# 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 sold. 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. 4.

Tenant house and two lots with 105 feet frontage on Saginaw St., and 97 feet deep. Cellar, well, cistern, etc. Price $560. 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 146 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]. Owner has moved to Toronto and must sell. We will make it an object for any one to investigate this bargain. Make us an offer.

### No. 8.

One of the best farms in Oakland county. It is almost enough to say when we tell you that it is the John Elliott [illegible] farm in the town of Troy, 220 acres, excellent buildings, two good flowing wells. Carp pond well stocked. 3 miles of tile, fine orchard, 5 miles from Birmingham, 3 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 hunting. 1?? 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, 12? 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, 127 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. 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 cool 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, 1½ 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 $30 per lot.

### No. 21.

The Corson Homestead on Maple Ave., consisting of lots 6, 7 and 8 of Willitt's plat, being 60 x 116½ 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 6½ miles west of Birmingham and the same distance from Pontiac. Postoffice on the farm with daily mail from Birmingham. 2½ miles from Orchard Lake; ½ 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, $2,800. Like the sound of it? Let us tell you more about it.

### 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. 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 1,800, and the terms will be all right.

**THE EXCHANGE BANK,**
**Birmingham, Mich.**


# THE BIRMINGHAM ECCENTRIC

ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR IN ADVANCE
WHITEHEAD & MITCHELL, PUBS.

BIRMINGHAM, FRIDAY, JAN. 5, 1900


A sensible girl ... a rich gazer daze her.

Reversible weather is usually due to slippery sidewalks.

The spider is seldom in danger when his life is hanging by a thread.

If the hens form a trust they will probably try to control the egg plant.

[illegible]

In 18?? a ... party ... started from Chicago for the North-west territory of Canada ... [illegible]

[illegible]

It is proposed to establish in connection with the Chicago public school system a two years' course in domestic science for girls, to provide for all in the seventh and eighth grade a thorough study of domestic economy, including not merely cooking, but buying healthy and economical foods, arranging them neatly on the table, arranging bills of fare that shall be both cheap and appetizing. The entire care of the house is also to be included in the work, which by its most ardent advocates is known as "home making." It is advocated from two standpoints, the pedagogical and the sociological. From the first it is considered as a manual training for girls which shall do for them all that the shop work does for the boys; from the second it is considered a necessary step in the improvement of the living conditions of the masses. For these reasons it has the support of many prominent persons of both classes, and has by them been brought to the attention of the board of education.

American energy and enterprise are stamping themselves on the European and Asiatic mind and stimulating effort as never before. A mechanical turn is being given to the awakening mind of all the people with whom we come in contact.

Gen. Buller has not shown any marked superiority over the other British officers in gaining ground, but he has demonstrated a refreshing willingness to tell what happened, and, moreover, to tell it clearly and intelligently.

Edward O. Osgood, of Angelica, N. Y., has been married forty years, and has a wife and eleven children, yet during all that period he never saw any of them. A cataract had caused total blindness. An operation was performed a short time ago and his sight has been restored.

Victor Hugo's love letters are to be published. There is always an encouraging thing about a book of this kind; it invariably shows ordinary people that even the greatest of men can put foolish things on paper.

# TALMAGE'S SERMON.

## THE GLORIOUS GOSPEL AND ITS HEAVENLY LIGHT.

**The Text Chosen Being: "According to the Glorious Gospel of the Most Blessed God Which Was Committed to My Trust"—Tim. 1:11.**

The greatest novelty of our time is the gospel. It is so old that it is new. As potters and artists are now attempting to fashion pitchers and cups and curious ware like those of 1,900 years ago recently brought up from buried Pompeii, and such cups and pitchers and curious ware are universally admired, so any one who can unshovel the real gospel from the mountains of stuff under which it has been buried, will be able to present something that will attract the gaze and admiration and adoption of all the people. It is amazing what substitutes have been presented for what my text calls "The Glorious Gospel." There has been a hemispheric apostasy. There are many people in this and all other large assemblages who have no more idea of what the gospel really is than they have of what is contained in the fourteenth chapter of Zend Avesta, the bible of the Hindoo, the first copy of which I ever saw I purchased in Calcutta, India, last September. The old gospel is fifty feet under, and the work has been done by the shovels of those who have been trying to contrive the philosophy of religion. There is no philosophy about it. It is a plain matter of bible statement and of child-like faith. Some of the theological seminaries have been hotbeds of infidelity, because they have tried to teach the philosophy of religion. By the time that many a theological student gets half through his preparatory course he is so filled with doubts about plenary inspiration and the divinity of Christ and the questions of eternal destiny that he is more fit for the lowest branch in the infant class of a Sunday school than to become a teacher and leader of the people. The ablest theological professor is a Christian mother, who out of her own experience can tell the 4 year old how beautiful Christ was on earth and how beautiful he is in heaven and how dearly he loves little folks, and then she kneels down and puts one arm around the boy, and with her somewhat faded cheek against the roseate cheek of the little one consecrates him for time and eternity to Him who said, "Suffer them to come unto me." What an awful work Paul made with the D. D.'s and the LL. D.'s and the F. R. S.'s when he cleared the decks of the old gospel ship by saying: "Not many wise men, not many noble are called, but God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the mighty."

There sits the great old theologian with his table piled up with all the great books on inspiration and exegesis and apologetics for the Almighty and writing out his own elaborate work on the philosophy of religion, and he is the grandchild coming up to him for a good-night kiss, he accidentally knocks off the largest book from the table and it falls on the head of the child of whom Christ himself said: "Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings thou hast perfected praise." Ah! my friends, the bible wants no apologetics. The throne of the last judgment wants no apologetics. Eternity wants no apologetics. Scientists may tell us that the natural light is the "propagation of undulations in an elastic medium, and thus set in vibratory motion by the action of luminous bodies," but no one knows what gospel light is until his own blind eyes by the touch of the Divine Spirit have opened to see the noonday of pardon and peace. Scientists may tell us that natural sound is "the effect of an impression made on the organs of hearing by an impulse of the air caused by a collision of bodies or by some other means," but those only know what the gospel sound is who have heard the voice of Christ directly saying: "Thy sins are forgiven thee; go in peace." The theological dude stands upon the plush of an exquisitely carved pulpit a learned discourse showing that the garden of Eden was an allegory, and Solomon's song rather an indelicate love ditty, and the book of Job a drama in which Satan was the star actor, and that Renan was three quarters right about the miracles of Jesus, and that the bible was gradually evoluted and the best thought of the different ages, Moses and David and Paul doing the best they could under the circumstances, and therefore to be encouraged. Lord of heaven and earth get us out of the London fog of higher criticism!

The night is dark and the way is rough and we have a lantern which God has put in our hands, but instead of employing the lantern to show ourselves and others the right way we are discussing lanterns, their shape, their size, their material and which is the better light, kerosene, lamp or candle; and while we discuss it we stand all around the lantern so that we shut out the light from the multitudes who are stumbling on in the dark mountains of sin and death. Twelve hundred dead birds were found one morning around Bartholdi's statue in New York harbor. They had dashed their life out against the lighthouse the night before. Poor things! And the great lighthouse of the gospel—how many high-soaring thinkers have beaten all their religious life out against it, while it was intended for only one thing, and that to show all nations the way into the harbor of God's mercy and to the crystalline wharves of the heavenly city, where the immortals are waiting for new arrivals. Dead skylarks, when they might have been living seraphs!

Here also come covering up the old gospel some who think they can by law and exposition of crime save the world, and from Portland, Maine, across to San Francisco and back again to New Orleans and Savannah many of the ministers have gone into the detective business. Worldly reform by all means, but unless it be also gospel reform it will be dead failure. In New York its chief work has been to give us a change of bosses.

The glorious gospel of the blessed God as spoken of in my text will have more drawing power, and when that gospel gets full swing it will have a momentum and power mightier than that of the Atlantic ocean when, under the force of the September equinox, it strikes the highlands of the Navesink. The meaning of the word "gospel" is "good news," and my text says it is glorious news, and we must tell it in our churches and over our dry goods counters and in our factories and over our threshing machines and behind our plows and on our ships' decks, and in our parlors, our nurseries and kitchens, as though it were glorious good news, and not with a dismal drawl in our voice and a dismal look in our faces, as though religion were a rheumatic twinge or a dyspeptic pang or a malarial chill or an attack of nervous prostration. With nine "blesseds" or "happys" Christ began his sermon on the mount. Blessed are the poor, blessed the mourner, blessed the meek, blessed the hungry, blessed the merciful, blessed the pure, blessed the peacemaker, blessed the persecuted, blessed the reviled. Blessed, blessed, happy, happy, happy. Glorious good news for the voyage as through Christ they may have their coming years enrolled, and to a life time all the angels of heaven their coadjutors and all the armies of heaven their allies. Glorious good news for the middle aged, as through Christ they may have their perplexities disentangled and their conflicts ... and their victory over all obstacles and hindrances made forever sure. Glorious good news for the aged, as they may have the sympathy of him of whom St. John wrote, "His head and his hairs were white like wool, as white as snow," and the defence of the everlasting arms. Glorious good news for the dying, as they may have ministering spirits to escort them and open the gate to receive them and a sweep of eternal glories to encircle them and the welcome of a loving God to embosom them.

Oh, my text is right when it speaks of the glorious gospel. It is an invitation from the most radiant being that ever trod the earth or ascended the heavens, to you and to me, to come and be made happy, and then take after that a royal castle for everlasting residence, the angels of God our cupbearers. "The price paid for all of this on the cliff of limestone about as high as this house, about seven minutes' walk from the wall of Jerusalem, where with an agony that with one hand tore down the rocks and with the other drew down a midnight blackness over the heavens, our Lord set us forever free. Making no apology for any one of the million sins of our life, but confessing all of them we can point to that cliff of limestone and say: "There was paid our indebtedness, and God never collects a bill twice." Glad am I that all the Christian poets have exerted their pens in extolling the matchless one of this gospel. I ask Watts, "How do you feel about him?" And he writes, "I am not ashamed to own my Lord." Newton, what do you think of this gospel? And he writes, "Amazing grace how sweet the sound!" Cowper, what do you think of him? And the answer is, "There is a fountain filled with blood." Charles Wesley, what do you think of him? And he answers, "Jesus, lover of my soul." Horatius Bonar, what do you think of him? And he replies, "I lay my sins on Jesus." Ray Palmer, what do you think of him? And he writes, "My faith looks up to thee." Fannie Crosby, what do you think of him? And she writes, "He set me free." But I take the testimony of Solomon: what do you think of him? And the answer is, "Lily of the valley." Ezekiel, what do you think of him? And the answer is, "Plant of renown." David, what do you think of him? And the answer is, "My shepherd." John, what do you think of him? And the answer is, "Bright and morning star." St. Paul, what do you think of him? And the answer comes: "Christ is all in all." Do you think well of him, O man, O woman, of the Good Lord's tidings? Yes, Paul was right when he styled it "The Glorious Gospel."

And then also consider what will it be found, going up to a world where there is no pain, no parting, no death, not so many griefs, or ... of that and so many drops of that ... and the many ... taken, though you ... the Divine Physician, prescribes this throughout our life time, and that the disappointment and this perforation and that hardship and that fear and all ... the intermixture yet though it be a bitter draught under the divine prescription it administers to our restoration and spiritual health "all things working together for good." Glorious gospel!

And then the royal garden into which we step out of this life without so much as soiling our foot with the upturned earth of the grave. They dwell ... forever and ever. Does not that mean that you are if saved, to be kings and queens, and do not kings and queens have castles? But the one that you are offered was for thirty-three years in abandoned castle. How gloriously inhabited ... abandoned royal castle at Amber, India. One hundred and sixty years ago a king moved out of it, never to return. But the castle still stands in indescribable grandeur, and you go through brazen doorway and carved room after carved room, and under embellished ceiling after embellished ceiling, and through precious-stoned, into wider halls precious-stoned, and on that hill are pavilions deeply dyed and tasseled and arched, the fire of colored gardens cooled by the snow of white architecture, birds in arabesque so natural to life that while you cannot hear their voices you imagine you see the flutter of their wings while you are passing, walls pictured with triumphal procession, rooms that were called "Alcove of Light and Hall of Victory," marble, white and black, like a mixture of morn and night, "alabaster and mother-of-pearl and lacquer work. Standing before it the eye climbs from step to step of ... and from balcony to ... and from arch to roof, and then descends on stairs of ... and by stairs of perfect ... gardens of pomegranate and pineapple. Seven stories of resplendent architecture. But the royal castle provided for you, if you will only take it on the prescribed terms, is grander than all that, and though an abandoned castle while Christ was here achieving your redemption, is again occupied by the "Chief among ten thousand," and some of your own kindred who have gone up and, waiting for you, are leaning from the balcony. The windows of that castle look off on the king's gardens, where immortals walk, linked in eternal friendship; and the banquet hall of that castle has princes and princesses at the table; and the wine is the "new wine of the kingdom," and the supper is the marriage supper of the lamb; and there are fountains into which no tear ever fell, and there is music that trembles with no grief, and the light that falls upon the scene is never beclouded, and there is the kiss of those united after long separation. More nerve we will have there than now, or we would swoon away under the raptures. Stronger vision will we have there than now, or our eyesight would be blinded by the brilliance. Stronger ear will we have there than now, or under the roll of that minstrelsy and the clapping of that acclamation and the boom of that hallelujah we would be deafened. Glorious gospel! You thought religion was a straight jacket, and it put you on the limits, and thereafter you must go cowed down. No, no, no. It is to be castellated. By the cleansing power of the shed blood of Golgotha, set your faces toward the shining pinnacles. Oh, it does not matter much what becomes of us here, for at the longest our stay is short, if we can only land there. You see there are so many I want to meet there. Joshua, my favorite prophet, and John among the evangelists, and Paul among the apostles, and Wycliffe among the martyrs, and Bourdaloue among the preachers, and Dante among the poets, and Havelock among the heroes, and our loved ones, whom we have so much missed since they left us, so many darlings of the heart, their absence sometimes almost unbearable, and, mentioned in this sentence last of all, because I want the thought climacteric, our blessed Lord, without whom we could never reach the old castle at all. He took our place. He purchased our ransom. He wept our woes. He suffered our stripes. He died our death. He is ... our resurrection. Blessed be his glorious name forever. "Singing to ... who ... the [illegible]."

And then from that vastest audience ever established in all the universe there will go up the shout, "Crown him! Crown him! Crown him!" and the Father, who long ago promised his only begotten Son, "I will give thee the heathen for thy inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for thy possession," shall set the crown upon the forehead yet scarred with crucifixion bramble, and the hosts of heaven, down on the levels and up in the galleries, will drop on their knees, crying: "Hail, king of earth! King of heaven! King of saints! King of seraphs! Thy kingdom is an everlasting kingdom, and of thy dominions there shall be no end." Amen and Amen! Amen and Amen!

### Should Coal Give Out.

What then? Are we utterly dependent upon coal, so that the wheels of industry will stop and the forests be consumed for fuel when coal gives out? Of course not. It is all the fear. Already we have the beginning of a new method of utilizing natural energy which will prove enormously more effective than coal has ever been, and will be practically inexhaustible to whatever extent industry may expand, says Gunton's Magazine. Electrical energy, developed by water power, will run the world's industries, furnish its light and heat, and be the universal substitute for all forms of combustion methods. Water power is practically unlimited, and it will be utilized more and more in proportion as the need for it is ... and as it thus becomes at different places and at different periods, cheaper than coal. The substitution will proceed gradually, until, when the coal supply finally is exhausted, nobody will have anything more than a curious or academic interest in the matter, and probably not a ripple will be produced in the grand onward flow of the world's industry. As the use of water power to develop electrical energy increases to the point of permitting competition with coal, electrical students and inventors will doubtless bring out improvements making it possible to store the power or conduct it long distances at small cost, until our factories, railroads and ships can be operated by it, our homes lighted and warmed and food prepared, all at even less expense than is possible today with coal.

### A British School at Rome.

A movement supported by a strong general committee for the establishment at Rome of a British school similar to that which has existed for thirteen years at Athens. Germany, France, Austria and the United States already possess institutions of the kind in Rome, but Great Britain almost alone among European nations is unrepresented. The need is recognized in that city of a British center of study and research, offering to British students the advantages enjoyed by members of other nationalities. The formation of such a center would be welcomed by the committee of the Athens school as a means of enabling students to complete in Rome the training they have received in Athens, though the work done in both cities would be of a similar character. The school in Rome, like that in Athens, would be a training ground for students fresh from the universities or other institutions, as well as a place where more mature students could gather, to the stimulation of intercourse and sympathy and the achievement of more concerted and continuous work.—London Echo.

### A Five-Legged Frog.

A five-legged frog has come all the way from Connecticut and taken up his abode in the New York aquarium. He did not hop here—even a frog with five legs could not do that—but traveled in a box with some wet moss to keep him cool. When he was transferred to a tank he uttered a graceful chirrup and blinked his golden-rimmed eyes. At first glance this newcomer seems to carry his extra leg so gracefully that the beholder is tempted to think that all frogs ought to have three front legs. Closer examination, however, shows that the middle leg is really an excrescence from one of the others, and is not of much service to its proprietor. He does not use it in swimming or hopping, but it imparts a certain dignity to his aspect.—New York World.

Cheerfulness was never yet produced by effort, which is in itself painful.


*A. P. Stealy, M. D.* *V. J. Rickerd, M. D.*

*Drs. Stealy & Rickerd.*

Office over Collins Drug Store.

Charlotte, Mich. July 3rd 1897

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

Will say from the examination of your Diamond Wedding whiskey thus far made believe it to be as good as any on the market.

I am not in the habit of prescribing alcoholic stimulants extensively, but believe they have a place in medicine and use them when necessary.

Respectfully,

*A. P. Stealy*



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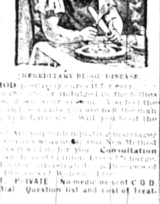
**YOU HAVE SEMINAL WEAKNESS!**

OUR NEW METHOD TREATMENT alone can [illegible]



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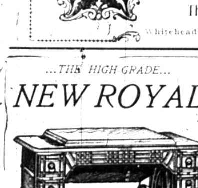
...THE HIGH GRADE...

# NEW ROYAL



NO. 8 DROP-HEAD CABINET

*FAMILY SEWING MACHINE*

[illegible]

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