BIRMINGHAM ECCENTRIC.

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Free advice is very often worth-less.

Man seeks the office, but the officer seeks the man.

An industrious wife is often a man's only visible means of support.

It's only a man's heirs who are ever really interested in his ailments.

Dewey is still keeping things in hand, especially Spaniards, at Manila.

The opportunity of a lifetime seldom comes heralded by a brass band.

Some artists know as little about work of art as they do about the art of work.

Some men are born great and others roll up their trousers and wade right into the midst of greatness.

A man never realizes how mean he is until he is a candidate for some office or the defendant in a divorce suit.

A tramp abroad in the morning for your health is better than two at the back door looking for something to eat.

We don't know how Cervera feels on the subject, but we would rather be a prison in the United States than free in Spain.

During his short captain-generalcy of Cuba Weyler cleaned up $11,000,000, and still some people say there is no money in the butcher business.

Instead of desiring to lead a Spanish army across the United States, Gen. Weyler seems now to be getting ready to take a thorough course in a deaf and dumb institute.

The man who boasts that he works with his head instead of his hands is respectfully reminded that the woodpecker does the same thing and is the biggest kind of bore.

A great deal of fuss is being made because Hamilton Fish, a rough rider killed in the first battle in Cuba, was a New York society man. Brave he was without doubt, but his comrades who died with him were just as brave, though not in "society." "Hiram" Fish will be remembered as a hero, but while we are about it, we should not forget that "there are others."

Not since Edward the Black Prince served the defeated King John of France on bended knee at Poitiers, more than 500 years ago, has there been shown an instance of more chivalrous and courteous treatment of a defeated foe than was shown to Admiral Cervera and his officers on board Capt. Evans' battleship. After she has paid for the results of her folly and ignorance and the war is over Spain will have abundant material for revising her notions about the "Yankee pigs."

The civil war is said to have cost the country fully eight billion dollars, while it was in progress—adding to the direct outlay the value of property destroyed and the damage done by interference with industry. And the end is not yet, for though thirty-three years have passed, pension and interest payments still continue to increase the total. A part of the cost of that was put off on another generation, just as a part of our present outlay will be; but the people who danced paid the piper notwithstanding, in the form of "war taxes"—and we must do the same. The men and women who cheerfully bear this increased burden are not the lowest on our list of seventy million patriots.

John Albion Andrew, the great war governor of Massachusetts, had the good fortune to spend his boyhood on a farm in the state of Maine. His father and mother, though of genial humor, were rigid disciplinarians; and he had occasion in after life to thank them for training him in orderly habits in small, every day matters. One of his sisters related not long before her death, which occurred in 1897, that Albion was summoned home from school one day by his mother, who merely pointed to the boy's cap, which he had carelessly left on the floor. The hint was enough. Without a word he picked up the cap, hung it on the proper peg, and promptly went back to school. The father also strictly enforced the rule, "A place for everything, and everything in its place." A pitchfork, in common use for foddering the cattle, was always to be kept standing in a certain corner of the barn, where it could lay his hand on it in the night, without a lantern. On one occasion, he felt for it in vain, and called the boys to account. With a mixture of chagrin and amusement, they reported that: "Father was mighty particular, for that fork wasn't more'n two inches out of place!"

William C. Whitney is marked for praise by the Philadelphia Times, because he laid the foundation and started the construction of our existing navy. Perhaps we had better call him the commodore, but he must do some fighting first.

The poet Southey tells of a Spaniard he had known who "always put on his spectacles when he was about to eat cherries, that they might look bigger and more tempting." That is evidently the way the Spaniards at Madrid look at their "victories."

So far as heard from those, 25,000 cylindrical mosquito head nets ordered for the use of the soldiers in Cuba on the march and for sleeping have not got into action. When Mauser bullets are whistling around it is probable that even a New Jersey mosquito would forget to attend to business.

The National Educational association in convention at Washington discussed the value of mathematics. The value of addition, division and sleep was once thoroughly considered with gratifying results.

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

SECTARIANISM, THE SUBJECT. LAST SUNDAY.

From Judges xii, 6, as Follows: "Say Now Shibboleth and He Said Sibboleth—Then They Took Him and Slew Him at the Passages of the Jordan.

Do you notice the difference of pronunciation between shibboleth and sibboleth? A very small and unimportant difference, you say. And yet, that difference was the difference between life and death for a great many people. The Lord's people, Gilead and Ephraim, got into a great fight, and Ephraim was worsted, and on the retreat came to the fords of the river Jordan to cross. Order was given that all Ephraimites coming there be slain. But how could it be found out who were Ephraimites? They were detected by their pronunciation. Shibboleth was a word that stood for river. The Ephraimites had a brogue of their own, and when they tried to say "shibboleth" always left out the sound of the "h." When it was asked that they say shibboleth they said sibboleth, and were slain. "Then said they unto him, say now shibboleth; and he said sibboleth, for he could not frame to pronounce it right. Then they took him and slew him at the passages of Jordan." A very small difference, you say, between Gilead and Ephraim, and yet how much intolerance about that small difference! The Lord's tribes in our time—by which I mean the different denominations of Christians—sometimes magnify a very small difference, and the only difference between scores of denominations to-day is the difference between shibboleth and sibboleth.

The Church of God is divided into a great number of denominations. Time would fail me to tell of the Calvanists, and the Arminians, and the Sabbatarians, and the Baxterians, and the Dunkers, and the Shakers, and the Quakers, and the Methodists, and the Baptists, and the Episcopalians, and the Lutherans, and the Congregationalists, and the Presbyterians, and the Spiritualists, and a score of other denominations of religionists, some of them founded by very good men, some of them founded by very egotistic men, some of them founded by very bad men. But as I demand for myself liberty of conscience, I must give that same liberty to every other man, remembering that he no more differs from me than I differ from him. I advocate the largest liberty in all religious belief and form of worship. In art, in politics, in morals, and in religion, let there be no gag-law, no moving of the previous question, no persecution, no intolerance.

* * *

I propose to speak to you of sectarianism—its origin, its evils, and its cures. There are those who would make us think that this monster, with horns and hoofs, is religion. I shall chase it to its hiding-place, and drag it out of the caverns of darkness, and rip off its hide. But I want to make a distinction between bigotry and the lawful fondness for peculiar religious beliefs and forms of worship. I have no admiration for a nothingarian.

In a world of such tremendous vicissitude and temptation, and with a soul that must after awhile stand before a throne of insufferable brightness, in a day when the rocking of the mountains and the flaming of the heavens and the upheaval of the seas shall be among the least of the excitements, to give account for every thought, word, action, preference, and dislike—that man is mad who has no religious preference. But our early education, our physical temperament, our mental constitution, will very much decide our form of worship.

A style of psalmody that may please me may displease you. Some would like to have a minister in gown and bands and surplice, and others prefer to have a minister in plain citizen's apparel. Some are most impressed when a little child is presented at the altar and sprinkled of the waters of a holy benediction "in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost," and others are more impressed when the penitent comes up out of the river, his garments dripping with the waters of a baptism which signifies the washing away of sin. Let either have his own way. One man likes no noise in prayer, not a word, not a whisper. Another man, just as good, prefers by gesticulation and exclamation, to express his devotional aspirations. One is just as good as the other. "Every man fully persuaded in his own mind."

George Whitefield was going over a Quaker rather roughly for some of his religious sentiments, and the Quaker said: "George, I am as thou art; I am for bringing all men to the hope of the Gospel; therefore, if thou will not quarrel with me about my broad brim, I will not quarrel with thee about thy black gown. George, give me thy hand."

In tracing out the religion of sectarianism, or bigotry, I find that a great deal of it comes from wrong education in the home circle. There are parents who do not think it wrong to caricature and jeer the peculiar forms of religion in the world, and denounce other sects and other denominations. It is very often the case that that kind of education acts just opposite to what was expected, and the children grow up, and, after awhile, go and see for themselves; and, looking in those churches, and finding that the people are good there, they love God and keep his commandments, by natural reaction they go and join those very churches. I could mention the names of prominent ministers of the Gospel who spent their whole lives bombarding other denominations and who lived to see their children preach the Gospel in these very denominations. But it is often the case that bigotry starts in a household, and that the subject of it never recovers. There are tens of thousands of bigots ten years old.

I think sectarianism and bigotry also rise from too great prominence of any one denomination in a community. All the other denominations are wrong, and his denomination is right because his denomination is the most wealthy, or the most popular, or the most influential, and it is "our" church, and "our" religious organization, and "our" choir, and "our" minister; and the man tosses his head, and wants other denominations to know their places. It is a great deal better in any community when the great denominations of Christians are about equal in power, marching side by side for the world's conquest. Mere outside prosperity, mere worldly power, is no evidence that the church is acceptable to God. Better a barn with Christ in the manger than a cathedral with magnificent harmonies rolling through the long-drawn aisle, and an angel from heaven in the pulpit, if there be no Christ in the chancel, and no Christ in the robes.

Bigotry is often the child of ignorance. You seldom find a man with large intellect who is a bigot. It is the man who thinks he knows a great deal, but does not. That man is almost always a bigot. The whole tendency of education and civilization is to bring a man out of that kind of state of mind and heart. There was in the far East a great obelisk, and one side of the obelisk was white, another side of the obelisk was green, another side of the obelisk was blue, and travelers went and looked at that obelisk, but they did not walk around it. One man looked at one side, another at another side, and they came home each one looking at only one side; and they happened to meet, the story says, and they got into a rank quarrel about the color of that obelisk. One man said it was white, another man said it was green, another man said it was blue, and when they were in the very heat of the controversy, a more intelligent traveler came, and said, "Gentlemen, I have seen that obelisk and you are all right, and you are all wrong. Why didn't you all walk around the obelisk?"

I look out for the man who sees only one side of a religious truth. Look out for the man who never walks around about these great theories of God and eternity and the dead. He will be a bigot inevitably—the man who only sees one side. There is no man more to be pitied than he who has in his head just one idea—no more, no less. More light, less sectarianism. There is nothing that will so soon kill bigotry as sunshine—God's sunshine.

* * *

But now, my friends, having shown you the origin of bigotry or sectarianism, and having shown you the damage it does, I want briefly to show you how we are to war against this terrible evil, and I think we ought to begin our war by realizing our own weakness and our imperfections. If we make so many mistakes in the common affairs of life, is it not possible that we may make mistakes in regard to our religious affairs? Shall we take a man by the throat or by the collar because he cannot see religious truths just as we do? In the light of eternity it will be found out, I think, there was something wrong in all our creeds, and something right in all our creeds, but since we may make mistakes in regard to things of the world, do not let us be so egotistic and so puffed up as to have an idea that we cannot make any mistake in regard to religious theories. And then I think we will do a great deal to overthrow the sectarianism from our heart, and the sectarianism from the world, by chiefly enlarging in those things in which we agree, rather than those on which we differ.

Now, here is a great Gospel platform. A man comes up on this side of the platform and says: "I don't believe in baby sprinkling." Shall I shove him off? Here is a man coming up on this side of the platform, and he says: "I don't believe in the perseverance of the saints." Shall I shove him off? No. I will say: "Do you believe in the Lord Jesus as your Saviour? Do you trust him for time and for eternity?" He says: "Yes." "Do you take Christ for time and for eternity?" "Yes," I say. "Come on, brother; one in time and one in eternity; brother now, brother forever." Blessed be God for a Gospel platform so large that all who receive Christ may stand on it!

I think we may overthrow the severe sectarianism and bigotry in our hearts, and in the church also, by realizing that all the denominations of Christians have yielded noble institutions and noble men. There is nothing that so stirs my soul as this thought. One denomination yielded a Robert Hall and an Adoniram Judson; another yielded a Latimer and a Melville; another yielded John Wesley and Summerfield, while our own denomination yielded John Knox and the Alexanders—men of whom the world was not worthy. Now, I say, if we are honest and fair-minded men, when we come up in the presence of such churches and such denominations, although they may be different from our own, we ought to admire them, and we ought to love and honor them. Churches which can produce such men, and such large hearted charity, and such magnificent martyrdom, ought to win our affection—at any rate, our respect. So come on, ye six hundred thousand Episcopalians in this country, and ye fourteen hundred thousand Presbyterians, and ye four million Baptists, and ye five million Methodists—come on; shoulder to shoulder we will march for the world's conquest; for all nations are to be saved, and God demands that you and I help. Forward, the whole line! In the Young Men's Christian Associations, in the Bible Society, in the Tract Society, in the Foreign Missionary Society, shoulder to shoulder all denominations.

Perhaps I might forcefully illustrate this truth by calling your attention to an incident which took place twenty-five years ago. One Monday morning at about 2 o'clock, while her nine hundred passengers were sound asleep in her berths dreaming of home, the steamer Atlantic crashed into Mars' Head. Five hundred souls in ten minutes landed in eternity! Oh, what a scene! Agonized men and women running up and down the gangways, and clutching for the rigging, and the plunge of the helpless steamer, and the clapping of the hands of the merciless sea over the drowning and the dead, threw two continents into terror. But see this brave quartermaster pushing out with the life-line until he gets to the rock; and see these fishermen gathering up the shipwrecked, and taking them into the cabins, and wrapping them in the flannels snug and warm; and see that minister of the Gospel, with three other men, getting into a life-boat, and pushing out for the wreck, pulling away across the surf, and pulling away until they saved one more man, and then getting back with him to the shore. Can those men ever forget that night? And can they ever forget their companionship in peril, companionship in struggle, companionship in awful catastrophe and rescue? Never! Never! In whatever part of the earth they meet, they will be friends when they mention the story of that night when the Atlantic struck Mars' Head. Well, my friends, our world has gone into a worse shipwreck. Sin drove it on the rocks. The old ship has lurched and tossed in the tempest of six thousand years. Out with the life-line! I do not care what denomination carries it. Out with the life-boat! I do not care what denomination rows it. Side by side, in the memory of common hardships, and common trials, and common prayers, and common tears, let us be brothers forever. We must be.

One army of the living God,
To his command we bow;
Part of the host have crossed the flood,
And part are crossing now.

And I expect to see the day when all denominations of Christians shall join hands around the cross of Christ and recite the creed: "I believe in God the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth, and in Jesus Christ, and in the Communion of Saints, and in life everlasting. Amen."

OUR BUDGET OF FUN.

SOME GOOD JOKES, ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

Some Good Jokes and Satire from the Funny Joke Papers—Flotsam and Jetsam from the Tide of Humor, Wit and Sarcasm.

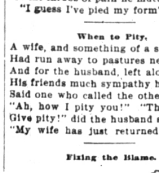
Technically Expressed.

It was the festive foreman
Of a print shop up the street,
Who essayed to be a scorcher
With a scorch so very fleet.
And later, when he looked as though
He'd met a western storm,
'Twixt throbs of pain he muttered;
"I guess I've pied my form"

When to Pity.

A wife, and something of a shrew,
Had run away to pastures new,
And for the husband, left alone,
His friends much sympathy had shown.
Said one who called the other night:
"Ah, how I pity you!" "That's right,
Give pity!" did the husband say,
"My wife has just returned today."

Fixing the Blame.



Parson White—Whut wuz de cause of yo' bein' shot, Br'er Johnsing?

Br'er Johnsing—Wall, parson, dere wuz t'ree causes; two pullets an' a bantam hen!

The Way of It.

"His drawings are bad," said one artist.

"Awful," said another.

"Rotten," said a third.

"Punk," declared a fourth.

And yet those drawings enabled him to draw checks that were negotiable.

She Took the Hint.

"To the barber I've been," says the knave,
"I've just had a pretty clean shave."
The maid is not slow.
She turns the light low.
In the darkness, she knows love is brave.

W. M. C.

Exasperating.

Reporter—Here's a horrible mistake.

Editor—What is it?

Reporter—I wrote: "The Rev. Goodfellow was out on his regular circuit this week," and those blamed typos make it "was out on his regular circus.

Rare Indeed.

Stokes—I was given a rare treat last night.

Spokes—What was it? A ticket to the grand opera?

Stokes—No, Roxtine, the pawnbroker, asked me to drink with him.

Just So.

Gumdrops—It seems strange to hear the ocean roar.

Piper—Why so?

Gumdrops—One would think that such an immense volume of water would drown the noise.

Good Time Piece.

Tough Customer—How much can I get on this gold watch?

Pawnbroker (in a whisper)—My friend, if a policeman sees you with that watch you will get about two years. I will give you $7 on it.

Klondiclis.

Bilks—Hello! Where are you going with that door mat?

Gilks—Taking it to the assay office. A friend of mine, just returned from the Klondike, called on me and wiped his feet on it.

In the Sanctum.

Theatrical Manager—The writer of the dramatic criticisms in your paper does not know what a good play is.

Editor—No. His memory is bad, and it has been so long since you had a good play.

Another Atmosphere.

He—She says she can't endure to move in anything except an atmosphere of refinement.

She—Bosh! Anyone can tell she uses patchouli a half block away.

Tracing Their Inspiration.

Squib—I can get a lot of inspiration from a glass of whisky.

Scrib—And I from a plate of hash.

Squib—I write war poems.

Scrib—And I write dialect stories.

Where He Found a Fortune.

Gavin—In no other city could that man have accumulated such a large fortune.

Bailey—What is his business?

Gavin—Sells spectacles in Boston.

Not a Redeeming Trait.

He—What does your father see in me to object to? She—He doesn't see anything; that is why he objects.

Spain's Power 300 Years Ago.

Macaulay drew the picture of the power of Spain 300 years ago, that it is interesting to recall at this juncture: The empire of Philip the Second was undoubtedly one of the most powerful and splendid that ever existed in the world. It is no exaggeration to say that during several years his power over Europe was greater than even that of Napoleon. In America his dominions extended on both sides of the equator into the temperate zone. There is reason to believe that his annual revenues amounted in the season of his greatest power to a sum ten times as large as that which England yielded to Elizabeth. He had a standing army of 50,000 troops when England did not have a single battalion, in constant pay. He held, what no other prince in modern times has held, the dominion both of the land and the sea. During the great part of his reign he was supreme on both elements. His soldiers marched up to the capital of France; his ships menaced the shores of England. Spain had what Napoleon desired in vain—ships, colonies, and commerce. She long monopolized the trade of America and of the Indian ocean. All the gold of the west and all the spices of the east were received and distributed by her. Even after the defeat of the Armada, English statesmen continued to look with great dread on the naval and military power of Philip. Whoever wishes to get well acquainted with the morbid anatomy of government, whoever wishes to know how great states may be made feeble and wretched, should study the history of Spain.

Gold Mining in New York.

At the little town of Hadley, in the edge of the Adirondack Mountains and near the upper waters of the Hudson River, a gold-extracting mill has recently been erected, and attempts are being made to obtain gold in paying quantities from soil which is too poor in vegetation to be worth cultivating. The gold is found in fine particles clinging to the grains of sand, and has to be separated by the quicksilver process. In places the layer of gold-bearing sand is twenty-five feet or more in depth. Those who have confidence in the enterprise think that about four dollars to the ton can be realized in working the sand. Two other mills are being constructed near the junction of the Sacondaga and Hudson rivers, and within the last few months five thousand claims have been filed with the Secretary of State by the people who think they have found promising gold fields in the counties of Warren, Saratoga, Fulton, Essex, Washington and Herkimer.

Bamboo Suspension Bridge.

The construction of the bamboo suspension bridge of Shi Tsuen, which spans a distance of 300 feet, tends to show the Chinese as possessing a great deal of rough engineering skill, this bridge having been erected without the help of any of the "foreign devils." Eight cables of bamboo strips woven together, and the thickness of a man's leg are loosely thrown across the river. The cables are doubled at both ends and hitched through wooden posts of a heavy weight that are fixed in masonry, but in such a manner that they can be turned around like a windlass, enabling the natives to tighten the cables. Fixed under the cables at intervals of four and a half feet are cross girders made of thin strips of bamboo which are brought up on both sides and made fast to a great bamboo cable, about five feet above the bridge, which acts as a railing or banister.

Gold-Bearing Ducks in Oregon.

There was a stampede yesterday from Ellensburg to a point about five miles north, where a rancher lives who has been selling ducks in town, nearly every one of which has had gold nuggets in its gizzard. Pannings of surface ground along the creek were made, but only small colors were found. Before leaving two of the party bought four ducks, all the rancher had left. On reaching town the ducks were killed, and nuggets to the value of $5.20 were taken from their gizzards. Each duck had one or more nuggets none of which was smaller than the end of a lead pencil, some being as thick as an ordinary knife blade. Arrangements are being made to secure an option on the land, which is owned by a Portland man. If it can be secured development work will be done at once.—Portland Oregonian.

How Can Such Things Be?

Hobo Harold—Great snakes, Willie, li'en ter dis! De paper sez dat a distillery burned down las' night an' destroyed five t'ousand barrels o' w'isky. An' yet some people sez dere's a God!

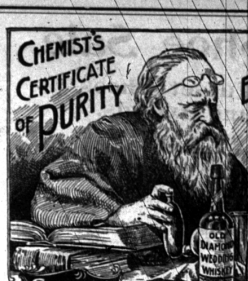
H'vcourt as a Conjurer.

Had Sir William Harcourt not taken to politics, he might have earned a respectable livelihood as a conjurer. At sleight-of-hand tricks he is a past-master, and often amuses any young people who may be staying in his house by making an egg pass from his hand into a little box standing on the mantelpiece. Artful Sir William has had this box specially constructed for him; in fact, it has a false bottom, but his young friends are not aware of this.

The Seasons in Australia.

In Australia spring begins August 20; summer, November 20; autumn, February 20, and winter, May 20.

CHEMIST'S CERTIFICATE OF PURITY ON EACH BOTTLE.



SLOMAN'S DIAMOND WEDDING WHISKEY.

S. A. SLOMAN & CO. SOLE PROPRIETORS. CINCINNATI, OHIO.

KNEIPP MALT COFFEE

THE GREAT HYGIENIC SUBSTITUTE FOR COFFEE.

A PURE MALT PREPARATION.

WRITE FOR SAMPLE AND BOOKLET TO

KNEIPP MALT FOOD COMPANY.

Sold only in Birmingham by WHITEHEAD & MITCHELL.

How to Prepare Kneipp Coffee—Take three heaping teaspoons full of ground Kneipp Malt Coffee for one quart of water. Boil the water add the Coffee, then let it boil slowly under cover at least five minutes. Take it off the fire, let it stand a few minutes to settle and pour it through a fine sieve into the coffee pot and it is ready to serve. Use cream and sugar to suit your taste. If milk is used instead of cream, it should be boiled first.

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. This mixed coffee will settle slower than pure Kneipp Malt Coffee. Use cream and sugar or boiled milk to suit your taste.

Be a Crank AND Get a Camera!

Whitehead & Mitchell have put in for sale at popular prices the

Celebrated Vive Camera for	$ 5.00
Cyclone Camera for	$ 6.00
Premo D Camera for	$10.00

We have all the accessories that you will need to take the the picture, develop it, print it, tone it, mount it and give to your friend. We can sell you a complete outfit, everything you will need for $6.50. Can you beat it?

IT'S THE CAPER! GET IN THE SWIM AND BE A FIEND!

Never so cheap as now. Buy a camera and we will give you all the instructions needed to teach you the art.

WHITEHEAD & MITCHELL.

They banish pain and prolong life. ONE GIVES RELIEF.

R·P·A·N·S

No matter what the matter is, one will do you good, and you can get ten for five cents.

A new style packet containing ten tablets in a paper carton (without glass) is now for sale at some drug stores, price 50 cents. This low-priced and convenient form of the medicine will be found very acceptable to those who have occasion to use a medicine of this character only at long intervals and in the emergency, when a dose or two is needed to relieve the sufferer. No. 10 Carton (Ten Tablets) will be sent for 50 cents. Ten Tablets (Single Carton) without glass, 25 cents. Five Tablets (Single Carton) will be sent for 25 cents. Ten Tablets (Two Cartons) without glass, 50 cents.