BIRMINGHAM ECCENTRIC.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY
WHITEHEAD & MITCHELL.

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

The name of the city girl who asked her uncle, "which are the cows that give beef tea," has not been announced.

James Six of Logansport, has been arrested for having seven wives. And they actually propose to punish him further.

The government is now responsible on letters sent by registered mail, but only to the extent of $10. Uncle Sam don't take many chances.

The Rev. Thomas Dixon, Jr., will lecture at the Chautauqua assembly at Fairmount park on "Fools." Will the usual "Admit One" be printed on the tickets?

Gilbert Parker, the dramatist, has been in turn a Canadian bear-hunter, a dramatic critic, an editor, a novelist, and a playwright. He is still on the right side of five-and-thirty.

When Senator Hoar arrived in Washington from Boston last week a reporter said to him: "So you have been presenting the Mayflower log to your state." "Log!" exclaimed the Senator, palpitating with disgust; "you might as well call it a beam!"

The manner in which the business affairs of a city are too often managed is illustrated in the fact that the New Haven city government is paying about $6,000 in advertising the assessments for street sprinkling and the total assessments will bring in less than $12,000.

One place where the Chinese wage-earner longs to spend his money and cannot afford to do so is at the cat and dog meat restaurant. If the animals are black they cost more. This was copied from a Chinese sign: One small basin black cat stew, 5 cents; grease from black dog, 4 cents; one pair black cat's eyes, 4 cents."

Perhaps the funniest bit of satire ever directed toward the custom of giving complimentary dinners to persons departing for foreign service was shot at one of our ambassadors to a European capital, who is himself a humorist of world-wide repute. He must have enjoyed reading the information gravely imparted, that he was "slowly eating his way to his new post of duty."

Inventions and new appliances follow each other in our time with bewildering rapidity. The insecurity of tenure by which steam holds its place as the most useful motive power for long distances has been made apparent by the success of recent experiments with electricity, carried by a third rail, which were undertaken by an eastern railroad. The president of the road puts the possibilities of the future in concrete form by saying, "Our locomotives may soon follow the old stage-coaches to the scrap heap."

"Nothing new under the sun," said "the preacher." Yet many people think that he did not foresee the bicycle. Nevertheless, Mr. Yang Yu, late Chinese minister to this country, declares that they used bicycles in the Flowery Kingdom twenty centuries ago. He adds that their manufacture was formally prohibited by the emperor because the Chinese women rode so constantly that they neglected their families and domestic duties. This bit of satire indicates that Mr. Yank Yu, has attained a very intelligent appreciation of Occidental humor during his residence in this country.

Business shrewdness and financial ability are unfortunately not confined to the better class of merchants. At a recent meeting of the Liquor League of Ohio, one of the officers remarked that after a man was grown and temperance habits formed he seldom ever changed; and he therefore drew the conclusion that for the success of the liquor business missionary work must be done among boys. "Nickels expended in treats to the young now will return in dollars after the appetite has been formed." Even the habitual drinker must stand appalled before the frankness of statement of such diabolical facts.

In a government report on building and loan associations it is shown that the total number of associations has increased from 4,469 to 4,617; the number of associations reporting is 4,443 to 4,531; the shares outstanding from 9,500,755 to 9,985,999, and the installment dues dues paid in, paid up and prepaid stock and profits, from $370,471,289 to $449,643,043. The assets increased from $403,475,395 to $489,659,734. Expressed in percentages the number of associations showed an increase of 2.6 per cent, the number of associations reporting an increase of 2 per cent, the shares outstanding an increase of 5.1 per cent, and the installment dues paid in, plus paid up and prepaid stock and profits an increase of 21.4 per cent.

One of the worst effects which may fairly be referred to the influence of the "new" journalism is the tendency shown by some unwise clergymen to imitate its sensational methods in order to attract or startle their congregations. It is essential that the church should maintain its hold upon the people by keeping abreast of the times and adapting its methods to the changing conditions around it; but the influence of the pulpit should never be anything else than elevating. Sensationalism should never find a place there.

Gov. Bradley of Kentucky attended the Nashville Centennial on Kentucky day, but positively refused to abandon his white felt hat for a silk one. He said he had worn white felt hats for twenty-five years and would not discard them now.

There was a disposition to forgive the Sioux City preacher who was accused of hugging a young woman in his congregation until he undertook to throw the blame on the girl. There is a great difference between weakness and meanness.

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

A TRIBUTE TO LAWYERS IN LAST SUNDAY'S DISCOURSE.

From the Text: "Bring Zenas the Lawyer"—Titus Chapter 3, Verse 13—Trials, Temptations and Triumphs of the Profession.

THE profession of the law is here introduced, and within two days in the capital city 203 young men joined it, and at this session in various parts of the land other hundreds are taking their diplomas for an illustrious profession, and is it not appropriate that I address such young men from a moral and religious standpoint, as upon them are now rolling the responsibilities of that calling represented in the text by Zenas the lawyer.

We all admire the heroic and rigorous side of Paul's nature, as when he stands coolly deliberate on the deck of the corn ship while the jack-tars of the Mediterranean are cowering in the cyclone; as when he stands undaunted amid the marbles of the palace, before thick-necked Nero, surrounded with his twelve cruel lictors; as when we find him earning his livelihood with his own needle, sewing hair-cloth, and preaching the gospel in the interstices; as when we find him able to take the thirty-nine lashes, every stroke of which fetched the blood, yet continuing in his missionary work; as when we find him, regardless of the consequence to himself, delivering a temperance lecture to Felix, the government inebriate. But sometimes we catch a glimpse of the mild and genial side of Paul's nature. It seems that he had a friend who was a barrister, by profession. His name was Zenas, and he wanted to see him. Perhaps he had fallen into the acquaintance of this lawyer in the court-room. Perhaps, sometimes, when he wanted to ask some question in regard to Roman law, he went to this Zenas, the lawyer, at any rate, he had a warm attachment for the man, and he provides for his comfortable escort and entertainment as he writes to Titus: "Bring Zenas the lawyer."

This man of my text belonged to a profession in which are many ardent supporters of Christ and the Gospel. Among them, Blackstone, the great commentator on English law; and Wilberforce, the emancipator; and the late Benjamin P. Butler, attorney general of New York; and the late Chief Justice Chauncey, the leader of the Philadelphia bar; and chief justices Marshall, and Tenterden, and Campbell, and Sir Thomas More, who died for the truth on the scaffold, saying to his aghast executioner: "Pluck up courage, man, and do your duty; my neck is very short; be careful, therefore, and do not strike awry."

Among the mightiest pleas that ever have been made by the pulpit of barristers have been pleas in behalf of the Bible and Christianity—as when Daniel Webster stood in the supreme court at Washington, pleading in the famous Girard will case, denouncing any attempt to educate the people without giving them at the same time moral sentiment, as "low, ribald and vulgar deism and infidelity;" as when Samuel L. Southard, of New Jersey, the leader of the forum in his day, stood on the platform at Princeton College commencement, advocating the literary excellence of the Scriptures; as when Edmund Burke, in the famous trial of Warren Hastings, not only in behalf of the English government, but in behalf of eternal morals, closed his speech in the midst of the most august assemblage ever gathered in Westminster Hall, by saying: "I impeach Warren Hastings in the name of the house of commons, whose national character he has dishonored; I impeach him in the name of the people of India, whose rights and liberties he has subverted; I impeach him in the name of human nature, which he has disgraced; in the name of both sexes, and of every rank, and of every station, and of every situation in the world, I impeach Warren Hastings."

No other profession more needs the grace of God to deliver them in their temptations, to comfort them in their trials, to sustain them in the discharge of their duty. While I would have you bring the merchant to Christ, and while I would have you bring the farmer to Christ, and while, I would have you bring the mechanic to Christ, I address you now in the words of Paul to Titus: "Bring Zenas the lawyer." By so much as his duties are delicate, and great, by so much does he need Christian stimulus and safeguard. We all become clients. I do not suppose there is a man fifty years of age, who has been in active life, who has not been afflicted with a lawsuit. Your name is assaulted, and you must have legal protection. Your boundary line is invaded, and the courts must reestablish it. Your patent is infringed upon, and you must make the offending manufacturer pay the penalty. Your treasurer are taken, and the thief must be apprehended. You want to make your will, and you do not want to follow the example of those who, for the sake of saving $100 from an attorney, imperil $250,000, and keep the generation following for twenty years quarreling about the estate, until it is all exhausted. You are struck at by an assassin, and you must invoke for him the penitentiary. All classes of persons in course of time become clients, and therefore you are all interested in the morality of the Christian integrity of the legal profession. "Bring Zenas the lawyer."

But how is an attorney decide as to what are the principles by which he should conduct himself in regard to his clients? On one extreme, Lord Brougham will appear, saying: "The innocence or guilt of your client is nothing to you. You are to save your client regardless of the torment, the suffering, the destruction of others. You are to know but one man in the world—your client. You are to save him though you should bring your country into confusion. At all hazzards you must save your client." So says Lord Brougham. But no right-minded lawyer could adopt that sentiment. On the other extreme, Cicero will come to you and say: "You must never plead the cause of a bad man," forgetful of the fact that the greatest villain on earth ought to have a fair trial and that an attorney cannot be judge and advocate at the same time. It was grand when Lord Erskine sacrificed his attorney-generalship for the sake of defending Thomas Paine in his publication of his book called "The Rights of Man," while, at the same time, he, the advocate, abhorred Thomas Paine's irreligious sentiments. Between these two opposite theories of what is right, what shall the attorney do? God alone can direct him. To that chancery he must be appellant, and he will get an answer in an hour. Blessed is that attorney between whose office and the throne of God there is perpetual, reverential, and prayerful communication. That attorney will never make an irreparable mistake. True to the habits of your profession, you say: "Cite us some authority on the subject." Well, I quote to you the decision of the supreme court of heaven: "If any lack wisdom, let him ask of God, who giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not, and it shall be given him."

There are two or three forms of temptation to which the legal profession is especially subject. The first of all is scepticism. Controversy is the lifetime business of that occupation. Controversy may be incidental or accidental with us; but with you it is perpetual. You get so used to pushing the sharp question "Why?" and making unaided reason superior to the emotions, that the religion of Jesus Christ, which is a simple matter of faith, and above human reason, although not contrary to it, has but little chance with some of you. A brilliant orator wrote a book, on the first page of which he announced this sentiment: "An honest God is the noblest work of man." Scepticism is the mightiest temptation of the legal profession, and that man who can stand in that profession, resisting all solicitations to infidelity, and can be as brave as George Briggs, who, when he was stepped from the gubernatorial chair to the missionary convention, to plead the cause of a dying race; then on his way home from the convention, on a cold day, took off his warm cloak and threw it over the shoulders of a thinly clad missionary, saying: "Take that and wear it, it will do you more good than it will me;" or, like Judge John McLean, who can step from the supreme court room of the United States on to the anniversary platform of the American Sunday School Union, its most powerful orator—deserves congratulations and encomium. Oh, men of the legal profession, let me beg of you to quit asking questions in regard to religion, and begin believing. The mighty men of your profession, Story, and Kent, and Mansfield, became Christians, not through their heads, but through their hearts. "Except ye become as a little child, ye shall in wise enter the kingdom of God." If you do not become a Christian, Oh, man of the legal profession, until you can reason this whole thing out in regard to God and Christ and the immortality of the soul, you will never become a Christian at all. Only believe. "Bring Zenas the lawyer."

Another mighty temptation for the legal profession is Sabbath breaking. The trial has been going on for ten or fifteen days. The evidence is all in, on Saturday night. The judge's gavel falls on the desk, and he says: "Crier, adjourn the court until ten o'clock Monday morning." On Monday morning the counsellor is to sum up the case. Thousands of dollars, yea, the reputation and life of his client may depend upon the success of his plea. How will he spend the intervening Sunday? There is not one lawyer out of a hundred that can withstand the temptation to break the Lord's day under such circumstances. And yet, if he does, he hurts his own soul. What, my brother, you cannot do before twelve o'clock Saturday night, or after twelve o'clock Sunday night, God does not want you to do at all. Besides that, you want the twenty-four hours of Sabbath rest to give you that electrical and magnetic force which will be worth more to you before the jury than all the elaboration of your case on the sacred day. My intimate and lamented friend, the late Judge Neilson, in his interesting reminiscences of Rufus Choate, says that during the last case that gentleman tried in New York the court adjourned from Friday until Monday, on account of the illness of Mr. Choate; but the chronicler says that on the intervening Sabath he saw Mr. Choate in the old "Brick Church," listening to the Rev. Dr. Gardiner Spring. I do not know whether, on the following day, Rufus Choate won his cause or lost it; but I do know that his Sabbatte rest did not do him any harm. Every lawyer is entitled to one day's rest out of seven. If he surrenders that, he robs three—God, his own soul, and his client. Lord Castlereagh and Sir Thomas Romilly were the leaders of the bar in their day. They both died suicides. Wilberforce accounts for their early abeyation of intellect on the ground that they were unintermitted in their work, and they never rested on Sunday. "Poor fellow!" said Wilberforce, in regard to Castlereagh. "Poor fellow! it was non-observance of the Sabbath." Chief Justice Hale says: "When I do not properly keep the Lord's day, all the rest of the week is unhappy and unsuccessful in my worldly employment." I quote to-day from the highest statute book in the universe: "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy." The legal gentleman who breaks that statute may seem for awhile to be advantaged; but in the long run, the man who observes this law of God will have larger remuneration, influence, greater professional success than those men who break the statute. Observance of the law of God pays not only spiritually and eternally, but it pays in hard dollars, or bank bills.

Another powerful temptation of the legal profession is to artificial stimulus. No one except those who have addressed audiences knows about the nervous exhaustion that sometimes comes afterward. The temptation to strong drink approaches the legal profession at that very point. Then a trial is coming on. Through the life-ventilated court room, the barrister's health has been depressed for days and for weeks. He wants to rally his energy. He is tempted to resort to artificial stimulus. It is either to get himself up, or let himself down, that this temptation comes upon him. The flower of the American bar, ruined in reputation and ruined in estate, said in his last moments: "This is the end. I am dying on a borrowed bed, covered with a borrowed sheet, in a house built by public charity. Bury me under that tree in the middle of the field, that I may not be crowded; I always have been crowded."

Another powerful temptation of the legal profession is to allow the absorbing duties of the profession to shut out thoughts of the great future. You know very well that you who have so often tried others, will after a while be put on trial yourselves. Death will serve on you a writ of ejectment, and you will be cut off these earthly premises. On that day, all the affairs of your life will be presented in a "bill of particulars." No certiorari from a higher court, for this is the highest court. The day when Lord Exeter was tried for high treason; the day when the house of commons moved for the impeachment of Lord Lovat; the days when Charles I and Queen Caroline were put upon trial; the day when Robert Emmet was arraigned as an insurgent; the day when Blennerhasset was brought into the court room because he had tried to overthrow the United States government, and all the other great trials of the world are nothing compared with the great trial in which you and I shall appear summoned before the Judge quick and dead. There will be no pleading there "the statute of limitations;" no "turning state's evidence," trying to get off yourselves, while others suffer; no "moving for a nonsuit." The case will come on inexorably, and we shall be tried. You, my brother, who have so often been advocate for others, will then need an advocate for yourself. Have you selected him? The Lord chancellor of the universe. If any man sin, we have an Advocate—Jesus Christ the righteous. It is uncertain when your case will be called on. "Be ye also ready."

A THRILLING REMINISCENCE.

A Forty-Niner's Tale of Escape from the Apaches.

From the Detroit Free Press: "'Bout th' closest call I ever had," said the long-legged man with a reckless chair in front of the grocery, "was when I was emigratin' to Californey in '49. These was 'bout fifty of us started together, but didn't agree very well, so ten of us sep'rated from th' rest, an' run a expedition of our own. We got along all right till we got among them Apaches. They was soon hangin' on our trail an' one day they s'rounded us. They was fifty to our one an' all we could look for'ard to was to die fightin'. They kep' a circlin' an' a circlin' an' a gittin' nearer all th' time, an' us stan'in with our backs together waitin' till we could s'e some to kill. Just when we was a whisperin' good-bye to each other them red devils took to their heels like th' United States army was arter them. It was an airthquake done it, an' we wasn't troubled no more."

"Was they a volcaney there?" asked the little man with high shoulders and a weazel skin.

"Naw! What'er you talkin' 'bout volcaneys? I said airthquake."

"I heerd you. But I went through that same deestrick that year. Them Apaches got after us an' we hustled them up into th' crater of a volcany so fas to stan' 'em off. We built a kin' of a fort inside an' they couldn't a took us in a thousand years if we'd had grub. One mornin' when we was jist about starved, that ole volcaney kim to life, cut loose like a dynermite explosion an' we was blowed ninety miles to th' west of me. We landed in a san' hill. Now, you know of us have a scratch." The long-legged man reached for his weazel skin, took on a sickly grin and said: "What'll you fellers take?"

The Dog in the Street Car.

A Fable: Once there was a street car line much frequented by fashionable folks who were addicted to the pet dog habit. The pampered canines were allowed to ride in the cars that daily traversed the town. All summer long the canines rode in the cars, and the ladies blessed the manager of the corporation while caressing their pets.

Winter came with its chilling blasts, and the ground was all covered with snow one day, when there came a change. On a biting cold morning two ladies who were riding in the same car with their pet dogs attracted the attention of an officer of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, who was riding on a pass. He noticed that the poor brutes were suffering with the cold, for there was no fire in the car.

"This will never do," quoth he. "Here is a chance for me to make a bluff at earning my salary, and I shall also get a hunk on the manager of the car line, who refused passes for my wife and eight children. Just watch me do him."

So the officer of the society with the long name swore out a warrant for the directors and officials of the street car line, charging them with cruelty to animals in allowing dogs to ride in unheated cars.

The next day a new rule was posted in the cars of the street car line. It read substantially as follows:

Dogs Are not allowed in the cars of this company under any circumstances.

Moral—Fixes cost more than rules.

Depew and the Scotchman.

Scotchmen do not like to be reminded of the saying that it requires a surgical operation to make them see a joke, and, as a matter of fact, they are as susceptible to the influence of most good stories as anybody else. Dr. Depew, however, seems hardly to believe this, though he has many warm friends among Scotchmen, including Ian Maclaren himself. One at a Scotch dinner the doctor said that if the jokes uttered by him that evening were not instantly appreciated they surely would be by the time the next annual dinner was held.

"I don't think that's a very funny thing to say," was the growling comment of a handsome old Scot sitting near by.

"Oh," said Depew, "that's all right. You'll see the fun of it a year from now."—Exchange.

Unhandy Savings Bank.

"He says that he intends to lay up treasures in heaven,"

"I wonder why he doesn't put them where he can get them some time."—New York World.

The proportion of people in Norway who speak English is larger than in any other country of the world.

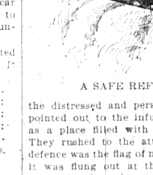
Love of Country.

TWO ideas there are which, above all others, elevate and dignify a race—the idea of God and of country. How imperishable is the idea of country! How does it live within and ennoble the heart in spite of persecutions and trials, and difficulties and dangers. After two thousand years of wandering, it makes the Jew a sharer in the glory of the prophets, the lawgivers, the warriors and poets who lived in the morning of time. How does it toughen every fibre of an Englishman's frame, and imbue the spirit of the Frenchman with Napoleonic egotism. How does the German carry with him even the "old house furniture" of the Rhine, surround himself with the sweet and tender associations of "Fatherland," and wheresoever he may be the great names of German history shine like stars in the heaven above him. And the Swiss carry with the political existence of his country is merged in a kingdom whose rule he may abhor, yet still do the chords of his heart vibrate responsive to the tones of the harp of Erin, and the lowly shamrock is dearer to his soul than the fame-crowning laurel, the love-breathing myrtle, or storm-darling pine. What is our country? Not alone the land and the sea, the lakes and rivers, and valleys and mountains—not alone the people, their customs and laws—no, alone the memories of the past, the hopes of the future; it is something more than all these combined, a mere abstraction. You cannot tell what it is, but let its flag rustle above your head—you feel its living presence in your hearts. They tell us that our country must die; that the sun and the stars will look down upon the great Republic no more; that already the black eagles of monarchies are gathering in our political sky. That even now, kings and emperors are casting lots for the garments of our national glory. It shall not be. Not yet, not yet shall the nations lay the bleeding corpses of our country in the tomb. If they could, ghosts would roll this stone from the mouth of the sepulchre. It would burst the cerements of the grave, and come forth a living presence, "redeemed, regenerated, disenthralled." Not yet, not yet shall the Republic die. The heavens are not darkened, the stones are not rent. It shall live—it shall live, an incarnation of freedom. It shall live the embodiment of the power and majesty of the people. Baptized anew, it shall stand a thousand years to come, the Colossus of the nations—its feet upon the continents, its sceptre over the seas, its forehead among the stars!

Our Country's Flag.

The Hon. Joel R. Poinsett, a native of South Carolina, and one of her most gifted sons, during the latter part of the administration of John Quincy Adams, it will be remembered, represented the United States at the capital of Mexico, which was then much distracted by internal dissensions. While the ex-minister resided there, the city was captured by one of the contending factions, and he and his family incurred no small degree of personal danger from the violence of the soldiers, by whom they were suspected of affording concealment to certain obnoxious individuals. In the height of the nullification controversy after his return, in an address delivered to the people of Charleston, the following eloquent passage occurs:

"Wherever I have been, I have been proud of being a citizen of this great republic, and, in the remotest corners of the earth, have walked erect and secure under that banner which our opponents would tear down and trample under foot. I was in Mexico when that city was taken by assault. The house of the American ambassador was then, as it ought to be, the refuge of



A SAFE REFUGE.

the distressed and persecuted; it was pointed out to the infuriated soldiery as a place defied by their enemies. They rushed to the attack. My only defence was the flag of my country, and it was flung out at the instant that hundreds of muskets were leveled at us. Mr. Mason and myself placed ourselves beneath its waving folds. We did not blench for we felt strong in the protecting arm of this mighty republic. We told them that the flag that waved over us was the banner of that nation to whose example they owed their liberty, and to whose protection they were indebted for their safety. The scene changed as by enchantment, and the same men who were on the point of attacking my house and menacing the inhabitants, cheered the flag of this country, and placed sentinels to protect it from outrage. Fellow-citizens, if such a moment as that, would it have been any protection to me and mine to have proclaimed myself a Carolinian? Should I have been here to tell you this tale, if I had hung out the Palmetto and the single star? Be assured that to be respected abroad, we must maintain our place in the union!"

Sweet Sarcasm.

Esther—What do you think of my engagement ring, dear? Eunice (sweetly)—It's a beauty—and it fits just as though it were made for you, love.—Brooklyn Eagle.

SHILOH'S CONSUMPTION CURE.

The Most Successful Medicine in the World for Coughs, Colds, Croup and Whooping Cough.

Bad Colds and LaGripee Quickly Cured by It.

PNEUMONIA PREVENTED.

The Lives of Many Croppy Children Saved.

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

Read the Following From People Who Have Been Cured by It.

Used With Great Success.
BLACK GULCH, Idaho.

I have used Shiloh's Consumption Cure in my family with great success and take pleasure in recommending it, especially for colds and croup.—JOHN S. BLACK, of Black, Page & Co.

La Grippe Promptly Cured.

James Whitcomb, a well known school teacher at Grass Point, Cal., says: "I am very much pleased to testify to the efficacy of Shiloh's Consumption Cure, one bottle of which I purchased from the druggist at this place. It gave me prompt and permanent relief from a severe attack of the grip. Since then I have used it whenever attacked by any throat trouble and it has always effected a prompt cure."

How to Cure a Bad Cold.

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, Bed Rock, Ark.

Croup Quickly Cured.
WHITE PINE, Wisconsin.

Our children were suffering with croup when we received a bottle of Shiloh's Consumption Cure. It afforded almost instant relief.—WM. BONNER.

Used With Good Results.

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.

When troubled with a cough or cold, give this remedy a trial. You are certain to be pleased with it, for it is prompt and effectual.

It Saves the Croupy Children.
RAVEN HEAD, Va., June 6, 1895.

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.

Cheap at $10.00 per Bottle.

I am satisfied that Shiloh's Consumption Cure saved my boy's life on two different occasions. I would not be without it if it cost $10 00 per bottle.—S. M. HODGE, Bowie, Texas.

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

Bad Case of La Grippe Quickly Cured.

All Dangerous Consequences Avoided.

Shiloh's Consumption Cure Does the Work.

It Acts Like Magic—Speedy and Permanent Cure the Result.

PNEUMONIA PREVENTED.

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 reputation 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.

The above remedy is manufactured by S. C. Wells, Leroy, N. Y., and sold in Birmingham by Whitehead & Mitchell.

Reliable Head Ache Cure!

Cures While You Wait.

A Splitting Head Ache Like Yours!!!

Gives Speedy Relief!

10c for Small Package.
25c for Large Boxes
Free Sample at each Agency
Whitehead & Mitchell,
Mfg. Chemists.

Mitchell's Castorena!

HOW IS IT MADE?

It is made in this manner: Wormseed, Pumpkin Seed, Senna, Rhubarb, Rochelle Salts, Potassium Bi Carb., Anise, Wintergreen and Peppermint all mixed together in the most scientific manner according to therapeutics. This delightfully agreeable preparation we have designed for use in most cases of children where medicine is needed. Its composition renders it absolutely harmless and our skillful preparing makes it pleasant to take. Contains no opiates and is a certain cure for constipation, disordered stomach and all many little ailments arising from improper feeding or other causes. Aids digestion, corrects sour stomach, regulates the bowels and allows rest for the child when other means fail. Full directions accompany each bottle. It is unquestionably the best thing for Infants and Children the world has ever known. It is harmless. Children like it. It gives them health. It will save their lives in it mothers have something which is absolutely safe, pleasant to take, and practically perfect as a child's medicine.

Castorena does not contain morphine, opium, or other narcotic poisons.

Castorena assimilates the food, regulates the stomach and bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep.

Castorena is put up in one size bottles only; it is not sold in bulk.

Don't allow anyone to sell you something else on the plea that it is "just as good" and is cheaper. It is not cheaper.

25c per Bottle for a 50c Size.
Whitehead & Mitchell,
Mfg. Chemists.

Don't

fail to give the best Cough Syrup yet discovered a chance to cure that disagreeable cough, and that is

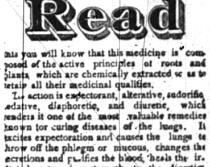
Mitchell's Compound Syrup of White Pine!

The remedy for curing Consumption, Colds, Coughs, Asthma, Croup, Diseases of the Throat, Bronchitis, Pains or Oppressions of the Chest or Lungs, Difficult Breathing, and all Diseases of the Pulmonary Organs. If you

Read

this you will know that this medicine is composed of the active principles of roots and herbs, which are chemically extracted so as to retain all their medicinal qualities.

It action is expectorant, alterative, sedorific, sedative, diaphoretic, and diuretic, which renders it the most valuable remedy 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 it the immediate and satisfactory effect that it is guaranteed to break and cure the most distressing Cough in a few hours' time, if not of too long standing. It is warranted to give entire satisfaction even to 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 to the most delicate child, although it is an active and powerful remedy for restoring the system.

This

popular and newly discovered remedy is having a wide sale where it is known and satisfaction is guaranteed in every sale. The regular size bottle is sold for 25c. Call for sample bottle. Ask your dealer for it.

Any of the above remedies for sale in Franklin by A. A. Rust & Bingham.
Southfield by Chas. I. Johnson.
North Farmington by O. B. Armstrong.
Royal Oak by L. Storr.
Big Beaver by L. L. Houghton.
Troy P. O. by Samuel Jarvis.
Beddow by J. M. Beddow.
Clawson by F. Goldsmith, P. M.
F. Hagerman, Birmingham.

Whitehead & Mitchell,
Mfg. Chemists.