# 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 $300 an acre no better than this. Must be sold to settle estate, and the price has been put down to $75 an acre to close it out at once. Terms are cash, but we will take a mortgage on this farm ourselves in order to settle the estate. This is, without doubt, one of the best bargains between Pontiac and Detroit.

**No. 4.**

Tenant house and two lots with 105 feet frontage on Saginaw St., and 97 feet deep. Cellar, well, cistern, etc. Price $550. 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 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. E. Quick homestead in Birmingham with 140 feet frontage on Saginaw St. and about 250 feet deep. New modern dwelling, good barn, fine lawn, shrubbery and small fruit. Electric cars pass the door every half hour for Detroit and Pontiac. Fare to Detroit 15c, Pontiac 10c. Owner has moved to 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 Buttolph farm in the town of Troy. 220 acres, excellent buildings, two good flowing wells. Carp pond well stocked; 9 miles of tile; fine orchard, 5 miles from Birmingham, 2 miles straight south of Troy corners, where there is a church, store, postoffice, school, etc. Price low and terms easy.

**No. 9.**

Excellent farm on Gilbert Lake, about three miles from Birmingham. Good buildings, fences in good shape and everything in good repair. Lovely location on the lake and fine fishing, boating and bathing; 107 acres of as fine farming land as there is in the county of Oakland. Will exchange in part for good improved city property. Thirty acres of good heavy timber. Terms very easy.

**No. 10.**

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

**No. 11.**

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

**No. 12.**

The Bayley farm in the town of Troy, 127½ acres. Good farm house and farm buildings; flowing well at the barn which is the wonder and pride of Troy; 20 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 fenced 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 finest 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 wing: 9 rooms, woodshed, cellar, cistern and all conveniences; 2½ miles from Birmingham, over roads which are the best in the country; 40 rods 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 $1,500; 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. Barn worth $100. Soil, 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, 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 R'y and will be sold cheap and on easy terms. Prices range from $125 up. Let us tell you all the particulars about 'em. We also include in this number lots 49, 50, 31 and 32, 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 60x116½ feet each. 180 feet front on Maple Ave. one of the most valuable residence portions of the village. A good comfortable house and good barn, with ample room for a garden. Fine shade trees and best neighborhood in the village. Frontage along this locality on Maple Ave. is worth $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 it ought to be spot cash at that; but that can be arranged so that the terms need not worry you at all.

**No. 22.**

Want a lovely lake farm? Well, here it is and a fairly decent price will get it. Walnut Lake is delightfully situated in West Bloomfield Township; the place is known as the Haskins farm. Has about 40 rods lake frontage, with hard banks—no marsh—with a fringe of fine shade trees. 6¾ miles west of Birmingham and the same distance from Pontiac. Postoffice on 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, 33 cleared; 7 oak timber, rich, loamy soil, fine orchard, beautiful maple grove. House nearly new; good barn. Price, $2,500. Like the sound of it? Let us tell you more about it.

**THE EXCHANGE BANK,**

Birmingham, Mich.


# THE BIRMINGHAM ECCENTRIC

ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

WHITEHEAD & MITCHELL, PUBS.

BIRMINGHAM, FRIDAY, JULY 14, '99


Some people can't even tell the truth without exaggerating.

There are diseases galore yet every death is due to heart failure.

A homely man always consoles himself with the belief that he is smart.

The workingmen provide the carriage for the walking delegate to ride in.

A man always wonders what his wife will say after the company has departed.

Kidnapper Barrow tried to dodge behind Adam's old excuse. He blamed it on the woman.

The earlier the bird catches the worm the longer he will have to wait for his noonday lunch.

The average politician is not only willing but anxious to sacrifice himself for his country in times of peace.

Mr. Fitzsimmons probably is the only man who ever managed to swallow $37,000 worth of knock-out drops.

The chap who puts up the assassination rumors for the export trade is about as busy as anybody in the Philippines.

Admiral Kautz may still be "boss of the ranch," as he was a few weeks ago at Samoa, but he is talking less about it.

Gen. Joe Wheeler is gradually getting the odds and ends of the war arranged, and will soon be ready to hop back into politics.

Of course, there will be people mean enough to call attention to the fact that those western cyclones sneaked in on the weather bureau.

The peddlers of foot-ease powder ought to be able to do a good business in the Philippines, provided they can catch up with the fast-flying Filipinos.

Australia is again voting on the question of federation. There have been two previous votes on the same question. Perhaps the third will prove the charm.

So great a statesman as Lord Salisbury publicly mourns the fact that in woman's dress the cult of beauty is dying out. His belief is that if there were a Dante to write an artistic Inferno, the lowest circle would be assigned to women who dress themselves in divided skirts. Might not the next circle await the women whose trailing skirts are defiled with the filth of the streets?

It is a startling fact that the suggestion has been seriously made that the recent kidnapping of a child was done by agents of a newspaper, for the purpose of creating a news sensation in which that particular paper would "have the inside track." The suggestion was probably not true. But the fact that it could be made seriously, and be regarded by the public as not fantastically impossible, speaks volumes as to its belief in the excesses of sensational newspapers.

Here is what an English paper has to say about how our country shall be run on the British plan: "The suggestion that Gen. Leonard Wood would be a suitable person to fill the position of colonial secretary is one that will meet with widespread approval. Gen. Wood has made an enviable record at Santiago and as colonial secretary would give equal satisfaction." Wood, of course, as a splendid specimen of the American soldier, but there is no show for such a cabinet officer as colonial secretary. The very word colonial is abhorrent to every American. But these impudent Englishmen never seem capable of learning the real sentiments that govern in this republic.

The Chicago Record has this surprising suggestion to make: No more novel military idea has been suggested in recent years than that of transporting the Cuban army to the Philippines and letting the followers of Gomez attend to the warriors of Aguinaldo. Ten thousand Cuban soldiers, it is stated, are ready to go on short notice, and their services would be invaluable. Trained for years in exactly the same sort of bush and guerilla warfare now carried on by the Filipinos, strong and hardy, bred in tropic climes, the men who fought for Gomez and Garcia could battle with the rebels in the most forceful fashion. Two difficult problems would be solved together—how to crush the Filipinos and how to provide work for the disbanded Cuban soldiers.

There is a man in Chicago who is suing a lady who used to be his sweetheart for $102, which he claims he spent in buying presents for her. Among the articles which he says he laid at her feet are "hydrox water, sealing wax, hose, condensed milk, groceries, gas stove, egg cocoa, a bath brush, medicines and hair nets." He claims also to have paid her laundry bills, but there is no evidence to show that he built the fire in the mornings, mowed the lawn or carried out the ashes.

So long as we are conscious of self, we are limited, selfish, held in bondage; when we are in harmony with the universal order, when we vibrate in unison with God, self disappears. Thus, in a perfectly harmonious choir, the individual cannot hear himself unless he makes a false note.

Because a New York woman murdered her husband to stop his snoring it does not follow that a man would be justified in killing his wife just because of her cold feet.

# TALMAGE'S SERMON.

## THE SIN OF GOSSIP, LAST SUNDAY'S SUBJECT.

**"Full of Envy, Murder, Debate, Deceit, Malignity, Whisperers"—Romans, Chapter 1, Verse 29—The Fire of a Hellish Spirit.**

(Copyright 1899 by Louis Klopsch.)

Paul was here calling the long roll of the world's villainy, and he puts in the midst of this roll those persons known in all cities and communities and places as whisperers. They are so called because they generally speak under voice and in a confidential way, their hand to the side of their mouth acting as a funnel to keep the precious information from wandering into the wrong ear. They speak softly, not because they have lack of lung force, or because they are overpowered with the spirit of gentleness, but because they want to escape the consequences of defamation. If no one hears but the person whispered unto and the offender be arraigned, he can deny the whole thing, for whisperers are always first-class liars!

Some people whisper because they are hoarse from a cold, or because they wish to convey some useful information without disturbing others; but the creatures photographed by the apostle in my text give muffled utterance from sinister and depraved motive, and sometimes you can only hear the sibilant sound as the letter "S" drops from the tongue into the listening ear, the brief hiss of the serpent as it projects its venom.

Whisperers are masculine and feminine, with a tendency to majority on the sides of those who are called "the lords of creation." Whisperers are heard at every window of bank cashier, and are heard in all counting-rooms as well as in sewing societies and at meetings of asylum directors and managers. They are the worst foes of society; responsible for miseries innumerable; they are the scavengers of the world, driving their cart through every community, and today, I hold up for your holy anathema and execration these whisperers.

From the frequency with which Paul speaks of them under different titles, I conclude that he must have suffered somewhat from them. His personal presence was very defective, and that made him, perhaps, the target of their ridicule. And beside that, he was a bachelor, persisting in his celibacy down into the sixties, indeed, all the way through, and some having failed in their connubial designs upon him, the little missionary was put under the raking fire of these whisperers. He was no doubt a rare morsel for their scandalization; and he cannot keep his patience any longer and he lays hold of these miscreants of the tongue and gives them a very hard setting down in my text among the scoundrelly and the murderous. "Envy, murder, debate, deceit, malignity, whisperers."

The law of libel makes quick and stout grip of open slander. If I should in a plain way, calling you by name, charge you with fraud, or theft, or murder, or uncleanness, tomorrow morning I might have peremptory documents served on me, and I would have to pay in dollars and cents for the damage I had done your character. But these creatures spoken of in my text are so small that they escape the fine-tooth comb of the law. They go on, and they go on, escaping the judges and the juries and the penitentiaries. The district attorney cannot find them, the sheriff cannot find them, the grand jury cannot find them. Shut them off from one route of perfidy and they start on another. You cannot by the force of moral sentiment persuade them to desist. You might as well read the Ten Commandments to a flock of crows, expecting them to retreat under the force of moral sentiment. They are to be found every where, these whisperers. I think their paradise is a country village of about one or two thousand people where everybody knows every body. But they also are to be found in large quantities in all our cities.

They have a prying disposition. They look into the basement windows at the tables of their neighbors, and can tell just what they have morning and night to eat. They can see as far through a keyhole as other people can see with a door wide open. They can hear conversation on the opposite side of the room. Indeed, the world to them is a whispering gallery. They always put the worst construction on everything.

Some morning a wife descends into the street, her eyes damp with tears, and that is a stimulus to the tattler and is enough to set up a business for three or four weeks. "I guess that husband and wife don't live happily together. I wonder if he hasn't been abusing her? It's outrageous. He ought to be disciplined. He ought to be brought up before the church. I'll go right over to my neighbors and I'll let them know about this matter." She rushes in all out of breath to a neighbor's house and says: "O! Mrs. Allear, have you heard the dreadful news? Why, our neighbor, poor thing, came down off the steps in a flood of tears. That brute of a husband has been abusing her. Well, it's just as I expected. I saw him the other afternoon very smiling and very gracious to some one who smiled back, and I thought then I would just go up to him and tell him he had better go home and look after his wife and family, who probably at that very time were upstairs crying their eyes out. O! Mrs. Allear, do have your husband go over and put an end to this trouble. It's simply outrageous that our neighborhood should be disturbed in this way. It's awful."

The fact is that one man or woman set on fire of this hellish spirit will keep a whole neighborhood aboil. It does not require any very great brain. The chief requisition is that the woman have a small family or no family at all, because, if she have a large family, then she would have to stay at home and look after them. It is very important that she be single, or have no children at all, and then she can attend to all the secrets of the neighborhood all the time. A woman with a large family makes a very poor whisperer.

It is astonishing how these whisperers gather up everything. They know everything that happens. There are telephone and telegraph wires reaching from their ears to all the houses in the neighborhood. They have no taste for healthy news, but for the scraps and peelings thrown out of the scullery into the back yard they have great avidity. On the day when there is a new scandal in the newspapers, they have no time to go abroad. On the day when there are four or five columns of delightful private letters published in a divorce case, she stays at home and reads and reads. No time for her Bible that day, but toward night, perhaps, she may find time to run out a little while and see whether there are any new developments.

Satan does not have to keep a very sharp lookout for his evil dominion in that neighborhood. He has let out to her the whole contract. She gets husbands and wives into a quarrel, and brothers and sisters into antagonism, and she disgusts the pastor with the flock and the flock with the pastor, and she makes neighbors, who before were kindly disposed toward each other, over suspicious and critical, so when one of the neighbors passes by in a carriage, they hiss through their teeth and say: "Ah, we could all keep carriages if we never paid our debts!"

When two or three whisperers get together they stir a caldron of trouble, which makes me think of the three witches of Macbeth dancing around a boiling caldron in a dark cave:

Double, double, toil and trouble,
Fire burn and caldron bubble.
Fillet of a fenny snake
In the caldron boil and bake;
Eye of newt, and toe of frog,
Wool of bat, and tongue of dog,
Adder's fork, and blind worm's sting,
Lizard's leg, and owlet's wing
For a charm of powerful trouble,
Like a hell both boil and bubble.
Double, double, toil and trouble,
Fire burn and caldron bubble,
Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf,
Witches' mummy; maw and gulf
Of the ravin'd salt-sea shark;
Make the gruel thick and stark;
Add thereto a tiger's chaudron
For the ingredients of our caldron.
Double, double, toil and trouble,
Fire burn and caldron bubble.
Cool it with a baboon's blood;
Then the charm is firm and good.

I would only change Shakespeare in this, that, where he puts the word "witch" I would put the word "whisperer." Ah, what a caldron! Did you ever get a taste of it? I have more respect for the poor waif of the street that goes down under the gaslight, with no home and no God—for she deceives no one as to what she is—than I have for these hags of respectable society who cover up their tiger claws with a fine shawl, and bolt the hell of their heart with a diamond breastpin!

The work of masculine whisperers is chiefly seen in the embarrassment of business. Now, I suppose, there are hundreds of men here who at some time have been in business trouble. I will undertake to say that in nine cases out of ten it was the result of some whisperer's work. The whisperer uttered some suspicion in regard to your credit. You sold your horse and carriage because you had no use for them, and the whisperer said: "Sold his horse and carriage because he had to sell them. The fact that he sold his horse and carriage shows he is going down in business."

One of your friends gets embarrassed and you are a little involved with him. The whisperer says: "I wonder if he can stand under all this pressure? I think he is going down. I think he will have to give up." You borrow money out of a bank and a director whispers outside about it, and after a while the suspicion gets fairly started, and it leaps from one whisperer's lips to another whisperer's lips, until all the people you owe want their money and want it right away, and the business circles come around you like a pack of wolves, and though you had assets four times more than were necessary to meet your liabilities, crash! went everything. Whisperers! Oh, how much business men have suffered.

Are any of you given to this habit of whispering about others? Let me persuade you to desist. Mount Taurus was a great place for eagles, and cranes would fly along that way, and they would cackle so loud that the eagles would know of their coming, and they would pounce upon them and destroy them. It is said that the old cranes found this out, and before they started on their flight they would always have a stone in their mouth so they could not cackle, and then they would fly in perfect safety. O! my friends, be as wise as the old cranes and avoid the folly of the young cranes. Do not cackle.

If there are people here who are whispered about, if there are people here who are slandered, if there are people here who are accused in any circle of life, let me say for your encouragement that these whispers soon run out. They may do a little damage for a while, but after awhile their detraction becomes a eulogy and people understand them just as well as though some one chalked all over their overcoat or their shawl these words: "Here goes a whisperer. Room for the leper. Room!" You go ahead and do your duty and God will take care of your reputation. How dare you distrust him? You have committed to him your souls. Can you not trust him with your reputation? Get down on your knees before God and settle the whole matter there. That man whom God takes care of is well sheltered.

Let me charge you, my friends, to make right and holy use of the tongue. It is loose at one end and can swing either way, but it is fastened at the other end to the floor of your mouth, and that makes you responsible for the way it wags. Xanthus, the philosopher, told his servant that on the morrow he was going to have some friends to dine, and told him to get the best thing he could find in the market. The philosopher and his guests sat down the next day at the table. They had nothing but tongue—four or five courses of tongue—tongue cooked in this way, and tongue cooked in that way, and the philosopher lost his patience and said to his servant, "Didn't I tell you to get the best thing in the market?" He said: "I did get the best thing in the market. Isn't the tongue the organ of sociability, the organ of eloquence, the organ of kindness, the organ of worship?"

Then Xanthus said: "Tomorrow I want you to get the worst thing in the market." And on the morrow the philosopher sat at the table, and there was nothing there but tongue—four or five courses of tongue—tongue in this shape and tongue in that shape—and the philosopher again lost his patience and said: 'Didn't I tell you to get the worst thing in the market?" The servant replied: "I did; for isn't the tongue the organ of blasphemy, the organ of defamation, the organ of lying?"

Oh, my friends, employ the tongue which God so wonderfully created as the organ of taste, the organ of deglutition, the organ of articulation, to make others happy, and in the service of God. If you whisper, whisper good—encouragement to the fallen and hope to the lost. Ah, my friends, the time will soon come when we will all whisper! The voice will be enfeebled in the last sickness, and though that voice could laugh and shout and sing and halloo until the forest echoes answered, it will be so feeble then we can only whisper consolation to those whom we leave behind, and only whisper our hope of heaven.

While I speak this very moment there are hundreds whispering their last utterances. Oh, when that solemn hour comes to you and to me, as come soon it will, may it be found that we did our best to serve Christ, and to cheer our comrades in the earthly struggle, and that we consecrated not only our hand but our tongue to God. So that the shadows that fall around our dying pillows shall not be the evening twilight of a glittering night, but the morning twilight of an everlasting day.

This morning, at half-past four o'clock, I looked out of my window, and the stars were very dim. I looked out a few moments after, and the stars were almost invisible. I looked out an hour or two afterward. Not a star was to be seen. What was the matter with the stars? Had they melted into darkness? No. They had melted into the glorious light of a Sabbath morn.

## SEASIDE CURLS.

**A Vexed Problem to the Women at the Resorts.**

The crumpled roseleaf of the seaside woman's life is straight hair. She will not believe that she looks well with plain tresses and she is unhappy when straight wisps that once were curls blow around her face at the first breath of dampness, says the New York Commercial Advertiser. She has experimented with curling fluids and patent hair wavers and she has stayed up late nights evolving bandeaux that do not require Madonnaesque features to set off their beauty. But she always gives way in the end and does one of three things—packs her trunks and goes to a high, dry, curl-respecting atmosphere; throws vanity to the fogs and makes no attempts at ringlets; or remains indoors whenever possible and devotes at least three hours a day to evolving a curly coiffure and repairing damages to the same. When the last alternative is accepted the victim is given to mysterious disappearances. Immediately after a sailing trip, a bicycle ride or a walk she vanishes to appear an hour or two later with frizzes galore crowning her triumphant brow. Between dances she does not roam around on the piazzas or frequent dim, damp corners where women with naturally curly hair may sentimentalize in peace. When she goes in bathing her scarlet cap is tied on with a gay kerchief, and beneath these double wrappings are pigtails tightly plaited, waves done up in kid curlers and ripples firmly skewered on metal pins. The hairdressers and the women with broad, low foreheads, who look well with uncrimped hair, have little feeling for these seaside martyrs. The hair-dressers recommend toupees, and bring out for inspection little arrangements of "real hair" and tortoise shell that would make Buffalo Bill smile. The high-class coiffeur whose customers think that face enameling, false teeth and false hair are all in the same category, suggests a simple means of keeping neat and presentable without frizzes. Have the hair shampooed and brushed regularly. It responds more quickly to treatment of any kind in summer than in winter, and now is the time to get it in good condition for the winter. The brushing and washing, with singeing every four weeks, when the moon is full, keep the hair bright in color and soft and silky in texture. It also makes it strong. To keep it neat and attractive wear it in braids at the back of the head, and brush it straight back from the front and sides. A hat that comes over the face can be worn most of the day, and for evening a few little ringlets can be coaxed into being with a curling iron, or papers. Some women manage to have a soft, fluffy pompadour for the evening by wearing a hat tipped over the eyes all day. The hat, of course, covers a multitude of curling pins.

**"Ringer" in a Running Race.**

From the Chicago Post: "What's the matter?" demanded the crowd when there seemed to be a hitch in the proceedings at the athletic carnival. "We have just discovered a 'ringer' in the long-distance running race," answered the manager. "His experience is such that he outclasses them all." "Who is he?" was the cry. "A Filipino in disguise," was the reply.

**The Touring of the Worm.**

Mrs. Enpeck—"The paper states that Dr. Pilisbury and Miss Golding are to be married this evening. You know I was engaged to him before I met you." Mr. Enpack—"Yes, I know. Anyway, the doctor is to be congratulated." Mrs. Enpeck—"Why, I wasn't aware that you knew Miss Golding." Mr. Enpeck—"I don't."


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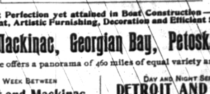

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KNOCK THE SPOTS OUT. A sore spot, green, black, or blue, is a BRUISE. Use ST. JACOBS OIL and watch the color fade, the soreness disappear. IT IS MAGICAL.