Richard Croker, the Fighter

Is Living Like a Prince in His Beautiful Irish Home.

Former Tammany Chief Has Certainly Chosen a Charming Spot in Which to Rest After His Strenuous Career in America.

Dublin.—Richard Croker displayed a distinct appreciation of the beautiful when he pitched his Tudor castle on the slope of the hills that encircle Dublin bay.

Shown in by a neat-looking maid, your correspondent found himself in the presence of Mr. Croker himself, standing with a formidable looking pipe in his mouth, in the grand hall of the building, directing the operations of two local workmen, who were engaged in what seemed to be the rather difficult task of making the flue of the hall chimney work. It was a study in concentration. You might have imagined that nothing else existed at the moment, but the problem of that refractory flue.

Mr. Croker gave a friendly nod, and then resumed his attitude of absorbed contemplation of the work, until the crisis in the operations had passed, when he turned round to his caller with an inquiring gaze. On hearing that the Sunday World desired to have an intimate description of his home, and permission to photograph the interior, he replied: "There need be no trouble about the photographs," and going into his study brought back a roll of them.

"These," said he, "are all I've got. You are welcome to them."

Mr. Croker had just come in from a walk in the grounds, and wore a loose frieze overcoat, knickerbockers, brown stockings and heavy shooting boots. He looked in perfect health.

Your correspondent remarked that they believed in New York that he was about to return and take a hand in politics again.

"They're wrong," said the former boss of Tammany Hall. "I shall never return to American politics again—never! I think I've said that before more than once, and I'm not in the habit of going back on what I say. I'm out of American politics for good, but I hope to pay my personal friends there an occasional visit. When I go the papers will say that I went back on some political business, but they'll be wrong again."

Croker Has a Tiger.

There was no mistaking the quiet but perfectly polite determination expressed in his tone, and at the same time, by way of more effectually changing the conversation, or rather the entire center of interest, he led the way into the Japanese room.

Mr. Croker is a man who wants to get things done promptly, and always goes right ahead. I wanted to linger over some of the beautiful things he had brought to his beautiful house, but as we passed through the rooms he was always most unconsciously marching on. Indeed, proud as he is of his fine mansion, and of all the valuable things that are in its many rooms, Mr. Croker is far prouder of his stud. That was what he wanted me to see all the time.

But before we came to the stables I was able to get a good general impression of Glencairne itself. The entrance gate, in solid cut granite, seems rather strange to an Irish eye, and looks like the gable of a house in an old Belgian town like Broges. The lawns and flower beds are laid out with great taste, and to-day are a perfect riot of green and colors.

There are few buildings in Ireland like Glencairne. Most of the great residential houses in this country were erected in the eighteenth century, when domestic architecture was conceived in somewhat commonplace vein. Glencairne is not unique, but is certainly exceptional in Ireland. It is a noble pile, crowned with an Irish tower in the center and a beautifully chaste Italian portico running from the hall door on the west, round the building to the south, and so to the gardens. The house is built of cut granite, and part of the wall of the original building, once the residence of a well known Irish judge, is incorporated in it.

In the Japanese Room.

But to return to the Japanese room. It is indeed a gem. There are no corners in it as in an ordinary room. The "corners" are all circular, and they are covered with charming and quaint Japanese tapestry. The ceiling is Japanese, with a perfect aviary of Japanese birds painted with excellent taste, full of life and movement. At the other side of the hall is Mr. Croker's own study. Here on the wall is an address from the Democratic club of New York, of which the ex-leader is absolutely proud. Here, too, are some books, many of them relating to American affairs, one by his friend, W. J. Bryan.

And here, above all, are large photographs of Mr. Croker's two dead sons. He shows the pictures to you without any apparent emotion, because he is a man who has mastered emotion. Presently, as you go through the house, you will see, off the large and handsome corridor upstairs, a very beautiful little oratory, the stained glass windows of which he has erected to the memory of these two boys.

Hall is Beautiful.

The grand hall, however, to which we retired from the study, is the principal feature of the house. It is a large apartment in dark mahogany, with an elaborately carved and massive old Irish mantel-piece. Around are tables and writing material, chairs, etc., as in a sitting room, and on the walls are portraits in oils of Mr. Croker's favorite horses and photographs of some of their famous relatives. All the chief rooms of the house radiate off this central hall, including the two I have already named, and the dining-room and drawing-room. In fact, standing in the grand hall you feel that you are in touch with the whole house. For the main staircase rises out of this hall also and so brings you at once to the upper part of the mansion.

The staircase is a noble one, six feet wide, also in carved dark mahogany. At the top there is a stained-glass window, with the arms of the various branches of the Croker family as given in Burke.

On the left of the staircase, as you go up, there is a fine piece of tapestry, showing Glencairne itself, with gaily-dressed women on the lawn.

Setting aside the oratory and the fine corridor, there is nothing upstairs that Mr. Croker seems to be anxious to show you, except an old-fashioned bed in one of the rooms, which once, it appears, belonged to Daniel O'Connell.

Old and Quaint Engraving.

After this substantial piece of domestic comfort, the thing that seemed to excite Mr. Croker's interest most was an old and quaint engraving of a meeting of the pugilists, Heenan and Sayers, banging among other things of the kind, in a passage leading to the billiard room.

I mentioned the billiard room. Like the large strong room, with the Croker archives, it is off Mr. Croker's study, and is a noble apartment containing two tables especially made for Mr. Croker in the United States. This room can be entered not only from Mr. Croker's own room, but also from the hall and again from the grounds; and finally, there is communication with the kitchen, to facilitate the attendance of servants. The walls are oak panelled, and decorated with oil paintings in chocolate tints, of many of the chief streets and buildings of New York, including Wall street, Tammany Hall, the post office, the city hall, Central park, Fifty-ninth street, Fifth avenue and the Democratic club.

The bedrooms are in the Adam style. The bathrooms, etc., are sumptuously fitted, and have beautiful tiled walls and floors, and all the bedrooms have their own supply of hot and cold water.

The drawing room and dining room were the two last apartments to which Mr. Croker conducted me. The most striking adornment of the drawing room is a gigantic tiger rug with the head raised, the jaws open and the terrifying teeth fully displayed.

Glad to Show People Around.

"Mind the tiger," said Mr. Croker—a timely injunction, as one might easily trip over its head.

"A wonderful skin!" I answered admiringly.

"Yes," replied Mr. Croker. "I get the finest. I admire the tiger." The panelling is in bird's-eye maple, and here again the elaborate decorating of the ceiling is in the refined and delicate Adam style.

The dining room is the most spacious room at Glencairne. The walls, like those of the hall, are mahogany-panelled, the panelling being filled in with tapestry. The ceiling is also in mahogany, elaborately carved and molded. There is a beautiful sideboard in the same material, designed by the architect to harmonize with its surroundings. The thing in this room, however, which Mr. Croker shows you with most interest is a quaint and oriental-looking bowl, which he tells you with much satisfaction once belonged, like the old bed upstairs, to Daniel O'Connell. It is a punch jug, which would hold about a gallon of that inspiring concoction, which, according to a Cork poet, was accidentally discovered by St. Patrick; and Mr. Croker informs you, as he looks at it affectionately, that it was presented to the great Irishman by some of his admirers while in Richmond prison.

The Superb Stables.

And as to the stables, which, as I have already hinted, are the great source of interest at Glencairne to Mr. Croker himself.

He tells you as you look around the stables that he has 20 racers, but his chief interest at present is in Orby, a beautiful chestnut three-year-old colt with an eye that indicates character, and a form that promotes stamina and speed. He comes of the very best pedigreed stock on this side, bred by Mr. Croker himself, by Orme, out of his famous mare Rhoda B. He has a half-sister here also, Rhodora, not by any means as handsome an animal.

Walking back through the grounds, with beds of wall-flowers, daffodils, narcissi, polyanthus, tulips, pansies and the like on either side, one notes in the distance, a few miles to the south, a gorge in the Wicklow hills known as the scalp, and further off, rising majestically behind it, one of the Irish-named "Golden Spears," by which has been vulgarized by English into "The Sugarloaf."

"After all, Mr. Croker," I ventured to say, "after a strenuous political and public life, this is pleasanter place than New York in which to spend the evening of one's days."

He replied very quietly and without the least trace of a smile: "It is quite nice."

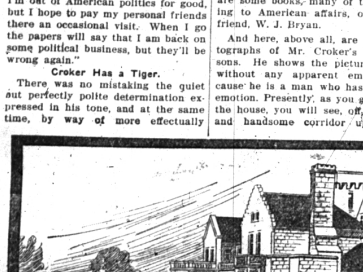
All this time, whether inside the house or outside it, Mr. Croker puffed away at his big pipe, as contented a man as one could desire to see.

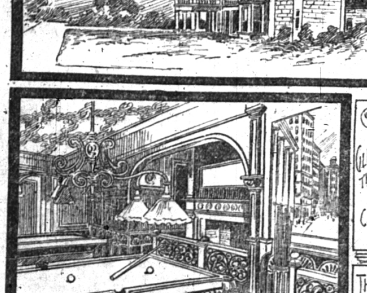
"It will be the crown of your racing career," I said, "if you carry off the blue ribbon of the turf."

"Some people," he answered quietly, "seem to think it's a great thing." And one could not make out whether this imperturbable man was or was not of that opinion himself.—N. Y. World.

THE MAIN HALL AT GLENCAIRNE

THE DRAWING ROOM





GLENCAIRNE THE HOME OF CROKER

THE BILLIARD ROOM

HOLY LAND BELIEFS

IMPLICIT FAITH IN POINTS ABOUT HORSES.

Lucky and Unlucky Signs Are Many —White Stockings Highly Valued —Peculiar Marks That Show Speed of Animal.

The people of the Holy Land have implicit faith in the following points about horses:

A white star in the center of the forehead of a horse is considered a lucky sign.

Small ears and a small mouth in a horse denote good breed.

Two small black spots located just above the hoof on the white-stocking ed left hind leg of a horse is an unlucky sign.

In certain parts of the country a horse is valued by the number of white stockings he may have. If it have one it is said to be worth 100 coins (any coins from paras upward, according to the breed, paces, etc., of the animal.) If it have two or three white stockings it is valued in the same way, but if it have four then the horse is said to be worth nothing at all.

A horse that is habitually pawing the ground is said to be digging its owner's grave.

A horse's speed can be reckoned by the position of the small hair twist that is usually found at the end of the ribs close to the body projection on the animal's flank behind the saddle. The higher from the ground the hair twists the faster the animal can go.

Two hair twists placed one above the other in the center of the forehead of a horse is called a Kabr Naffuh ("open grave"). It is considered very unlucky to ride a horse with this mark, as the person who does so is destined to die within a short space of time thereafter.

The hair twist on a horse's neck is both a lucky and an unlucky sign. If it curl forward toward the horse's head, it is a lucky sign, for it signifies that the sword of the rider conquers; if, on the other hand, it be reversed and curl backward, then the sword of the enemy will conquer.

The bay colored horse is said to be the swiftest of all the horses. A story to illustrate this is told of a certain Arab sheik who, having been engaged in a fight with another tribe, was taking his flight with his little son.

They were both mounted on a magnificent white mare, which belonged to the sheik, and which had always been highly valued on account of the great speed at which it could go. After having ridden some little distance, the sheik asked his son to look round and see if they were being followed. The boy replied that there was some one riding after them on a black horse. The sheik seemed satisfied on hearing this report, but presently repeated his question. The boy answered that they were still being pursued, but this time the horse was white. "Never mind," said his father, "mine is better."

In a few minutes he asked a further report, and the reply given was the same, with the difference that the horse was a chestnut. The sheik, however, put his question a fourth time; but upon being told by his son that the pursuer was mounted on a bay, he cried out: "Then we are lost, for there is no horse which it cannot overtake." His words proved to be true, for in a short time they were caught up and captured.

An Embryo Genius, Surely.

A private school for boys on Madison avenue boasts of a pupil who undoubtedly is destined to high rank as a literary genius, says the New York Press. For some infraction of discipline this boy was sentenced to remain after hours and write an essay of 200 words on birds. This is what he wrote:

"I do not like birds, for in the morning when I am trying to sleep they keep me awake with their twittering, twittering, twittering, twittering, twittering, twittering, twittering, twittering, twittering."—N. And so on to the extent of about 25 words more. "And when I get mad and turn over and try and try and try and try and try to get to sleep they still continue to chirp, chirp, chirp, chirp, chirp, chirp." And so on as before. "Birds, too, are awful greedy things. They don't do nothing all day but fly around and peck, peck, peck, peck, peck, peck, peck." And so on until the required number of words was completed.

Voice of Experience.

A young girl recently went to her aunt on a momentous occasion. She explained that a gentleman was coming to see her.

"I am sure he likes me," she sobbed, "and—and I think he means to propose. I don't like to ask mother how I should act under the circumstances, but—"

"Do you like him?" interrupted aunty sternly.

"Very much," observed her niece.

"Enough to marry him?"

The girl blushed and replied in the affirmative.

"Then," said aunty, with an air of authority, "don't let there be any shilly-shallying. When he pops, don't turn red and look down at the carpet just throw your arms around his neck look him full in the face and begin talking about the furniture."

Times Had Changed.

"Did you and pa start with plenty of money?" asked the daughter.

"We lived upon very little else but love, dear?" was the mother's gentle answer.

"But I suppose pa soon got lots of salary?"

"No, dear, it was a great struggle at first."

"Then how did you manage? Pa had a little in the bank?"

"Not a farthing."

"O, my George is in just the same position, and we love each other, and—"

"If that penniless adventurer ever dares to enter this house again, I will tell him what I think of him! Go to your room at once!"—Stray Stories.

Harper Rye
"On Every Tongue."
Scientifically distilled; Naturally aged; Best and safest for all uses
SOLD BY A. ANDERSON.

WHY NOT
Let your wife or daughter open an account in her own name and pay all her own bills and the household expenses with her own check? She will like it and it will help her business education. You may not live always, and your wife may have to take charge of what you have. A little previous experience will be an advantage. We will take pleasure in receiving the account.
EXCHANGE BANK
BIRMINGHAM MICH.

6-5-4 Sweeps Away ALL STOVE TROUBLES
6-5-4 STOVE POLISH CROSBY & CO. DETROIT 25
Because it shines itself and saves work.
It dissolves rust as water does salt.
One application wears for months.
It is grease proof, water proof, rust proof
And will not crack, chip or rub off.
If your dealer hasn't it J. R. BLAKESLEE has.

Do You Intend to Build?
If so, consult
G. Wm. Crary
Contractor and Builder
ESTIMATES FURNISHED
Manufacturer of
Ideal Cement Bldg. Blocks
Birmingham, Mich.

National Hotel
Birmingham, Mich.
ANDREW ANDERSON, Prop.
Plenty of good rooms for the traveling public. Good tables for all.

CIGARS and TOBACCOS
Fine Pool and Billiard Tables.
Everything orderly and first-class.
Satisfaction guaranteed.
ANDREW ANDERSON.

COMMISSIONERS' NOTICE.

In the matter of the Estate of Sarah Ann Skillan, deceased. The undersigned having been appointed by the Honorable Joseph S. Stockwell, Judge of Probate in and for the County of Oakland, State of Michigan, Commissioners to receive, examine and adjust all claims against said Estate, and four months from the 23d of May, A. D. 1907, having been allowed by said Judge of Probate to all persons holding claims against said Estate in which to present them to us for examination and adjustment, notice is hereby given that we will meet on the 23d day of July, 1907, and on the 23d day of September, 1907, at 10 o'clock a. m. of each day, at Frank Blakeslee's Store, in the Village of Birmingham, in said county, for the purpose of receiving and adjusting said claims.

FRANK BLAKESLEE,
JOHN HANNA,
Commissioners.
31my-28jun

5 DROPS
TRADE MARK
A PROMPT, EFFECTIVE REMEDY FOR ALL FORMS OF
RHEUMATISM
Lumbago, Sciatica, Neuralgia, Kidney Trouble and Kindred Diseases
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 Brewton, Ga., writes:
"I had been a sufferer for a number of years with Lumbago and the sensation in my arm and legs, and tried all the remedies that I could gather from medical works, and also consulted with a number of the best physicians, but found nothing that gave me 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 was badly in with backsoaked by a bucket of Kidney Trouble that she could scarcely walk. The medicine I had put her down on the floor, and almost scream with pains. I treated her with 5-DROPS and in the time it took to read a page of my book she was on her feet and ready to go to school. I prescribe "5-DROPS" for my patients and just it is my practice."
FREE
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 Bottles (Enough for Months) $1.00, For Sale by Druggists.
SWANSON RHEUMATIC CURE COMPANY,
Dept. 65. 174 Lake Street, Chicago

English sporting reporters will have to look to their laurels, says the London Tatler. Rex Beach thus relates in Everybody's Magazine an episode in a prize fight at Tonopah in Nevada on New Year's day: "In a quiet interval between rounds I heard a reporter dictating high-class pugilistic literature: 'Herman's work in the fifth was classy and he fought all over the place. He stabbed the Dinge in the food-hopper three times and all but got his goat. Then misfied a right swing to the butler's pantry by an inch. If he had coupled it would have been the sunset glow for Dahomey, but Gans didn't fall for the gag, not hardly. He ripped an upper through the Yiddish lad and put him on the hop with a right cross.'"

IS THERE INSANITY?

Absolute Sanity Declared by Expert Not to Exist.

Anglo-Saxons are so prone to take common-sense views of things that they seldom realize the full force of the familiar saying that all men have some form of madness in them, says Current Literature. The sound inference is, as is pointed out by Dr. G. H. Savage, the eminent English alienist, in a recent Lancet paper, that perfect sanity would be not only undesirable in itself, but from a strictly scientific point of view, impossible. For a perfectly sane person—were such a thing thinkable—would be dull and uninteresting—a mediocrity, a nonentity. The point to seize, however, as Dr. Savage impresses upon us, is that there can be no comprehensive idea or definition of insanity, because, the thing does not really exist. No scientist can set up any standard of rationality departure from which would comprise or denote insanity. One cap diagnose a case of typhoid because it is a continued fever characterized by a peculiar course of the temperature, by marked abdominal symptoms, by an eruption upon the skin. But there is nothing in what goes by the name of insanity to frame a diagnosis as that term is understood by medical men generally.

Perhaps, adds Dr. Savage, there is no need to wonder at this, since many have to be treated as lunatics whose brains and nervous systems show no change whatever from the normal course of what is recognized as sanity. Unfortunately, the impulse to define and classify sometimes leads to misinterpretation of a deplorable kind. Such, for example, is the false view, as Dr. Savage deems it, that every person of unsound mind is a lunatic. That, he says, is a "pseudo-legal" absurdity. "Obviously there are many persons of unsound mind who are neither dangerous to themselves nor to others—why, therefore, regard them as aliens?" The true difficulty, insists this distinguished expert, is that the disease insanity does not exist.

At this season of the year the best game preserve is a refrigerator.

OF THE BREADFRUIT TREE.

Many Ways in Which This Strange Tropical Plant Is Utilized.

The breadfruit tree is a native of southern Asia, the West Indies, the South Pacific islands and the Indian archipelago. Its appearance it resembles somewhat the wild chestnut. It grows to the height of 40 or 50 feet and has dark green leaves, many of them two feet in length, which are deeply divided into pointed lobes.

Hidden among the great leaves the breadfruit grows. It is nearly spherical, often weighs four or more pounds and has a thick, yellow rind. This fruit is the chief food of the South Sea islanders. They seldom eat a meal without it. The eatable part lies between the rind and the core, and when fully ripe is yellow and juicy. The fruit is better before it has fully matured, and the natives gather it while the pulp is white.

Before it is ready for table use it must be roasted, when it looks like wheat bread and is very palatable and nutritious. Usually the fruit is cut into three or four slices and roasted or baked in an oven.

Frequently the people of a village join in making a huge oven, in which several hundred breadfruits may be baked at one time. Thus they are all supplied with bread without its costing any of them much labor. Prepared in this way the bread will keep for weeks. The breadfruit is in season eight months of the year. When the season finally draws to a close the last fruits are gathered and made into a sour paste called "mahel." This paste will keep good for months and is made into balls, wrapped in leaves and baked, just as needed.

Bread is not the only product of the breadfruit tree. From it cement, cloth, tinder and lumber are also obtained. A glutinous, milky juice oozes from the trunk of the tree, which makes an excellent cement when boiled with cocoanut oil. From the fibrous inner bark a kind of coarse cloth is made, and the big leaves make good towels. The lumber is used for building houses and many other purposes. Besides all this, the dried blossoms are used as tinder when fires are kindled.

ORDER FOR PUBLICATION—Appointment of Administrator.
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 8th day of June, A. D. 1907. Present, Hon. Joseph S. Stockwell, Judge of Probate. In the matter of the estate of
DAVID TODD, Deceased.
Daines & Bell having filed in said Court a petition praying that the administration of said estate be granted to Eugene Brooks or to some other suitable person.
It is ordered that the 8th day of July, A. D. 1907, at 9 o'clock in the forenoon, at said Probate office, be and is hereby appointed for hearing 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. 14jun-5jul

ORDER FOR PUBLICATION—Appointment of Administrator.
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 8th day of June, A. D. 1907. Present, Hon. Joseph S. Stockwell, Judge of Probate. In the matter of the estate of
ANDREW McBRIDE, Deceased.
Mary McBride having filed in said Court a petition praying that the administration of said estate be granted to Mary McBride, or to some other suitable person.
It is ordered that the 8th day of July, A. D. 1907, at 9 o'clock in the forenoon, at said Probate Office, be and is hereby appointed for hearing 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. 14jun-5jul

ORDER FOR PUBLICATION—General.
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 11th day of June, A. D. 1907. Present, Hon. Joseph S. Stockwell, Judge of Probate. In the matter of the Estate of
WILLIAM W. PALLISTER, Deceased.
Almeron Whitehead, administrator with will annexed of said Estate, having filed in said Court a petition praying for the examination and allowance of his final account and settlement of the Estate.
It is ordered that the 8th day of July, A. D. 1907, at 9 o'clock in the forenoon, at said Probate office, be and is hereby appointed for hearing 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. 14jun-5jul

CHANCERY NOTICE.
State of Michigan. Suit pending in the Circuit Court for the County of Oakland. In Chancery. William Hizinger, Mary D. Hizinger and John G. Jansen, complaints, vs. the unknown heirs of James Withrell, Nathaniel Millerd and Daniel Burrows, defendants. Upon due proof by affidavit that James Withrell, Nathaniel Millerd and John G. Jansen are all dead, and that the names residences and whereabouts of their heirs are unknown, on motion of Elmer R. Webster, solicitors for complainants, it is ordered that said defendants enter their appearance and answer the bill of complaint in said cause within six months and one day from date of this order, and in default thereof that said bill be taken as confessed against said defendants; and further, that within twenty days from the date hereof this order be published in the BIRMINGHAM ECCENTRIC, a newspaper printed and published in said Oakland county, and that said publication be continued once each week for six successive weeks, or that a copy of this order be served on said defendants at least twenty days before the time above prescribed for their appearance. Dated June 6, 1907.
GEORGE W. SMITH, Circuit Judge.
ELMER R. WEBSTER, Solicitor for Complainants.
Business address: Pontiac, Mich. 14jun-5jul

ORDER FOR PUBLICATION—Probate Court.
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 10th day of June, A. D. 1907. Present, Hon. Joseph S. Stockwell, Judge of Probate. In the matter of the estate of
SARAH POPPLETON, Deceased.
Herbert A. Poppleton having filed in said Court his petition praying that certain instrument in writing, purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased, now in possession of him, now on file in said Court, be admitted to Probate, and that the administration of said estate be granted to Edgar C. Poppleton, the executor named therein.
It is ordered that the 8th day of July, A. D. 1907, at 9 o'clock in the forenoon, at said Probate Office, be and is hereby appointed for hearing 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. 14jun-5jul

ORDER FOR PUBLICATION—Sale or Mortgage of Real Estate.
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 25th day of June, A. D. 1907. Present, Hon. Joseph S. Stockwell, Judge of Probate. In the matter of the estate of
WILLIAM J. McCLELLAND, Deceased.
Julius F. Rundel, administrator of said estate, having filed in said Court a petition praying for license to sell at private sale the interest of said estate in a contract to purchase certain real estate therein described.
It is ordered that the 23d day of July A. D. 1907, at 9 o'clock in the forenoon, at said Probate office, be and is hereby appointed for hearing said petition, and that all persons interested in said estate appear at said time and place to hear said petition, and that all persons interested in said estate appear at said time and place, to show cause why a license to sell the interest of said estate in said real estate should not be granted; it is further ordered that said petitioner give notice of the time and place of hearing, 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. 28jun-19jul