" in this world, and the nether spring of spiritual comfort in this world; but, more than all, I thank thee for the upper springs in heaven.

It is very fortunate we cannot see heaven until we go into it. Oh, Christian man, if you could see what a place it is, we would never get you back again to the office or store or shop, and the duties you ought to perform would go neglected. I am glad I shall not see that world until I enter. It. Suppose we were allowed to go on an excursion into that good land with the idea of returning. When we got there and heard the song and looked at their raptured faces, and mingled in the supernal society, we would cry out: "Let us stay! We are coming here anyhow. Why take the trouble of going back again to that old world? We are here now; let us stay." And it would take angelic violence to put us out of that world if we once got there. But as people who cannot afford to pay for an entertainment sometimes go around it and look through the door ajar, or through the openings in the fence, so we come and look through the crevices in that good land which God has provided for us. We can just catch a glimpse of it. We come near enough to hear the rumbling of the eternal orchestra, though not near enough to know who blows the cornet or who fingers the harp. My soul spreads out both wings and claps them in triumph at the thought of those upper springs. One of them breaks from beneath the throne; another breaks forth from beneath the altar of the temple; another at the door of "the house of many mansions." Upper springs of gladness! Upper springs of light! Upper springs of love! It is no fancy of mine. "The Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall lead them to living fountains of water." Oh, Savior divine, roll in upon our souls one of those anticipated raptures! Pour around the roots of the parched tongue one drop of that liquid life! Toss before our vision those fountains of God, rainbowed with eternal victory. Hear it. They are never sick there; not so much as a headache or twinge rheumatic, or thrust neuralgic. The inhabitant never says: "I am sick." They are never tired there. Flight to farthest world is only the play of a holiday. They never sin there. It is as easy for them to be holy as it is for us to sin. They never die there. You might go through all the cemeteries of the great city and find not one place where the ground was broken for a grave. The eyesight of the redeemed is never blurred with tears. There is health in every cheek. There is spring in every foot. There is majesty on every brow. There is joy in every heart. There is hosanna on every lip. Now they stand and pity us as they look over and down and see us, and say: "Poor things, away down in that world!" And when some Christian is hurled into a fatal accident, they cry: "Good! He is coming!" And when we stand around the couch of some loved one (whose strength is going away) and we shake our heads forebodingly, they cry: "I am glad he is worse; he has been down there long enough. There, he is dead! Come home!" Come home! Oh, if we could only get our ideas about that future world untwisted our thought of transfer from here to there would be as pleasant to us as it was to a little child that was dying. She said: "Papa, when will I go home?" And he said: "Today, Florence?" She said: "To-day? So soon? I am so glad!"

I wish I could stimulate you with these thoughts, oh, Christian man, to the highest possible exhilaration. The day of your deliverance is coming, is coming. It is rolling on with the shining wheels of the day and the jet wheels of the night. Every thump of the heart is only a hammer stroke striking off another chain of clay. Better secure the deck and coil the rope, the harbor is only six miles away. Jesus will come down in the "Narrow" to meet you. Now is your salvation nearer than when you believed.

Unforgiven man, unpardoned man, will you not make a choice between these two portions—between the "south land" of this world, which slopes to the desert, and this glorious land which thy Father offers thee, running with eternal water courses? Why let your tongue be consumed with thirst when there are the nether springs and the upper springs, comfort here, and glory hereafter?

Let me tell you, my dear brother, that the silliest and wickedest thing a man ever does is to reject Jesus Christ. The loss of the soul is a mistake that cannot be corrected. It is a downfall that knows no alleviation; it is a ruin that is remediless; it is a sickness that has no medicament; it is a grave into which a man goes but never comes out. Therefore, putting my hand on your shoulder as a brother puts his hand on the shoulder of a brother, I say this day, be manly, and surrender your heart to Christ. You have been long enough serving the world; now begin to serve the Lord who bought you. You have tried long enough to carry these burdens; let Jesus Christ put His shoulder under your burden. Do I hear any one in the audience say, "I mean to attend to that after awhile; it is not just the time"? It is the time, for the simple reason that you are sure of no other; and God sends you here this morning, and He sent me here to comfort you with this message, and you must hear now that Christ died to save your soul, and that if you want to be saved you may be saved. "Whosoever will, let him come." You will never find any more convenient season than this. Some of you have been waiting ten, twenty, thirty, forty, fifty and sixty years. On some of your heads snow has fallen. I see it on your brow, and yet you have not attended to these duties which belong to the very springtime of life. It is September with you now, it is October with you, it is December with you. I am no alarmist. I simply know this: If a man does not repent in this world he never repents at all and that now is the day of salvation. Oh, put off this matter no longer. Do not turn your back on Jesus Christ who comes to save you, lest you should lose your soul.

On Monday morning a friend of mine started from New York to celebrate her birthday with her daughter in Virginia. On Saturday of the same week, just after sunrise, I stood at the gate of Greenwood waiting for her silent form to come in. It is a long journey to take in one week—from New York to Philadelphia, from Philadelphia to Baltimore, from Baltimore to Washington, from Washington to Virginia, from Virginia to the great eternity. "What thy hand findeth to do, do it."

Melting Rats Into Gold.

It is said to be a common practice for the boys in watch and jewelry factories to kill the rats which infest the building and burn the bodies to obtain the gold. Many oiled rags are used in burnishing watch cases, and in time they become impregnated with gold. The rats eagerly devour these rags, and a few months of this kind of diet fills the interior mechanism of the rat with a gold deposit.

Twice a year the boys have a grand cremation. The rats are caught by the hundred and burned in a crucible. The intense heat drives off all animal substances and leaves the gold in the shape of a little lump. The amount of the precious metal obtained in this way is not large, but it gives the ingenious youngsters plenty of pocket money. In some factories young Napoleons of finance buy up in advance the shares of their fellow workers in the rat colony.

With Emphasis.

Amy (reading)—He gave her a jewel-v-i-n-a-i-g-r-e-t-t-e—how do you pronounce that Uncle Isaac? Uncle Isaac (gruffly)—I pronounce it downright foolishness!—The Jewelers' Weekly.

A ring around the moon indicates bad weather, which will last as many days as there are stars inclosed in the circle.

Office Of
P. S. Root, M.D.
Monroe, Mich., Oct. 25, 1897.

Wess. S. A. Sloman & Co.,
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