Always the Same

Calumet Baking Powder

The only high grade Baking Powder sold at a moderate price.

Self Realization.

There is a time in every man's education when he arrives at the conviction that envy is ignorance; that imitation is suicide; that he must take himself for better or for worse, as his portion; that, though the wide universe is full of good, no kernel of nourishing corn can come to him but through his toil bestowed on that plot of ground which is given him to till.—Ralph Waldo Emerson.

A Way They Have in the Army.

Sergeant (preparing squad for church parade)—Recruits! 'Shun! Those as can read will follow the reglas' ns. Those as can't read will go th ugh the requisite motions, as follows: One! Extend left 'and 'olding prayer book. Two! Raise right 'and to level of mouth. Three! Moisten thumb o' right 'and. Four! Turn hover page!—London Punch.

Makes Nest Lightning Proof.

The humming bird in Australia, no less than man, protects its habitation with a lightning rod. The humming bird before a devastating thunderstorm bursts prudently covers the outside of its little est with cobwob. Silk is a non-conductor of electricity, and since cobweb is silk the humming bird's nest is thereby rendered lightning proof.

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(Operates all Detroit City Lines)
POTTIAC DIVISION
Time Table in effect Nov. 9, 1907—Subject to change without notice.

All cars run on Central Standard Time.

Cars leave Birmingham for Detroit at 5:25 a. m. and every half hour thereafter until 7:55 p. m.; then hourly until 9:55 p. m. Car leaving Pontiac at 10:30 p. m. connects at Royal Oak with car from Flint for Detroit.

Cars leave Birmingham for Pontiac at 6:30 a. m. and half-hourly thereafter until 8 p. m.; then hourly until 11:00 midnight.

Cars leave Detroit for Birmingham at 6:30 a. m. and every half hour thereafter until 7:00 p. m., then hourly until 11:00 p. m.

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Operated over Detroit United Railway, gives quick express service between Birmingham and Detroit also reaching all points on Detroit United and Rapid Railway Systems.

HOMER D. WOLCOTT,
Local Express Agent.

ECZEMA

Cured in less than four weeks.

Those who have had experience with this stubborn disease can hardly believe at first that **Wonderful Dream Salve** can and **does** cure Eczema.

There is no doubt about the matter whatever. A great many letters are on file in our office from grateful patients, telling of the quick and easy way in which **Wonderful Dream Salve** has removed all traces of this torturing skin affliction.

Mr. John T. Kealey, a well-known business man, located in the Stevens Bldg., Detroit, Mich., was recently cured of a bad case of Eczema of fourteen years' standing. After treating with many doctors and taking many remedies without relief, Mr. Kealey was induced to try **Wonderful Dream Salve**, and in four weeks was entirely cured. He says:

"I certainly consider this a remarkable cure, inasmuch as I have spent hundreds of dollars in the fourteen years of annoyance with this troublesome itching skin ailment. I have since the cure of my case heard of other cures, some of them even more remarkable than mine, which go toward demonstrating the value of Wonderful Dream Salve as a great skin healer."

If you have Eczema, why not try a box of **Wonderful Dream Salve.** If it fails, your druggist will refund your money. Isn't that fair enough? Keep it in your home for Chilblains, Chapped hands, Piles, Cuts, Burns, Frost-bites, Boils and Sores of any kind. You will never use anything else. 25c a box at your druggist or mailed prepaid direct.

Write for Free Sample and Dream Book containing 300 Dreams and their meaning. 4

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If you don't believe this, try it! Our Flour has every quality that makes good bread and pastry. It is popular with all first-class cooks, and will be with you when you have tried it. A poorly prepared unreliable Flour is not only an extravagance, but is unhealthy. Our "S. & B." Bread Flour is decidedly wholesome and nutritious.

SATTERLEE & BURTRAW,
Birmingham, Mich.

FOLEY'S HONEY AND TAR
stops the cough and heals lungs

THE HIDDEN WILL

By GLEN HATHAWAY

(Copyright, by Joseph B. Bowles.)

The Danforths were moving that first of May. It was their fourth move in three years, a very unusual record for a family of any pretensions to respectability in the staid little town. And the Danforth name had been one of the most aristocratic there for many years.

"First we lived in our own dear old home, where I was born," Frances had enumerated the evening before, sitting on the porch in the soft April moonlight, with her lover on the steps below her. "Then when Cousin Zebedee and the mortgage took that, in spite of all our pinching and planning all the years I was growing up, we had that nice house on River street. The next year we had to give that up as too expensive and move to this place, that I might say something against, but won't, because—well, because I won't, Dick," she lucidly explained with a downward smile at the young man, who knew very well that she forgave the house its many faults because it had found her romance within its walls. "But there's nothing but the lowness of rent in favor of the house we're going to," she ended. "It's cramped and shabby and inconvenient in every way." When I think how far below the old home we've got in only three years, I—I really fear we shall find ourselves moving to the poor farm one of these springs."

She tried to laugh, but she finished with a sudden catch in her bright voice. She was more than discouraged with the family prospects, and tired out with all the preparatory packing and tearing up she had done that day. Only strong determination kept her from tears.

"If you would only move to my house one of these springs—or sooner," began Dick Stedman, reaching up to take one of his sweetheart's small brown hands, that were pretty in spite of all the work they had had to do.

But Frances pulled it impatiently away.

"You couldn't afford to marry my whole family, Dick, even if we'd let you, and they can't possibly spare me as head of all work and general manager as long as the money comes in so slowly and the children grow out of their clothes so fast. There! don't let us waste any more time tonight talking of disagreeables or of what can't be."

"If your great aunt only hadn't made such a cruelly unjust will," Dick began again; and again Miss Danforth cut him short.

"If wishes were horses, then beggars would ride," she noted, absurdly. "My grand-aunt did make her own will to suit herself, as I probably shall if ever I am a wealthy old spinster and able to afford dislikes; and what is the use of it? Once more I suggest that you start some pleasanter topic this last of our evenings on this pleasant old porch."

Apparently he obeyed; for their talk grew lower-toned, and her pretty dark head and his comely, fair one drew quite unnecessarily close to each other as it went on. When he left, which was early, in consideration of her busy to-morrow, there was the brightest of smiles on Miss Danforth's face as she went into the parlor.

But the smile faded as she looked round the familiar room. The trail of the mover was already upon it. The tacks were out of the carpet, and the bookcase was emptied and its contents piled in a corner.

The handsome furniture—much too handsome and aristocratic in its stately old-fashion for the cramped little room with its cheap, glaring, gilt paper and worn carpet—bore traces of rough usage.

The furniture had been the sole legacy left Mr. Danforth by the will of his Aunt Deborah, an eccentric old lady who had practically adopted him as a boy, brought him up in idleness to expect her money, and turned him out without a penny when he declined to marry to please her and did marry to please himself.

When at length Miss Deborah died, it was found that she had left all her valuable antique furniture to her nephew, as the last of the Danforths, coupled with the provision that he should forfeit it if he ever attempted to sell a single piece, and had bequeathed her very considerable fortune to a distant and already well-to-do cousin, Zebedee Smith by name.

Mr. Danforth had philosophically accepted the situation and the furniture, selling off the commoner things he already had to settle some bills of long-standing with the proceeds, and crowding his small rooms with the richest of carved oak and mahogany, most of which was presently still further decorated by the jack-knives and boot-heels of his irrepressible boys.

The next day was one of storm and stress to Frances, on whom the weight of the household burdens always fell.

Mr. Danforth, of course, had to go to the office, and Mrs. Danforth retired to a friend's house with her headache, before the moving had fairly begun. Frances was left to deal with the affair, devoutly desiring to be spared the assistance of the four younger children, safely dispatched to school, who reveled in confusion like petrels in a tempest, but had small idea of work.

She fairly hated the costly old furniture, even while she watched carefully over its packing by the truckmen, who were inclined to be impertinent to her about its weight and her care. Even it could help them so much, if only they were allowed to sell it.

The truckmen were in a hurry to be through, being paid by the job and not by the load, piled the things recklessly high. When Frances ventured to remonstrate they were insolent.

The load was packed at last. The crowning piece was the beautiful old inlaid secretary that had been the pride of Miss Deborah's library. As the horses moved under whip and oath, the wagon started, making a too-sharp turn into the road from its packed-up position opposite the front gate, the secretary trembled on its unsteady perch—tottered—fell—and crashed in pieces on the sidewalk.

To Frances, overwrought as she was in mind and body, the accident seemed the last stroke of fate. She sat down among the ruins and cried, with her apron to her eyes, careless who might see her.

Dick Stedman saw her afar as he came up the quiet, elm-shaded street, and arrived on a run in his anxiety.

"My dearest girl! what are you doing?" he cried. "Are you hurt? or what has happened?"

Her pink cambric sweeping-cap was wildly askew on her roughened dark hair, and her small, flushed face was wet with tears and smeared with marks from her dusty apron; but she was absurdly pretty in spite of all, with her dark eyes moist and shining, and her soft childish mouth trying to keep from quivering.

"Don't be alarmed, Dick," she said. "I'm not hurt in the least, but my Grand-aunt Deborah's writing-desk has had an accident, and is a noble wreck in ruinous perfection. Behold it!"

"Your Letters Will Be Blowing All Over the Street If You Don't Take Care."

with a tragic gesture down at the ruins. "Who could deny a tear to such literally fallen grandeur?"

"Glue might do it more good than tears," suggested Dick, critically examining the wreck. "We've been so busy at the store that I couldn't get off to help you till now, but I thought that even this late, you might have something for me to do. I'll begin by seeing what can be done for this desk."

Very little could be done for it, evidently. The heavy fall on the stones had fairly split it to pieces. Its spindle legs had sustained several compound fractures; one side was in splinters, the shattered drawers had fallen out, and bits of delicate inlaying lay all about the pavement.

Dick went on piling the pieces methodically at one side; then moving the main part, picked up some papers and rose to give them to Frances.

"Your letters will be blowing all over the street if you don't take care," he said.

She accepted them rather curiously.

"Letters? There were none in the desk. No one had used it since grand-aunt did. These must be some of hers, crowded out of a drawer and in behind the frame somehow. It can't be any harm to see what they are, though, I suppose."

She unfolded them as she spoke. There was an unimportant receipted bill or two, a tax assessment of the year Miss Deborah died, then a legal-looking sheet of parchment.

"I, Deborah Danforth, do make and publish this my last will and testament," read Frances. "Dick, it must be—it can't be—it is another will of hers, and in my father's favor! And is it dated after the one that disinherited him!"

The Danforths moved once more before that spring had deepened into summer. Zebedee Smith was an honest man, if a hard one, and the newfound will was unimpeachable.

He did not attempt to resist it, and Mr. Danforth was liberal to him in taking back his own. And the Danforths moved into Miss Deborah's stately old stone house in time to have Frances married from there.

Had a Premonition.

Not long ago two cars of a passenger train left the rails while entering one of the Boston stations, and gave the occupants a great shock and a big scare. Before the report of the accident had reached the officials, a man rushed into the office of the claim agent and excitedly shouted that he intended to bring action for damages; that he had been hurt internally by a car leaving the tracks, and that while he was not suffering much at the time, yet he had a premonition that he was going to be laid up for some weeks.

The fact that there are fewer attempts to swindle railroads to-day than was the case ten or twelve years ago either means that the world is growing better or that the transportation companies are becoming smarter.

England's Rural Depopulation.

Among the causes of rural depopulation in England are the attractions of cities, the conversion of arable land into pasture, the consolidation of farms, the use of labor-saving machinery, the low, average wage of $3.50 a week, the craze to get rich quick, the spirit of the age and its restless desire for amusement

Grand Trunk Railway System

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Solid wide vestibule trains of coaches and sleeping cars are operated to New York (and Philadelphia) via Niagara Falls by the Grand Trunk-Lehigh Valley Route.

*Daily †Daily except Sunday.
f Stops on signal.

M. T. CRANE, Agent.

R. A. WHITEHEAD
Attorney for Mortgagees, Birmingham, Mich.

MORTGAGE SALE.

Default having been made for more than thirty days in the conditions of a mortgage made by Frank Neff and Elizabeth Neff, his wife, to Ameron Whitehead and George H. Mitchell, a copartnership doing a general banking business at Birmingham, Oakland county, Michigan, under the firm name of Whitehead & Mitchell, dated the 1st day of April, A. D. 1903, and recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds for the County of Oakland, State of Michigan, upon the 7th day of April, A. D. 1903, in Liber 161 of Mortgages, on pages 262 and 263, on which mortgage there is claimed to be due at the date of this notice the sum of Five Thousand Eighty-five Dollars and Twenty-eight Cents ($5,085.28), principal and interest, and an attorney fee of Twenty-five Dollars ($25.00) provided for in the said mortgage, and no suit or proceeding at law having been instituted to recover the moneys secured by said mortgage or any part thereof—now, therefore, by virtue of the power of sale contained in the said mortgage, and the statute in such cases made and provided, notice is hereby given that said mortgage will be foreclosed by a sale of the mortgaged premises hereinafter described, or so much thereof as may be necessary to satisfy said amount due, and the interest and costs of the sale, together with the said attorney's fee, at public auction to the highest bidder, at the easterly entrance to the Court House in the City of Pontiac, Oakland county, Michigan, that being the building wherein is held the Circuit Court in and for the County of Oakland, upon the 7th day of March, A. D. 1908, at one o'clock in the afternoon of the said day. The premises to be sold are described in said mortgage substantially as follows: The east one-half (½) of the northwest one-quarter (¼) of section eleven (11), town two (2) north, range ten (10) east, in Michigan.

Dated December 12, 1907.

WHITEHEAD & MITCHELL,
Mortgagees.

R. A. WHITEHEAD, Attorney for Mortgagees,
Birmingham, Michigan. 13dec-6mar

Detroit Headquarters FOR MICHIGAN PEOPLE

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AMERICAN PLAN $2.50 TO 3.50 PER DAY.
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Strictly modern and uptodate hotel, in the very heart of the retail shopping district of Detroit, corner Griswold and Grand River Aves. only one block from Woodward Ave. Jefferson, Third and Fourteenth cars pass by the house. When you visit Detroit stop at the Griswold House.

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GIVES QUICK RELIEF

Applied externally it affords almost instant relief from pain, while permanent results are being effected by taking it internally, purifying the blood, dissolving the poisonous substance and removing it from the system.

DR. S. D. BLAND
Of Newton, Ga., writes:
"I have been a sufferer for a number of years with lumbago and Rheumatism in my arms and legs, and I have tried everything I could get a gallon of but medical books, and also consulted with a number of the best physicians, but found nothing that gave the relief obtained from "5-DROPS." I shall prescribe it in my practice for rheumatism and kindred diseases."

DR. C. L. GATES
Hancock, Minn., writes:
"A little girl here dragged a weak back caused by Rheumatism and Kidney Trouble that she could not stand on her feet. The moment they put her down on the floor she would scream with pains. I treated her with "5-DROPS" and today she runs around as well and happy as can be. I prescribe "5-DROPS" for my patients and use it in my practice."

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If you are suffering with Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sciatica, Neuralgia, Kidney Trouble or any kindred disease, write to us for a trial bottle of "5-DROPS."

PURELY VEGETABLE

"5-DROPS" is entirely free from opium, cocaine, morphine, alcohol, laudanum, and other similar ingredients.

Large Size Bottle "5-DROPS" (500 Doses) $1.00. For Sale by Druggists

SWANSON RHEUMATIC CURE COMPANY,
Dept. 42. 174 Lake Street, Chicago

It is not the slightest good to do a brilliant and original thing once. You have got to repeat the performance until the people get used to it. Otherwise you are as one before your time, which is about equivalent to not being there at all.—London Dispatch.

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ORDER FOR PUBLICATION — Probate of Will.

State of Michigan, the Probate Court for the County of Oakland. At a session of said Court, held at the Probate Office in the City of Pontiac, in said county, on the 2d day of December, A. D. 1907. Present, Hon. Joseph S. Stockwell, Judge of Probate. In the matter of the estate of

LANCELOT B. DAWSON, Deceased.

Margaret Jewell having filed in said Court a petition praying that a certain instrument in writing, purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased, now on file in said Court, be admitted to probate, and that the administration of said estate be granted to Margaret Jewell, the executrix named therein.

It is ordered that the 30th day of December, A. D. 1907, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, at said Probate Office, be and is hereby appointed for said petition. It is further ordered that public notice thereof be given by publication of a copy of this order, for three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing, in the Birmingham Eccentric, a newspaper printed and circulated in said county.

JOSEPH S. STOCKWELL,
Judge of Probate.

(A true copy.)
ROSS STOCKWELL, Probate Clerk. 6-3dec

Grinding Again

Having made full and complete repairs the Custom Mill is again doing business on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday of each week.

On and after December 1, 1907, *Daily Service* will be offered to patrons.

W. E. SMITH
Near the Railroad, Birmingham

COAL of all kinds

When we speak of our Coal we get a bit enthusiastic. Why? Because our Coal spells economy; you experience little or no difficulty in getting up a quick fire. It burns so freely and makes such an intensely hot fire that it is in universal favor with housekeepers. There is no better Coal delivered than that which leaves our yard. We have raised the Coal standard without raising the price. Try a ton. It will do a ton's work.

Smith Bros. & Hagerman