BIRMINGHAM ECCENTRIC.

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What a difference between the woman you hate and the woman you love!

To Mr. Weyler, who says he wants a short, swift war. You're going to get it, my boy.

It is not a question so much of being an old maid or married, as it is a question of a salary or a man.

Men have better health than the women, because they sigh less when things go wrong, and kick more.

"Poor Spain!" exclaims the New York Evening Post. Ah, yes. But let us not forget poor Turkey and poor hell.

A clergyman says there are only eleven or twelve real ideas in the world. The declaration would be one of them if it were not totally unture.

When the editor of the New York Evening Post heard of the victory at Manila he was so mad that he wanted to go right off and shoot the president.

Women not only want to fight for Cuba, but they are calling in a loud voice for smoking-cars for their special use. They will be wanting to saw wood next.

Clement Scott says that when he said a woman couldn't go on the stage without losing her virtue he was laboring under a great mental strain. That of course. The remark is ample proof of it.

"My spirit," says the Queen Regent, "shall never be daunted so long as I can rely on the patriotism and courage of the Spaniards." Here are courage and devotion worthy of the late Mrs. Micawber. The dear old lady frequently declared that she would never desert her husband, possibly inquiring within herself what in the world would become of her if she did. And Mr. Micawber was a reed shaken by so many winds!

The ladies of one of the peace societies held a meeting in Boston the other day, and resolved that peace with Spain would have been "a triumph to civilization rarely equaled in history." Nothing could be more sweet; and it is forceful as well as sweet now that the war is on and peace is an angel in heaven. We feel sure that of the half-million reconcentrados starved to death in Cuba not one will raise a hand against the soulful proposition.

According to the Indian Engineer the merchant marine of Japan has increased since the Chinese-Japanese war from 160,000 to 400,000 tons of steam shipping. Lines are now organized sailing from the chief ports of Japan to China, India, Europe, America and Australia. This growth follows a change from an agricultural to a manufacturing nation. In 1872 Japan only exported manufactured articles to the value of $500,000; in 1896 exports of this class amounted to $45,000,000, or 40 per cent. of her total exports.

William E. Curtis, the Washington correspondent who was assistant secretary of state during Harrison's administration, is responsible for the statement that this government is entirely satisfied with the attitude and the conduct of France. It is admitted that a portion of the French people sympathize with Spain, particularly the aristocracy and the shopkeepers, who hold altogether about $400,000,000 in Spanish bonds, and a certain portion of the press, which is said to be in the pay of the Spanish government. But there have been such manifestations of friendship on the part of the French government, the high-class newspapers and the people generally that the department sincerely regrets and desires to correct the popular impression that is abroad in this country.

The reply of the South African republic to Mr. Chamberlain's dispatch is in effect a denial of the suzerainty of England. By a convention of October, 1881, the Volksraad explicitly recognized the queen's control of the Transvaal's external relations. By a subsequent convention in 1884 the relation of the Transvaal was left somewhat more indefinite, but the British control of the Transvaal's relations was not, in the British view, at all abandoned. As respects the Jameson raid, the republic's dispatch reiterates the charge that British authorities countenanced it. Claims are made for an indemnity, and an assertion is made of the right of the Transvaal, as an independent state, to have the claim arbitrated. This is a slap in the face for England, and a conservative member of parliament has just resigned his seat because, as he says, he cannot longer support the Salisbury ministry in its policy of socialism at home and pusillanimous surrender abroad.

It is a good thing that the law disqualifying ex-confederates from holding positions in the United States army was marked off the books. The removal of the disqualification gives us Fitzhugh Lee and Joseph Wheeler, and they are needed in this emergency. Justice is well, but justice tempered with mercy is better. And the further we get from those four years of civil war the better it seems that we didn't hang any persons of our own flesh and blood for fighting for their opinions. And they will never do any rebelling again.

After pounding the Spanish fleet at Manila till there was little left to shoot at, there came the order "The firing will cease. We will devote an hour to breakfast." That is a pretty good lot of vessels to board with as well as to fight with.

Happiness is, of all things, a purely personal matter. It depends mainly upon the character and circumstances of each individual whether he is happy or the reverse; and, if he is not, it is difficult for outsiders to supply the deficiency.

TALMAGES SERMON.

"HELPFUL RELIGION," LAST SUNDAY'S SUBJECT.

From the Text, Psalms, Chapter XX., Verse 2, as Follows: "Send Thee Help From the Sanctuary of the Lord.

If you should ask fifty men what the church is, they would give you fifty different answers. One man would say, "It is a convention of hypocrites." Another, "It is an assembly of people who feel themselves a great deal better than others." Another, "It is a place for gossip, where wolverene dispositions devour each other." Another, "It is a place for the cultivation of superstition and cant." Another, "It is an arsenal where theologians go to get pikes and muskets and shot." Another, "It is an art gallery, where men go to admire grand arches, and exquisite fresco, and musical warble, and the Dantesque in gloomy imagery." Another man would say, "It is the best place on earth except my own home." "If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning."

Now, whatever the church is, my text tells you what it ought to be; a great, practical, homely, omnipotent help. "Send thee help from the sanctuary." The pew ought to yield restfulness for the body. The color of the upholstery ought to yield pleasure to the eye. The entire service ought to yield strength for the moil and struggle of every-day life. The Sabbath ought to be harnessed to all the six days of the week, drawing them in the right direction. The church ought to be a magnet, visibly and mightily affecting all the homes of the worshipers. Every man gets roughly jostled, gets abused, gets cut, gets insulted, gets slighted, gets exasperated. By the time the Sabbath comes he has an accumulation of six days of annoyance, and that is a starveling church service which has not strength enough to take that accumulated annoyance and hurl it into perdition. The business man sits down in church headachey from the week's engagements. Perhaps he wishes he had tarried at home on the lounge with the newspapers and the slippers. That man wants to be cooled off and graciously diverted. The first wave of the religious service ought to dash clear over the hurricane decks, and leave him dripping with holy and glad and heavenly emotion. "Send thee help from the sanctuary."

In the first place, sanctuary help ought to come from the music. A woman dying in England persisted in singing to the last moment. The attendants tried to persuade her to stop, saying it would exhaust her and make her disease worse. She answered, "I must sing; I am only practicing for the heavenly choir." Music on earth is a rehearsal for music in heaven. If you and I are going to take part in that great orchestra, it is high time that we were striking and thrumming our harps. They tell us that Thalberg and Gottschalk never would go into a concert until they had first in private rehearsed, although they were such masters of the instrument. And can it be that we expect to take part in the great oratorio of heaven if we do not rehearse here?

But I am not speaking of the next world. Sabbath song ought to set all the week to music. We want not more harmony, not more artistic expression, but more volume in our church music. The English dissenting churches far surpass our American churches in this respect. An English audience of one thousand people will give more volume of sacred song than an American audience of two thousand people. I do not know what the reason is. Oh, you ought to have heard them sing in Surrey chapel. I had the opportunity of preaching the anniversary—I think the ninetieth anniversary—sermon in Rowland Hill's old chapel, and when they lifted their voices in sacred song it was simply overwhelming; and then, in the evening of the same day, in Agricultural hall, many thousand voices lifted in doxology. It was like the voice of many waters, and like the voice of many thunderings, and like the voice of heaven.

The blessing thrilled through all the laboring throng,
And heaven was won by violence of song.

Now, I am no worshiper of noise, but I believe that if our American churches would with full heartiness of soul, and full emphasis of voice, sing the songs of Zion, this part of sacred worship would have tenfold more power than it has now. Why not take this part of the sacred service and lift it to where it ought to be. All the annoyances of life might be drowned out by that sacred song. Do not tell me that it is not fashionable to sing very loudly? Then, I say, away with fashion. We dam back the great Mississippi of congregational singing, and let a few drops of melody trickle through the dam. I say, take away the dam, and let the billows roar on their way to the oceanic heart of God. Whether it is fashionable to sing loudly or not, let us sing with all possible emphasis.

We hear a great deal of the art of singing, of music as an entertainment, of music as a recreation. I think it is high time we heard something of music as a help, a practical help. In order to do this, we must have only a few hymns. New tunes and new hymns every Sunday make poor congregational singing. Fifty hymns are enough for fifty years. The Episcopal church prays the same prayers every Sabbath, and year after year, and century after century. For that reason they have the hearty responses. Let us take a hint from that fact, and let us sing the same songs Sabbath after Sabbath. Only in that way can we come to the full force of this exercise. Twenty thousand years will not wear out the hymns of Wm. Cowper, Charles Wesley and Isaac Watts. Suppose now each person in an audience has brought all the annoyances of the last three hundred and sixty-five days. Fill the room to the ceiling with sacred song and you would drown out all those annoyances of the last three hundred and sixty-five days, and you would drown them out forever. Organ and cornet are only to marshal the voice. Let the voice fall into line, and in companies, and in battalions, by storm take the obduracy and sin of the world. If you can not sing for yourself, sing for others. By trying to give others good cheer, you will bring good cheer to your own heart.

When Londonderry, Ireland, was besieged many years ago, the people inside the city were famishing, and a vessel came up with provisions, but the vessel ran on the river bank and stuck fast. The enemy went down with laughter and derision to board the vessel, when the vessel gave a broadside fire against the enemy, and by the shock was turned back into the stream and all was well. Oh, ye who are high and dry on the rocks of melancholy, give a broadside fire of song against your spiritual enemies, and by holy rebound you will come out into the calm waters.

I tarried many nights in London, and I used to hear the bells, the small bells of the city, strike the hour of night—one, two, three, four, and among them the great St. Paul's cathedral would come in to mark the hours, making all the other sounds seem utterly insignificant, as with mighty tongue it announced the hour of the night, every stroke an overmastering boom. My friends, it was intended that all the lesser sounds of the world should be drowned out in the mighty tongue of congregational song beating against the gates of heaven. Do you know how they mark the hours in heaven? They have no clocks, as they have no candles, but a great pendulum of hallelujah swinging across heaven from eternity to eternity.

Let those refuse to sing
Who never knew our God;
But children of the Heavenly King
Should speak their joys abroad.

What is the use of our going away off to find an illustration in past age, when during the great forest fires in Michigan a mail carrier on horseback, riding on, pursued by those flames which had swept over a hundred miles, saw an old man by the roadside, dismounted, helped the old man on the horse, saying: "Now whip up and get away." The old man got away, but the mail-carrier perished. Just like Christ dismounting from the glories of heaven to put us on the way of deliverance, then falling back into the flames of sacrifice for others. Pang for others. Woe for others. Death for others. Vicarious suffering.

Again I remark, that sanctuary help ought to come through the prayers of all the people. The door of the eternal store-house is hung on one hinge, a gold hinge, the hinge of prayer, and when the whole audience lay hold of that door, it must come open. There are many people spending their first Sabbath after some great bereavement. What will your prayer do for them? How will it help the tomb in that man's heart? Here are people who have not been in church before for ten years; what will your prayer do for them by rolling over their soul holy memories? Here are people in crises of awful temptation. They are on the verge of despair, or wild blundering, or theft, or suicide. What will your prayer do for them in the way of giving them strength to resist? Will you be chiefly anxious about the fit of the glove that you put to your forehead while you prayed? Will you be chiefly critical of the rhetoric of the pastor's petition? No. No. A thousand people will feel, "that prayer is for me," and at every step of the prayer chains ought to drop off, and temples of sin ought to crash into dust, and jubilees of deliverance ought to brandish their trumpets. In most of our churches we have three prayers—the opening prayer, what is called the "long prayer," and the closing prayer. There are many people who spend their first prayer in arranging their apparel after entrance, and spend the second prayer, the "long prayer," in wishing it were through, and spend the last prayer in preparing to start for home. The most insignificant part of every religious service is the sermon. The more important parts are the Scripture lesson and the prayer. The sermon is only a man talking to a man. The Scripture lesson is God talking to man. Prayer is man talking to God. Oh, if we understood the grandeur and the pathos of this exercise of prayer, instead of being a dull exercise, we would imagine that the room was full of divine and angelic appearances.

But, my friends, the old style of church will not do the work. We might as well now try to take all the passengers from Washington to New York by stage-coach, or all the passengers from Albany to Buffalo by canal-boat, or do all the battling of the world with bow and arrow, as with the old style of church, to meet the exigencies of this day. Unless the church of God will adapt itself to the time, it will become extinct. The people reading newspapers and books all the week, in alert, picturesque and resounding style, will have no patience with Sabbath humdrum. We have no objection to bands and surplice, and all the paraphernalia of clerical life; but these things make no impression—make no more impression on the great masses of the people than the ordinary business suit that you wear on Pennsylvania avenue or Wall street. A tailor cannot make a minister. Some of the poorest preachers wear the best clothes; and many a backwoodsman has dismounted from the saddlebags, and in his linen duster preached a sermon that shook earth and heaven with its Christian eloquence. No new Gospel, only the old Gospel in a way suited to the time. No new church, but a church to be the asylum, the inspiration, the practical sympathy, and the eternal help of the people.

But while half of the doors of the church are to be set open toward this world, the other half of the doors of the church must be set open toward the next. You and I tarry here only a brief space. We want somebody to teach us how to get out of this life at the right time and in the right way. Some fall out of life, some go stumbling out of life, some go groaning out of life, some go cursing out of life. We want to go singing, rising, rejoicing, triumphing. We want half the doors of the church set in that direction. We want half the prayers that way, half the sermons that way. We want to know how to get ashore from the tumult of this world into the land of everlasting peace. We do not want to stand doubting and shivering when we go away from this world; we want our anticipations aroused to the highest pitch. We want to have the exhilaration of a dying child in England, the father telling me the story. When he said to her, "Is the path narrow?" she answered, "The path is narrow; it is so narrow that I cannot walk arm in arm with Christ, so Jesus goes ahead, and he says, 'Mary, follow.'" Through the church gates set heavenward how many of your friends and mine have gone? The last time they were out of the house they came to church. The earthly pilgrimage ended at the pillar of public worship, and then they marched out to a bigger and brighter assemblage. Some of them were so old they could not walk without a cane or two crutches; now they have eternal juvenescence. Or they were so young they could not walk except as the maternal hand guided them; now they bound with the hilarities celestial. The last time we saw them they were wasted with malarial or pulmonic disorder; but now they have no fatigue, and no difficulty of respiration in the pure air of heaven. How I wonder when you and I will cross over! Some of you have had about enough of the thumping and flailing of this life. A draught from the fountains of heaven would do you good. Complete release you could stand very well. If you got on the other side, and had permission to come back, you would not come. Though you were invited to come back, and join your friends on earth, you would say, "No, let me tarry here until they come; I shall not risk going back; if a man reaches heaven he had better stay here."

Oh, I join hands with you in that uplifted splendor.

"When the shore is won at last,
Who will count the billows past?"

In Freybourg, Switzerland, there is the trunk of a tree four hundred years old. That tree was planted to commemorate an event. About ten miles from the city the Swiss conquered the Burgundians, and a young man wanted to take the tidings to the city. He took a tree branch and ran with such speed the ten miles that when he reached the city waving the tree branch he had only strength to cry, "Victory!" and dropped dead. The tree branch that he carried was planted, and it grew to be a great tree twenty feet in circumference, and the remains of it are there to this day. My hearer, when you have fought your last battle with sin and death and hell, and they have been routed in the conflict, it will be a joy worthy of celebration. You will fly to the city and cry, "Victory!" and drop at the feet of the great King. Then the palm branch of the earthly race will be planted to become the outbranching tree of everlasting rejoicing. "When shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls,
And pearly gates behold,
Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,
And streets of shining gold?"

SIMPLEST OF LIVING THINGS.

Cells of Plants Joined by Threads of Protoplasm.

London Times: In the course of his lectures at the Royal institution on "The Simplest Living Things," Prof. Ray lankaster told his auditors that in animals the cells are commonly joined by threads of protoplasm. In the cells of plants it used to be supposed that each mass of protoplasm was shut off in solitary confinement from its neighbors, but now it is found that in vegetable tissue also there are exceedingly fine threads passing through from one cell to another, thus insuring continuity of the protoplasm in them all. The conditions necessary for the vital activity of protoplasm are that it must have food, must have access to oxygen, and must be acted upon by some external stimulus. Cells are fed by the juices conveyed in the casuals and vessels of the organism, which may get food either by taking up the bodies of other organisms, as is the case with the whole animal kingdom, or by having, like plants, the power to build up the complicated chemical substances found in protoplasm from the carbonic acid and ammonia in the atmosphere. The stimulus may be of various kinds and be afforded by light. Of the directive actions of stimuli on protoplasm perhaps chematoxis or movement determined by the proximity of chemical substances, is the most striking, a good distance being the attractive influence of malic acid on the spermatozoa of ferns.

Hired Webster for a Week.

Of course Webster was in demand for those who could afford to pay for his services. A sharp Nantucket man is said to have got the better of the great defender of the Constitution in an amusing way, however. He had a small case which was to be tried at Nantucket, one week in June, and he posted to Webster's office in great haste. It was a contest with a neighbor over a matter of considerable local interest, and his pride as a litigant was at stake. He told Webster the particulars, and asked what he would charge to conduct the case. "Why," said Webster, "you can't afford to hire me. I should have to stay down there the whole week, and my fee would be more than the whole case is worth. I couldn't go down there for less than $1,000. I could try every case on the docket as well as one, and it wouldn't cost any more, for one case would take my time for the entire week, anyway." "All right, Mr. Webster," quickly responded the Nantucker. "Here's your $1,000. You come down, and I'll fix it so you can try every case. Webster was so amused over this proposition that he kept his word. He spent the entire week in Nantucket, and appeared on one side or the other in every case that came up for hearing. The shrewd Nantucker hired Daniel out to all his friends who were in litigation, and received in return about $1,500, so that he got Webster's services for nothing, and made a good profit to boot. If that man was alive in these days of trusts and syndicates, he would probably be at the head of a legal trust, controlling the services of all the big lawyers of the country.—Boston Herald.

Wooden Shoes in Europe.

It is estimated that there are no fewer than 70,000,000 Europeans who wear wooden shoes. Basswood is ordinarily employed for sabots, but willow is the best material. Poplar, beech, walnut, and birch are also used.

POET OF THE PLATTE.

JAMES ARTHUR EDGERTON AS A SONG MAKER.

His Recent Productions Have Attracted Wide Attention—Keeps Near to the Hearts of the People in His Lays—Is Also a Reformer.

James Arthur Edgerton, who has just published a new volume of poems, is something of a politician as well as a poet. Mr. Edgerton, who is a prominent citizen of Lincoln, Neb., published a small volume of poems when only 20 years of age.

Within the past six months poems from the facile pen of Mr. Edgerton have been accepted by about 150 leading American publications, including the principal magazines of the country.

Mr. Edgerton is related on his father's side to Elisha Gray, the famous inventor and electrician. On his mother's side he is distantly related to Edwin M. Stanton. The poet was born January 30, 1869, at Plantsville, O. He had the advantages of an ordinary farm lad, receiving his early education in the common schools. Later he attended the academy at Bartlett, O., the National Normal University at Lebanon, O., and completed his course at the Marietta (O.) college. He holds the degree of Master of Arts.

Locating in Nebraska in 1890, the subject of this sketch followed the business of an editor, newspaper writer and

JAMES A. EDGERTON.

correspondent of some years. He has held the following public positions: President of the Nebraska Reform Press Association, 1892-94; secretary of the People's Party State Central Committee, 1893-95; chairman of the People's Party State Central Committee, 1895-96, and he has been secretary of the People's Party National Committee since 1896, and chief clerk of the state Labor Bureau since 1895.

Mr. Edgerton received the solid party vote for clerk of the national house of representatives at the beginning of the present congress. He is a member of the Shakespeare Society of New York, of the American Statistical Society and of the American Academy of Political and Social Science.

Mr. Edgerton's latest volume of popular lays has received very favorable comment from all literary critics throughout the land. His verses are an inspiration to higher thoughts of our duties and relationship to our fellowmen. The author is a worker in the great optimistic field of uplifting humanity. His work shows that his heart is right—and that the spirit which inspires his music is the vital essence of the new movement which seeks the betterment of the condition of all mankind and the ushering in of that brighter morning when men's rule of life will be to do to others as they wish to be done by.

To Preserve Fish.

Everything that appertains to the preservation of food products in a pure and uncontaminated state is of very great advantage to the world at large. Within the past few years there has been no little complaint about the unwholesomeness of fish. To be a suitable article of food, fish should be used within a few hours after they have been caught, as they deteriorate and decompose with very great rapidity, producing ptomaines of a most dangerous character. The new idea is the preservation of fish in a tank of sea water, which is continually agitated and kept in circulation by a pump. So strong is the current made by the pumping engine that the fish must swim almost constantly to keep from being drawn upward by it. Some of these tanks hold 2,000 pounds of fish, and the water is furnished in such quantity that it entirely changes five times in an hour and is, in the course of the change, re-oxygenized and made wholesome. Sixteen hundred pounds of fish were kept for eight days in one of these tanks in perfect condition. It is claimed that the cost of preserving them in this way is less than half a cent a pound per day.

Where He Drew the Line.

Among the first stories recorded by T. E. Pritt, in his "Anglers' Basket," is one about a Scotch laird who was relating the story of a fine fish he had caught one day to his friends at the dinner table, "Donald," said he to the servant behind his chair—an old man, but a new servant—"how heavy was the fish I took yesterday?" Donald neither spoke or moved. The laird repeated the question. "Weel," replied Donald, "it was twal' pund at breakfast, it had gotten to achteen at dinner time and it was sax and twenty when ye sat down to supper wi' the captain." Then, after a pause, he added, "I've been tellin' lees a' my life to please the shooters, but I'll be blowed if I'm going to tell lees noo, through my old age, to please the fushers."

Resentful.

Detroit Free Press: "Mamma," asked the pretty bride, "how will I know when the honeymoon is at an end?"

"You can tell very easily," snapped the old gentleman, who hates to be ignored. "It always breaks up in a cyclone."

It is just as important to watch your windings as it is to wind your watch.

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How to Use Kneipp Malt Coffee in addition to other Coffee—For six cups of coffee (2 1-2 pints of water) take two heaping tablespoons full of ground Kneipp Malt Coffee and after boiling the same five minutes as above indicated, add two tablespoons full of ground coffee beans, let it boil up for a few seconds longer, then let it settle about five minutes. The mixed coffee will settle slower than pure Kneipp Malt Coffee. Use cream and sugar or boiled milk to suit your taste.

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