BIRMINGHAM ECCENTRIC.

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Entered at the postoffice at Birmingham, Mich., as second-class matter.

Seth Low has long believed that office has been seeking him with an anxiety that amounts to severe pain.

There are two remarkable statements. One is that heat is warm, and the other that the New York Sun is a Republican paper.

Planning to help a poor family, who lived on broken victuals gathered from door to door, a good woman gave the mother a day's work and paid her a dollar. Two or three days later, says the New Unity, the woman called to express her gratitude. The children had always wanted to go to the matinee, and the dollar had taken them all! Sometimes "the destruction of the poor is their poverty." Again, as in this case, it is their idyocy.

The Zuni Indians have concluded not to torture witches hereafter. Here is reform in an unexpected quarter, and it is the more surprising b c use Spain seeks to torture in Spain, Cuba and the Philippines, while the sultan finds tortures and assassinates. Presently, with the progress of the Zuni Indians before them, the Christian governments of Europe may blush for their age and conscientiousness in failing to protect the men and women who belong to their own church.

Progress toward reform in weights and measures by the two great nations of the world continues. In the United States a general law providing for the use of the French metric system throughout the country was passed by acclament by the last congress, and the English parliament has, only a few weeks ago, passed an act legalizing the system in Great Britain, a step toward its early exclusive adoption. The congress of the United States has never exercised the power granted it in the constitution by establishing a definite system of weights and measures for the whole country, and all standards in customary use are legal only by authority of state legislation.

An assassin made an attempt upon the life of the President of Mexico. He was arrested and held in confinement. By the connivance of the chief of police, a mob gained possession of his person and put him to death. Their act of violence was intended as an act of revolution, and which is for, and for good ruler. To the president himself the form of the compliment robbed it of its value. Its lawlessness defeated his purpose to give the criminal a fair trial. It held those who took the man's life in a vulgar fury to the guilty of murder. Accordingly he caused the arrest of the chief of police, who, after confessing his fault, committed suicide in prison. Other persons in authority, who had approved or failed to resist the attack upon the assassin, were promptly deposed from office, and twenty-one participants in the actual killing of the man were arrested and held for trial. This is the way President Diaz deals with lynchers and their abetters. It is a good way. It emphasizes the fact that mob vengeance, while it may seem an act of justice in the abstract, really defeats justice and imperils society by its method.

To the Editor:—The affairs of Cuba have reached a crisis. Spain tries by perfidious diplomacy to win where her sword has failed. The offer of autonomy is a device to change the patriotic sentiment of America, and to betray Cuba by false promises. In this way the triumphed twenty years ago. This time she must fail. Autonomy is another term for imposition and fraud. The Cuban League of the United States has long since exposed and condemned this hypocrisy. Since then more interested forces have supplemented this opinion. The statesmen of Cuba repudiate it. The commanders in the field say "Independence or Death." The late American minister to Spain proclaims it to be an impracticable sham. More than all this, in the city of New York recently a meeting of Cubans, who together represented more than one-half the property values of the entire island, merchants, bankers and planters in exile, who today bear the burdens of the war by their contributions to its treasury, in very decided language declared that no offer from Spain will be considered short of absolute independence. All that remains is that we should now more steadily onward to the assured victory which this leaguo has heretofore pledged—its duty to influence the representatives in congress to grant belligerent rights. The senate has already done so. Before the New Year is ushered in may the lower house respond. Then logically follows independence. The president must not falter now, and it is the duty of this league to see to it that he shall not. Will you give this the publicity of your journal?—Ethan Allen, President of the Cuban League of the United States.

It is announced that the special United States commissioner to the Paris exhibition of 1900 has secured one-quarter more space than was originally allotted to this republic. It is now in order for the United States to see that the country is not represented there by space only.

Characteristic modesty induced a St. Louis man to order banjo music at his funeral. If he had lived in Chicago he would have ordered the services of a brass band and the trumpeting of a few elephants.

The director of public works in the Pennsylvania city of Allegheny has hit upon a plan for getting rid of the numerous and pugnacious English sparrows. He will turn loose a lot of German starlings, which are natural enemies of the sparrows. This may shortly create a demand for some feathered enemy of the starling.

While Mr. Langtry dies of insanity Mrs. Langtry wins two hundred thousand dollars with a racing-horse. Somebody has said something regarding the pace that kills, we believe.

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

THE POMOLOGY OF THE HOLY BIBLE.

God Among the Orchards—"The Fruit Tree Yielding Fruit After His Kind"—Genesis: Chapter I., Verse 11.—Why Was the Orchard First?

THIS Wednesday morning in Paradise. The birds did not sing their opening piece, nor the fish take their first swim until the following Friday. The solar and lunar lights did not break through the Plutonic fogs of the world's manufacture until Thursday. There were no gas light, nor electric light, nor phosphorescent light, not the light of sun or moon. But the botanical and pomological productions came on Wednesday—first the flowers, and then the fruits. The veil of fog is lifted, and there stand the orchards. Watch the sudden maturity of the fruit! In our time pear trees must have two years before they bear fruit, and peach trees three years, and apple trees five years; but here, at the hands of complete orchard springs into life, all the branches bearing fruit. The insectile forces, which have been doing their worst to destroy the fruits for six thousand years, had not yet begun their invasion. The curculio had not yet stung the plum, nor the caterpillar hurt the apple, nor had the phyllox-raphaxæ, which has devastated the vineyards of America and France, assailed the grapes, nor the borer found out the wood, nor the aphides ruined the cherry, nor the grub punctured the nectarine, nor the blight struck the pear. There stood the first orchard, with a perfection of rind, and an exquisiteness of color, and a lusciousness of taste, and an affluence of production which it may take thousands of years more of study of the science of fruits to reproduce.

Why was the orchard created two days before the land beasts, and three days before the cattle? Among other things, to impress the world with a lesson. It is too stupid to learn that fruit diet is healthier than meat diet, and that the former must supercede the latter. The reason why we are in the world so many of the imbruted and sensual is that they have not improved by the nights, unnoticed fact that the orchards of paradise preceded the birds and aviaries, and fish-ponds. Oh, those fruit-bearing trees on the banks of the Euphrates, and the Gihon, and the Hiddekel! I wonder not that the ancient Romans, ignorant of our God, adored Pomona, the Goddess of Fruits, and that all the cities and cities were said to worship her, and that groves were set apart as her temples. You have thanked God for bread a thousand times. Have you thanked him for the fruits which he made the first course of food in the mouth of the world's table? The acids of those fruits to keep the world's table from being insipid, and their sweets to keep it from being too sour?

At this autumnal season how the orchards breathe and glow, the leaves removed, that the crimson, or pink, or saffron, or the yellow, or brown may the better appear, while the aromatics fill the air with invitation and reminiscence. As you pass through the orchard on the autumnal days and look up through the arms of the trees laden with fruit, you hear thumpin; on the ground that which is fully ripe, and, throwing your arms around the trunk, you give a shake that sends down a shower of gold and fire on all sides of you. Pile up in baskets and barrels and bins and on shelves and tables the divine supply. But these orchards have been under the assault of at least six centuries of depredation. The droughts, the winters, the insectivora. What must the first orchard have been? And yet it is the explorer's evidence that on the site of that orchard there is not an apricot, or an apple, or an olive—nothing but desert and desolation. There is not enough to forage the explorer's horse, much less to feed his own hunger. In other words, that first orchard is a lost orchard. How did the proprietor and the proprietress of all that intercultivation of fruitage, of the rich splendor slip their possession? It was as now most of the orchards are lost; namely, by wanting more. Access they had to all the figs, apricots, walnuts, almonds, apples—bushels on bushels, and were forbidden the use of only one tree in the orchard. Not satisfied with all but one, they reached for that, and lost the whole orchard. Go right down through the business marts of the great cities and find among the weighers and clerks and subordinates, men who once commanded the commercial world. They had a whole orchard of successes, but they wanted just one more thing, one more house, or one more country-seat, or one more store, or one more railroad, or one more million. They clutched for that, and lost all they had gained. For one more tree they lost a whole orchard. There are business men all around us worried nearly to death. The doctor tells them they ought to stop. Insomnia or indigestion or aching at the base of the brain or ungovernable nerves tell them they ought to stop. They really have enough for themselves and their families. Talk with them about their overwork, and urge more prudence and longer rest, and they say: "Yes, you are right; after I have accomplished one more thing that I have on my mind, I will hand over my business to my sons and go to Europe, and quit the kind of exhausting life I have been living for the last thirty years." Some morning you open your paper, and, looking at the death column, you find he suddenly departed this life. In trying to win just one more tree, he lost the whole orchard.

Yonder is a man with many styles of innocent entertainment and amusement. He walks, he rides, he plays ten-pins in private alleys, he has books on his table, pictures on his wall and occasional outings, concerts, lectures, baseball tickets, and the innumerable delights of friendship. But he wants a key to the place of dissolute convocation. He wants association with some member of a high family as reckless as he is affluent. He wants instead of a quiet sabbath, one of carousal. He wants the stimulus of strong drink. He wants the permissions of a profligate life. The one membership, the one bad habit, the one carousal robs him of all the possibilities and innocent enjoyments and noble inspirations of a lifetime.

You see what an expensive thing is sin. It costs a thousand times more than it is worth. As some of all kinds of quadrupeds and all kinds of winged creatures passed before our progenitor that he might announce a name, from eagle to bat, and from lion to mole, so I suppose there were in paradise specimens of every kind of fruit tree. And in that enormous orchard there was not only enough for the original family of two, but enough fruit fell ripe to the ground, and was never picked up, to supply whole towns and villages, if they had existed. But the infatuated couple turned away from all these other trees and faced this tree, and fruit of that they will have though it cost them all paradise.

This idea of Eden is rejected by some as an improbability, if not an impossibility, but nothing on earth is easier for me to believe than the fruth of this Edenic story, for I have seen the same thing in this year of our Lord 1897. I could call them by name, if it were polite and righteous to do so, the men who have sacrificed a paradise on earth and a paradise in heaven for one sin. Their house went, their library went, their good name went. Their field of usefulness went. Their health went. Their immortal soul went. My friends! there is just one sin that will turn you out of paradise if you do not quit it. You know what it is. Self-indulgence, and you have it after drop the hand and arm lifted toward that bending bough before you pluck your own ruin. When Adam stood on tiptoe and took in his right hand that one round peach, or apricot, or apple, Adam reached down and dug the round, beautiful world of our present residence. Overworked artist, overwrought merchant, ambitious politician, avaricious speculator, better taste that watching from Adam's orchard and stop before you put out for that fine thing more.

Had I time from Adam's orchard to Solomon's orchard. With his own hand he writes: "I made me gardens and orchards." Not depending on the natural fall of rain, he dug ponds for those orchards. Pieces of the aqueduct that watered those gardens I have seen, and the reservoirs are as perfect as when thousand of years ago the mason's trowel mortared the mortar over their edges. Some of the reservoirs are now or much in time, probably, ever had its chisel so well slabed. The largest of these reservoirs is 582 feet long, 207 feet wide, and 50 feet deep. These reservoirs Solomon refers to when he says: "I made me pools of water, to water therewith the wood that bringeth forth trees." Solomon used to ride out to that orchard before breakfast. It was then an age of luxury, and Solomon, to drive about all the day. Josephus, in his history, says that Solomon rode out early in the morning from Jerusalem to the famed rocks of Etam, a fertile region delighting with parades and running springs. Thither the king, in robes of state, rode in his chariot, escorted by a troop of mounted officers chosen for their youth and stature, and clad in Tyrian purple, whose long hair, powdered with gold dust, sparkled in the sun." After Solomon had taken his morning ride in those magnificent orchards he would sit down and write those wonderful things in the Bible, drawing his illustrations from the fruits he had that very morning plucked or ridden under. And, wishing to describe the love of the church for her Lord, he writes: "Comfort me with apples, for I am sick of love," and desiring to make reference to the white hair of the octogenarian, and just before having noticed that the blossoms of the almond tree were white, he says of the aged man: "The almond tree shall flourish." The walnuts and the pomegranates, and the mandrakes, and the figs make Solomon's writings a divinely arranged fruit basket.

What mean Solomon's orchards and Solomon's gardens? for they seem to mingle, the two into one, flowers under foot, and pomegranates over head. To me they suggest that religion is a luxury. All along, the world has looked upon religion chiefly as a dire necessity—a life-boat from the shipwreck, a ladder from the conflagration, a soft landing-place after we have been shoved off the precipice of this planet. As a consequence so many have said: "We will select preparation for the future world from the coming Christ and the conflagration is in full blaze, up till we reach the brink of the precipice." No doubt religion is inexpressibly important for the last exigency. But what do the apples, and the figs, and the melons, and the pomegranates, and the quinces, and the olives of Solomon's orchard mean? Luxury! They mean that our religion is the luscious, the aromatic, the pungent, the arborescent, the efflorescent, the foliaged, the umbrageous. They mean what Edward Everett Hale meant when he declared: "If my happiness continues to increase I cannot support it much longer." It means what Bapa Padmanji, a Hindoo convert, meant when he said: "I long for my bed, not that I may sleep—I lie awake often and long—but to hold communion with my God." It means what the old colored man said, when he was accosted by the colporteur, "Uncle Jack, how are you?" "I is very painful in my knee, but, thanks be to heavenly Master, I'm cause to be thankful. I've got Master just gib me nuf to make me humble." "And do you enjoy religion as much now, Uncle Jack, as when you could go to church and class-meetings?" "Yes, I enjoy it much more. Den I truss to de people, to de meetings, to de sarment; and when I hear de hymn sing, and de pray I feels glad. But all dis ain't like de good Lord in de heart, God's love here." It means sunrise instead of sundown. It means the Memnon statue made to sing at the stroke of the morning light. It means Christ at the wedding in Cana. It means the "time of the singing of birds is come." It means Jeremjah's "well-watered garden." It means David's oil of gladness. It means Isaiah's "bride and bridegroom." It means Luke's bad boy come home to a father's house. Worldly Joy killed Leo X. when he heard that Milan was captured. Talva died of joy when the Roman senate honored him. Diagora died of joy because his three sons were crowned at the Olympian games. Sophocles died of joy over his literary successes. And religious joy has been too much for many a Christian, and his soul has sped away on the wing of hosannas.

An old and poor musician played so well one night before his king that the next morning when the musician awoke he found his table covered with golden cups and plates, and a princely robe lying across the back of a chair, and richly caparisoned horses were paying at the doorway to take him through the street in imposing equipage. It was only a touch of what comes to every man who makes the Lord his portion, for he has waiting for him, direct from his King, robes, banquets, chariots, mansions, triumphs, and it is only a question of time when he shall wear them, drink them, ride in them, live in them, and celebrate them.

Yes, this religion is a good thing for a funeral. O, yes. But Solomon's orchard means more. Religion is a good thing now, when you are in health and prosperity, and the appetite is good for grapes and apples, and apricots, and pomegranates. Come in without wasting any time in talking about them and take the luxuries of religion. Happy yourself, then you can make others happy. Make just one person happy every day, and in twenty-four hours will be added enough one thousand three hundred people happy. I like what Wellington said after the battle of Waterloo, and when he was in pursuit of the French with his advance guard, and Colonel Harvey said to him: "General, you had better not go any further, for you may be shot at by some straggler from the bushes." And Wellington replied: "Let them fire away. The battle is won and my life is of no value now." My friends, we ought never to be reckless, but if, through the pathos and the pealing grace of Christ you have gained the victory, and the battle is fought and lost, you need fear nothing on the earth or under the earth. Let all the shafts, shooters of perdition blaze away, you may ride on in joy triumphant. Religion for the funeral? O, yes, but religion for the wedding breakfast; religion for the brightest spring morning; and religion for the autumnal sunset. Religion for the day when the stocks are up just as much as when stocks are down. Religion when prosperation is easy, as well as for the last gasp, when the temperature is normal as well as when it reaches 106. It may be a little hard to say, but I risk it that if all people would come to the belief or character of death passed into everlasting happiness, religion for this world as such a luxury that no one would afford to do without it. Would you not have it in the parlor as well as in the sick room? Would you not have it in the hour of festivity as well as in the hour of sorrow? Would you not have it in the counting room as well as in the prayer meeting? Would you not have it in the ballroom as well as in the house of God? Would you not have it when you are dressed for the street as well as when you are dressed for the shroud? Are not these more important for our comfort than finger rings? O, yes, but to impress the world with the fact that religion is a luxury as well as a necessity. Put it right on this hand and these on this feet. Not in sermonic or exhortatory or social recommendations of religion we put the chief emphasis on the fact that for our safety we must have it when the door of the next world is opened, poor human nature will take the risk and say: "I will wait until the door begins to open." But now them the radiant truth, that the table of God's love and pardon is now laid with all the fruits which the orchards of God's love and pardon, and helpfulness can supply, and they will come in and sit down with all the other banqueters, terrestrial and celestial. O! fetch on the citrons, and the apples, and the nuts, and the pomegranates of Solomon's orchard.

While there is enough of the pomp of the city about heaven for those who like the city best, I think God there is enough in the Bible about country scenery in heaven to please those of us who have been in the country and never got over it. Now you may have streets of gold in heaven, give me the orchards, with twelve manner of fruits and yielding their fruit every month; and the leaves of the trees are for "the healing of the nations;" and there shall be no more curse, but the throne of God and of the Lamb shall be in it, and his servants shall serve him; and they shall see his face, and his name shall be in their foreheads; and there shall be no night there, and they need no candle, neither light of the sun, for the Lord God giveth them light; and they shall reign for ever and ever." But just think of a place so brilliant that the noonday sun shall be removed from the mantle of the sky because it is too feeble a taper! Yet, I do not say that I am satisfied with the fact that I am not yet fit for that place, nor you, either. By the reconstructing and sanctifying grace of Christ we need to be made all over. And let us be getting our passports ready if we want to get into that country. An earthly passport is a personal matter, telling our height, our girth, the color of our hair, our features, our complexion, and our age. I cannot get into a foreign port on your passport, nor can you get in on mine. Each one of us must write his own name, a divine signature, written by the wounded hand of the Son of God, to get into the heavenly orchard, under the laden branches of which, in God's good time, we may meet the Adam of the first orchard, and the Solomon of the second orchard, and John of the last orchard, to sit down under the tree of which the church in the Book of Canticles speaks when it says: "As the apple tree among the trees of the wood, so is my beloved among the sons. I sat down under his shadow with great delight, and his fruit was sweet to my taste," and there it may be found that today we learned the danger of hankering after one thing more, and that religion is a luxury, and that there is a Divine antidote for all poisons, and that we had created in us an appetite for heaven, and that it was a wholesome and saving thing for us to have discoursed on the pomology of the Bible; or God Among the Orchards.

Joys of Home.—A nagging wife may turn any home into a hell on earth. An irritable and unreasonable husband, wreck an earthly paradise of a home. —Rev. W. R. Partridge, Baptist, Cincinnati, Ohio.

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Cheap at $10.00 a Bottle—It Costs but 25 and 50 Cents.

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I had a bad cold and cough for several months and tried almost everything. Finally, Mr. King, the druggist here, recommended Shiloh's Consumption Cure. A 50 cent bottle cured me entirely.—ANTHONY GREENSTOCK, Bad Rock, Ark.

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Having used Shiloh's Consumption Cure in my family for bad colds and coughs with good results, I take pleasure in recommending it.—A. J. IVES, Thorndale, Ohio.
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It Saves the Croupy Children.
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We have a splendid sale on Shiloh's Consumption Cure, and our customers coming from far and near, speak of it in the highest terms. Many say their children would have died of croup if they had not been given this remedy.—THORN & SANDERS.

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N. B.—Mr. Hodge's son had the croup on the occasions referred to.

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A few weeks ago the editor was taken with a very severe cold that caused him to be in a most miserable condition. It was undoubtedly a bad case of la grippe and recognizing it as dangerous he took immediate steps to bring about a speedy cure. From the nature of the case it was necessary to procure the very best and most speedy cure. From the advertisement of Shiloh's Consumption Cure and the many good recommendations included therein, we concluded to make a first trial of the medicine. To say that it was satisfactory in its results, is putting it very mildly, indeed. It acted like magic and the result was a speedy and permanent cure. We have no hesitancy in recommending this excellent remedy to anyone afflicted with a cough or cold in any form. Its use has proved a paying investment—through a thorough and speedy cure—to us and we are sure all who use it according to directions will find it to be what we claim. Shiloh's remedies are all good—at least that is the reputotion they have around here.—The Examiner, Vincent, N. J.
The great danger from the grip as well as a severe cold is from its tendency to result in pneumonia. Shiloh's Consumption Cure prevents this.
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this you will know that this medicine is composed of the active principles of roots and plants which are chemically extracted so as to retain all their medicinal qualities.
Its action is expectorant, alterative, sedative, diaphoretic, and diuretic, which renders it one of the most valuable remedies known for curing diseases of the lungs. It excites expectoration and causes the lungs to throw off the phlegm or mucous, changes the secretions and purifies the blood, heals the irritated parts, gives strength to the digestive organs, brings the liver to its proper action and imparts strength to the whole system. Such is the immediate and satisfactory effect that we are warranted to break up the most distressing Cough in a few hours' time, if not of too long standing. It is warranted to give entire satisfaction even in the most confirmed case of consumption. It is warranted to contain no opium in any form and will not affect the head or produce costiveness. It is warranted to be perfectly harmless for the most delicate child, although it is an active and powerful remedy for restoring the system.

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