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LIST No. 2.

No. 23.

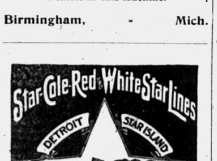
Feed Mill at Royal Oak, Mich. Four lots. 2-story and basement mill with 20-horse power and steam engine. Ypsilanti feed roller process. Building alone worth $1,000, to say nothing of the lots. Good farming country, no competition. Well established business with excellent run of custom. Satisfactory reasons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

No. 24.

House and two lots, Nos. 58 and 59, Merrill Plat, 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. Selected by Chas. A. 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 1,200, and the terms will be all right.

No. 25.

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 (office and 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—all 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 skyward.



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YOUNG LOVERS DIE.

MURDER AND SUICIDE COMPLETE THE ROMANCE.

Tale of Thwarted Hopes—Young Lover Invited His Sweetheart for Last Ride and Slew Her and Himself—Sutton's Rural Life.

The killing of Leona Elmore at Mason City, Ind., the other day by her lover, Roy Sutton, unfolds a tragic tale of love unrequited that would stir the heart of a stole. This is partly on account of the tender age of the principals, but for the most part owing to the passion which prompted the terrible deed. Roy Sutton was the son of a well-to-do farmer, who lives a little ways from the town of Mason. His sweetheart was a town-bred girl of great beauty, and, although but a trifle past 16, Sutton was six feet tall, and in every respect but that of reason a well-developed man. The two had been schoolmates, and Sutton had shown the one of his choice every attention which a school lover can bestow upon the fair little one of his choice. Sutton's life on his father's farm had made him strong and had developed him beyond his years. He knew Mason City thoroughly. He knew what he could do there—remain on his father's farm, perhaps for years, succeed to the ownership of it in time, become a farmer, and remain right there treading the same paths, meeting the same friends, moving in the same circumscribed circle for the rest of his days. This prospect was intolerable to Roy Sutton. He dreamed of doing noble deeds in some other place than Mason City, of entering upon a wider sphere of action, of living a larger life. And so he went away from his home a year and a half ago to "try it out west." He bade goodby to Leona Elmore and said he would come back for her when he made his fortune. Leona listened half doubtingly to the fancies Roy painted of a golden future, and she bade him goodby and he went away. Juanita, Neb., was the scene of his first endeavors away from the home which had sheltered him through his brief years of boyhood. There he worked on a farm, that calling lying nearest to his hand, but he promised himself it should not be for long. He would do better than that when he saw his way clearly. Then came the call to arms for the Spanish war, and Roy Sutton thought his chance had come. Like Putnam, he left his team standing in furrow and hastened to respond to his country's call. But his dreams of martial glory were doomed to fade away into nothingness. Although his regiment has been fighting its way to undying fame in the Philippines, Private Roy Sutton never heard the crack of a rifle or inhaled the intoxicating odor of powder smoke. He went to the Presidio in San Francisco with his regiment and there fell ill. The raw winds and dense fogs from the Pacific

ROY SUTTON.

which are now threatening to wipe out the returned soldiers encamped there preyed upon his lungs and he developed pneumonia. In the course of time the surgeons shook their heads gravely and said his parents would best be notified, and when the message came flashing over the wires to Farmer Sutton that his boy had gone for a soldier and was lying close to death in the camp he hurried across the continent to aid him. He got trained nurses and a furlough for the suffering lad. He cared for him tenderly as the shepherd does for the stray lamb which has wandered from the fold into the rain and mist without, and when he was strong enough to be moved he obtained an honorable discharge, for the lad was under age for enlistment and they could not hold him if they would, and brought him home. And so Roy Sutton came back, but without the wealth and leaving undone the great things he had vaguely planned to do, and he sought out his old sweetheart, Leona Elmore. She was still heart-free and Roy told himself that it was for him she had waited. All this was in August of last year, and the attentions began in boyhood were renewed.

His father then bought a grain elevator and the son was stationed there. His suit for the hand of the young girl became pressing. Her parents objected to her marrying so young.

Sutton proposed an elopement, but his fiancee wished to obey her mother. He was forbidden the house of the Elmores, but one day Miss Elmore received a note from her lover. He begged her to fly with him that evening. He said he had made his plans and the time was come to make a decisive move. Leona, frightened almost by the impetuosity of his appeal, destroyed the note and went to a lawn party on the east side of the town. She had promised some days previously to be there, and she welcomed the engagement, which would take her from home that evening, when she knew Roy would call to receive his answer. He drove up to the pretty home of the Elmore family on Mason Avenue, a charming residence set in a bower of foliage and surrounded by a broad, closely clipped lawn. Miss Elmore was gone out for the evening was the answer to his query. He knew where to find her. To knew the lawn fete was being given that night, and he more than suspected she would be there, and thither he drove.

When he arrived there he saw his sweetheart on the lawn. He did not dismount.

She came across the smooth lawn with a smile on her lips.

"Did you get my note, Leona?" he asked.

Then she recalled the missive, and the smile fled like a phantom. She looked up, half-terrified, into the steady eyes which were gazing down upon her and replied:

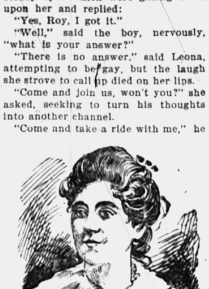
"Yes, Roy, I got it."

"Well," said the boy, nervously, "what is your answer?"

"There is no answer," said Leona, attempting to be gay, but the laugh she strove to call up died on her lips.

"Come and join us, won't you?" she asked, seeking to turn his thoughts into another channel.

"Come and take a ride with me," he



LEONA ELMORE.

said, in turn; "I'm going away in a day or two and I want to have a talk with you."

Leona paused for a moment between a desire to render obedience to her mother's wishes and disinclination to disappoint the youth who loved her and whose love she, in part at least, returned. She had been forbidden to go riding with Roy, but she compromised.

"Drive over to the house and I'll ask my mother," she said. "If she is willing I'll be glad to go."

She stepped into the buggy and Sutton drove directly to her home, where he asked Mrs. Elmore to allow her daughter to accompany him for a short drive. He pleaded that he was going to St. Louis in a day or two and would see Leona no more for a long time, if, indeed, he ever saw her again. He declared his plans were completed for his departure and he wanted one last talk with Leona. The appeal was a winning one and Mrs. Elmore relented and said Leona might go. Roy helped her into the buggy, turned the horse's head and drove away into the night.

It was 8:30 when the buggy vanished in the gloom which shrouded the streets beyond the rays of electric lamps. Nearly two hours later Scott Watkins, loitering leisurely home, stopped at a street crossing in the outskirts of the town to allow a buggy to pass. With idle curiosity he glanced under the hood of the vehicle to discover whether it contained a friend whom he might give a parting salutation, and when the rig was close enough for him to recognize its occupant he saw that it was Roy Sutton. At the same instant Sutton leaned forward and, with a loud oath, lashed the horse, and called feebly:

"Scotty!"

In an instant Watkins divined that something was wrong; that his friend was ill, or had been thrown from the rig and hurt, and he jumped into the buggy.

"What is it, Roy?" he asked. "What's the matter, old man"

"Scotty, I'm dying," said Sutton to the startled boy. "Drive me to the doctor's. I've shot myself."

Horrified beyond measure, Watkins gave the horse a cut of the whip that sent it flying toward Dr. Bird's office and at the same time he turned again to Sutton. He asked in a dazed way what was the matter, how it occurred, why he shot himself, and all other questions which sprang to his lips as his confused brain tried to grasp the full horror of the situation. Roy Sutton leaned limply against him and finally said:

"Down by the cemetery, Scotty—you'll—find it. The gun—and something—else that'll explain—everything. Get me to—the doctor—quick."

The doctor was hastily aroused and when the sinking lad was stretched upon the operating table the cruel bullet holes and the jets of blood told their story all too well. Roy Sutton had little time for this world. There was a small wound in his chest, and another in his left forearm. He died a few hours later.

PYTHON HATCHING EGGS.

At the zoological gardens at Manchester, England, an Indian python has laid 35 eggs and is here pictured in the act of hatching them. The occurrence is rather unusual, and in the Manchester gardens has happened only twice before. On both these occasions attempts to hatch the eggs, both naturally and

artificially, have been futile, although many of the eggs were fertile. The python is about ten feet long.

A Hard World.

Old Lady—"Goodness! How dangerous it is to go up in a balloon." Balloonist—"Not half as dangerous as it is to come down, ma'm."

ADMINISTRATOR'S SALE—In the matter of the estate of SAMUEL LEACH, deceased. Notice is hereby given that by virtue of a license to me granted on the 31st 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 23d day of September, 1899, at 10 o'clock a. m. all the right, title and interest of which the said Samuel Leach 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 sec. ten twenty-seven (27) in town two north of range eleven east containing forty acres of land more or less, also nine rods 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,
Administrator.
Aug11-Sep22

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 one hundred 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,
Administrator.
Aug11 Sep22

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 12th day of April, A. D. 1899, in a certain cause therein pending, wherein Gallucia C. Gibbs, administrator of the estate of Margaret E. Sullivan, deceased, is complainant, and Cornelius Sullivan, administrator of the estate of Peter L. Sullivan, deceased, Cornelius Sullivan, Henrietta Sullivan, Hettie J. Allen, Harry Sullivan, the unknown heirs of Michael Pearsall, Robert Pearsall, George F. Morse, William Roy and Albert 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 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, all that certain piece or parcel of land in township of Troy, Oakland county, Mich an, 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, } 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 6th day of September, in the year one thousand, eight hundred and ninety-nine.

Present, Thomas L. Patterson, Judge of Probate.

In the matter of the estate of BIRD A. TIBBITS, deceased.

On reading and filing the petition of William K. Tibbits praying that administration of said estate may be granted to Eugene Brooks or some other suitable person.

It is ordered that Monday, the 9th day of October next, at ten 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,
(A TRUE COPY.) Judge of Probate.
Sep15-Oct9

STATE OF MICHIGAN, } ss. Notice is COUNTY OF OAKLAND, } hereby given, that by an order of the Probate Court for the county of Oakland, made on the 11th day of September, 1899, six months from that date were allowed for creditors to present their claims against the estate of MARTHA J. YOUNG, late of said county, deceased, and that all creditors of said deceased are required to present their claims to said Probate Court, at the Probate office, in the city of Pontiac, for examination and allowance on or before the 12th day of March next, and that such claims will be heard by said Court on the 12th day of June, 12th day of March next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of that day.

Dated, September 11, A. D. 1899.

THOMAS L. PATTERSON,
Sep15-Oct13 Judge of Probate

STATE OF MICHIGAN, } 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 31st 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 JOSEPH H. QUICK, deceased

On application of Edwin A. Starr, administrator, for the examination and allowance of his final account and settlement of the estate.

It is ordered that Monday, the 2d day of October 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,
Sep8-Sep29 Judge of Probate.

A Narrow Escape.

Thankful words written by Mrs. Ada E. Hart, of Groton, S. D.: "Was taken with a bad cold which settled on my lungs; cough set in and finally terminated in Consumption. Four doctors gave me up, saying I could live but a short time. I gave myself up to my Savior, determined if I could not stay with my friends on earth, I would meet my absent ones above. My husband was advised to get Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds. I gave it a trial, took in all eight bottles. It has cured me, and I thank God I am saved and now a well and healthy woman. Trial bottles free at Whitehead & Mitchell's Drug Store Regular size 50 cents and $1. Guaranteed or price refunded.

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19 inch Taffeta, 50 shades	58c and 75c	Solid Colors Corded Silk, in new Grays,	
20 inch Silk Poplins, new colorings	$1.00	Tans, Castors and Mauve	$1.39
20 inch Satin Duchess, colors	$1.00	Black Stripe Taffeta, corded	$1.00
24 inch Satin Peau de Soie, white and cream only	$1.25	24 inch Black Taffeta	$1.00 and $1.25
19 inch Colored Satins	50c	22 inch Black Peau de Soie, guaranteed	75c
24 inch Jap Silks, 50 shades	50c	22 and 24 inch Lyons Taffeta, guaranteed	$1.25 to $1.50
27 inch Jap Silks, extra weight, black and white	65c	21 inch Peau de Soie, black	$1.50 to $1.75
Black Corded Silks for yokes	$1.25	24 inch Black Satin Duchess	85c, $1.00 and $1.39

New line of heavy weight Tailor Suits, Rainy Day Skirts, Golf Capes and Children Jackets. All widths of Velvet Ribbons for Trimmings and Ladies' Ties.

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15 pcs 25 and 35c Novelty Goods	*19c per yard*
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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*
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ARE YOU ? NERVOUS and despondent; weak or debilitated; tired morning; no ambition; no desire; memory poor; easily fatigued; excitable and irritable; eyes sunken, red and blurred; pimples on face; dreams and night wakefulness; languid looking; weak back, bone pains; hair loose; sores on throat, varicocele; deposit in urine and drains at stool; stunted development; lack of energy and strength? **WE CAN CURE YOU OR ASK NO PAY.**

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SNATCHED FROM THE GRAVE. A Warning from the Living. "At 15 I learned a bad habit. I tried four doctors and nerve tonics by the score without benefit. Specifics and quacks did me more nerve wreck. A friend who had been cured by Drs. Kennedy & Kergan of a similar disease, advised me to try them. I did so and was restored to perfect health. This was eight years ago. I am now married and have two healthy children."—C. W. LEWIS, Saginaw.

VARICOCELE CURED. "Varicocele made life miserable. I was weak and nervous, eyes sunken, bashful in society, hair thin, no ambition. The Detroit Evening Monitor opened my eyes. I consulted Drs. Kennedy and Kergan cured me in a few weeks."—I. A. PETERSON, Ionia.

EMISSIONS CURED. J. P. EMERSON relates his experience. "I was on a farm. At school I was considered an early bird, which weakened me physically, sexually and mentally. Family doctors said I was going into decline (consumption.) Finally 'The Golden Monitor' fell into my hands. I learned the TRUTH and the CAUSE. Self-abuse had sapped my vitality. I took the New Method Treatment and was cured. My friends think I was cured of consumption. Many patients in all of whom were cured. Their New Method Treatment supplies vigor, vitality and manhood.

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