BIRMINGHAM ECCENTRIC,
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In the French chamber of deputies the flat is mightier than the sword.

Convict labor is to give us good roads. There is no other proper use for it and there is no proper objection to it.

The $100 counterfeit bill has ceased to worry capitalists, but paragraphers should be on the alert. There is a new counterfeit quarter in circulation.

It will be news to most persons that there is a Lord Henry Somerset. Not only that, but his wife counts him among her charities and gives him two thousand pounds every year.

A clergyman says dancing must be wrong because women prefer to dance with men and men with women. If anybody favors dancing after that he must be lost to the power of all argument.

Friendship is a vase which, when it is flawed by heat, or violence, or accident, may as well be broken at once; it can never be trusted after. Coarse stones, if they are fractured, may be cemented again, precious ones never.

The industries of Great Britain suffered a loss of many millions through the labor disputes of last year. Strikes seem to be taking the place of war as a waster of substance. How they may be done away with is a problem worthy of the most strenuous attempts at solution.

The best place for a pure food show is the family dining-room. The exhibit ought to be continuous. The adulteration of food products interferes with the success of the exhibition, and therefore every family has a measure of failure in making its display of articles fit for human consumption.

How is it that no proposition can be found so bold of sense and utterly foolish that it does not find advocates in congress? The attacks and ridicule of debate have no effect whatever on the advocate; he goes right on, just the same. He that is foolish is foolish still. In this matter congress is a queer body. What, after all, is the real purpose and place of a general debate in congress?

Death itself to the reflecting mind is less serious than marriage. The older plant is cut down that the younger may have room to flourish; a few tears drop into the loosened soil, and buds and blossoms spring over it. Death is not even a blow; it is not even a pulsation, but a pause. But marriage unrolls the awful scroll of numberless generations. Health, genius, honor, are the words inscribed on some; on others are disease, fatuity and infamy.

From the ancient Virginia city of Alexandria comes a suggestion with reference to the problem of dealing with the village hoodlum. It has been a custom in that city since the abolition of the whipping-post to permit the parents or guardians of minors convicted of petty offenses to flog them at the cell door of the police station in lieu of any other punishment. It is said that the practice has proved satisfactory. Recently it has been proposed to incorporate in the state law a provision that "minors convicted of misdemeanors shall be punished by flogging with the sanction of their parents or guardians."

May wheat reached its highest price since 1891 on Feb. 19, selling on the Chicago board of trade at $1.09. Many factors have combined to cause this advance, and it is now generally conceded that wheat will go higher before the new crop is harvested. It is known that Europe is confronted with an enormous shortage. Liverpool has only enough wheat to last a week. The crop in the Argentine does not meet expectations. On the top of all this the winter wheat district is bare of snow and subject at any time to a killing freeze. The following daily quotations since January 16 show the steady rise: In wheat: 91c, 91¾c, 91¼, 91¾c, 92c, 93½c, 93¾c, 94¾c, 97¼c, 96¾c, 94¾c, 95¼c, 95¼c, 94¾c, 95¼c, 95c, 94¾c, 96¼c, 95¾c, 96¾c, 97¾c, 98¼c, 98¾c, $1.03¾, $1.06. While the Cuban war scare may have had a slight effect on the recent quotations, experts claim that the prime factor is a scarcity of wheat, and expect steadily advancing prices. Joseph Leiter is shipping 4,000,000 bushels of wheat to New York for foreign consumption, and if necessary can dispose of his entire enormous holdings abroad. It seems that when Armour was short December wheat he borrowed 3,000,000 bushels from a Minneapolis operator. He is now attempting to buy this, and is compelled to bid against Leiter for what little comes to the northwestern wheat markets.

The entire history of Russia seems to favor the supposition that she at some future time has a destiny to fulfill. From a small beginning she has risen to an unparalleled power. What at first was only the consolidation of some insignificant barbarous hordes has become an empire of gigantic dimensions. Almost every year adds new strength to her powerful arm, new wealth to her vast resources. Other nations have grown to maturity, decayed and passed away within the period of her history, but Russia remains, still growing.

You may call every creature under heaven fool and rogue, and your auditor will join with you heartily; hint to him the slightest of his own defects and foibles, and he draws his rapier. You and he are the judges of the world, but not its denizens.

The learning of those who are called the learned is learning at second hand; the primary and most important must be acquired by reading in our own bosoms; the rest by an insight in other men's. What is written is mostly imperfect and unfaithful copy.

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

"THE GOOD SHEPHERD" LAST SUNDAY'S SUBJECT.

From the Text, Psalms, Chapter XXIII, Verse 1 as Follows: "The Lord Is My Shepherd"—The Battle Between Wealth and Poverty.

WHAT with post and rail fences, and our pride in southdown, Astrakhan and Flemish varieties of sheep, there is no use now of the old-time shepherd. Such an one had abundance of opportunity of becoming a poet, being out of doors twelve hours the day, and oft-times waking up in the night on the hills. If the stars, or the tents, or the sun, or the flowers, had anything to say, he was very apt to hear it. The Ettrick Shepherd of Scotland, who afterwards took his seat in the brilliant circle of Wilson and Lockhart, got his wonderful poetic inspiration in the ten years in which he was watching the flocks of Mr. Laidlaw. There is often a sweet poetry in the rugged prose of the Scotch shepherd. One of these Scotch shepherds lost his only son, and he knelt down in prayer and was overheard to say, "O Lord, it has seemed good in thy providence to take from me the staff of my right hand at the time when to us sand-blind mortals I seemed to be most in need of it, and how I shall climb up the hill of sorrow and auld age without it, thou mayst ken, but I dinna."

David, the shepherd boy, is watching his father's sheep. They are pasturing on the very hills where afterward a Lamb was born of which you have heard much, "The Lamb of God, which taketh away the sins of the world." David, the shepherd boy, was beautiful, brave, musical and poetic. I think he often forgot the sheep in his reveries. There in the solitude he struck the harp string that is thrilling through the ages. David, the boy, was gathering the material for David, the poet, and David the man. Like other boys, David was fond of using his knife among the saplings, and he had noticed the exuding of the juice of the tree; and when he became a man, he said, "The trees of the Lord are full of sap." David, the boy, like other boys, had been fond of hunting the birds' nests and he had driven the old stork off the nest to find out how many eggs were under her; and when he became a man, he said, "The voice of the Lord maketh the hinds to calve." David, the boy, had lain upon his back looking up at the stars and examining the sky, and to his boyish imagination the sky seemed like a piece of divine embroidery, the divine fingers working in the threads of light and the beads of stars; and he became a man and wrote, "When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers." When he became an old man, thinking of the goodness of God, he seemed to hear the bleating of his father's sheep across many years, and to think of the time when he tended them on the Bethlehem hills, and he cries out in the text, "The Lord is my shepherd."

If God will help me, I will talk to you of the shepherd's plaid, the shepherd's crook, the shepherd's dogs, the shepherd's pasture grounds and the shepherd's flocks.

And first: The shepherd's plaid: It would be preposterous for a man going out to rough and headling work to put on splendid apparel. The potter does not work in velvet; the serving maid does not put on satin while toiling at her duties; the shepherd does not wear a splendid robe in which to go out amidst the storms, and up the rocks, and the nettles; he puts on the rough apparel appropriate to his exposed work. The Lord our Shepherd, coming out to hunt the lost sheep, puts on no regal apparel, but the plain garment of our humanity. There was nothing pretentious about it. I know the old painters represent a halo about the babe Jesus, but I do not suppose that there was any more halo about that child than about the head of any other babe that was born that Christmas eve in Judea. Becoming a man, he wore a seamless garment. The scissors and needle had done nothing to make it graceful. I take it to have been a sack with three holes in it; one for the neck, and two for the arms. Although the gamblers quarreled over it, there is no evidence of its value. I have seen two rag pickers quarrel over the refuse of an ash barrel. No; in the wardrobe of heaven he left the sandals of light, the girdles of beauty, the robes of power, and put on the besoiled and tattered raiment of our humanity. Sometimes he did not even wear the seamless robe. What is that hanging about the waist of Christ? Is it a badge of authority? Is it a royal coat of arms? No; it is a towel. The disciples' feet are filthy from the walk on the long road, and are not fit to be put upon the sofas on which they are to recline at the meal, and so Jesus washes their feet, and gathers them up in the towel to dry them. The work of saving this world was rough work, rugged work, and he put on the raiment, the plain raiment, of our flesh. The storms were to beat him, the crowds were to jostle him, the dust was to sprinkle him, the mobs were to pursue him. Oh, Shepherd of Israel, leave at home the kingly array. For thee, what streams to ford, what nights all unsheltered! He puts upon him the plain raiment of our humanity; wears our woes, and while earth and heaven and hell stand amazed at the abnegation, wraps around him the shepherd's plaid.

"Cold mountains and the midnight air, Witnessed the fervor of his prayer."

Next I mention the shepherd's crook. This was a rod with a curve at the end, which, when a sheep was going astray, was thrown over its neck, and in that way it was pulled back. When the sheep were not going astray, the shepherd would often use it as a sort of crutch, leaning on it; but when the sheep were out of the way, the crook was always busy pulling them back. All we, like sheep, have gone astray, and had it not been for the shepherd's crook, we would have fallen long ago over the precipices.

Here is a man who is making too much money. He is getting very vain. He says, "After a while I shall be independent of all the world. Oh, my soul, eat, drink and be merry." Business disaster comes to him. What is God going to do with him? Has God any grudge against him? Oh, no. God is throwing over him the shepherd's crook and pulling him back into better pastures. Here is a man who has always been well. He has never had any sympathy for invalids; he calls them coughing, wheezing nuisances. After a while sickness comes to him. He does not understand what God is going to do with him. He says, "Is the Lord angry with me?" Oh, no. With the shepherd's crook he has been pulled back into better pastures. Here is a happy household circle. The parent does not realize the truth that these children are only loaned to him, and he forgets from what source came his domestic blessings. Sickness drops upon those children and death swoops upon a little one. He says, "Is God angry with me?" No. His shepherd's crook pulls him back into better pastures. I do not know what would have become of me if I had not been for the shepherd's crook. Oh, the mercies of our troubles! You take up apples and plums from under the shade of the trees, and the very best fruits of Christian character up find in the deep cuts of trouble.

When I was on the steamer, coming across the ocean, I got a cinder in my eye, and several persons tried to get it out very gently, but it could not be taken out in that way. I was told that the engineer had a facility in such cases, and I went to him. He put his large, sooty hand on me, took a knife, and wrapped the lid of the eye around the knife. I expected to be hurt very much, but without any pain, and instantly he removed the cinder. Oh, there come times in our Christian life, when our spiritual vision is being spoiled, and all gentle appliances fail. Then there comes some giant trouble, and black-handed, lays hold of us and removes that which would have ruined our vision forever. I will gather all your joys together in one regiment of ten companies, and I will put them under Colonel Joy. Then I will gather all your sorrows together in one regiment of ten companies, and put them under Colonel Breakheart. Then I will ask which of these regiments has gained for you the greater spiritual victories. Certainly that under Colonel Breakheart.

In the time of war, you may remember, at the South and North, the question was whether the black troops would fight; but when they were put into the struggle on both sides, they did heroically. In that great day of eternity it will be found that it was not the white regiment of joys that gained your greatest successes, but the black troops of trouble, misfortune and disaster. Where you have gained one spiritual success from your prosperity, you have gained ten spiritual successes from your adversity.

* * *

You have noticed that different flocks of sheep have different marks upon them; sometimes a red mark, sometimes a blue mark, sometimes a straight mark, sometimes a crooked mark. The Lord our Shepherd has a mark for his sheep. It is a red mark—the mark of the cross. "Blessed are they that are persecuted for righteousness' sake, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven."

Furthermore, consider the shepherd's pasture grounds. The old shepherds used to take the sheep upon the mountains in the summer, and dwell in the valleys in the winter. The sheep being out of doors perpetually, their wool was better than if they had been kept in the dark atmosphere of the sheep-cot. Wells were dug for the sheep and covered with large stones, in order that the hot weather might not spoil the water. And then the shepherd led his flock, wherever he would; nobody disputed his right. So the Lord our Shepherd has a large pasture ground. He takes us in the summer to the mountains, and in the winter to the valleys. Warm days of prosperity come, and we stand on sun-lit Sabbaths, and on hills of transfiguration; and we are so high up we can catch a glimpse of the pinnacles of the heavenly city. Then cold wintry days of trouble come, and we go down into the valley of sickness, want, and bereavement, and we say, "Is there any sorrow like unto my sorrow?" But, blessed be God, the Lord's sheep can find pasture anywhere. Between two rocks of trouble a tuft of succulent promises; green pastures beside still waters; long sweet grass between bitter graves. You have noticed the structure of the sheep's mouth? It is so sharp that it can take up a blade of grass or clover top from the very narrowest spot. And so God's sheep can pick up comfort where others can gather none. "The secret of the Lord is with them that fear him." Rich pasture, fountain-fed pasture, for all the flock of the Good Shepherd.

The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets
Before we reach the heavenly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.

Lastly: Consider the shepherd's fold. The time of sheep shearing was a very glad time. The neighbors gathered together, and they poured wine and danced for joy. The sheep were put in a place inclosed by a wall, where it was very easy to count them and know whether any of them had been taken by the jackals or dogs. The inclosure was called the sheep-fold. Good news I have to tell you, in that our Lord the Shepherd has a sheep-fold, and those who are gathered in it shall never be struck by the storm, shall never be touched by the incarnate jackals of hell, and trouble. It has a high wall—so high that no troubles can get in—so high that the joys can not get out. How glad the old sheep will be to find the lambs that left them a good many years ago! Millions of children in heaven! Oh, what a merry heaven it will make! Not many long meter psalms there. They will be in the majority, and will run away with our song, carrying it up to a still higher point of ecstasy. Oh, there will be shouting. If children on earth clap their hands and dance for joy, what will they do when, to the gladness of childhood on earth, is added the gladness of childhood in heaven?

It is time to get over these morbid ideas of how we shall get out of this world. You make your religion an undertaker planing coffins and driving hearses. Your religion smells of the varnish of a funeral casket. Rather let your religion today come and show you the sheepfold that God has provided for you. Ah, you say, there is a river between this and that. I know it; but that Jordan is only for the sheep washing, and they shall go up on the other banks snow white. They follow the great Shepherd. They heard his voice long ago. They are safe now—one fold and one Shepherd!

Along the hills the sheep are finally found outside the inclosure. The night of their sin howls with jackals; they are thirsting for their blood. The very moment that a lamb may be frisking upon the hills, a bear may be looking at it from the thicket.

In June, 1815, there was a very noble party gathered in a house in St. James' square, London. The prince regent was present, and the occasion was made fascinating by music and banqueting and by jewels. While a quadrille was being formed, suddenly all the people rushed to the windows. What is the matter? Henry Percy had arrived with the news that Waterloo had been fought, and that England had won the day. The dance was abandoned; the party dispersed; lords, ladies and musicians rushed into the street, and in fifteen minutes from the first announcement of the good news the house was emptied of all its guests. Oh, ye who are seated at the banquet of this world, or whirling in its gayeties and frivolities, if you could hear the sweet strains of the Gospel trump, yet announcing Christ's victory over sin and death and hell, you would rush forth, glad in the eternal deliverance. The Waterloo against sin has been fought, and our commander-in-chief hath won the day. Oh, the joys of this salvation! Do not care about that metaphor, what comparison you have; bring it to me, that I may use it. Amos shall bring one simile, Isaiah another, John another. Beautiful with pardon. Beautiful with peace. Beautiful with anticipation. Welcome to the pastoral figure of my text, come out of the poor pasturage of this world into the rich fortunes of the Good Shepherd.

The shepherd of old used to play beautiful music, and sometimes the sheep would gather around him and listen. Today my heavenly shepherd calls to you with the very music of heaven, bidding you to leave your sin and accept his pardon. Oh, that all this flock would hear the piping of the Good Shepherd.

ARTIFICIAL TREE INDUSTRY.

Factory-Made Palms of Life-Like Formation Are Now Numerous.

From the New York Dispatch: This is the age of things artificial. A palm manufactory has recently opened a salesroom on Upper Broadway, and a huge sign lower down on the same thoroughfare notifies the mob that another store of the same sort will soon be ready for business. The artificial tree industry is comparatively new and it must be profitable. All over town one sees counterfeits. Many of the large stores, and most of the more prominent hotels of this city, including some of those that are most tasteful in their decorations, have huge palm trees in their halls or entrances, and even in private houses it is not uncommon to find plants with removable leaves. The prepared palms, such as are used today, are infinitely more real in appearance than the old artificial plants of a few years ago. Many are so close in their resemblance to the live plant that it is hard to detect them as imitations without close scrutiny. The leaves are real leaves, and not constructed out of enamel tin, like the old kind, and the fiber on the trunk is real fiber. It is only on approaching and examining them that the leaves are seen to be painted and the stalks inserted into, but not growing out of, the stem. The price of the manufactured articles varies from 50 cents to $25 for the ordinary specimens, but some of the larger and finer ones amount to $50, even $100. A small fern palm sprig of some fifteen inches high is sold at half a dollar; a tree such as those that are seen in the halls of hotels, measuring, say, nine feet high, and with about eighteen removable leaves, will cost $20. The sago palm is a more expensive variety, a tree of five feet selling for as much as $20. We may rail against humbug to our hearts' content, but, somehow or other, the laugh is seldom on the fellow who fools us.

Legislating Against Book Agents.

A bill has been infroduced in congress providing that "no person holding a copyright for any book, map, or pamphlet shall enter into any agreement, combination, or understanding with any person or persons whereby the parties to said contract shall have the exclusive privilege to sell books, maps, or pamphlets, or into any agreement, combination or understanding for the purpose of controling or regulating the output of books, maps or pamphlets, or for fixing, establishing, regulating, controlling or influencing the price for which books, maps or pamphlets are sold." The penalty proposed by the bill is a cancellation of copyright.

This curious bit of legislation is aimed directly at the person who seeks to gain a livelihood by canvassing for books of all sorts. While the book agent has a bad name and is considered the most intolerable bore in existence, it is scarcely fair to shut off his means of getting a living. Surely, all things being equal, he has quite as good a right to follow his trade and calling as the lightning-rod man, the sewing-machine agent and the venders of adhesive compounds and patent stirring utensils. As a rule, the book handled by the agent is a tolerably good one, and this is a great point in his favor. He is not deceiving his customer to any extent, nor is he obtaining money of that worthy under false pretenses. His book is good, and while it may be, and probably is, a very high priced edition, it has the merit of wholesomeness and is rarely a menace to society.

Prof. Carl Barrus, of Brown university, has been elected corresponding member of the British Association for the achievement of science.

Of the 51,000 breweries estimated to be in the world, 26,000 are in Germany.

SHILOH'S CONSUMPTION CURE.

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

Bad Colds and LaGrippe 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 effected 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 for 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 BOGGS, TEXAS.
N. B—Mr. Hodge's son had the croup on the occasions referred to.

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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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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

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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.

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