Real Estate Exchange

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

The following is a partial list of farm, city and village lots and real estate generally which we have for sale. As our list is constantly changing, we request that parties will write us if they do not see what they want in this list:

No. 1.

Sixty feet front on Southfield Ave., Birmingham, at the end of Fremont Ave. About ten cords of stone on the premises go with the place. Must be sold. Make us an offer.

No. 2.

Farm of 80 acres, well fenced, well watered—never-failing stream; 10 acres timber; 1½ miles from Bloomfield Center and electric railway to Detroit and Pontiac. Terms easy.

No. 3.

The e½ of sw¼ of section 5, Royal Oak, 80 acres good land, well fenced, fair buildings, within 86 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 $500. Electric cars pass the door.

No. 5.

Elegant house and lot 66 feet front and 20 rods deep on Maple Ave. East, (Half ac. acre). Fine barn and every modern convenience. Furnace, bath, closet, etc. Can be bought for what the buildings cost. Will exchange for improved city property for portion of the purchase price.

No. 6.

The VanEvery farm on the north shore of Wing Lake, 160 acres, two good houses, three barns, 8rod 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 260 feet deep. New modern dwelling, good barn, fine lawn, shrubbery and small fruit. Electric cars pass the door every half hour for Detroit and Pontiac. Fare to Detroit 25c, Pontiac 10c. Owner can be found at Toronto and must sell. We will sell it at a price for any one to investigate this bargain. Make us an offer.

No. 8.

One of the best farms in Oakland county. It is almost enough to say when we tell you that it is the John Buttolph farm in the town of Troy, 80 acres, excellent buildings, two good flowing wells. Large pond well stocked, 9 miles of fine orchard, 5 miles from Birmingham, 3 miles electric road with 6 trains per day. Also 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. The Lovely location on the lake and fine lake for boating and bathing; 102 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 inconvenience. 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; 21 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 per statute, rolling gravelly land, soil excellent 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 finest farm buildings in the township. Large and never-failing spring; 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 new land, all kinds of fruit, good water and everything convenient for a small farm and they have had a cozy home. Come and let us show you over the premises.

No. 18.

A small farm of five acres, being part of the w¼ of section 2, Southfield township, Oakland County. Four good buildings; house, barn, tool-house and pig-pen. Buildings insured for $1,300. 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 school house; 80 rods from Episcopal church. 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 6 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, 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 nice, without exception, the finest building lots in the village. High and dry, city water, conveniently to the D. & E. 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 8 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 Whitty's plat, being six 110½ feet each. 180 feet front on Maple Ave. one of the most valuable residence properties 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 makes $4,500. Now, owing to the fact that Mr. Corson wishes to sell and sell right away, we will take $3,500, and it ought to be spot cash at that; 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 suit. 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 district school. Fishing, boating and bathing is unexcelled. Forty acres, 35 cleared, 5 timber, 5 timber, loamy soil, fine orchard, beautiful maple grove. House nearly new; good barn, 32,000. 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. 15, '99

Religion lies more in walk than in talk.

Love levels all things except its own monotony.

A wheel in the hand is worth two in the repair shop.

A homely woman who is vain doubts the accuracy of mirrors.

The difference between love and dyspepsia is merely a matter of years.

A young man seeking a quiet spot to kiss a girl should avoid her mouth.

Some people's idea of a necessary evil is one they don't want to abolish.

When your enemies speak ill of you act in such a manner that people won't believe them.

Results impress us more when we are ignorant of the process by which they are attained.

Somehow a man never appreciates the silver lining of the cloud when he gets caught in a shower.

One-half the world may not know how the other half lives, but sometimes a man knows his better half lives on the alimony.

When a spinster tells you she is single from choice, it may be owing to the fact that all the men of her acquaintance chose other girls.

It requires no preternuman force of will in any young man or woman to get at least half an hour out of a solid busy day for good and disinterested reading.—John Morley.

Apprehensions seem to be felt in some quarters lest the United States may act with undue haste in the matter of giving the Cubans independence before they are competent to govern themselves. The United States is pledged not merely to give independence to Cuba, but to "establish a stable government" there. To give the former without providing the latter would be equivalent to the creation of another revolution-plagued republic. This is so generally understood that few Americans are in favor of making haste about cutting loose from Cuba, especially as long as the Cubans do not become discontented with the delay.

In his letter, as president, to the American Bar association recently held at Buffalo, Ambassador Joseph H. Choate said: "The law's delays, which seem to be constantly on the increase, may well engage the earnest attention of the association. No opportunity should be lost to counteract the inevitable tendency to elaborate procedure and unnecessarily multiplied appeals." These words were well said. Justice delayed is more than justice delayed; it is justice impaired. Time is of the essence of the matter. Tardiness is a vital defect in Anglo-Saxon justice, and is not offset by resultant regularity or precision.

The Boston Herald calls attention to the fact that Harvard is to have a new telescope of a unique kind, enabling it to do certain work impossible to any other now in existence. For many years the rank among observatories has been to secure the telescope with the largest aperture. All these great lenses have been made by Alvan Clark, and, beginning with that of the old University of Chicago, which had a lense of eighteen inches, the size has gradually increased, as shown in the following table:

	Inches.
Old University of Chicago	18
Princeton	23
Washington observatory	26
Pulkowa (Russia) observatory	30
Lick observatory	36
Chicago observatory (Yerkes)	40

Consciously or unconsciously, the demagogue adopts this philosophy. Flattery is his method and his stock in trade. It catches the unthinking multitude; it pleases the shiftless and the flabby of intellect; it excuses the lazy and the unsuccessful. By it selfish and dishonest men lead the honest and simple-minded to their own undoing. It is our misfortune that nearly all of us are likely to be caught by the sweets of the flatterer. The editor has heard a lawyer tell a country jury how great an honor it was in the ancient days to be a Roman citizen and what responsibility that citizenship carried with it. "But, however great the honor, dignity and responsibility of Roman citizenship," continued the lawyer, "it was as nothing compared with yours! You are citizens of Buncombe county—every man a sovereign! And he supposed that kind of stuff would influence the jury to decide in favor of his client.

The improper use of hypnotic power may induce mental deterioration or even insanity. This power, which may yield a specialist important results and do a the subject no harm, easily works serious mischief when ignorant or designing men make it serve their pleasure or their profit. Where good judgment does not control and limit the application of hypnotic influence, the law ought to intervene to restrict its exercise and to protect unthinking or venturesome persons from the grave dangers connected with it.

"Avoid frowsiness, avoid slang, avoid gum; avoid onion, tobacco, drug and drink habits," makes the substance of a printed placard in the clerks' lunch room of a famous department store. The advice is a seven-branched candlestick, able to lighten many a pathway that is now shadow.

Sometimes ideas are made flesh; they breathe upon us with warm breath; they touch us with soft, responsive hands; they look upon us with sad, sincere eyes, and speak to us in appealing tones.—George Eliot.

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

"MUSIC IN WORSHIP," SUNDAY'S SUBJECT.

Nehemiah 7: 67: "And They Had Two Hundred Forty and Five Singing Men and Singing Women"—Children of the Heavenly King.

(Copyright 1899 by Louis Klopsch.)

The best music has been rendered under trouble. The first duet that I know anything of was given by Paul and Silas when they sang praises to God and the prisoners heard them. The Scotch covenanters, hounded by the dogs of persecution, sang the psalms of David with more spirit than they have ever since been rendered. The captives in the text had music left in them, and I declare that if they could find, amid all their trials, two hundred and forty and five singing men and singing women, then in this day of gospel sunlight and free from all persecution there ought to be a great multitude of men and women willing to sing the praises of God. All our churches need arousal on this subject. Those who can sing must throw their souls into the exercise, and those who cannot sing must learn how, and it shall be heart to heart, voice to voice, hymn to hymn, anthem to anthem, and the music shall swell jubilant with thanksgiving and tremulous with pardon.

Have you ever noticed the construction of the human throat as indicative of what God means us to do with it? In only an ordinary throat and lungs there are fourteen direct muscles and thirty indirect muscles that can produce a very great variety of sounds. What does that mean? It means that you should sing! Do you suppose that God, who gives us such a musical instrument as that, intends us to keep it shut? Suppose some great tyrant should get possession of the musical instruments of the world, and should lock up the organ of Westminster Abbey, and the organ of Lucerne, and the organ at Haarlem, and the organ at Freiburg, and all the other great musical instruments of the world—you would call such a man as that a monster; and yet you are more wicked if, with the human voice, a musical instrument of more wonderful adaptation than all the musical instruments that man ever created, you shut it against the praise of God.

"Let those refuse to sing
Who never knew our God;
But children of the Heavenly King
Should speak their joys abroad."

* * *

I congratulate the world and the church on the advancement made in this art—the Edinburgh societies for the improvement of music, the Swiss singing societies, the Exeter Hall concerts, the triennial musical convocation at Dusseldorf, Germany, and Birmingham, England; the conservatories of music at Munich and Leipsic, the Handel and Haydn and Harmonic and Mozart societies of this country, the academies of music in New York, Brooklyn, Boston, Charleston, New Orleans, Chicago, and every city which has any enterprise.

Now, my friends, how are we to decide what is appropriate, especially for church music? There may be a great many differences of opinion. In some of the churches they prefer a trained choir; in others, the old-style precentor. In some places they prefer the melodeon, the harp, the cornet; in other places they think these things are the invention of the devil. Some would have a musical instrument played so loud you cannot stand it, and others would have it played so soft you cannot hear it. Some think a musical instrument ought to be played only in the interstices of worship, and then with indescribable softness, while others are not satisfied unless there be startling contrasts and staccato passages that make the audience jump with great eyes and hair on end as from a vision of the Witch of Endor. But while there may be great variety of opinion in regard to music, it seems to me that the general spirit of the Word of God indicates what ought to be the great characteristics of church music.

And I remark, in the first place, a prominent characteristic ought to be adaptiveness to devotion. Music that may be appropriate for a concert hall or the opera house or the drawing room may be inappropriate in church. Glees, madrigals, ballads, may be as innocent as psalms in their places. But church music has only one design, and that is devotion, and that which comes from the toss, the swing and the display of an opera house is a hindrance to the worship. From such performances we go away saying: "What a magnificent execution!" Do you ever hear such a soprano? "Which of those solos did you like the better?" When, if he had been rightly wrought upon, we would have gone away saying: "Oh, how my soul was lifted up in the presence of God while they were singing that first hymn!" "I never had such rapturous views of Jesus Christ as my Savior as when they were singing that last doxology."

My friends, there is an everlasting distinction between music as an art and music as a help to devotion. Though a Schumann composed it, though a Mozart played it, though a Sontag sang it, away with it if it does not make the heart better and honor Christ. Why should we rob the programmes of worldly gaiety when we have so many appropriate songs and tunes composed in our own day, as well as that magnificent inheritance of church harmony which has come down fragrant with the devotions of other generations—tunes no more worn out than they were when our great-grandfathers climbed up on them from the church pew to glory? Dear old souls, how they used to sing! When they were cheerful our grandfathers and grandmothers used to sing "Colchester." When they were very meditative, then the bearded meeting house rang with "South Street" and "St. Edmund's." Were they struck through with great tenderness, they sang "Woodstock." Were they wrapped in visions of the glory of the church, they sang Zion." Were they overborne with the love and glory of Christ, they sang "Ariel." And in those days there were certain tunes married to certain hymns, and they have lived in peace a great while, these two old people, and we have no right to divorce them. "What God hath joined together let no man put asunder." Born as we have been amid this great wealth of church music, augmented by the compositions of artists in our own day, we ought not to be tempted out of the sphere of Christian harmony and try to seek unconsecrated sounds. It is absurd for a millionaire to steal.

I remark also that correctness ought to be a characteristic of church music. While we all ought to take part in this service, with perhaps a few exceptions, we ought at the same time to cultivate ourselves in this sacred art. God loves harmony and we ought to love it. There is no devotion in a howl or a yelp. In this day, when there are so many opportunities of high culture in this sacred art, I declare that those parents are guilty of neglect who let their sons and daughters grow up knowing nothing about music. In some of the European cathedrals the choir assembles every morning and every afternoon of every day the whole year to perfect themselves in this art, and shall we begrudge the half-hour we spend Friday nights in the rehearsal of sacred song for the Sabbath?

Another characteristic must be spirit and life. Music ought to rush from the audience like the water from a rock—clear, bright, sparkling. If all the other part of the church service is dull, do not have the music dull. With so many thrilling things to sing about, away with all drawling and stupidity. There is nothing that makes me so nervous as to sit in a pulpit and look down on an audience with their eyes three-fourths closed, and their lips almost shut, mumbling the praises of God. During one of my journeys I preached to an audience of two or three thousand people, and all the music they made together did not equal one skylark! People do not sleep at a coronation; do not let us sleep when we come to a Savior's crowning.

In order to a proper discharge of this duty, let us stand up; save as age or weakness or fatigue excuse us. Seated in an easy pew we cannot do this duty half so well as when upright we throw our whole body into it. Let our song be like an acclamation of victory. You have a right to sing; do not surrender your prerogative. If in the performance of your duty, or the attempt at it, you should lose your place in the musical scale and be one C below when you ought to be one C above, or you should come in half a bar behind, we will excuse you! Still, it is better to do as Paul says, and sing "with the spirit and the understanding also."

Again, I remark church music must be congregational. This opportunity must be brought down within the range of the whole audience. A song that the worshipers cannot sing is of no more use to them than a sermon in Choctaw. What an easy kind of church it must be where the minister does all the preaching and the elders all the praying and the choir all the singing! There are but very few churches where there are "two hundred and forty and five singing men and singing women." In some churches it is almost considered a disturbance if a man let out his voice to full compass, and the people get up on tiptoe and look over between the spring hats and wonder what that man is making all that noise about. In Syracuse, N. Y., in a Presbyterian church, there was one member who came to me when I was the pastor of another church in that city, and told me his trouble—how that as he persisted in singing on the Sabbath day, a committee, made up of the session and the choir, had come to ask him if he would not just please to keep still! You have a right to sing. Jonathan Edwards used to set apart whole days for singing. Let us wake up to this duty. Let us sing alone, sing in our families, sing in our schools, sing in our churches.

I want to rouse you to a unanimity in Christian song that has never yet been exhibited. Come, now, clear your throats and get ready for this duty, or you will never hear the end of this. I never shall forget hearing a Frenchman sing the "Marseillaise" on the Champs Elysees, Paris, just before the battle of Sedan in 1870. I never saw such enthusiasm before or since. As he sang that national air, oh, how the Frenchmen shouted! Have you ever in an English assemblage heard a band play "God Save the Queen"? If you have, you know something about the enthusiasm of a national air. Now, I tell you that these songs we sing Sabbath by Sabbath are the national airs of the kingdom of heaven, and if you do not learn to sing them here, how do you ever expect to sing the song of Moses and the Lamb? I should not be surprised at all if some of the grand anthems of heaven were made up of some of the best songs of earth. May God increase our reverence for Christian psalmody, and keep us from disgracing it by our indifference and frivolity.

When Cromwell's army went into battle he stood at the head of it one day and gave out the long-meter doxology to the tune of the "Old Hundredth," and that great host, company by company, regiment by regiment, division by division, joined in the doxology:

"Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host—
Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost."

And while they sang they marched, and while they marched they fought, and while they fought they got the victory. O, men and women of Jesus Christ, let us go into all our conflicts singing the praises of God, and then, instead of falling back, as we often do, from defeat to defeat, we will be marching from victory to victory. "Gloria in Excelsis" is written over many organs. Would that by our appreciation of the goodness of God and the mercy of Christ and the grandeur of heaven, we could have "Gloria in Excelsis" written over all our souls. "Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost; as it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. Amen!"

Bond of Friendship.

"I never can forget Mabel Meadows, whom I went to school with."

"Was she so studious?"

"No, but she always brought such lovely cucumber pickles with her luncheon."

AN INGERSOLL INCIDENT.

Famous Agnostic's Love for Minister, Who Prayed for His Welfare.

The incident was related by a Bradford lady who requested that her name be not mentioned in connection with it. "It was in Pittsburg," she said, "I believe in the Library hall, when I first heard Col. Ingersoll speak. There was a large audience gathered there, among them being clergymen and the cream of professional life in the city. Col. Ingersoll's speech was magnificent from an oratorical standpoint, but his attack on religion and the Bible was blasphemous. However, the man's powers as an orator and as an actor made a deep impression on his hearers and seemed to affect one man in particular, Rev. Alexander Clark, pastor of the Methodist church, which every one in Pittsburg knew as the old home. At the conclusion of the lecture Col. Ingersoll was backing from the stage in his peculiarly graceful manner, when Rev. Mr. Clark bowed to the forum, and asked to be introduced to the speaker. This formality having been gone through, the minister and the agnostic clasped hands, the minister with eagerness, the agnostic with a grace peculiarly his own. I will remember the pleasant, hearty, honest manner in which the great Ingersoll grasped the hand of that good minister, whose fame as a Christian of the real kind was known throughout Pittsburg. Mr. Clark, when he held Col. Ingersoll's hand in his, held it tightly, while he lifted his eyes toward heaven and prayed in a fervent manner that God would direct the wonderful talents of this man in another and a better sphere. His prayer was not a long one, but it was from the heart and had its effect upon Ingersoll. The great agnostic looking the good Christian in the eyes, thanked him most heartily for his kindness and solemnly added that Mr. Clark was the first Christian minister that had ever wished him godspeed. He then left the platform and the audience slowly filed out of the building. The angel, though, who was Ingersoll as he was. It brought out the great manhood in the agnostic. Rev. Alexander Clark went west. I am not sure to what state he emigrated, but I believe it was Missouri, and there he became ill. He was at a hotel, and the governor of the state, who had known him many years, had him removed to his home. Mr. Clark grew worse, and was threatened with death. The news came east, and Ingersoll heard it in Washington, where he was lecturing, and immediately went west as quickly as possible and was at the bedside of the Christian minister and until the death of Mr. Clark was almost constantly in attendance upon him. When Mr. Clark died Ingersoll took charge of the remains and brought them east to New Castle, where they were buried. At the funeral, after the officiating clergyman had concluded his sermon, the agnostic delivered an address touching upon the grand life and character of the dead man which moved his hearers to tears. It was one of his best efforts, and was from the heart."—Bradford Evening Star.

HOW CLOVES ARE GATHERED.

More Used in America Than Any Other Country.

More cloves are said to be used in America than in any other country, England and France following in the order named. In this country and in Great Britain they are used almost wholly as a condiment, but in France they are used largely in the manufacture of certain liqueurs. To some degree they are employed in medicine for their tonic properties. The name clove is from the French clou, meaning a nail. The tree is an evergreen, growing from fifty feet high, with large, oblong leaves and crimson flowers at the end of small branches in clusters of from ten to twenty. The tree belongs to the same family as the guava, the pomegranate and the rose apple. The cloves are at first white, then light green, and at the time of gathering bright red. Pieces of white cloth are spread under the trees at the harvesting time, and the branches are beaten gently with bamboo sticks until the cloves drop. They are dried in the sun, being tossed about daily until they attain the rich dark color which proclaims them ready for shipment. A clove tree bears at the age of about ten years, and continues until it reaches the age of 75 years. There are two crops a year, one in June and the other in December. Hot weather is favorable to the crop, although a little fog is said to improve the flavor. —New York Press.

The Husband's Partner.

"Among what are known as the laboring classes of this country the woman is the financial head of the house," writes Frances Evans in the Ladies' Home Journal. "The man is the wage earner; the woman the wage holder. Every mechanic who is considered a steady man hands over his wages to his wife when he is paid off. She handles the money and directs the financial interests of the entire family. The women of that class estimate a man's character by his willingness to intrust his earnings to his wife or mother. The wife of a day laborer is compelled by necessity to be a partner in the matrimonial concern; but let the husband of one of these women rise gradually or suddenly into large means and wide business interests and you will see how little he will account herself to coddling, in the form of servants and luxuries. She is no longer compelled to find ways and means, while her husband takes pride in turning her into a fine lady, and so destroys the healthy partnership of former days, without offering her compensation for the earlier confidence between them."

Monument for Soldiers of Four Wars.

A monument recently placed in a cemetery in Louisville, Ky., bears inscriptions to the memory of James Austin, a soldier of the revolution; James Allen Austin, his son, a soldier of the war of 1812; James Grigsby Austin, his grandson, a soldier of the war with Mexico, and James Richard Gathright, his great-grandson, a confederate soldier, who was killed at Murfreesboro, Tenn., Jan. 1, 1863. All were privates.

Office Of
L. Garner, M.D.

Lansing, Mich., Oct. 26th., 1897.

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