Zimmerman Bros. & Alger,

Hardware, - Pontiac.

300 STOVES and RANGES

Bought at the old prices before the advance in stoves. While they last you can buy them at the old price.

OUR LEADERS—

Garland Stoves and Ranges, the genuine Round Oak Stoves, Red Cross Cooking and Heating Stoves, Quick Meal Steel Ranges.

IT WILL PAY YOU TO GIVE US A CALL.

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HERE BELOW,

BUT When it comes to subscribing for a newspaper he wants the very best for his money.

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the paper that is read by more people in Michigan than any similar newspaper published,

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The Journal is indispensable to the FARMER, with its MARKET REPORTS. Two features of its Saturday issue are COMPLETE STOCK MARKET REPORTS, which are published in no other newspaper, and THE FARM AND HOME DEPARTMENT, edited by a practical farmer, and full of information to the farmer and his household.

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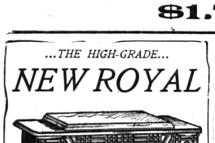

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ILLINOIS SEWING MACHINE CO.
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Whitehead & Mitchell,

Dealers in this Machine.

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Of Whitehead & Mitchell, at the Exchange Bank, Birmingham, Mich.

LIST No. 2.

No. 23.

Feed Mill at Royal Oak, Mich. Four lots. 2-story and basement mill with 20-horse power and steam engine. Typhanti feed roller process. Building alone worth $1,000, to say nothing of the lots. Good farming country, no competition. Well established business with excellent run of custom. Satisfactory reasons for selling made known to customer.

No. 24.

House and two lots, Nos. 58 and 59, Merrill Flat, Birmingham, on north side of Merrill st. Comfortable, cozy little home for some one who cannot afford a brown stone front on Fifth Avenue, but is willing to take solid comfort at a moderate price. Place is owned by Chas. G. Hunt, who has removed from this locality and wants to dispose of this place. The price shows that he is in earnest about selling, for he will take 1,300, and that will be all right.

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The Toynton place, a nice little farm of 70 acres, with four acres of good orchard and buildings as good as anybody's. One mile west of Bloomfield Centre (Circle postoffice), five minute's walk from Long Lake. Basement barn which cost nearly $1,000. House has seven rooms and woodshed, cellar, cistern, well, tool house, chicken house, pig pens, corn crib. A never failing stream runs through the farm. This farm is on the line of the proposed Bloomfield and Orchard Lake electric Railway, from Bloomfield Centre to Orchard Lake. The price which was $65 per acre before the new electric road was thought of, remains the same, although all the farms in the neighborhood have gone skiting."

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St. Clair Flats Tashmoo Park Port Huron

Flats or Tashmoo and Return, 50c.; Port Huron and Return, Week Days, $1.00; Sundays, 75c.

TOLEDO

and Return, every Sunday Morning, 50c.

Steamers leave DETROIT for FLATS, TASHMOO, Pony Hurons and Way Ports Daily, 8 a. m. and 2.30 p. m. Standard Time; additional steamer for Flats and St. Clair Week Days at 4 p. m.; returning arrive 8.15 a. m., 11.00 a. m. and 8.30 p. m. Steamers for TOLEDO, Daily; leave Week Days 3.30 p. m., Sundays, 9 a. m. and 4.30 p. m.

TEL. 1100. Griswold Street Wharf

It is useless to remember the poor unless you remember to do something for them.

A barrel of oil may quell a storm at sea, but a drop is apt to start one on the exchange.

It's a sorry home in which the wife earns the loaf and the husband does nothing but loaf.

What the average man needs is a tonic for eradicating the "I told you so" mania from his system.

THE LATE MR KNAPP

You see, she was such a queer little thing that we couldn't help taking her to our hearts at once. But there! that's just the way with me! It always seems to me as if everybody ought to know the people I know, without any particular explanation.

Well, it was just this way. That summer that mother and I wanted to paper the sitting room, though father would have given mother his head if she had asked for it, heads didn't count, it was money we needed, and of that he had none. Then after much hard thinking I devised a plan, and though it was a great shock to father and mother at first, I carried the day, and the upshot of it was that we advertised for a summer boarder for our spare room. Unless you have gone the same thing at some awful crisis in your life you can never for a moment imagine. Oh, reader, the awful misture of hope and fear that held place in our hearts until we received a neatly written, briefly worded note, signed "Phoebe Knapp."

Mother was taken with it at once, and as she delights in all things miserable because she can make them feel better, she was especially captivated by the closing sentence, which ran: "Having recently met with a bereavement, the rest and quiet you offer will be a great boon to me."

"Widow, likely," said father, as we read this note aloud in his presence (for the fifth time).

"Miss or Mrs. Katie?" asked mother, although we both knew the signature by heart. "Yours sincerely, Phoebe Knapp."

"I'm sure I don't know. I can't read between the lines," I answered, rather flippantly, I fear.

The unknown was beginning to take a sort of weird possession of me. It seemed uncanny that everything should turn upon the movements of a stranger whom we had never seen, and whenever I turned, I could see a trembling a silent figure in a long crape veil lifting its hand and commanding me to do this or that, upon which I was already engaged.

However, we were all ready for her at last, and when father came from the station and deposited upon the front piazza a tiny little woman of about 50 years of age, with big, frightened gray eyes, and delicate, sensitive features, a creature that would have looked small alongside a robust child of 10—the contrast between the little object and the commanding figure of my imagination was so great that I almost had a fit of hysterics on the spot. I took refuge in flight, while mother stood and coddled the "poor dear" and took her up to her room. You see, mother was just in her element, while I had all my notions to readjust to existing circumstances. My flights of fancy will be the death of me some day, father says.

I caught mother on the stair a moment as they were coming down and sat at his, I sewing, he looking out of the windows at what was going on in the street. He seemed perfectly happy as long as I was there. But then we can never tell. I often wish now that I had done more for him, or could have learned better what he wanted."

"What did the physicians say or do?" I asked.

"They said it was the breaking up of the system by old age. I never felt that they quite understood the case."

Poor little thing! Married to an aged paralytic and yet regretting his death as the breaking up of the one tie on earth! What desolation, what utter desolation her case seemed to me! I was moved to take her in my arms and weep with her, which was a great deal for me.

Not only was the late Mr. Knapp old and imbecile and paralytic, but he had other traits which must have rendered him highly objectionable as a daily companion.

"Just about this time every afternoon I always gave James a bowl of cream with fresh sponge cake in it. He would not touch it unless it was in a certain bowl nor unless it was fresh from the baker's. And yet they tried to persuade me that he didn't know anything!"

From which I inferred that, added to his other peculiarities, the late Mr. Knapp possessed an extremely unpleasant temper.

"And, oh, Mrs. Curtis," she wailed, "after the poor dear was dead and gone they wouldn't let me bury him in the family lot." From which I inferred that the dear departed had come of a family of unpleasant tempers. Such heathenish doings I never heard tell of. Surely, however they felt towards him during his life, nothing but a fiend would deny him the family resting place after he was dead.

But I forget my interest in Mrs. Knapp and her affairs by reason of some of my own. I had a delightful letter from Tom Dixon, saying he would be with us for a week. Now, Tom was a favorite cousin of mine, and I spent a good deal of time furnishing up my little belongings so that I might look my very best when he came. And then, I was putting finishing touches to Tom's room, too, until the minute he arrived, so that I really had no time to talk to Mrs. Knapp or to listen to her if she wished to talk to me.

Dear old Tom! How good it was to see him that day with his blithe ways and "bonny brown hair!" We talked and talked till supper was called, and then we still talked all the way to the dining room door, and yet we found time to say nothing about anyone but ourselves. As we seated ourselves at the table I saw Mrs. Knapp's vacant place (for she was a little late) and realized that I had not mentioned her presence in our household.

"Why, we have a boarder, Tom," I began, in answer to his look of inquiry at the empty place. Just as I spoke she glided in.

"Why, who on earth would have thought of finding you here!" and he shook her hand in a grasp so hearty that I could see it was painful to her.

She colored faintly, and said a little unsteadily, "This is, indeed, a surprise, Mr. Dixon," and I read between the lines that the surprise was not an altogether agreeable one.

But Tom didn't seem to notice anything (most men are dumb about such things, you know), so I kept my eyes and ears open, and waited for developments.

At last they came, and in the most startling manner.

"So I hear poor Jim is gone at last?" said Tom, turning to Mrs. Knapp as he buttered his seventh biscuit (Tom always was rather a greedy youth, and enjoyed most heartily the good things of this life, mother's cooking among them).

"Oh, Mr. Dixon, how can you speak of him in that way!" exclaimed the widow, hurrying from the room, in a fit of sobbing.

Tom stared.

"Well, I'll be darned! What under the sun is the matter with the woman, anyway?" he exclaimed.

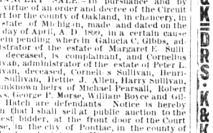
"You ought to be ashamed of yourself," replied I, severely. "No wonder the poor creature is shocked to hear you speak of her husband in that way after he's dead and gone."

Tom stared again. And then he broke into such spasms of laughter that I thought he had suddenly lost his mind. I had heard of such things, but I had fortunately been spared the sight of them so far.

"Her husband," he exclaimed, when he could catch his breath, as he wiped the tears from his eyes. "Her husband! She hadn't any husband. She never was married. Jim was her old black cat!" and then he went off again into spasms.

No wonder the hard-hearted relatives had objected to having all that was mortal of "the late Mr. Knapp" laid in the family lot.

Mother and I looked at each other and said nothing. What was there to say? But we thought things. I don't know whether they were the same things or not, but we certainly thought things.



TOM STARED.

breathed softly into her ear, "Miss or Mrs.?"

"I don't know. I couldn't find out," answered mother in that awful stage whisper of hers that sends me nearly into fits whenever she tries it. But our boarder did not seem to notice. I made a venture on a bold stroke. "I shall call her Mrs. Knapp, and then she can correct me if she doesn't like it. I've always heard that it gives a middle-aged married woman much greater offense to be called 'Miss' than it does to address a single sister as 'Mrs.' so here goes."

"I hope you had a pleasant trip down, M-m-," I said, pleasantly, allowing my voice to die away on the last syllable as I found my courage oozing out at the tip of my tongue. I couldn't say Mrs. Knapp after all, to save me.

I noticed with much amazement that father and mother avoided the pitfall as successfully as I did, during that first meal, and we all went out on the piazza after supper to enjoy the sunset. Here our guest set our minds at rest.

"How James would have enjoyed this!" exclaimed she, softly, as if half to herself. Mother nodded so vigorously and triumphantly behind her back that I was afraid she would notice it, and so hastened to nod in reply. We knew now. She was a widow. "He loved to sit beside me and watch the setting sun even in the city," she went on softly. "It seems terribly lonely without him. Oh, if I could only have brought him out into such a peaceful place as this, he might be alive now! That last hot spell was so hard on him. I thought perhaps he had a sunstroke, but I could not tell."

Mother's eyes filled with sympathetic tears, and as she laid her hand gently over that of Mrs. Knapp she inquired tenderly, "How long is it since he died, dear?"

"Six weeks," answered the widow. "He was all that I had in the world, and I have been so lonely ever since. But, please, Mrs. Curtis, I cannot talk about it quite yet."

Nevertheless, she did "talk about it" quite a good deal in the days that followed, with the effect that I, who was a wide-awake girl at that time, peculiarly susceptible to first impressions, imbibed an impression of the late Mr. Knapp's eccentricities that was not altogether complimentary to the departed gentleman.

"Poor dear!" she said one day. "He tried so hard to speak. If he only could have told his wants!" We never asked her any questions. We just let her talk on, feeling that this was kindest and best. I inferred from this last remark that her husband had been affected with paralysis, particularly as she had said on another occasion, "I used to sit at my window and James

A PIG

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Birmingham, Mich.

Even the quiet waiter is frequently called to order.

Enterprise is a policeman that keeps us always on the move.

If a man is noted for his honesty he can get along without a policy.

Rolling stones gather no moss, but it's different with rolling jokes.

The wasp is a quiet little fellow, but he has a way of making himself felt.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, COUNTY OF OAKLAND, ss. At a session of the Probate Court for the county of Oakland, held at the Probate office, in the city of Pontiac, on the 8th day of August, in the year of our Lord one thousand, eight hundred and ninety-nine.

Present, Thomas L. Patterson, Judge of Probate.

In the matter of the estate of GEORGE A. BROWN, deceased.

On application of Galucia C. Gibbs, the executor, for the examination and allowance of his final account and the settlement of the estate.

It is ordered that Monday, the 11th day of September next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at said Probate office, be appointed for hearing said application and the examination and allowance of said final account. And it is further ordered that a copy of this order be published three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing in the BIRMINGHAM ECCENTRIC, a newspaper printed and circulating in said county of Oakland.

THOMAS L. PATTERSON, Aug11-Sep1 Judge of Probate.

ADMINISTRATOR'S SALE—In the matter of the estate of ELIZABETH BEACH, deceased. Notice is hereby given that by virtue of a license to me granted on the 21st day of July, 1899, by the Honorable Thomas L. Patterson, Judge of Probate in and for the county of Oakland, I will sell at auction, to the highest bidder, on the premises, in the township of Bloomfield, on Saturday, the 2nd day of September, 1899, at 10 o'clock a. m., all the right, title and interest, of which the said Hannah Smith died seized, in and to the following real estate, situate and being in the town of Bloomfield, Oakland county, Michigan, and more particularly specified and described as follows: The west half of the east half of the northwest quarter of section twenty-seven (27), town two north of range ten east containing forty acres of land more or less, also nine acres of land lying on the east side of the above described land, being nine rods wide east and west and one hundred sixty rods long north and south

EUGENE BROOKS, Aug11-Sep22 Executor.

ADMINISTRATOR'S SALE—In the matter of the estate of HANNAH SMITH, deceased. Notice is hereby given that by virtue of a license to me granted on the 7th day of August, 1899, by the Honorable Thomas L. Patterson, Judge of Probate in and for the county of Oakland, I will sell at auction, to the highest bidder, on the premises, in the village of Birmingham, on Monday, the 25th day of September, 1899, at 10 o'clock a. m., all the right, title and interest, of which the said Hannah Smith died seized, in and to the following real estate, situate and being in the village of Birmingham, Oakland county, Michigan, and more particularly specified and described as follows: All the following piece of land situated in the village of Birmingham, Oakland county, state of Michigan, to wit: Commencing at the southwest corner of a piece of land heretofore sold by Amos Davis to John B. Cartwright, thence southeasterly along the Detroit & Birmingham Plank Road thirty-five and one-half rods, thence easterly at right angles with the plank road to the lands owned by the Detroit & Milwaukee Railroad, thence northwesterly along the line of the said railroad company's land to the southeast corner of said John B. Cartwright's land, thence westerly along the said Cartwright's line to the center of the plank road to the place of beginning, containing two acres of land more or less; excepting and reserving from the above description a strip of land heretofore sold to Albert W. Campbell for street purposes and now known as Bowers street, also excepting a piece of land heretofore sold to William Milton. Commencing at the southwest corner of the intersection of Bowers street and Saginaw street, running thence southeasterly along the east line of Saginaw street one hundred and fifty feet, thence easterly at right angles with Saginaw street about one hundred eight feet and six inches to the Detroit, Grand Haven & Milwaukee Railroad, thence northerly along the line of said railroad to the south line of Bowers street, thence westerly along the line of Bowers street to the place of beginning. Also the following described parcel of land, to wit: Commencing at the southwest corner of a piece of land heretofore sold to William Milton, running thence southeasterly along the line of Saginaw street one hundred and five feet, thence easterly and at right angles with Saginaw street about seventy-eight feet and four inches to the Detroit, Grand Haven & Milwaukee Railroad, thence northerly along the line of the said railroad to the land of William Milton aforesaid, thence westerly along the line of the said Milton's land about ninety seven feet and four inches, to the place of beginning

ALMERON WHITEHEAD, Aug11 Sep22 Administrator.

CHANCERY SALE—In pursuance and by virtue of an order and decree of the Circuit Court for the county of Oakland, in chancery, in the state of Michigan, made and dated on the 29th day of April, A. D. 1899, in a certain cause therein pending, where in Galucia C. Gibbs, administrator of the estate of Margaret E. Sullivan, deceased, is complainant, and Cornelius Sullivan, administrator of the estate of Peter J. Sullivan, deceased, Cornelia Sullivan, Henrietta Sullivan, Hettie E. Alley, Henry Sullivan, the unknown heirs of Michael Pearsall, Robert Parks, George Purse, William Boyce and Gilbert Hatch are defendants. Notice is hereby given that I shall sell at public auction to the highest bidder, at the front door of the Court house, in the city of Pontiac, in the county of Oakland, and state of Michigan, said Court House being the place for holding the Circuit Court for said county, on **Monday, the 9th day of October, A. D. 1899**, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of said day, all that certain piece or parcel of land in township of Troy, Oakland county, Michigan, known and described as follows: Forty acres of land off from the south end of the west half of the northwest quarter of section twenty-two (22), in town two north of range eleven east, Michigan.

Dated at Pontiac, Michigan, this 16th day of August, A. D. 1899.

FRANK L. COVERT, Circuit Court Commissioner, Oakland County, Michigan.

JOHN H. PATTERSON, Solicitor for Complainant. Aug25-Sep29

STATE OF MICHIGAN, COUNTY OF OAKLAND, ss. At a session of the Probate Court for said County of Oakland, held at the Probate Office, in the city of Pontiac, on the 15th day of August, in the year one thousand, eight hundred and ninety-nine.

Present, Thomas L. Patterson, Judge of Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of ALEXANDER SUTTS, deceased.

On reading and filing the petition of Flora B. Kibbler, administratrix of the estate of Alexander A. Kibbler, deceased, praying for the specific performance of certain land contract executed by Alexander Sutts and Flora B. Kibbler, and same being attached to said petition.

It is ordered that Monday, the 11th day of September next at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, at said Probate office, be appointed for hearing said petition. And it is further ordered that a copy of this order be published three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing in the BIRMINGHAM ECCENTRIC, a newspaper printed and circulating in said county of Oakland.

THOMAS L. PATTERSON, Aug28-Sep8 Judge of Probate.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, COUNTY OF OAKLAND, ss. At a session of the Probate Court for said County of Oakland, held at the Probate Office, in the city of Pontiac, on the 14th day of August, in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety-nine.

Present: Thomas L. Patterson, Judge of Probate

In the Matter of the Estate of ALVIN D. SHADBOLT, deceased.

On application of Almeron Whitehead, administrator, with the will annexed, for the examination and allowance of his final account and settlement of the estate.

It is ordered that Thursday, the 14th day of September next, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, at said Probate Office, be appointed for hearing said application and the examination and allowance of said final account. And it is further ordered that a copy of this order be published three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing in the BIRMINGHAM ECCENTRIC, a newspaper printed and circulating in said county of Oakland.

THOMAS L. PATTERSON, Aug28-Sep8 Judge of Probate.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, COUNTY OF OAKLAND, ss. At a session of the Probate Court for said county of Oakland, held at the Probate office, in the city of Pontiac, on the 9th day of August, in the year one thousand, eight hundred and ninety-nine.

Present, Thomas L. Patterson, Judge of Probate.

In the matter of the estate of MARTHA J. YOUNG, deceased.

On reading and filing the petition of Charles A. Ashcroft, praying for the probate of an instrument in writing, heretofore filed in this court, purporting to be the last will and testament of said de ceased.

It is ordered that Saturday, the 2d day of September next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at said Probate office, be appointed for hearing said instrument; and it is further o dered that a copy of this order be published three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing in the BIRMINGHAM ECCENTRIC, a newspaper printed and circulating in said county of Oakland.

THOMAS L. PATTERSON, (A TRUE COPY.) Judge of Probate. Aug11-Sep11

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Eleanor's Mother—You do Eleanor a great injustice, my dear. She is not idle, only delicate. She has no power of endurance. Eleanor's Father—Humph! I know all about her power of endurance. It's the kind that'll let her dance all night in shoes two sizes too small for her, and make her too tired next day to dust the parlor.

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Extra-Super Ingrains, Extra Heavy Wool Ingrains, Wool Figured Ingrains, Union Ingrains, Cotton Ingrains,

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and an excellent assortment of Rugs in all sizes. Also a fine line of 6 and 12 foot Linoleums and Oilcloths from one to two yards wide.

Carpets made and laid if desired.

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15 pcs 12½c Novelty Goods . . 9c per yard
15 pcs 25 and 35c Novelty Goods . 19c per yard
10 pcs 50c Novelty Goods . . 29c per yard
3 doz 69c Kid Gloves in colors . . 50c per pair
5 doz $1 Kid Gloves in colors . . 75c per pair
5 doz $1.50 Kid Gloves, black and colors, $1.25 a pair
50c Shirt Waists 39c
$1 and $1.25 Shirt Waists . . . 69c
$1.50 Shirt Waists 89c

GREEN & McGEE.

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DISEASED MEN CURED

DRS. KENNEDY & KERGAN

THOUSANDS of young men, middle aged men and old men can look back at their bodies days or early manhood with a sigh of remorse. The ignorance of early youth, or later on ignorance of life as "one of the boys" has sown the seeds for future suffering. **SELF ABUSE** is a terrible sin against nature and will bear a rich harvest. This and Private Diseases ap the very life and vitality of the victim. Our NEW METHOD TREATMENT will positively cure all the following ills, viz:

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ARE YOU? NERVOUS and despondent; weak or debilitated; tired morn ng; no ambition; eyes sunken, dull and lifeless; memory poor; easily fatigued; excitable and irritable; eyes sunken, red and blurred; pimples on face; dreams and night losses; restless; languid looking; aches in back, bone pains; hair losing; sexual organs weak; testicles; depot it in urine and drains at stool; distrustful; want of confidence; lack of energy and strength—*WE CAN CURE YOU OR ASK NO PAY.*

CURES GUARANTEED OR NO PAY—CONFIDENTIAL

SNATCHED FROM THE GRAVE. A Warning from the Living. "At 35 I learned I had kidney trouble. At 45 I learned I had heart trouble. Tried four doctors and nerve tonics by the score without benefit; emissions and drains increased. I became a complete wreck. A friend who had been cured by Drs. Kennedy & Kergan of a similar disease, advised me to try them. I did so and in two months' time found I was cured. This was eight years ago. I am now married and have two healthy children."—C. W. LEWIS, Saginaw.

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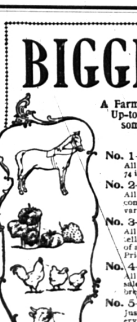

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