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 s'ld. Make us an offer.

No. 2.

Farm of 50 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 [illegible] 15c, Pontiac 10c. Owner [illegible] Toronto and must sell. We will make it an object for any [illegible] 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; 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 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; 2¾ 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 60x 116¼ 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, SEPT. 1, '99

The polite man is always sure of his standing in a crowded car.

The fee advanced to the matrimonial agent is money paid in to court.

The amateur hunter may not injure the birds, but he makes them soar.

Calling it a landscape doesn't improve the appearance of the back yard.

The self-made man put in more than eight hours a day while working at the job.

When a woman has credit she always buys a lot of fool things she doesn't need.

It's poor policy for a business man to wait for the sheriff to attend to his advertising.

When a man of mature years acquires the cigarette habit it is easy to see his finish.

We have often wondered why railroad men and hotel clerks are referred to as being genial.

The colored recruit arms himself with a razor when he enlists for a crap-shooting expedition.

It is just as easy to tell the truth as it is to tell a lie, but somehow people seem to pay much less attention to it.

A western author recently published a little book entitled "How to Break a Mule." Every married woman should hasten to procure a copy of this great work.

Probably the male population of the United States will have no objections to being brothers to his majesty the sultan of Sulu, but many might be indisposed to acting as brothers-in-law to all his wives. The line must be drawn somewhere.

A signalman at Slough was discharged summarily for stopping a special train on which the prince of Wales was traveling recently. On his explaining, first, that he didn't know the prince was on the train, and, second, that the track was not clear, he was put back again.

Chicago restaurants announce a general rise in the prices of steaks, and it will soon become almost as expensive to eat a sirloin in Chicago as to take a debutante and her chaperon to hear grand opera. The public will stand the added tax on meat with uncomplaining fortitude, but an increase in the price of pie would rouse a spirit of rebellion that might stop at nothing. Beef may furnish both the brawn and sinew of Americans, but pie is dear to every patriotic heart, and a gloomy fate awaits the man who lifts its price or disturbs its size.

The suit brought by the United States against the Missouri, Kansas & Texas Railroad company to set aside the road's title to the land grant in Allen and Neosho counties has been decided in the Federal court in session at Leavenworth, Kan. The land in litigation amounted to more than 1,000,000 acres, the aggregate value of which is about $15,000,000. After hearing the arguments, Judge Hook decided that title to lands held by settlers outside of Allen ocunty should be confirmed. Arguments are still to be heard with reference to the title in Allen county.

A dispatch from Laramie, Wyo., announces that out of a party of 100 scientists who went geologizing in the neighboring mountains some weeks ago only twelve remain faithful to their rock-chipping mission, the other eighty-eight having scattered out with kodaks and devoted their whole time to photography. Thus does the camera gain a decisive triumph over the hammer and the developed negative outweigh the finest fossil. Kodak practice may not bring results of wonderful value to the world of paleontological science, but it is apparently more fun than burrowing in the strata of an alkali valley.

Liberal aid for the destitute people of Porto Rico, 100,000 of whom are said to be without homes or food as the result of the recent hurricane, will be a most effective way of showing the natives of our tropical possessions that they were truly fortunate when they came beneath the shadows of the American flag. Prompt and properly administered relief, teaching the Porto Ricans that the American rule means not only impartial justice, but kindness, charity and interest in the welfare of all the nation's people, will allay much discontent, ease any casual friction and give the new additions to our census table a better understanding of America and Americans than has yet been presented.

American militiamen are not permitted, even when in attendance upon a Y. M. C. A. excursion, to pollute Canadian soil. If our neighbors are so fearful of a few holiday soldier boys, while wearing the uniform of the United States, how they would shudder at the sight of a party of regulars tramping along behind a Gatling gun.

China is reported bottling an army of 10,000 outlaws. They may be assimilated yet, and in such a case as this the process would not be without some moral defense.

The Chicago man who stole a dollar and then fell into the river in the effort to escape was allowed to go free, the citizen who lost the money remarking that the bather must have been sorely in need of currency to take such chances. Inasmuch as the dollar was lost during the struggle with the river, the luckless thief no doubt felt that even this generous act was but cold and inadequate consolation.

Everybody wants to get in on the ground floor. That's why there is always plenty of room at the top.

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

"HEALTH RESORTS," THE SUBJECT LAST SUNDAY.

"A Pool That is Called in the Hebrew Tongue Bethesda, Having Five Porches, Where Lay a Great Multitude of Impotent Folk." John v., 2, 3.

Outside the city of Jerusalem there was a sanative watering-place, the popular resort for invalids. To this day there is a dry basin of rock which shows that there may have been a pool there three hundred and sixty feet long, one hundred and thirty feet wide, and seventy-five feet deep. This pool was surrounded by five piazzas, or porches, or bathing houses, where the patients tarried until the time when they were to step into the water. So far as reinvigoration was concerned, it must have been a Saratoga and a Long Branch on a small scale; a Leamington and a Brighton combined—medical and therapeutic. Tradition says that at a certain season of the year there was an officer of the government who would go down to that water and pour in it some healing quality, and after that the people would come and get the medication; but I prefer the plain statement of Scripture, that at a certain season an angel came down and stirred up or troubled the water; and then the people came and got the healing. That angel of God that stirred up the Judean watering-place had his counterpart in the angel of healing, who, in our day, steps into the mineral waters of Congress, or Sharon, or Sulphur Springs, or into the salt sea at Cape May and Nahant, where multitudes who are worn out with commercial and professional anxieties, as well as those who are afflicted with rheumatic, neuralgic and splenetic diseases, go and are cured by the thousands. These blessed Bethesdas are scattered all up and down our country.

We are at a season of the year when rail trains are laden with passengers and baggage on their way to the mountains and the lakes and the seashore. Multitudes of our citizens are away for a restorative absence. The city heats are pursuing the people with torch and fear of sunstroke. The long, silent halls of sumptuous hotels are all abuzz with excited arrivals. The antlers of Adirondack deer rattle under the shot of city sportsmen. The trout make fatal snap at the hook of adroit sportsmen, who toss their spotted brilliance into the game basket. The baton of the orchestral leader taps the music-stand on the hotel green, and American life has put on festal array, and the rumbling of the ten-pin alley, and the crack of the ivory balls on the green-baized billiard tables, and the jolting of the bar-room goblets, and the explosive uncorking of the champagne bottles, and the whirl and the rustle of the ball-room dance, and the clattering hoofs of the race courses, and other signs of social dissipation, attest that the season for the great American watering-places is in full play. Music! Flute, and drum, and cornet-a-piston, and clapping cymbals wake the echoes of the mountains. Glad am I that fagged out American life, for the most part, has an opportunity to rest, and that nerves racked and destroyed will find a Bethesda. I believe in watering-places. They recuperate for active service many who were worn out with trouble or overwork. They are national restoratives. Let not the commercial firm begrudge the clerk, or the employer the journeyman, or the patient the physician, or the church its pastor, a season of inoccupation. Luther used to sport with his children; Edmund Burke used to caress his favorite horse; Thomas Chalmers, in the dark hour of the church's disruption, played kite for recreation—so I was told by his own daughter—and the busy Christ said to the busy apostles, "Come ye apart awhile into the desert and rest yourselves." And I have observed that they who do not know how to rest do not know how to work. But I have to declare this truth today, that some of our fashionable watering-places are the temporal and the eternal destruction of "a multitude that no man can number;" and, amid the congratulations of this season, and the prospect of the departure of many of you for the country, I must utter a warning, plain, earnest and unmistakable.

The first temptation that is apt to hover in this direction to leave your piety at home. You will send the dog and cat and canary bird to be well cared for somewhere else; but the temptation will be to leave your religion in the room with the blinds down and the door bolted, and then you will come back in the autumn to find that it is starved and suffocated, lying stretched on the rug, stark dead. There is no surplus of piety at the watering-places. I never knew any one to grow very rapidly in grace at the Catskill Mountain house, or Sharon Springs, or the Falls of Montmorency. It is generally the case that the Sabbath is more of a carousal than any other day, and there are Sunday walks, and Sunday rides, and Sunday excursions. Elders and deacons and ministers of religion who are entirely consistent at home, sometimes when the Sabbath dawns on them at Niagara Falls or the White Mountains, take a day to themselves. If they go to church, it is apt to be a sacred parade, and the discourse, instead of being a plain talk about the soul, is apt to be what is called a crack sermon—that is, some discourse picked out of the effusions of the year as the one most adapted to excite admiration; and in those churches, from the way the ladies hold their fans, you know that they are not so much impressed with the heat as with the picturesqueness of half disclosed features. Four puny souls stand in the organ loft and squall a tune that nobody knows, and worshipers, with two thousand dollars' worth of diamonds on the right hand, drop a cent into the poor box, and then the benediction is pronounced and the farce is ended. The toughest thing I ever tried to do was to be good at a watering-place. The air is bewitched with the "world, the flesh and the devil." There are Christians who, in three or four weeks in such a place, have had such terrible rents made in their Christian robe that they had to keep darning it until Christmas to get it mended.

The health of a great many people makes an annual visit to some mineral spring an absolute necessity; but take your Bible along with you, and take an hour for secret prayer every day, though you be surrounded by guffaw and saturnalia. Keep holy the Sabbath, though they deride you as a bigoted Puritan. Stand off from gambling hells and those other institutions which propose to imitate on this side the water the iniquities of Baden-Baden. Let your moral and your immortal health keep pace with your physical recuperation, and remember that all the sulphur and chalybeate springs cannot do you so much good as the healing perennial flood that breaks forth from the "Rock of Ages." This may be your last summer. If so, make it a fit vestibule of heaven.

Another temptation hovering around nearly all our watering-places is the horse-racing business. We all admire the horse, but we do not think that its beauty or speed ought to be cultured at the expense of human degradation. The horse race is not of such importance as the human race. The Bible intimates that a man is better than a sheep, and I suppose he is better than a horse, though, like Job's stallion, his neck be clothed with thunder. Horse races in olden times were under the ban of Christian people; and in our day the same institution has come up under fictitious names. And it is called a "summer meeting," almost suggestive of positive religious exercises. And it is called an "agricultural fair," suggestive of everything that is improving in the art of farming. But under these deceptive titles are the same cheating and the same betting and the same drunkenness and the same vagabondage and the same abomination that were to be found under the old horse-racing system.

Long ago the English government got through looking to the turf for the dragoon and the light-cavalry horse. They found out that the turf depreciates the stock; and it is worse yet for men. Thomas Hughes, the member of parliament and the author known all the world over, hearing that a new turf enterprise was being started in this country, wrote a letter in which he said: "Heaven help you, then; for of all the cankers of our old civilization there is nothing in this country approaching in unblushing meanness, in rascality holding its head high, to this belauded institution of the British turf." Another famous sportsman writes: "How many fine domains have been shared among these hosts of rapacious sharks during the last 200 years; and unless the system be altered, how many more are doomed to fall into the same gulf!" With the bull fights of Spain and the bear-baitings of the pit, may the Lord God annihilate the infamous and accursed horse racing of England and America!

Now, the watering-places are full of temptations to men and women to tipple. At the close of the ten-pin or billiard game, they tipple. At the close of the cotillon, they tipple. Seated on the piazza cooling themselves off; they tipple. The tinged glasses come around with bright straws, and they tipple. First, they take "light wines," as they call them; but "light wines" are heavy enough to debase the appetite. There is not a very long road between champagne at five dollars a bottle and whisky at ten cents a glass. Satan has three or four grades down which he takes men to destruction. One man he takes up, and through one spree pitches him into eternal darkness. That is a rare case. Very seldom, indeed, can you find a man who will be such a fool as that. Satan will take another man to a grade, to a descent at an angle about like the Pennsylvania coal-chute or the Mount Washington rail-track, and shove him off. But that is very rare. When a man goes down to destruction, Satan brings him to a plane. It is almost a level. The depression is so slight that you can hardly see it. The man does not actually know that he is on the down grade, and it tips only a little toward total darkness—just a little. And the first mile it is claret, and the second mile it is sherry, and the third mile it is punch, and the fourth mile it is ale, and the fifth mile it is whisky, and the sixth mile it is brandy, and then it gets steeper and steeper and steeper, until it is impossible to stop. "Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth its color in the cup, when it moveth itself aright. At the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder."

Whether you tarry at home—which will be quite as safe, and perhaps quite as comfortable—or go into the country, arm yourself against temptation. The grace of God is the only safe shelter, whether in town or country. There are watering-places accessible to all of us. You cannot open a book of the Bible without finding out some such watering place. Fountains open for sin and uncleanness. Wells of salvation. Streams from Lebanon. A flood struck out of the rock by Moses. Fountains in the wilderness discovered by Hagar. Water to drink and water to bathe in. The river of God, which is full of water. Water of which if a man drink he shall never thirst. Wells of water in the Valley of Baca. Living fountains of water. A pure river of water as clear as crystal from under the throne of God. These are watering-places accessible to all of us. We do not have a laborious packing up before we start—only the throwing away of our transgressions. No expensive hotel bills to pay; it is "without money and without price." No long and dusty travel before we get there; it is only one step away.

In California, in five minutes, I walked around and saw ten fountains all bubbling up, and they were all different; and in five minutes I can go through this Bible parterre and find you fifty bright, sparkling fountains bubbling up into eternal life—healing and therapeutic. A chemist will go to one of these summer watering-places and take the water, and analyze it, and tell you that it contains so much of iron, and so much of soda, and so much of lime, and so much of magnesia. I come to this Gospel well, this living fountain, and analyze the water; and I find that its ingredients are peace, pardon, forgiveness, hope, comfort, life, heaven. "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye" to this watering-place. Crowd around this Bethesda. O you sick, you lame, you troubled, you dying—crowd around this Bethesda. Step in it, oh, step in it. The angel of the covenant today stirs the water. Why do you not step in it? Some of you are too weak to take a step in that direction. Then we take you up in the arms of prayer, and plunge you clear under the wave, hoping that the cure may be as sudden and as radical as with Captain Naaman, who, blotched and carbuncled, stepped into the Jordan, and after the seventh dive came up, his skin roseate-complexioned as the flesh of a little child.

HEROIC RESCUE.

Of a Drowning Man After a Hard Struggle.

Chicago Record: With 4,000 persons cheering him on, Surfman William H. Batchelor of the Jackson Park life-saving crew plunged into the lake, swam out to a drowning man and brought his safely to shore. Once the swimmer went down. When he came up Batchelor had thrown aside his shoes and blouse, and, with a cheering "I'm coming," sprung into the water. He was a strong swimmer, and soon reached the side of the struggling man. He told him to turn over on his back. At first he refused to comply, then Batchelor spoke more sharply than before, and the man obeyed. Batchelor dove under him, and when he came up had the man on his back and was holding him with one hand. With the other he began to work his way shoreward. Every stroke was cheered by the crowd on shore. Five minutes and Batchelor had reached a point where he could touch bottom. Then began a struggle to keep the man from being killed by being dashed against the lake bottom when a big wave would strike and crush them down. Three minutes of hard fighting and Batchelor reached the stone sea wall, where willing hands assisted him to draw the almost drowned man to shore. When both were safely landed a cheer went up from the 4,000 throats that echoed and re-echoed far back into the park. The rescued man was William Johnson.

A STRONG BABY.

Regimen on Which One Infant Is Making Astonishing Growth.

There is a doctor in West Philadelphia who has a son one year old, and this baby is probably the strongest human being for its age and weight in the world. Its father will hold a cane in his two hands, and the baby, grasping it, will draw itself up to its chin three times. That is but one of its numerous feats of strength. The physician says that his boy's unusual muscular development is due to a daily massage treatment. Every morning he lays the little fellow, naked, on a blanket, and kneads his muscles for thirty minutes. Once a month he weighs the baby and measures its calves, chest, arms, etc. The monthly increase of weight and girth are remarkable. The baby has never had shoes or stockings on its feet or a hat on its head, and in the summer it wears only a little sleeveless dress that comes to its knees. It gets a cold bath every morning. "If nothing goes wrong," the physician often declares, "this child will be one of the strongest men the world has ever seen. He will never get bald and he will never lose a tooth. As for his muscles, with massage and a course of exercise that I have laid out, they will be big and supple all over his body. All his flesh will be, when tense, hard as steel, and when relaxed as soft as the flesh of a young girl."

Loss of Hair Due to Mental Shock.

In a French medical journal M. Boissier relates the following remarkable case, which is an addition to the group of cases in which sudden loss of hair or change of its color followed mental shock. The subject was a vigorous peasant, aged 38 years, who was not of a nervous temperament beyond being slightly emotional. His hair was abundant, and a dark chestnut color and not even slightly interspersed with white filaments. One evening, as he was returning home, preceded by his mule, on which was mounted his son, aged 8 years, the animal slipped, and the child was thrown off and trampled on several times. He was only severely bruised, but the father thought he was killed, and in endeavoring to save him was terror-stricken. He trembled, and had palpitations and a feeling of cold and tension in the face and head. On the following day the hairs of the head, beard and eyebrows commenced to fall in quantities, so that after eight days he was absolutely bald. At the same time the skin of the face and head become paler. Without delay the hairs began to grow again in the form of a colorless down. Soon all the affected regions were covered with finer, more silky, and a more thinly sown, completely white hair. The hair of other regions was not affected.

An Odd Sea Dweller.

The sea cucumber, one of the curious jelly bodies that inhabit the ocean can practically efface himself when in danger by squeezing the water out of his body and forcing himself into a narrow crack—so narrow as not to be visible to the naked eye. He can throw out nearly the whole of his inside, and yet live and grow it again.

Her Ashes in the Mortar.

An odd monument was desired by an elderly maiden who died a few weeks ago in Athlone, Ireland. She left a fortune of $135,000 to be spent in the erection of a church, provided that her body should be converted into ashes and used in making the mortar for building the edifice.

Just Think of It.

Tommy Scroggins—"I'd hate to be dat two-headed boy at de museum." Jimmie Wiggins—"He has lots o' fun." Tommy Scroggins—"I know dat, but jes' t'ink o' havin' two faces to warsh."—Ohio State Journal.

Danger.

The Bank President—Are you aware the cashier has taken a half-interest in a yacht? The Confidential Adviser—No. Perhaps we had better see he does not become a full-fledged skipper.—Indianapolis Journal.

Office Of
E. W. Jenks, M.D.

Detroit, Mich. July, 1897.

Mess. S. A. Sloman & Co.,
Gentlemen:-

I have carefully compared your Old Diamond Wedding whiskey with others that I have heretofore recommended for medicinal purposes, with the result that this comparison is most favorable to your article. A pure whiskey occupies an important place in materia medica, and ought to find a place in every family household.

You have asked for my conscientious opinion of its merits medicinally, and I have no hesitancy in saying that I believe your whiskey possesses the highest standard of excellency and purity.

Yours truly,

Edw'd. W. Jenks M.D.

The "White"

RIDDEN by the professional racer, it has proven a winner oftener than any in competition. Ridden by the non-professional, by the "scorcher," for business or pleasure, it has a record second to none. Material used in its construction, pains-taking care in manufacturing details, ease in running, and handsome, symmetrical design are a few of its claims for superiority. Reasonable prices, coupled with high values, are characteristics of the "WHITE." Our long established reputation guarantees the excellence of our product.

Models A and B	$50.00
Model G (30-in. wheel)	60.00
"Special Racer"	65.00
Models E and F (chainless)	75.00

White Sewing Machine Company,
CLEVELAND, OHIO.

FARM JOURNAL

50 CENTS FOR 5 YEARS

THE BIGGEST PAPER of its SIZE in the UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

The Boiled Down Paper
Cream not Skim Milk
Hits the Nail on the Head
Knows what to Put in
Knows what to Leave out
Full of Ginger
Full of Sunshine
A Practical Paper
For Sleeves-rolled-up Farmers
Good in any State where Gumption is Current
Cut to Fit the Man who Knows What's What
Farmers at the First Table
Justice to All Men

Why have a Mortgage on the Farm, Poor Crops, Rheumatism, Sour Bread, Sick Hogs, a Leaky Roof, Ropy Milk, a Balky Horse, Grip, Hole in the Pocket, Skeleton in the Closet, or any other

Pain or Trouble

when you can get the **Farm Journal** five years for 50 cents? Address FARM JOURNAL, Phila., Pa.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.—By special arrangement made with the FARM JOURNAL, we are enabled to offer that paper from now until December, 1903, to every subscriber who pays for ours one year ahead—both papers for the price of ours only.

Be prompt in accepting this offer.

THE BIRMINGHAM ECCENTRIC,
Whitehead & Mitchell, Pubs., Birmingham, Mich.

For a SUMMER CRUISE take the

COAST LINE TO MACKINAC

NEW STEEL PASSENGER STEAMERS

COMFORT, SPEED and SAFETY

The Greatest Perfection yet attained in Boat Construction—Luxurious Equipment, Artistic Furnishing, Decoration and Efficient Service

To Detroit, Mackinac, Georgian Bay, Petoskey, Chicago

No other Line offers a panorama of 460 miles of equal variety and interest.

FOUR TRIPS PER WEEK BETWEEN
Toledo, Detroit and Mackinac
PETOSKEY, "THE SOO," MARQUETTE AND DULUTH.

LOW RATES to Picturesque Mackinac and Return, including Meals and Berths. Approximate Cost from Cleveland, $19.50 from Toledo, $16.25; from Detroit, $13.75

DAY AND NIGHT SERVICE BETWEEN
DETROIT AND CLEVELAND
Fare, $1.50 Each Direction.
Berths, 75c., $1. Stateroom, $1.75.
Connections are made at Cleveland with Earliest Trains for all points East, South and Southwest, and at Detroit for all points North and Northwest.
Sunday Trips June, July, Aug., Sep., Oct. Only

EVERY DAY AND NIGHT BETWEEN
Cleveland, Put-in-Bay and Toledo.

Send 2c. for Illustrated Pamphlet. Address A. A. SCHANTZ, G. P. A., DETROIT, MICH.
Detroit and Cleveland Navigation Company.

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.