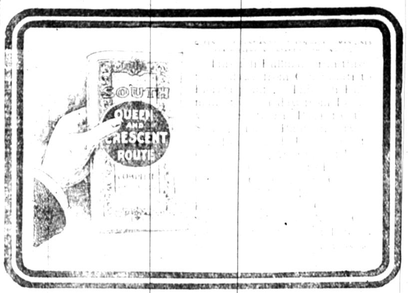
Erity & Nixon,

Having remodelled their Mill, are now making better

Brands of Roller Flour

than ever before. Also all kinds of Mill Feed. Flour exchanged for Wheat at new store in Erity Block, Saginaw St., Birmingham.



BIGGLE BOOKS

A Farm Library of unequalled value—Practical, Up-to-date, Concise and Comprehensive—Handsomely Printed and Beautifully Illustrated.

By JACOB BIGGLE

No. 1—BIGGLE HORSE BOOK

No. 2—BIGGLE BERRY BOOK

No. 3—BIGGLE POULTRY BOOK

No. 4—BIGGLE COW BOOK

No. 5—BIGGLE SWINE BOOK

The BIGGLE BOOKS are unique, original, useful ... [illegible]

FARM JOURNAL

is your paper, made for you and not a misfit. ... [illegible]

Any ONE of the BIGGLE BOOKS, and the FARM JOURNAL 5 YEARS (remainder of 1900, 1901, 1902 and 1903) will be sent by mail to any address for A DOLLAR BILL.

Sample of FARM JOURNAL and circular describing BIGGLE BOOKS free.

WILMER ATKINSON. CHAS. F. JENKINS.

Address, FARM JOURNAL PHILADELPHIA

TRADE AND INDUSTRY.

Last year's sales of German toys in Great Britain amounted to over $9,500,000.

Vienna's street railway system cost $40,000,000, and it is estimated that it will pay for itself in ten years.

The bakers' union predicts that before many months every loaf in Minneapolis will bear the union label.

The corporation of West Ham, England, will spend $8,450,000 for workingmen's houses and lodging-houses.

The report of the Wisconsin state railroad commissioner shows that nearly 25,000 men are employed on railroads in the state.

A steamer between American and Turkish ports and an agricultural exposition and warehouse for American goods at Constantinople are about to be established.

The Scotch Miners' federation has given notice to the Coal Masters' association for an advance on Feb. 1 of 9d per day, which would raise their wages to the maximum.

Profits from cotton mills at Oldham, Rochdale and Ashton, England, for 1899 amounted to $1,650,000. The spindles represented were 6,000,000 and the capital employed 23,750,000.

American bottles are preferred to all others for the export trade, especially in warm climates where American and English goods come into competition. The American glass is said to be better annealed.

The state labor bureau of Minnesota has completed its inspection of the second inspection district, which covers twenty-one towns in fourteen counties. The returns deal with 1,652 workers in 242 shops, of which 1,530 were men, 114 women, 8 boys and no girls. A rough average shows that the bulk of these employes receive $1.50 per day, while the general average for Minneapolis is $2.

PROGRESS AND REFORM.

The new plant of the Union Settlement, for philanthropic work, which has just been opened in Harlem, is one of the finest in New York, and cost over $40,000.

The Sunday School association has now seven different meetings every week in New York City for teachers, at which the lesson for the ensuing Sunday is taught.

Carr's Lane chapel, Birmingham, England, sometimes called the Cathedral of Congregationalism in the Midlands, Rev. J. H. Jowett, pastor, has a prayer meeting regularly attended by 500 or 600 people.

Herbert Booth, son of Gen. Booth, who is in charge of the Salvation Army in Australasia, has secured a tract of 22,000 acres in western Australia. This may form that "over-sea colony" which remains to complete the general's "Darkest England" scheme.

The National Council of Women, of the Netherlands is the name of a new woman's society recently organized in the Netherlands. Its object is person reform, the improvement of woman's work, the woman's suffrage movement and the higher education of women.

Postmaster-General Smith has sent a notice to postmasters, asking them in some feasible way to call the attention of their patrons to the necessity of putting the names of the company, regiment, etc., on the mail addressed to soldiers at Manila. Hundreds of letters lie undelivered on this account.

THE FEMININE OBSERVER.

A sable coat covers a multitude of faults.

The real test of a man's affection comes when a woman can be of no use to him.

It seems hard that the wicked stand in slippery places—the righteous certainly do not.

A woman never can understand why her dog doesn't seem as cute to others as to herself.

Why is it we always feel so mad when we are told of faults that we know we possess?

A man with a headache upsets a household far more than a woman with broken bones.

In 1901 the woman who can make good bread will be prouder to acknowledge it than if she painted the finest picture.

The desire to jump on a train and go away somewhere is almost as overpowering with some persons as the thirst for liquor.

Many a man who comes home with a poor appetite would get no pity from his wife if she could have seen the meal he put in at a cafe before returning to his own mahogany.

Men often claim to be property poor who haven't an inch of real estate they could call their own—which really defines the situation, but not as they intend it.—Philadelphia Times.

SAGE OF SAWHAW SAYS.

Men seldom leave behind both inquest and bequest.

People are rarely judged by how well they use others.

An axiom is something everybody has heard and nobody believes.

A fool stands some chance of recovery if he isn't educated.

It is very refreshing to meet a young man who is not too much so.

The tendency of boarders is to pass remarks and the pickles too often.

Lives of pugilists remind others that they, too, might leave footprints in the sawdust.

76'S VALENTINE.

[From Chicago Inter-Ocean.]

Seventy-six was "savin' up." All her little set knew it because she quit "stickin' in" for coffee at noon, she walked to and from work—that is, in theory she walked, for she often ran for blocks at a time to ward being late either at the store or at home, for no one was supposed to know she did not ride. She took the 10 cents her mother offered her every morning, either to ride "both ways," or ride one way and get coffee, whichever seemed best. Seventy-six was a queer combination of child and little old woman, like most of the cash girls in department stores. She saw and heard a great deal every day of her busy life.

And Seventy-six had an ideal, in the person of little Miss Magee, the cashier to whom she took her checks. Miss Magee was a slight, short, sweet, little body, with a great quantity of pale reddish hair that was the delight of all the cash girls' hearts. It "stayed in" so good all day. But Seventy-six in particular longed for red hair and little hands and every charm possessed by Miss Magee. So when St. Valentine's day came and Miss Magee got a nice bunch of violets delivered by a messenger boy, Seventy-six made a mental resolution that she would have a bunch of violets come to herself like that ... [illegible] St. Valentine's day, and everyone would think she had a fellow ... [illegible]

Poor little Seventy-six! To save ... [illegible] meant to her to walk miles twice a day, though sometimes she got a little "hitch" on a friendly express wagon, but she'd be nearly home when she'd "hitch." No one would see her away out on West Twelfth street. When she couldn't ... get a little ride and came home late she glibly invented excuses all very plausible. "Chasing stock around" was one, "getting in new goods" that had to be opened and fixed at once, was another, and her mother and little sisters noted her great importance at the store.

One Sunday afternoon she canvassed the florists' stores and the combination florist and undertaking establishments, where prickly looking pillows made of hard, dry flowers with "Rest" done in purple in the center and white satin slippers were displayed in the windows. Up on one side of the street and down the other she sought violets, to inquire as to prices, but she never found even one. Next day at noon she got permission to go out and she had not far to seek a florist, and the wise young man there told her violets were "from 75 cents up," and that they were scarce and would be scarcer and she would have to order them a few days ahead if she wanted any. Then she hurried back to the store, and when she was reporting to the timekeeper, Mr. Goldstein, head of a department, laid his hand on her shoulder and asked her number.

"I think, Seventy-six you are getting tall for a cash," he said, and still holding her by the shoulder he half pushed, half led her to the rear of the store, and word went round that "Seventy-six was fired."

When they reached the wrappers' and inspectors' desk he found her a place there and told her if she was as good a wrapper and inspector as she had been a "cash" she'd be all right. She

SHE GOT A LITTLE "HITCH" ON A FRIENDLY EXPRESS WAGON.

started in at her new job at once and when the cash girls that she had been one of a few hours before came up with goods she gave herself lofty airs, as is the way of the world.

On the Monday following her promotion she ordered the 75-cent bunch of violets in the florist's window, left her name, number and the name of the firm she worked for. She knew the flowers would go to the office first and be "O. K.'d" and in due course of time drift down the channel to her. Then all the girls would open their eyes and wonder who her fellow was and be jealous and mad if they wanted to—except, of course, Miss Magee. She would give her a few violets—yes, and poor little Eighty-nine—she would give her a few. Thus planning for the morrow she hastened down Wabash avenue to Twelfth street and ran along west, inhaling crisp, frosty air, which, despite all the injunctions of all the doctors to get out in the air, wasn't helping her lungs a bit.

After supper she was feverish and tired. Her mother did all the little things a woman thinks she must do before she sends for a doctor, but the little daughter grew steadily worse. About 2 o'clock in the morning a doctor was called. He ordered the necessary remedies and left instructions and still Seventy-six was very sick for four days. The doctor said the frost burned her throat and lungs and she should be more careful.

Tuesday, the 14th, when all the world got its valentine, the young man at the florist's store was very busy, but very gay. He whistled bits from "The Serenade" and "rags" by way of encore and he worked hard all the time.

Just before noon a tall, narrow youth in the very boxiest of topcoats came into the florist's and ordered a big box of violets sent to a beauty out on the south side, extra long stems and some nice leaves, he said he would like. The musical youth took the order to the air of "Take Your Clothes and Go" and the customer went on his way.

It was half-past 2 Tuesday afternoon and every bit of stock in the florist's was sold. Everyone was busy and the young man who whistled was so rushed he had to just whistle ragtime tunes all the afternoon, they being the quickest. So it came about that when he had a long row of boxes set out filled with the divinest gift God sends to man—flowers—he had beside him a pile of gummed labels with addresses on them. He dampened one that had on it a little sick girl's name, her number and the name of the firm she worked for, and with "Mr. Johnson, Don't Get Gay," filling the air about him he fastened it on a big box of violets with extra long stems and nice leaves and so he sailed through his day's work.

The big box of violets for Seventy-six got to the office of the big store just before closing time. The man in the office, not knowing the little girl was absent from the store, "O. K.'d" the box and sent it downstairs to her, but it came back in a few moments for more "O. K.s." This time it was opened and the office stood still.

Violets—hundreds of them, long stems, nice leaves, violets that trem-

HE HALF PUSHED, HALF LED HER TO THE REAR OF THE STORE.

bled at their own loveliness; violets that filled all the air with springtime. "Seventy-six is coming up," said the head bookkeeper as he handed a few of the flowers to the pretty typewriter.

"I think it looks very bad for Seventy-six," said the typewriter as she fastened the violets in her waist.

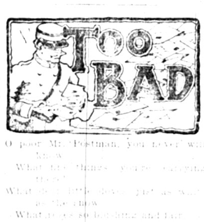
That speech set all the office thinking. The girls in the office thought of Seventy-six going down the broad, bright, flower-strewn path almost any young girl can go at the price of her soul. The men in the office thought of all the things she must have stolen from the firm to buy that box of flowers, for when they asked the delivery boy who ordered them he said, "A girl, No. Seventy-six." So on that evidence and on the lack of faith in human nature in general the little sick girl out on West Twelfth street lost her reputation and her occupation. Everyone in the office had a few violets when they went home that night, not that anyone wanted to cheat the rightful owner of them, but it was too late to attend to the matter of sending her word about them that night, and they would be spoiled next day, and it would be better to use them. So everyone took a few, not all of them of course, but the violets never found Seventy-six—not one of them.

Saturday morning she came down to work pale and thin, and Mr. Goldstein sent her upstairs to a private office to report to Mr. Ware, who had her case all laid out before him, and had no doubt that she was the coming Mme. Mandelbaum, for she surely must be a clever thief, this skinny clad, frightened little child-woman. After Mr. Ware opened his mail and looked over it he turned to her and asked what she wanted and when she told her number he said, "Oh, yes. Sit down. Now, Seventy-six, a large box of flowers came here for you on the 14th, and as they were altogether too expensive for a girl like you I determined to look into the matter. Now, Seventy-six, do you know who sent them here?"

"Yes, sir. I bought them," said the girl. Mr. Ware started. "Um, um," he said. "Who gave you the money?" "I saved it." "Um—yes—well—Seventy-six, I'm sorry, but you take this note down to Mr. Gale and give in your passbook and your badge and I hope you'll be a better girl next place you work. That's all, Seventy-six."

She slowly crept down the stairs, struggling with tears and pride, got the quarter for her badge which she had deposited for it, and once more word went around that "Seventy-six was fired."

The south side beauty took her dear little 35-cent bunch of violets to her own room and kissed it, for she "knew whom they were from." She arranged some of them in her pretty yellow hair and though she got oceans of flowers she pressed one bunch of violets to remember that Valentine's day.



O poor Mr. Postman, you never will know

What fine things you're carrying there;

What dear little doves, just as white as the snow,

What roses so blushing and fair,

What nice little Cupids, so smiling and fat,

What sweet little verses, all rhyming so pat.

O poor Mr. Postman, I'm sorry for you!

'Tis a very hard lot, I must say,

To carry such lovely things hidden from view,

Nor get one peep inside them all day,

And when merry St. Valentine's ended and done,

To have given them all away, every one!

E. H. THOMAS.

The Eminent Kidney and Bladder Specialist.

The Discoverer of Swamp-Root at Work in His Laboratory.

There is a disease prevailing in this country most dangerous because so deceptive. ... [illegible] ... Swamp-Root ... [illegible]

Mardi Gras

... [illegible]

QUEEN & CRESCENT ROUTE.

... [illegible] ... Cafe, Parlor and Observation ... [illegible]

R. C. Rinearson, G. P. A., Cincinnati.

AT THE THEATERS.

LYCEUM.

"A Day and a Night," Hoyt's ... [illegible] engagement at the Lyceum theater ... [illegible]

"Hotel Topsy Turvy" ... [illegible] ... Wednesday and Saturday.

WHITNEY.

"The Queen of Chinatown," a powerful melodrama ... [illegible] ... at the Whitney Opera House ... [illegible]

There are many advance notices ... [illegible] into newspapers reported to come from New York critics. Many of them are ... [illegible] half the truth. Here is one, however, concerning "The City of New York" from that great paper, "The New York World," which is quoted ... [illegible] ... among other things "The City of New York" is a ... [illegible] staged and well acted ... [illegible]

"The City of New York" will be the attraction ... [illegible] next week ... [illegible]

LITERATURE AND ART.

Seek well and ... [illegible] you.

... [illegible] us sunshine.

To make one good book ... [illegible] work enough for two or three.

Burlesque is ... [illegible] upon the exaggerations of the ideal.

Masterpieces of art ... [illegible] ers of ... [illegible]

Old wine and old books grow better with age ... [illegible] from the first.

In all arts there are the dead who continue to live, and the living who were buried long ago.

There are little nothings which are everything ... [illegible] carriage ... [illegible] fection ... [illegible]

Every art is in large part a handicraft ... [illegible] may be ... [illegible] or no painter at all.

The more personal a good book the more truly does it reflect its author's day; a second-rate book does not bear the impress either of its writer or his time.

Often a man is better than his reputation and a country better than its literature.—From the French of Gustave Vapereau.

Jackets, Capes, Furs and Suits Again Reduced!

Many less than half price.

Waite Bros., Robertson & Co.

The Favorite Amusement Place

Wonderland.

Performances—Afternoon and Evenings.

Entire Change of Attractions Every Week.

LYCEUM

DETROIT'S SPACIOUS THEATER.

EVENINGS 25-50-75c. For Best Reserved Seats.

POPULAR 25c MATINEES Wednesday, Saturday, at 2 p. m.

... [illegible] Hoyt's

"A Day and a Night."

Next Week—"Hotel Topsy Turvy."

Whitney Opera House.

Evening and Sunday Matinee, 10c-20c-30c.

WEEK DAY MATINEES—10c-15c-25c.

The Supreme Sensation,

"The Queen of Chinatown."

Next Week—"The City of New York."

Real Estate Exchange

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

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. 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. O. 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 Centre (Acrele 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 "kiting."

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 11th day of January, in the year one thousand, nine hundred.

Present, Thomas L. Patterson, Judge of Probate.

In the matter of the estate of WILLIAM BELLARBY, deceased.

On reading and filing the petition of Joseph Bellarby, praying for the probate of an instrument in writing, heretofore filed in this court, purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased ... [illegible]

It is ordered that Monday, the 12th day of February next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at said Probate office ... [illegible] ... the Birmingham Eccentric, a newspaper printed and circulating in said county of Oakland.

THOMAS L. PATTERSON, Judge of Probate.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, County of Oakland, ss. Notice is hereby given ... [illegible] ... estate of MILES ... [illegible] deceased ... [illegible]

THOMAS L. PATTERSON, Judge of Probate.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, County of Oakland, ss. At a session of the Probate Court for said county of Oakland ... [illegible]

In the matter of the Estate of GEORGE W ... [illegible] deceased.

... [illegible]

THOMAS L. PATTERSON, Judge of Probate.

HORSES FOR SALE.

Four good sound farm horses for sale. They weigh from 1100 to 1500 each. Will sell right and give a bargain to any one desiring horses and guarantee satisfaction.

MASON N. LEONARD, Birmingham, Mich.

The Beauty That Attracts Men

is not so much in the features as in a clear, healthy complexion, and a plump body filled with the vigor and vitality of perfect health. Pale, weak, languid women are fully restored to robust health by the use of Dr. A. W. Chase's Nerve and Blood Pills, a condensed nerve food which creates rich, pure blood and new nerve tissue. 50c a box. See that portrait and signature of Dr. A. W. Chase are on every box of the genuine. 50c at all druggists.

THE HOUSE IS ON FIRE!

"Well, what of it? My valuable papers are secure in my Safe Deposit Box in the

EXCHANGE BANK.

It only costs me a dollar a year and it is worth ten times the amount."

Deeds, Mortgages, Farm Leases, Wills, Conveyances.

And every kind of Notary Public Business transacted promptly and correctly. Twenty years' experience in this line. Fire Insurance and Real Estate.

H. C. WILSON,

Machinist,

Birmingham, - Mich.

I have opened in Birmingham a machine shop and am prepared to do all kinds of repairs in iron work and machinery promptly. Satisfaction guaranteed in every instance.

H. C. Wilson.

Church Notes.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL—Rev. N. Norton Clark, Pastor. Sabbath services at 10:30 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sunday School at 12 m. Epworth League at 6 p. m. Prayer meeting on Thursday evening at 7 p. m. All are invited.

PRESBYTERIAN—Rev. H. S. Justema, Pastor. Sabbath services at 10:30 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sunday School at 12 m. Y. P. S. C. E. meeting at 6 p. m. Prayer meeting on Thursday evening at 7 o'clock. Everyone invited.

BAPTIST—Sabbath services at 10:30 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sunday School at 12 m. B. Y. P. U. at 6 p. m. Prayer meeting on Thursday evening at 7 o'clock. All are welcome.

UNITED PRESBYTERIAN—M. B. Maxwell, Pastor. Sabbath services at 2 p. m. Public worship and sermon at 3 p. m. Y. P. C. U. each Thursday evening at 7 p. m. All are welcome.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The best salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Fever Sores, Salt Rheum, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction or money refunded. Price 25c per box. For sale by Whitehead & Mitchell.

WAYNE HOTEL, DETROIT

AMERICAN AND EUROPEAN PLAN.

$2 TO $3.50 $1.00 TO $2.00

SINGLE MEALS, 50c. UP TO DATE CAFES