BIRMINGHAM ECCENTRIC.

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The water in Havana harbor is so bad that the people are led to suspect it comes from the Chicago river.

The prison doors have shut on Actor Ratcliffe. In the language of the scene shifters, he has been "closed in."

General Weyler is quoted as denying that he had any mine laid in Havana harbor. But the people will believe the report of the torpedo in this case.

The Siamese make coins out of porcelain. One ought not to find it difficult to break a ten dollar piece in that country.

The bulldog is a pet of many society ladies of Washington, but we don't believe that accounts for the several suicides by ladies which have recently occurred there.

People cry out, "This is an unheroic age!" and while they are yet speaking some act of splendid daring, like that of the Boston firemen who lately died in the defense of property, puts them to silence.

The daring that marks the true explorer is described impressively when it is said of a woman famous for her travels that she never hesitated to go even where it was not safe to take a husband.

Probably the child-wife of Cassius M. Clay is greatly shocked at the determination of the old man to get a divorce. She is perverse and fickle and has disgraced him in many ways; but that he should want to get rid of her is an affront to her self-pride and her unconscious ignorance. Perhaps, however, the old man thinks that his threat of divorce is the only means to get her to live with him, for the two are a pair in all essentials.

It is a great physical disadvantage of the president of the United States that his home and his office are in the same building. Ex-President Harrison has pointed out how much good it would do the chief executive if he had to walk to his work every day like other men. Even if he rode he would draw a breath of fresh air daily. Viewed from this standpoint of hygiene it is a barbarity that congress does not have an office building erected for the president some distance from the official residence.

The American is not entranced with the idea of soldiering. He has been described as warlike, but not military. He will fight on occasion, but he never thinks of war as a condition or occupation or the army as a profession. He becomes a soldier when he deems it a necessity and quits when he is no longer needed. The "pomp and circumstance of war" is not attractive to Americans, and especially when it is kept up in time of peace. They are not unpatriotic nor cowardly nor hampered with conscientious scruples. They simply do not care about bearing arms till the time comes.

While it is not to be supposed that Great Britain is going to offer to spend of its substance in helping the United States fight its war there is no doubt that Great Britain more and more appreciates the fact as the years roll by that it is well for it to be on good terms with the United States, and that it can place more dependence upon the friendship of the latter than upon the friendship of any other nation. But just so long as England is the center of the money power this country will look upon its overtures with suspicion. In other words, England is not England at all. It is controlled, owned and operated by the great octopus which seeks empire over all the world. To talk of an alliance with such a power is worse than treason.

An official roller gin test, conducted under the direction of the office of fiber investigation of the department of agriculture at Cuero, Tex., upon Texas-grown Egyptian cotton, has just been concluded with most successful and gratifying results. For several years experiments have been carried on in Texas from Egyptian seed distributed by the department with a view to the production in this country of Egyptian cotton. A serious obstacle to success has been the need of a proper gin to separate the seed from the lint, the ordinary gin injuring the cotton to a ruinous degree, but this has been overcome by a special form of gin. The engineer expert of the Agricultural department states that the cotton produced from the Egyptian seed planted in Texas is stronger than the native Egyptian, as is indicated by the yield per hour in ginning. This was 76 pounds per hour the first day and 76 9-10 per hour the second day. The lint from this test will be examined and further reported upon.

Foreign dispatches state that the referendum vote in Switzerland has resulted in popular approval of the proposed state purchase of the railroads of Switzerland at a cost of about a billion francs ($200,000,000). The vote was 384,146 in favor to 177,130 against. The bill thus indorsed was passed by the National Council by a vote of 98 to 29. According to recent official returns there are 2,304 miles of railroad open for traffic in Switzerland on the five principal lines. The government is projecting a loan for the purchase.

The city of Manchester, England, owns and operates the water, gas and electric lighting plants, and it proposes, beginning in 1901, to acquire and operate the street railways. Municipal ownership has been more conspicuously successful in Manchester than in any other city in the world.

Spain must be almost sorry today that she ever gave Columbus money to discover the United States. If she ever declares war against us she will make another discovery that will dwarf that of 1492.

TALMAGE'S SERMON

"PEOPLE WHO HAVE LOST THEIR WAY," THE SUBJECT.

From Gen. XXI, 19, as Follows: "And God Opened Her Eyes and She Saw a Well of Water and She Went and Filled the Bottle and Gave the Lad a Drink."

Morning breaks upon Beersheba. There is an early stir in the house of old Abraham. There has been trouble among the domestics. Hagar, an assistant in the household, and her son, a brisk lad of sixteen years, have become impudent and insolent, and Sarah, the mistress of the household, puts her foot down very hard and says that they will have to leave the premises. They are packing up now. Abraham, knowing that the journey before his servant and her son will be very long and across desolate places, in the kindness of his heart sets about putting up some bread and a bottle with water in it. It is a very plain lunch that Abraham provides, but I warrant you there would have been enough of it had they not lost their way. "God be with you!" said old Abraham as he gave the lunch to Hagar and a good many charges as to how she should conduct the journey. Ishmael, the boy, I suppose, bounded away in the morning light. Boys always like a change. Poor Ishmael! He has no idea of the disasters that are ahead of him. Hagar gives one long, lingering look on the familiar place where she had spent so many happy days, each scene associated with the pride and joy of her heart, young Ishmael.

The scorching noon comes on. The air is stifling and moves across the desert with insufferable suffocation. Ishmael, the boy, begins to complain and lies down, but Hagar rouses him up, saying nothing about her own weariness or the sweltering heat; for mothers can endure anything. Trudge, trudge, trudge. Crossing the dead level of the desert, how wearily and slowly the miles slip by! A tamarind that seemed hours ago to stand only just a little ahead, inviting the travelers to come under its shadow, now is as far off as ever, or seemingly so. Night drops upon the desert, and the travelers are pillowless. Ishmael, very weary, I suppose, instantly fell asleep. Hagar, as the shadows of the night begin to lap over each other—Hagar hugs her weary boy to her bosom and thinks of the fact that it is her fault that they are in the desert. A star looks out, and every falling tear it kisses with a sparkle. A wing of wind comes over the hot earth and lifts the locks from the fevered brow of the boy. Hagar sleeps fitfully, and in her dreams travels over the weary day, and half awakes her son by crying out in her sleep, "Ishmael! Ishmael!"

And so they go on day after day and night after night, for they have lost their way. No path in the shifting sands; no signs in the burning sky. The sack empty of the flour; the water gone from the bottle. What shall she do? As she puts her fainting Ishmael under a stunted shrub of the arid plain, she sees the blood-shot eye, and feels the hot hand, and watches the blood bursting from the cracked tongue, and there is a shriek in the desert of Beersheba, "We shall die! We shall die!" Now, no mother was ever made strong enough to hear her son cry in vain for a drink. Heretofore she had cheered her boy by promising a speedy end of the journey, and even smiled upon him when she felt desperately enough. Now there is nothing to do but place him under a shrub and let him die. She had thought that she would sit there and watch until the spirit of her boy would go away forever, and then she would breathe out her own life on his silent heart; but as the boy begins to claw his tongue in agony of thirst and struggle in distortion, and begs his mother to slay him, she cannot endure the spectacle. She puts him under a shrub and goes off a bow-shot, and begins to weep until all the desert seems sobbing, and her cry strikes clear through the heavens; and an angel of God comes out on a cloud, and looks down upon the appalling grief and cries: "Hagar, what aileth thee?" She looks up and she sees the angel pointing to a well of water, where she fills the bottle for the lad. Thank God! Thank God!

I learn from this Oriental scene, in the first place, what a sad thing it is when people do not know their place, and get too proud for their business! Hagar was an assistant in that household, but she wanted to rule there. She ridiculed and jeered until her son, Ishmael, got the same tricks. She dashed out her own happiness, and threw Sarah into a great fret; and it she had stayed much longer in that household she would have upset Abraham's equilibrium. My friends, one-half of the trouble in the world today comes from the fact that people do not know their place, or, finding their place, will not stay in it. When we come into the world there is always a place ready for us. A place for Abraham. A place for Sarah. A place for Hagar. A place for Ishmael. A place for you and a place for me.

Our first duty is to find our sphere; our second is, to keep it. We may be born in a sphere far off from the one for which God finally intends us. Sixtus V. was born on the low ground, and was a swineherd; God called him up to wave a sceptre. Ferguson spent his early days in looking after sheep; God called him up to look after stars, and be a shepherd watching the flocks of light on the hillsides of heaven. Hogarth began by engraving pewter pots; God raised him to stand in the enchanted realm of a painter. The shoemaker's bench held Bloomfield for a little while; but God raised him to sit in the chair of a philosopher and a Christian scholar. The soap-boiler of London could not keep his son in that business, for God had decided that Hawley was to be one of the greatest astronomers of England.

On the other hand, we may be born in a sphere a little higher than that for which God intends us. We may be born in a castle, and play in a costly conservatory, and feed high-bred pointers, and angle for gold-fish in artificial ponds, and be familiar with princes; yet God may better have fitted us for a carpenter's shop, or dentist's forceps, or a weaver's shuttle, or a blacksmith's forge. The great thing is to find just the sphere for which God intended us, and then to occupy that sphere, and occupy it forever. Here is a man God fashioned to make a plow. There is a man God fashioned to make a constitution. The man who makes the plow is just as honorable as the man who makes the constitution. There is a woman who was made to fashion a robe, and yonder is one intended to be a queen and wear it. It seems to me that in the one case as in the other, God appoints the sphere, and the needle is just as respectable in his sight as the sceptre. I do not know but that the world would long ago have been saved if some of the men out of the ministry were in it, and some of those who are in it were out of it. I really think that one-half the world may be divided into two quarters—those who have not found their sphere, and those who, having found it, are not willing to stay there. How many are struggling for a position a little higher than that which God intended for them. The bondswoman wants to be mistress. Hagar keeps crowding Sarah. The small wheel of a watch which beautifully went treading its golden pathway wants to be the balance-wheel, and the sheep with chagrin drops into the brook because it cannot, like the eagle, cut a circle under the sun.

In the Lord's army we all want to be brigadier-generals! The sloop says: "More mast, more tonnage, more canvas. Oh, that I were a topsail schooner, or a full-rigged brig, or a Cunard steamer!" And so the world is filled with cries of discontent, because we are not willing to stay in the place where God put us and intended us to be. My friends, be not too proud to do anything God tells you to do; for the lack of a right disposition in this respect the world is strewn with wandering Hagars and Ishmaels. God has given each one of us a work to do. You carry a scuttle of coal up that dark alley. You distribute that Christian tract. You give $10,000 to the missionary cause. You for fifteen years sit with chronic rheumatism, displaying the beauty of Christian submission. Whatever God calls you to, whether to walk under triumphal arch or lift the sot out of the ditch; whether it be to preach on a Pentecost or tell some wanderer of the street of the mercy of the Christ of Mary Magdalene; whether it be to weave a garland for a laughing child on a spring morning and call her a May Queen, or to comb out the tangled locks of a waif of the street, and cut up one of your old dresses to fit her out for the sanctuary—do it, and do it right away. Whether it be a crown or yoke, do not fidget. Everlasting honors upon those who do their work, and do their whole work, and are contented in the sphere in which God has put them; while there is wandering, and exile, and desolation, and wilderness for discontented Hagar and Ishmael.

Who is that boy at Sutton Pool, Plymouth, England, barefooted, wading down into the slush and slime, until his bare foot comes upon a piece of glass and he lifts it, bleeding and pain-struck? That wound in the foot decides that he be sedentary in his life, decides that he be a student. That wound by the glass in the foot decides that he shall be John Kitto, who shall provide the best religious encyclopedia the world has ever had provided, and with his other writings as well, throwing a light upon the Word of God such as has come from no other man in this century. O mother, mother, that little hand that wanders over your face may yet be lifted to hurl thunder-bolts of war or drop benedictions! That little voice may blaspheme God in the groggshop or cry "Forward!" to the Lord's hosts as they go out for their last victory. My mind this morning leaps thirty years ahead and I see a merchant prince of New York. One stroke of his pen brings a ship out of Canton. Another stroke of his pen brings a ship into Madras. He is mighty in all the money markets of the world. Who is he? He sits on Sabbaths beside you in church. My mind leaps thirty years forward from this time and I find myself in a relief association. A great multitude of Christian women have met together for a generous purpose. There is one woman in that crowd who seems to have the confidence of all the others, and they all look up to her for her counsel and for her prayers. Who is she? This afternoon you will find her in the Sabbath school, while the teacher tells her of that Christ who clothed the naked, and fed the hungry, and healed the sick. My mind leaps forward thirty years from now and I find myself in an African wilderness and there is a missionary of the cross addressing the natives, and their dusky countenances are irradiated with the glad tidings of great joy and salvation. Who is he? Did you not hear his voice today in the opening song of your church service?

I learn one more lesson from this Oriental scene, and that is, that every wilderness has a well in it. Hagar and Ishmael gave up to die. Hagar's heart sank within her as she heard her child crying: "Water! water! water!" "Ah!" she says, "my darling, there is no water. This is a desert." And then God's angel said from the cloud: "What aileth thee, Hagar? and she looked up and saw him pointing to a well of water, where she filled the bottle for the lad. Blessed be God that there is in every wilderness a well, if you only know how to find it—fountains for all these thirsty souls. On that last day, on that great day of the feast, Jesus stood and cried: "If any man thirst, let him come to me and drink." All these other fountains you find are mere mirages of the desert. Paracelsus, you know, spent his time in trying to find out the elixir of life—a liquid, which, if taken, would keep one perpetually young in this world, and would change the aged back again to youth. Of course he was disappointed; he found not the elixir. But here I tell you of the elixir of everlasting life bursting from the "Rock of Ages," and that drinking that water you shall never get old, and you will never be sick, and you will never die. "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters." Ah! here is a man who says: "I have been looking for that fountain a great while, but can't find it." And here is some one else who says: "I believe all you say, but I have been trudging along in the wilderness and can't find the fountain." Do you know the reason? I will tell you. You never looked in the right direction. "Oh," you say, "I have looked everywhere. I have looked north, south, east and west, and I haven't found the fountain." Why, you are not looking in the right direction at all.

Look up, where Hagar looked. She never would have found the fountain at all, but when she heard the voice of the angel she looked up, and she saw the finger pointing to the supply. And, O soul, if today with one earnest, intense prayer you would only look up to Christ, he would point you down to the supply in the wilderness. "Look unto me, all ye ends of the earth, and be ye saved; for I am God, and there is none else!" Look! Look, as Hagar looked!

Yes, there is a well for every desert of bereavement. Looking over any audience I notice signs of mourning and woe. Have you found consolation? Oh, man bereft, oh, woman bereft, have you found consolation? Hearse after hearse. We step from one grave hillock to another grave hillock. We follow corpses, ourselves soon to be like them. The world is in mourning for its dead. Every heart has become the sepulchre of some buried joy. But sing ye to God; every wilderness has a well in it; and I come to that well today and I begin to draw water for you from that well.

If you have lived in the [illegible] you have sometimes taken hold of the rope of the old well-sweep, and you know how the bucket came up, dripping with bright, cool water. And I lay hold of the rope of God's mercy and I begin to draw on that Gospel well-sweep, and I see the buckets coming up. Thirsty soul! Here is one bucket of life! Come and drink of it. "Whosoever will, let him come and take of the water of life freely." I pull away again at the rope, and another bucket comes up. It is this promise: "Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning." I lay hold of the rope again, and I pull away with all my strength, and the bucket comes up, bright, and beautiful, and cool. Here is the promise: "Come unto me, all ye who are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

CHINESE LADIES ENTERTAIN.

Semi-Public Dinner Given to Several European Ladies.

Two years ago who would have believed in ten Chinese ladies of distinction from various parts of the vast empire inviting some fifty or so European ladies of different nationalities to a large semi-annual dinner, and not only inviting them, but themselves sitting down with them, conversing with them as far as the exigencies of language permitted, and partaking of the foreign fare in regular European style, knives and forks, champagne and flower-spread tablecloths all included? But it has taken place, says the Boston Transcript. The dinner was held in the largest dining hall in Chang So Ho's garden. All the foreign consuls' wives were invited, together with a certain number of missionary ladies and a few others. There was a goodly gathering of Chinese ladies, with a little sprinkling of natural footed Manchus, and, although when dinner was announced a certain number of gentlemen kindly superintending arrangements called out, "Foreign ladies to this side because it is warmer!" yet Chinese and European ladies sat down fairly mixed. There were several little girls at the banquet, three especially noticeable in vapor colored satin gowns gleaming with pearls, so as to produce quite a moonbeam effect as they were carried away in their men attendants' arms, under the electric light, the rouge on their little faces preventing any one from noticing the effect that crippling had there. Women servants waited behind many of the Chinese ladies to light their pipes for them, etc., otherwise the dinner was entirely served by men. For hundreds of years now the Chinese have treated their womankind as a negligible quantity, and yet, with all their neglect and suppression, no impartial person could look around and not be struck by the quiet dignity of the Chinese ladies among what must have been to them very different surroundings.

LINK FOUND TOO LATE.

Time of Grace Allowed the Heirs Had Elapsed.

It was one of those big English estates which was to make a great many people rich if all the links in the long chain of ancestry could be found, says the New York Times. The legatees in this country had twenty-one years in which to prove their claim before the property would revert to the crown. Everything possible had been done and one link was still missing. This was an old family Bible containing certain necessary records. It was supposed to have been burned at the time of the Deerfield massacre, but, notwithstanding, every effort had been made to find it if by any possibility it was in existence; but without success and the time expired. Two years later one of the legatees, a New York woman, chanced to see in a paper the advertisement of a woman who wanted work. The advertiser had signed her name and it was a family name of the woman who was one of the claimants for the English estate. It was perhaps the persistent fascination which the earnest searcher into genealogical records never loses, and the force of habit formed in many years' search for precious documents, which interested her at once. She answered the advertisement in person, found that the woman had been the wife of a member of her family, who had died, leaving her in financial straits which had forced her to advertise for something to do to support herself. But the strange and romantic part of the story was that among old books and papers which had been cherished as having belonged to her husband, the woman had the old Bible, with its register of births and deaths, the only link that had been needed to obtain the big estate, and now that it was too late it was found where it had [illegible] treasured simply as a souvenir.

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 Croupy 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.

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25c per Bottle for a 50c Size
Whitehead & Mitchell,
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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. It is

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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, sudorific, 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 it is 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 to the most delicate child although it is an active and powerful remedy for restoring the system.

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popular and newly discovered remedy is having a wide sale where it is known and satisfaction is guaranteed in every sale. The regular 50c size is sold for 25c. Call for sample bottle. Ask your dealer for it.

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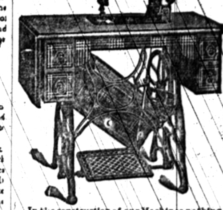

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