Another Cut in Ladies' Jackets

No such Jacket Values ever before offered.

Plenty of winter weather yet to come. Don't fail to see these Bargains whether you want to buy or not.

Choice of Every Lady's Jacket in the Big Store's Big Cloak Dept at $7.50

Absolutely without reserve. All Box Coats and All Fitted Jackets, values up to $25, all go at one price, Seven Fifty.

All Mail Orders promptly filled.

The J. L. Hudson Co.,

"THE BIG STORE."

Detroit, - - - Mich.

THE GREEN PERIL.

THAT STALKS IN FRANCE ALARMING HER LAWMAKERS.

In the Last Six Years the Consumption of Absinthe Has Doubled in the French Nation Says This Writer. Introduced as Medicine.

At last the French lawmakers have awakened to the green peril of France, "the deadly absinthe," says the New York Press. The consumption of this drug has been for years the curse of the French people. Its effects upon the nervous system are such that it is especially harmful to an excitable people like the French. That it is responsible for the increase in insanity in France is shown by the fact that the growth in its consumption goes hand in hand with the increase of cases of mental derangement. Cases of insanity directly traceable to the use of this drug seldom or never recover. In large quantities absinthe produces epileptic convulsions, as has been shown by experiment, and the continued though moderate use of it produces symptoms of an epileptic character which are not due to the alcohol in the decoction. In the last six years the consumption of absinthe has doubled in France, the absinthe drinkers of that country now consuming, according to M. Vaillant, 2,200,000 gallons a year. The confirmed absinthe drinker is nervous, irascible, erratic and incapable of self control or of logical reasoning. He does not get drunk like the whisky drinker, but is driven to a sort of frenzy. Absinthe also stimulates the lowest and most abnormal passions. No man can remain perfectly sane and be addicted to absinthe. The French Academy of Medicine and the French members of the Chamber of Deputies see grave dangers ahead for France if the use of the drug is not checked. If the increase in its use goes on with the same rapidity which it has in the last four years it is only a question of time when France will become a nation of lunatics. In this country little absinthe is consumed. Ten years ago there was quite a "fad" for absinthe drinking in the United States, but it was of short duration, American common sense soon relegating the dangerous drink to obscurity. Later it became the custom to say to the bartender when ordering a cocktail, "Just a dash of absinthe in it." Now the bartenders in the best drinking places in New York say that absinthe in a cocktail is seldom called for. Now and then a young man who is just "learning the ropes" of the big city and wants to appear "knowing" will call for an "absinthe frappe," or some old "rounder," whose flickering candle is almost gone out, will order an absinthe as a "bracer," but as a general drink it is seldom used here now. The real "rounder," the man who has drunk all his life and intends to drink for the remainder of it, eschews absinthe as he would a temperance pledge. In restaurants and cafes frequented by foreigners one may occasionally see men sitting over their cloudy green liquor, but as a rule the "drip glass" remains unused behind the bar, and the absinthe bottle keeps it company. The history of the introduction of this drink into France is curious. When the French soldiers were sent to the Algerian war in 1844-7 they were advised to mix absinthe with the water they drank as a preventive against fever. It was as pleasant a tasting medicine as any man had ever taken, and the result was that the whole French army in Algiers became an army of absinthe drinkers. When the soldiers returned to France they brought the absinthe habit with them and introduced their friends to the new drink. The absinthe habit spread throughout France with remarkable rapidity, and has now become a great national evil, calling for strict legislation if the country would save itself from its green peril.

Gas Belt Being Exhausted.........

RAPID DWINDLING OF THE SUPPLY IN INDIANA CHARGED TO RECKLESS WASTE.

So great have been the demands arising from the extensive use of natural gas in factories, public buildings and dwellings of Indiana, Michigan, and Ohio, that the supply is rapidly being overdrawn and it is estimated that the gas belt of Indiana, where the product is obtained, will in two years at the furthest be practically exhausted. Attention to this matter has been called by the statement of the Indianapolis Gas company that it is unable to declare dividends owing to the fact that three-fourths of the citizens of Indianapolis are guilty of recklessly wasting and stealing gas from the company and the answer of citizens to the effect that they have to resort to seemingly sharp practices because the quality of the gas is so poor that they cannot get light without so doing. The directors of the gas company allege that the violations of the law are not confined to the poor or vicious, but include city and county buildings, city officials, lawyers, churches, ministers of the gospel, physicians, architects, and some of the most prominent residents and business houses in the city of Indianapolis.

As described by the company, the method of stealing is to cut additional small holes in the feed pipe, without paying the extra charge due for the increased supply. Everybody, apparently, according to the company, does this; or, at least, it was found that out of 18,000 consumers, three-quarters were using more gas than they paid for. As a result, the company's earnings decreased $110,000 a year, and the dividends had to be deferred.

No gas meters have been used in Indianapolis, despite the efforts of the company to secure their adoption, and there is no means of definitely determining the amount of the product used by each consumer.

Spread of the Coffee Plant.

Some interesting facts regarding the coffee tree have been printed recently. The native home of this plant is said to be Kaffra, in southern Abyssinia. It was not until it had been in use for centuries by the Arabians that the plant was carried to Java. In 1706 a tree from Java was sent to Amsterdam, and when it flowered and ripened seeds a young seedling was presented to Louis XIV. From this plant seedlings were sent to Martinique, and from these plants again seedlings were sent to Jamaica, Cayenne and San Domingo; while from Amsterdam plants were sent to Surinam. In fact, it was from the one plant, sent from Java in the beginning of the 18th century by Governor General Van Horn, that everything in the French possessions and West Indies sprang. In this way has traveled the progeny of the original coffee plant, introduced from Arabia at the end of the seventeenth century.

When Life Is Departing.

A. D. Waller of the Paris Academy of Sciences has devised an electrical means of distinguishing between living and dead matter. His statement of the method is somewhat as follows: Living matter responds to an electrical stimulus by yielding an after current in the same direction. The same matter after it has been killed by heating or other method does not respond to excitation unless it does so by causing a reversed current, due to polarization. This phenomena is characteristic of all living matter, animal or vegetable. The similar induced current is the last sign of life and its amount may even be used to measure the amount of vitality remaining. In order to make this test the body is first connected to a delicate galvanometer and if there is any deflection caused this is corrected; an electrical stimulus is administered to the body and then the galvanometer again connected to it. If there is now a deflection of the latter the body is living; no deflection shows that it is indubitably dead.

A new name for voting machines has been invented. They are now called votometers.

WHEN LIFE IS DONE

Sweetheart, when all the ways are trod,
And green earth fades from view—
When my starved eyes shall look on God
I shall look back to you!

Sweetheart, if ever heavenly place
Be given as life's due,
Lonely and lost in all its grace
I shall look back to you!

Still shall I breathe the earth-sweet breath
Though far from mortal view,
Beat down the iron gates of death,
Sweetheart, and come to you!
—From the Atlanta Constitution.

The Martins' Masquerade.

BY KATE M. CLEARY.

Author "A Lady of the Mountains." (Copyright 1901 by Daily Story Pub. Co.)

"I never wanted so much to go anywhere!" cried Evelyn.

Her aunt's lips closed in the straight and stubborn line which Evelyn knew boded grim determination.

"A masquerade is no place for a child!" she declared grimly.

"A child! Do you know I'm going on eighteen! My mother was married before she was the age I am now, Aunt Augusta."

Miss Mifflin looked up with a frown.

"How often am I to remind you not to call me aunt?" she said in sharp, unrepressed vexation. "People hearing you would think I was old—really old! It is quite sufficient to call me Agusta."

"But if I call you Agusta," she pouted, "folks will say you are my sister."

Miss Mifflin turned quickly. "Supposing they do! I'm sure we look alike. It was only the other day Mr. Partridge was saying he almost mistook me for you when he came in at dusk."

"At dusk!" Evelyn stole a pertinent glance at the mirror opposite. "Was n't it after dark?"

"You are an impertinent girl!" said Agusta Mifflin. "I'm almost sorry I offered to keep you with me this winter while your parents went abroad!"

"I—I'm sorry if I was impertinent!" apologized Evelyn.

Then she put her face down on the kitten's neck, and tried hard not to cry. She was disappointed and miserable too. She was the sole child of wealthy and adoring parents. She had known only city life. When it became necessary for her father to cross the Atlantic to see about an estate which had been left him, he suggested taking his wife and daughter with him. But it was Evelyn herself who decided she would prefer to spend the few months of their absence at her mother's old home in the little town of Garvin.

"You've told me so much about it," she said to her mother. "I can fancy what you had there when you were a girl. The dances, and the sleigh rides, and the skating, and all the lovely times one can only have in a real old country home. As for Aunt Agusta, if she is anything like you mamma mine, I'll love her dearly."

"I never wanted to go any place so much in my life!"

Mrs. Barret's memories of her elder sister were flattering. She did not consider that years of isolation and solitary spinsterhood might have sapped the joy of life and the capacity of pleasure from the mistress of Mifflin Lodge. So it was with the conviction that her girl was about to pass a safe, petted and delightful winter that she packed Evelyn's rich, gay garments, and kissed her good-bye.

If, as Mrs. Browning assures us,

"Ten layers of birthdays on a woman's head are apt to fossilize her girlish mirth,"

—twice ten have a still more petrifying effect. Then, Evelyn was indiscreet in timing her arrival. For the first time in many a year Miss Mifflin had an admirer. He was stout, he was bald, he was asthmatic. But he was a suitor—or it was evident he meant to become one. Miss Mifflin was revelling in his attentions, delighting in his assiduous courtesies, and actually debating the choice of shades for a bridal robe, when Evelyn Barret appeared on the scene. Not that Evelyn would have looked at Mr. Partridge. But Agusta noticed that Mr. Partridge sent many an admiring glance at the graceful young city girl with the sparkling eyes, sweet, mocking mouth, and masses of fluffy bronze-gold hair. Evelyn found life in the conservative old house very dull. She wished many times a day she had gone with her parents. She was already counting the weeks until their return. In her heart of hearts she knew that the real reason she had not wished to accompany them was because of her absurd little quarrel with Rob Aylmer. She had been in fault, but she would not admit it. He kept proudly absent. She could not bear that the Atlantic should roll between them. She knew that his sister lived in Garvin. When he came down to visit her, as he did frequently, she would meet him, and their former happy companionship and affection would begin all over again. And now—he was here! And he was to accompany his sister to the masquerade at the Martins. Invitations had come to Miss Mifflin and her niece. And Agusta Mifflin had decided masquerades were sinful!

"Didn't you ever go to one when you—when you were young?" she asked.

"When—what? I hope I have too much respect for myself to cover the face God gave me!"

"Oh, dear—dear!" lamented Evelyn.

She whisked out of the room, got herself into her wraps, and started off to walk away her disappointment. The frozen snow was firm beneath her feet. A glorious sun set the frost-white trees sparkling. The air was crisp and exhilarating. Just as Evelyn turned out of the gate she met James Partridge coming in. A sudden wild hope made her pause and hold out her hand with much cordiality.

"Mr. Partridge you're going to the masquerade, aren't you? Oh, do! It will be such fun! Ask Aunt Agusta to go with you!"

Mr. Partridge was a trifle perplexed by her eagerness—the intensity of her interest. He was a good-natured old chap, and he promised to do as she wished. The audacity of his request almost took Agusta Mifflin's breath. But she was prodigiously flattered. It was a long time since she had been asked to go to a dance. The intentions of Mr. Partridge certainly must be serious! Her scruples vanished in a flurry of excited anticipation. But there was Evelyn——

"Yes, on condition my niece knows nothing about it. I am responsible for her while her parents are in Europe."

"I was hoping that Miss Evelyn might——"

Miss Evelyn, who had come back for a letter she had written and wished to mail, caught the sound of her name, and stood motionless. She had been on the point of leaving the library when Partridge spoke.

"Not for the world! Nor must she think that I intend going. I shall go to spend the evening with my friend, Anne Spencer. You can meet me at her house, and from there we'll go to the Martin's masquerade. I'll take my costume with me in a satchel. No, indeed, you shall not know what I am to wear!" She giggled in an arch and youthful fashion. "I am sure I can deceive you all the evening! My! how dreadful it seems to go to a masquerade!"

And again Evelyn heard a juvenile giggle.

The next day Miss Mifflin took a trip to her dressmaker's. During the week that followed she was more alert and fidgety than Evelyn had ever known her to be. And when on the morning of the day of the ball a bulky package arrived for her, she darted upstairs with it in a manner surprisingly agile. Her niece took calmly her announcement at luncheon that she would have tea and spend the evening with Miss Spencer. After her usual siesta she took her departure. Evelyn looked smilingly after her as she walked briskly away carrying her satchel. And ten minutes later she sought the stable boy.

"You bet!" replied that young man in reply to her question. He grabbed the coin and note she offered him, and darted off. Mr. Partridge remembered having heard something about it being a woman's privilege to change her mind, when he read the missive. "Say its all right," he charged the boy. "I'll be at Mifflin Lodge on time."

And he was there a good hour earlier than he had promised to meet Miss Mifflin at Anne Spencer's. But early though it was a tall, muffled figure was waiting and indeed opened the door for him. "So you decided not to go to Miss Spencer's," he said, as he helped her into the carriage. "I wish your niece were coming!"

"Dear Mr. Partridge, I hope you are not regretting having asked——"

"So delighted to have the pleasure of your company! So grateful for the honor! But pardon me—your voice sounds——"

"Such a dreadful cold!" whispered his companion huskily.

Half way to the Martin's a sleigh [illegible] by them. A face was visible at the window. Partridge gave a great start.

"You are going to have a visit from a near relative I think," he ventured. "That vehicle is apparently going to Mifflin Lodge. The lady—pardon me—looks like you. Ah, we are almost there! May I claim the first dance?"

"If you penetrate my disguise," she murmured. "If you recognize me!"

There was a wig of flaxen hair [illegible] in the box with the youthful costume of Ophelia which Miss Mifflin had selected. This Evelyn did not require. She let loose all her own lovely, shining locks, and when she went from the dressing room down into the thronged parlors, many turned to look at the fair vision. For the gown

"a virginal white vesture,
Loosely gathered at the throat,"

The flower-entwined hair and flower-laden arms of sweet Ophelia made an entrancing picture. Who was she? The whisper went around. Her identity was unsuspected. It was a slender and knightly Hamlet who came forward to claim the first dance as his due.

"Evelyn," he whispered, "did you think I would not know you! Your walk—and your beautiful hair. I've been so miserable! I wonder if you will forgive me!"

"Rob, it was I who was to blame!"

And, strong in youth and love, swaying off down the room in the mystical, musical dance together, neither thought of James Partridge, diligently seeking for the gaunt form of Miss Mifflin and finding her not—nor of Agusta Mifflin herself digesting at home the truth of the adage that where there's a will there's a way!

Superfine.

In "Worldly Ways and Byways" Mr. Eliot Gregory has narrated a story of a complacently tactless and snobbish person, of a type happily unfamiliar even in the most fashionable society. She, for it was a lady, importuned a painter for a sketch. After many delays and renewed demands he presented her one day, when she and some friends were visiting his studio, with a delightful open-air study simply framed. She seemed confused at the offering, to his astonishment, as she had not lacked assurance in asking for the sketch. After much blushing and fumbling she succeeded in getting the painting loose, and handing back the frame remarked: "I will take the painting, but you must keep the frame. My husband would never allow me to accept anything of value from you." Then she smiled on the speechless painter, doubtless pleased with her own tact.

I wud like too see a law past too prohibit perlitickel parteez from usin the American flag too advertize thare bizness. Most perlitickel parteez float on the sea ov patriotism like a dead pig in the crick.

To Cure a Cold in One Day

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c.

A Banker's Recommend.

Pontiac, Mich., Jan. 20, 1899.
The White Cross Medical Co.:
Gentlemen: I have given your Eczema and Dandruff Cure a fair trial, and am more than satisfied with the result, and can safely say to those suffering with skin troubles to buy and use it.
Respectfully yours,
F. L. PERRY,
Cashier Oakland County Bank.

Farm for Sale.

Farm of 120 acres one mile south of Birmingham, one mile west of electric line. Good soil, good fences, flowing well, large orchard. Easy terms.
C. L. NYE,
223 Woodward Ave.,
17tf Detroit, Mich.

WANTED—Capable, reliable person in every county to represent large company of solid financial reputation; $936 salary per year, payable weekly; $3 per day absolutely sure and all expenses; straight, bona-fide, definite salary, no commission; salary paid each Saturday and expense money advanced each week. STANDARD HOUSE, 334 Dearborn St., Chicago.

Church Notes.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL—Rev. M. H. Bartram, 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. Justin, 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. [illegible], Pastor. Sabbath School at [illegible] m. [illegible] worship and sermon at [illegible] m. Y. P. C. U. each Thursday evening at [illegible] p. m. All are welcome.

PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL—Rev. C. H. Ryerson, Rector. Sunday services 10:30 a. m. Evening services each alternate Sunday. All are cordially invited.

QUESTION ANSWERED.

Yes, August Flower still has the largest sale of any medicine in the civilized world. Your mothers' and grandmothers' never thought of using anything else for Indigestion or Billiousness. Doctors were scarce, and they seldom heard of Appendicitis, Nervous Prostration or Heart Failure, etc. They used August Flower to clean out the system and stop fermentation of undigested food, regulate the action of the liver, stimulate the nervous and organic action of the system, and that is all they took when feeling dull and bad with headaches and other aches. You only need a few doses of Green's August Flower, in liquid form, to make you satisfied there is nothing serious the matter with you. Sample bottles at Whitehead & Mitchell's.

STORYETTES.

A guide was showing an American traveler about St. Paul's Cathedral, London, the other day, and pointed out all the tombs of interest. "That, sir," said he, "this the tomb of the greatest naval 'ero Europe or the world hever knew—Lord Nelson's. This marble sarcoughogus weighs 42 tons. Hinside that his a steel receptible weighing 12 tons, and hinside that is a leaden casket, 'ermetically sealed, weighing over two tons. Hinside that is a mahogany coffin, holding the ashes of the great 'ero." "Well," replied the American, after mediating a bit, "I guess you've got him all right. If ever he gets out of that, cable me in full at my expense."

An actor and his wife had a funny experience recently in Toronto. They were playing a piece in which the wife enacted the part of a woman dentist, and one evening the husband received a note asking him to call at a certain house. He did so the next day, and was greeted by an old man and his wife, the latter of whom said to him: "Me and my mate fell in love with your missus last night. She was so gentle with you when you was a-sittin' of the dentist chair. I'm gettin' on now, and all my teeth is gettin' loose, and my mate wants me to go to the dentist shop and 'ave 'em pulled, but I knows as 'ow they hurts, and I want to know if you and your missus will come around 'ere and 'ave tea with us, 'ave a little singin' and enjoy ourselves, and your missus, before she leaves, kindly pull out a few of these old stumps, as I know she'll be as kind and gentle as she was to you?"

ODDS AND ENDS.

Hawaii is getting it first share of garden seeds and the Congressional Record.

Though the number of members in the Missouri senate is the same as in 1891, the clerks and employes of that body have been increased from fifty-two to 124.

The Austrian army, active and reserve, includes over 2,000 Hebrew officers.

By the will of the late Henry T. Dortic of New York bequests of $3,000 each are left to ten prominent charity institutions of that city.

General O. O. Howard addressed the students of the University of Pennsylvania on a recent Sunday morning, his topic being "The Father's Love."

The French Legion of Honor is the biggest order of merit. It numbers 55,000 members.

Great Britain loses on an average 180 people a day by emigration.

HOW TO BE BEAUTIFUL.

Don't drink tea or coffee.
Drink pure water.
Eat grapes, apples, raisins and figs.
Eat a few salted almonds daily.
Don't eat animal food.
An egg or two a day, soft boiled, instead of meat.
Eat an orange every day or so.
Walk two or three miles a day.
Bathe the whole body daily in tepid water.
Don't fret, don't worry; be calm and quiet.

WHITE CROSS ECZEMA AND DANDRUFF CURE.

It's this way

We cure
Eczema and Dandruff

WE DON'T MEAN RELIEVE, BUT CURE!

Eczema is the most dreaded disease of the human system. It is a torment, a disfigurement and a bane to your comfort.

White Cross Eczema and Dandruff cure is backed by the testimonials of hundreds who have found it an unfailing remedy. So great is our confidence in it that we make this proposition:— We will pay $100 to anyone using it according to directions and not being permanently cured. Another test of our confidence in it is that with each bottle sold we send a bank draft for $1.00. If the remedy fails you present the draft to your own bank and have your money refunded.

We sell White Cross direct to you express prepaid on receipt of $1.00. Write for our booklet which can be had for the asking.

Address Department R,
White Cross Medical Co.,
Pontiac, Mich.

Ever Stop to Think

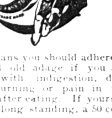
that the most valuable things in the house are the last things you think of when the house is on fire? Then, there is the danger of tramps and sneak thieves and the possibility of mislaying valuable papers.

Be Wise in Time

and rent a Safe Deposit Box in the EXCHANGE BANK, Birmingham, for a dollar a year. There are two keys and you have them both. It's worth it. Try it a year and you'll sleep better, live happier and die richer.

IT'S SAFE AND SURE.

Be sure you're right, then go ahead



By all means you should adhere to this good old adage if you are troubled with indigestion, dyspepsia, burning or pain in the stomach after eating. If yours is a case of long standing, a 50 cent bottle of

POPE'S STOMACH REGULATOR

furnishes transportation over the right road to good health.

Most Every Druggist Sells It.

THE MOST ATTRACTIVE COUNTRY TO THE FARMER, STOCKRAISER, MANUFACTURER, INVESTOR,

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24 hour schedules. Winter tourist tickets at reduced rates. Write for particulars.

W. J. MURPHY, GEN'L MANAGER
W. C. RINEARSON, GEN. PASS'GR AGT.
CINCINNATI

ATLANTA

STATE OF MICHIGAN, COUNTY OF OAKLAND, ss. At a session of the Probate Court for the county of Oakland, held at the Probate office, in the city of Pontiac, on the 26th day of January, in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and one.

Present, Joseph S. Stockwell, Judge of Probate.

In the matter of the estate of

George W. Hunt, deceased.

On application of Flavia S. Hunt, administratrix, for the examination and allowance of her final account and the settlement of the estate.

It is ordered that

Monday, the 25th day of February next,

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

JOSEPH S. STOCKWELL,
Feb1-Feb22 Judge of Probate.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, COUNTY OF OAKLAND, ss. At a session of the Probate Court for said County of Oakland, held at the Probate Office, in the city of Pontiac on the 30th day of January, in the year one thousand, nine hundred and one.

Present, Joseph S. Stockwell, Judge of Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of

Hugh Irving, deceased.

On reading and filing the petition of William Parks, executor, praying for license to sell the real estate of said deceased for the purpose of paying debts,

It is ordered that

Monday, the 4th day of March next,

at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, at said Probate office, be appointed for hearing said petition and that all persons interested in said estate appear at the time and place aforesaid and show cause, if any exists, why said petition should not be granted. 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.

JOSEPH S. STOCKWELL,
Feb8-Mar1 Judge of Probate.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, COUNTY OF OAKLAND, ss. At a session of the Probate Court for the county of Oakland, held at the Probate Office in the city of Pontiac on the 5th day of February, in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and one.

Present, Joseph S. Stockwell, Judge of Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of

Owen Fayne, deceased.

On reading and filing the resignation of Charles V. Babcock, executor, and his application for the examination and allowance of his final account, and on reading and filing the petition of Catherine Fayne for the appointment of Albertor Whitehead as administrator de bonis non with the will annexed of said estate.

It is ordered that

Thursday, the 7th day of March next,

at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, at said Probate Office, be appointed for hearing said resignation, the examination and allowance of said final account and appointment of administrator. 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.

JOSEPH S. STOCKWELL,
Feb8-Mar1 Judge of Probate.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, COUNTY OF OAKLAND, ss. At a session of the Probate Court for the county of Oakland, held at the Probate Office in the city of Pontiac on the 12th day of February, in the year one thousand nine hundred and one.

Present, Joseph S. Stockwell, Judge of Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of

Celia Beach, deceased.

On reading and filing the petition of John H. Snow, 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.

It is ordered that

Saturday, the 9th day of March next,

at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, at said Probate Office, be appointed for proving said instrument. 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.

JOSEPH S. STOCKWELL,
(A TRUE COPY.) Judge of Probate.
Feb15-Mar8

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We Have Ever Offered You.

THE BIRMINGHAM ECCENTRIC

AND

The Twice-a-Week Detroit Free Press

BOTH PAPERS ONE YEAR

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