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 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 within one mile of 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 $200 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 $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 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 150 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 Pontiac 15c, Pontiac 10c. Over an hour's ride 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 Joslin 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; 197 acres of as fine farming land as there is in the county of Oakland. Will exchange in part for good improved city property. Thirty acres of good timber offered. 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 150 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 some 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; 2½ acres good beech and maple timber, 4 acres fine grafted orchard. Circumstances render it advisable to sell at once and the man who comes first will secure one of the best bargains in the county. Look it up.

No. 13.

Part of the e½ of the ne¼ of sec 14 in Bloomfield and about 2½ miles from Birmingham and a mile from Circle, 68 acres, no buildings and fenced for pasture, rolling gravelly loam, 35 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 13 and 18, Southfield, with three fair farm buildings in the township. Large and productive orchard of all kinds of best varieties of fruit, 10 acres of very heavy timber. Will sell or exchange for city property and will divide the two farms if required. Buildings on each tract. Price as low as any on our list, all things considered. Ask us about it.

No. 15.

The Butler farm in the township of Troy, 41 acres, ample buildings in good repair; 25 acres fine 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, twelve rooms and bath rooms, woodshed, cellar, cistern and all conveniences; 2½ miles from Birmingham, over roads which are the best in the country; 40 rods from depot; 80 rods from Kritty's mill. Excellent neighborhood. This little farm is ready for business, without a cent for repairs or improvements. Price $1,200. Terms easy.

No. 19.

A farm of 100 acres in the township of Rose, Ogemaw County, Mich; 50 acres cleared, 50 acres mixed hard wood timber. Price worth $100. Soil, sandy loam. Price $25 per acre; terms $200 cash, balance on long time at 5 per cent. Here is a golden opportunity for any one 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 westward 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. & F. Electric Ry and will be sold cheap and on easy terms. Prices range from $125 up. Let us tell you all the particulars about 'em. We also include in this number lots 49, 50, 51 and 52, Block 5 in Urbanrest, near Royal Oak, at $20 per lot.

No. 21.

The Corson Homestead on Maple Ave., consisting of lots 6, 7 and 8 of Willitt's plat, being 200 feet front and 160 feet front on Maple Ave. one of the most valuable residence portions of the village. A fine house, good barn and good barn, with ample room for a garden. These lots and best neighborhood in the village. Frontage along this locality on Maple Ave. is worth $25 per front foot, that would make $4,000. Now, owing to the fact that Mr. Corson wishes to sell and sell right away, he will take $2,500, 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 Hakins farm. It is about 40 rods lake frontage, with hard beach—no marshes—with a fringe of fine shade trees; 64 miles west of Birmingham and the same distance from Pontiac. Pontiac makes the farm with daily mail from Birmingham. 24 miles from Orchard Lake; ½ mile from good school. Fishing, boating and bathing is unexcelled. Forty acres, 35 cleared, 5 timber, rich, loamy soil, fine orchard, beautiful maple grove. House nearly new; good barn. Price, $2,000. Like the sound of it? Let us tell you more about it.

THE EXCHANGE BANK,
Birmingham, Mich.

THE BIRMINGHAM ECCENTRIC

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BIRMINGHAM, FRIDAY, AUG. 25, '99

Everybody in the world depends upon somebody else.

The owner sometimes discovers that the mare makes the money go.

Some people were evidently born tired and some for the purpose of making others tired.

It's a bad thing for an employe when he begins to think the boss couldn't get along without him.

The genius who invented the hugging bug was doubtless inspired by a desire to give the old maids a chance.

Occasionally some amateur confidence man tries to beat Russell Sage, but the experts no longer waste time on the old gentleman.

Among the courteous customs of French military law is the practice of the prosecutor to accuse the defendant of lying during examination.

William Waldorf Astor has formally renounced all allegiance to the stars and stripes and sworn to stand firm forever beneath the British flag. America will doubtless recover from the blow in time, but the sufferings of England deserve our earnest sympathy. Benedict Arnold renounced allegiance to this country and in favor of England quite a number of years ago, so Mr. Astor is not particularly quick at doing good.

Kaiser Wilhelm avers that a collection of big navies would be the most effective peace conference the world has ever seen—that each power should have a navy so large that none of the other powers would dare to risk an attack upon so formidable an adversary. If the plans now being carried out for the strengthening of the American navy go through successfully, this country will be a decided factor in the kaiser's theory of universal peace.

There is a volume of suggestion in an exclamation of an old woman, given by a correspondent of the Boston Transcript, in the following paragraph: "This is the season when some effort is made to get the less fortunate classes out of the tenement and sordid slums and into God's open spaces. Upon one of these 'fresh air' excursions was an old woman who was given her first view of the ocean. She had had a pretty pinched time all her life, I guess, for as she looked over the great expanse of water she exclaimed, fervently, 'Well, thank God for something there's enough of!'"

Ex-Queen Liliuokalani says the Hawaiian islands are "in a state of practical anarchy," the government being in the hands of an oligarchy and the rights of the native Hawaiians not respected. The ex-queen is scarcely an impartial observer. Anarchy undoubtedly prevails in so far as her ex-highness is concerned, but other observers give a very different account of conditions on the island. As to her own claims for pension, it is pleasant to know that Liliuokalani believes in the "honorable intentions" of the United States government, though she has wisely concluded not to sit on the steps of the capital at Washington until they are carried out.

The government's disposition of the Spanish cruiser "Reina Mercedes" will form an interesting innovation. It has been decided not to sell her or to repair her for service, as she is not worth the expense it would involve, but to put her sufficiently in order to prevent further injury or decay, and then keep her permanently on public exhibition, as a memorial of the war. Hitherto such vessels as "Old Ironsides and the Hartford have been preserved, through sentiment and as reminders of our naval achievements, but now for the first time a ship taken in battle is thus to be used. The circumstance will gratify our national pride in the prowess of our navy, but we are sure it will not cause exultation because of our antagonists' humiliation.

The Honolulu authorities are considering the advisability of locating a cemetery in the crater of the Punchbowl, an extinct volcano. The only objection thus far offered is that if not used for a cemetery it might some day become available for an amusement resort and residence section, especially if an adequate water supply could be conveyed to so great a height. Says the Hawaiian Gazette: "Everything looks beautiful inside the crater. The kiawe trees are growing well. These and other trees were planted there by the direction of the late King Kalakaua. The lantana flourishes, of course. The view in any and every direction from Punchbowl is well known to all for its charm. A walk from the city to the place would not be a trying undertaking, and the road is better than ever."

Gen. Maximo Gomez, who is about to leave Cuba for his native land of San Domingo, delivered an interesting speech to the Cubans and couched his remarks in the tone of good sense which seems to be the keynote to the ancient warrior's character. He says that it is calumny to accuse the United States of any wish to rob the Cubans of their liberty and that the Cuban, left poor by the war, "should dream only of work" and bend himself to his duties in a plain and practical fashion. Gomez appears to be a wise man.

Just by way of example the United States designs putting on its new warships Georgia, New Jersey and Pennsylvania the heaviest batteries ever placed on a naval vessel. With the American gunner behind these pieces our navy will command the respect of every nation in the world.

A copy of Kipling's "Schoolboy Lyrics" recently brought $450 at a sale at Christie's, London, at which an alleged Rembrandt portrait fetched only $120. Apparently the "old masters" are not so popular as the new.

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

THE STRIKE EPIDEMIC LAST SUNDAY'S SUBJECT.

"The Eye Cannot Say Unto the Hand: I Have No Need of Thee"—From the First Epistle of Corinthians, Chapter 12: Verse 21.

Fifty thousand workmen in Chicago ceasing work in one day; Brooklyn stunned by the attempt to halt its railroad cars; Cleveland in the throes of a labor agitation, and restlessness among toilers all over the land have caused an epidemic of strikes, and somewhat to better things, I apply the Pauline thought of my text.

You have seen an elaborate piece of machinery, with a thousand wheels and a thousand bands and a thousand pulleys all controlled by one great water wheel, the machinery so adjusted that when you jar one part of it you jar all parts of it. Well, human society is a great piece of mechanism controlled by one great and ever-revolving force—the wheel of God's providence. You harm one part of the machinery of society and you harm all parts. All professions interdependent. All trades interdependent. All classes of people interdependent. No such thing as independence. Dives cannot kick Lazarus without hurting his own foot. They who threw Shadrach into the furnace got their own bodies scorched. Or to come back to the figure of the text, what a strange thing it would be if the eye should say, I oversee the entire physical mechanism. I despise the other members of the body, if there is anything I am disgusted with, it is with those miserable, low-lived hands. Or, what if the hand should say, I am the boss workman of the whole physical economy; I have no respect for the other members of the body. If there is anything I despise, it is the eye seated under the dome of the forehead doing nothing but look.

I come in and I wave the flag of truce between these two contestants, and I say: "The eye cannot say to the hand, 'I have no need of thee.'"

That brings us to the first suggestion, and that is, that Labor and Capital are to be brought to a better understanding by a complete canvass of the whole subject. They will be brought to peace when they find that they are identical in their interests. When one goes down, they both go down. When one rises, they both rise. There will be an equilibrium after awhile. There never was an exception to the rule. That which is good for one class of society eventually will be good for all classes of society, and that which is bad for one class of society will eventually and in time be bad for all. Every speech that Labor makes against Capital postpones the day of permanent adjustment. Every speech that Capital makes against Labor postpones the day of permanent adjustment. When Capital maligns Labor, it is the eye cursing the hand. When Labor maligns Capital it is the hand cursing the eye. As far as I have observed, the vast majority of capitalists are successful laborers. If the capitalists would draw their gloves, you would see the broken finger nail, the scar of an old blister, the stiffened finger joint. The great publishers of the country for the most part were bookbinders, or typesetters, on small pay. The great carriage manufacturers for the most part sandpapered wagon bodies in wheelwright shops. While, on the other hand, in all our large manufacturing establishments you will find men on wages who once employed a hundred or five hundred hands. The alliance between Capital and Labor is not a great gulf over which is swung a Niagara suspension bridge; it is only a step, and the capitalists are crossing over to become laborers, and the laborers are crossing over to become capitalists. Would God, they might shake hands while they cross. On the other hand, laborers are the highest style of capitalists. Where are their investments? In banks. No! In the railroads. No! Their nerve, their muscle, their bone, their mechanical skill, their physical health are magnificent capital. He who has two eyes, two ears, two feet, two hands, ten fingers, has machinery that puts into nothingness carpet and screw and cotton factory, and all the other implements on the planet. The capitalists were laborers, the laborers were capitalists. The sooner we understand that the better.

Again: There is to come relief to the laboring classes of this country through co-operative associations. I am not at this moment speaking of trades unions, but of that plan by which laborers put their surplus together and become their own capitalists. Instead of being dependent upon the beck of this capitalist or that capitalist, they manage their own affairs. In England and Wales there are 815 co-operative associations. They have 340,000 members; they have a capital of $18,000,000, or what corresponds to our dollars, and they do a business annually of $63,000,000. Thomas Brassey, one of the foremost men in the British parliament on the subject says: "Co-operation is the one and the only relief for the laboring populations. This is the path," he says, "by which they are to come up from the hand-to-the-mouth style of living, to reap the reward and the honors of our advanced civilization." Lord Derby and John Stuart Mill, who gave half their lives to the study of the labor question, believed in co-operative institutions. The co-operative institution formed in Troy, N. Y., stood long enough to illustrate the fact that great good might come of such an institution, if it were rightly carried on and mightily developed.

"But," says some one, "haven't these institutions sometimes been a failure?" Yes. Every great movement has been a failure at some time. Application of the steam power a failure, electro-telegraphy a failure, railroading a failure, but now the chief successes of the world.

"But," says some one, "why talk of surplus being put by laborers into co-operative associations, when the vast multitude of toilers of this country are struggling for their daily bread, and have no surplus?" I reply: Put into my hand the money spent by the laboring classes of America for rum and tobacco, and I will establish co-operative associations in all parts of this land, some of them mightier than any financial institutions of the country. We spend in this country over $1,000,000,000 every year for tobacco. We spend over $1,500,000,000, directly or indirectly, for rum. The laboring classes spend their share of this money. Now, suppose the laboring man who has been expending his money in those directions, should just add up how much he has expended during these past few years, and then suppose that that money was put into a co-operative association, and then suppose he should have all his friends in toil, who had made the same kind of expenditure, do the same thing, and that should be added up and put into a co-operative association. And then take all that money expended for overdress and over-style and over-living on the part of toiling people in order that they may appear as well as persons who have more income—gather that all up and you could have co-operative associations all over this land.

I am not saying anything now about trades unions. You want to know what I think of trades unions. I think they are most beneficial in some directions, and they have a specific object, and in this day, when there are vast monopolies—a thousand monopolies concentring the wealth of the people into the possession of a few men, unless the laboring men of this country and all countries band together they will go under. There is a lawful use of a trade union, but then there is an unlawful use of a trade union. If it means sympathy in time of sickness, if it means finding work for people when they are out of work, if it means the improvement of the financial, the moral or the religious condition of the laboring classes, that is all right. Do not singers band together in Handel and Haydn societies? Do not newspaper men band together in press clubs? Do not ministers of religion band together in conferences and associations? There is not in all the land a city where clergymen do not come together, many of them once a week, to talk over affairs. For these reasons you should not blame labor guilds. When they are doing their legitimate work they are most admirable, but when they come around with drum and fife and flag, and drive people off from their roll, from their scaffoldings, from their factories, then they are nihilistic, then they are communistic, then they are barbaric, then they are a curse. If a man wants to stop work let him stop work, but he cannot stop me from work.

Just now suppose that all the laboring classes banded together for beneficent purposes in co-operative association, under whatever name they put their means together. Suppose they take the money that they waste in rum and tobacco, and use it for the elevation of their children, for their moral, intellectual and religious improvement, what a different state of things we would have in this country, and they would have in Great Britain!

Do you not realize the fact that men work better without stimulant? You say, "Will you deny the laboring men this help which they get from strong drink, borne down as they are with many anxieties and exhausting work?" I would deny them nothing that is good for them. I would deny them strong drink, if I had the power, because it is damaging to them. My father said, "I became a temperance man in early life because I found that in the harvest field, while I was naturally weaker than the other men, I could hold out longer than any of them; they took stimulant and I took none."

Everybody knows they cannot endure great fatigue—men who indulge in stimulants. All our young men understand that. When they are preparing for the regatta, or the ball club, or the athletic wrestling, they abstain from strong drink. Now, suppose all this money that is wasted were gathered together and put into co-operative institutions. Oh! we would have a very different state of things from what we have now.

Let me say a word to all capitalists. Be your own executors. Make investments for eternity. Do not be like some of those capitalists I know who walk around among their employes with a supercilious air, or drive up to the factory in a manner which seems to indicate they are the autocrat of the universe, with the sun and moon in their vest pockets, chiefly anxious when they go among laboring men not to be touched by the greasy or smirched hand and have their broadcloth injured. Be a Christian employer. Remember those who are under your charge are bone of your bone and flesh of your flesh; that Jesus Christ died for them and that they are immortal. Divide up your estates, or portions of them, for the relief of the world, before you leave it. Do not go out of the world like that man who died in New York, leaving in his will $40,000,000, yet giving how much for the church of God? how much for the alleviation of human suffering? He gave some money a little while before he died. That was well; but in all this will of $40,000,000 how much? One million? No. Five hundred thousand? No. One hundred dollars? No. Two cents? No. One cent? No. These great cities groaning in anguish, nations crying out for the bread of everlasting life. A man in a will giving forty millions of dollars and not one cent to God. It is a disgrace to our civilization. Or, as illustrated in a letter which I have concerning a man who departed this life, leaving between five and eight millions of dollars. Not one dollar was left, this writer says, to comfort the aged workmen and workwomen, not one dollar to elevate and instruct the hundreds of pale children who stifled their childish growth in the heat and clamor of his factory. Is it strange that the curse of the children of toil follow such ingratitude? How well could one of his many millions have been disbursed for the present and the future benefit of those whose hands had woven literally the fabric of the dead man's princely fortune. Or capitalists of the United States, be your own executors. Be a George Peabody, if need be, on a small scale. God has made you a steward—discharge your responsibility.

My word is to all laboring men in this country: I congratulate you at your brightening prospects. I congratulate you on the fact that you are getting your representatives, at Alonzy, at Harrisburg, and at Washington. I have only to mention such a man of the past as Henry Wilson, the shoemaker; as Andrew Johnson, the tailor; as Abraham Lincoln, the boatman. The living illustrations easily occur to you. This will go on until you will have representatives at all the headquarters, and you will have full justice. Mark that. I congratulate you also at the opportunities for your children. I congratulate you that you have to work and that when you are dead your children have to work.

I congratulate you also on your opportunities of information. Plato paid one thousand three hundred dollars for two books. Jerome ruined himself financially by buying one volume of Origen. What vast opportunities for intelligence for you and your children. A working man goes along by the show window of some great publishing house and he sees a book that costs five dollars. He says, "I wish I could have that information; I wish I could raise five dollars for that costly and beautiful book." A few months pass on and he gets the value of that book for twenty-five cents in a pamphlet. There never was such a day for the workingmen of America as this day and the day that is coming.

I also congratulate you because your work is only prefatory and introductory. You want the grace of Jesus Christ, the Carpenter of Nazareth. He toiled himself, and he knows how to sympathize with all who toil. Get his grace in your heart and you can sing on the scaffolding amid the storm, in the shop shoving the plane, in the mine plunging the crowbar, on shipboard climbing the rattlines. He will make the drops of sweat on your brow glittering pearls for the eternal coronet. Are you tired, he will rest you. Are you sick, he will give you help. Are you cold, he will wrap you in the mantle of his love. Who are they before the throne? "Ah!" you say, "their hands were never calloused with toil." Yes they were; but Christ raised them to that high eminence. Who are these? "These are they that came out of great tribulation and had their robes washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb." That for every Christian working man and for every Christian workingwoman will be the beginning of eternal holiday.

DRINKING IN HOT WEATHER.

By "drinking" in hot weather we do not mean drinking of beer, wine or stronger liquors, for there is nothing to discuss in such a question. There is no one competent to speak on this subject, even though he may indulge moderately himself, who does not admit that the human system is better without alcoholic drinks in hot weather. But "intemperance" does not consist alone in indulgence in intoxicating beverages; many a man has died of "intemperance" in eating and in drinking who never allowed so much as a glass of cider to pass his lips.

The most dangerous of all drinks in hot weather is ice water; for being without cost and without taste, it is often taken in enormous quantities, whereas if it cost money, seldom more than a single glass would be taken at a time.

Like many other things, ice water is in itself a blessing, and only as an abused gift becomes a curse. When one is overheated, ice water taken sipwise is refreshing and cooling, but when swallowed in great draughts it is a deadly thing. Every summer we read in the papers of men dying suddenly from this very cause—and then forget the warning as soon as we are hot and thirsty.

If the temptation to take a "long drink" cannot be resisted, the water must not be cold; even cool spring water is dangerous so indulged in. The proper way is to rinse the mouth and gargle the throat first with cold water and then take a couple of swallows—not gulps—and so on, alternately gargling and drinking.

The first time this plan is tried one will be astonished to find how little cold water is needed to quench the thirst and refresh the heated body. One glassful used in this way will do more good than three or four taken like a horse.

It must not be understood, however, from anything said above, that the drinking of water in hot weather is injurious. On the contrary large quantities should be taken, two quarts or more a day, but it should be taken a little at a time, and not too cold. The body is constantly throwing off water in the form of perspiration, and water must be supplied to replace the loss.

We have spoken only of water because this is the basis of all cooling drinks, and because we cannot drink quarts of lemonade or any other sweetened and flavored beverage without causing the stomach to rebel, but when taken in moderate quantities, lemon, ginger ale, and the like, are harmless.

A Diamond Lover in Love.

A collector of gems in Boston possessed three perfectly matched solitaires, of blue, rose and yellow, and would tell his friends as the loveliest combination of colors he knew anything about. The true lover of gems prefers stones unset, so he can stir them about with the point of a jeweler's nippers or a pencil and enjoy their unalloyed sparkle and purity in every phase of light. These three perfectly colored diamonds, which were carried in the man's waistcoat pocket, wrapped in cotton, were valued at several thousand dollars, but one day Cupid appeared, and then one of the precious stones went into a blazing engagement ring, and the remaining two eventually found themselves turned into "jewelry." Such is the power of love.—Boston Herald.

Gift to a French Library.

The British museum has presented 30,000 documents relating to the French revolution, of which it had duplicates, to the French National library of Paris.

Office Of
J. J. Mulheron, M.D.
Detroit, Mich., Sept., 1897.

Mess. S. A. Sloman & Co.

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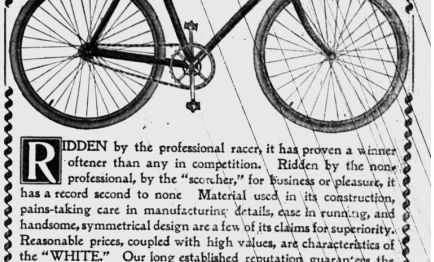

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