WAGES OF SIN

A Book for Young and Old.

OUR RECORD Estd. 1878 250,000 DISEASED MEN CURED

WE CURE NERVOUS BLOOD SKIN & PRIVATE DISEASES

DRS. K&K

250,000 CURED YOUNG MAN

Have you sinned against nature when ignorant of the terrible crime you were committing. Did you not consider the fascinating allurements of this evil habit? When too late to avoid the terrible results, were your eyes opened to your peril? Did you inherit or in manhood contract any PRIVATE or BLOOD disease? Were you cured? Do you now and then see some alarming symptoms? Dare you marry in your present condition? You know, "LIKE FATHER, LIKE SON." If married, are you constantly living in dread? Is marriage a failure with you on account of any weakness caused by early abuse or later excesses? Have you been drugged with mercury? This booklet will point out to you the results of these crimes and point out how our NEW METHOD TREATMENT will positively cure you. It shows how thousands have been saved by our NEW TREATMENT. It proves how we can GUARANTEE TO CURE ANY CURABLE CASE OR NO PAY.

We treat and cure—EMISSIONS, VARICOCELE, SYPHILIS, GLEET, STRICTURE, IMPOTENCY, SECRET DRAINS, UNNATURAL DISCHARGES, KIDNEY and BLADDER diseases.

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DRS. KENNEDY & KERGAN
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DETROIT, MICH.

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Real Estate Exchange

Of Whitehead & Mitchell at the Exchange Bank, Birmingham, Mich.

The following is a partial list of farms, city and village lots and real estate generally which we have for sale. As our list is constantly changing, we request that parties will write us if they do not see what they want in this list:

No. 1.

Sixty feet frontion Southfield Ave., Birmingham, at the end of Fremont Ave. About ten cords of stone on the premises go with the place. Must be sold. Make us an offer.

No. 2.

Farm of 50 acres, well fenced, well watered—never-failing stream; 10 acres timber; 14 miles from Bloomfield Center and electric railway to Detroit and Pontiac. Terms easy.

No. 3.

The e½ of sw¼ of section 5, Royal Oak, 80 acres good land, well fenced, fair buildings, within 86 rods of the electric road to Detroit and Pontiac. Land in same section is held at $300 an acre no better than this. Must be sold to settle estate, and the price has been put down to $75 an acre to close it at once. Terms are cash, but we will take a mortgage on this farm ourselves in order to settle the estate. This is without doubt one of the best bargains between Pontiac and Detroit.

No. 4.

Tenant house and two lots with 105 feet frontage on Saginaw St., and 97 feet deep, cellar, well, cistern, etc. Price $500. Electric cars pass the door.

No. 5.

Elegant house and lot 66 feet frontage and 20 rods deep on Maple Ave. East, (half an acre). Price $2,000, barn and every modern convenience, hot and cold bath, closet, etc. Can be bought for what the building cost. Will exchange for improved city property for portion of the purchase price.

No. 6.

The VanEvery farm on the north shore of Wing Lake, 160 acres, two good houses, three barns, fine lake frontage, 10 acres fine orchard, 15 acres timber. Excellent fishing, boating and bathing. Terms easy.

No. 7.

The J. E. Quick homestead in Birmingham with 140 feet frontage on Saginaw St. and about 250 feet deep. New modern dwelling, good barn, fine lawn, shrubbery and small fruit. Electric cars pass the door every half hour for Detroit and Pontiac. Fare to "Ne'er Do Well" Pontiac 10c. Owner has moved to Toronto and must sell. We will make it an object for any one to investigate this bargain. Make us an offer.

No. 8.

One of the best farms in Oakland county. It is almost enough to say when we tell you that it is the John Buttolph farm in the town of Troy, 220 acres, excellent buildings, two good flowing wells, large pond well stocked, 9 miles of title, fine orchard, 4 miles from Birmingham, 2 miles straight south of Troy corners, where there is a church, store, postoffice, school, etc. Price low and terms easy.

No. 9.

Excellent farm on Gilbert Lake, about three miles from Birmingham. Good buildings, fences in good shape and everything in good repair. Lovely location on the lake and fine fishing, boating and bathing; 127 acres of as fine farming land as there is in the county of Oakland. We will exchange in part for good improved city property. Thirty acres of good heavy timber. Terms very easy.

No. 10.

Large roomy two-story house on Townsend St. in Birmingham, good barn, city water and all ordinary conveniences, 120 feet front and 132 ft. deep. Small fruit and good neighborhood.

No. 11.

The old Shutes farm in the township of Troy, one mile east of Birmingham, 50 acres, all cleared, 7 acres of the finest orchard, good house and two barns. All the advantages of the village and none of the inconveniences. There are other things, too. Come and find out all about it.

No. 12.

The Bayley farm in the town of Troy, 127½ acres. Good farm house and farm buildings; flowing well at the barn which is the wonder and pride of Troy; 20 acres good beech and maple timber, 4 acres fine grafted orchard. Circumstances render it advisable to sell at once and the man who comes first will secure one of the best bargains in the country. Look it up.

No. 13.

Part of the e½ of the ne¼ of sec 14 in Bloomfield and a small ¼ miles from Birmingham and a mile from Circle, 68 acres, no buildings and fenced for pasture, rolling gravelly loam. 55 acres good plow land, balance excellent pasture. Look here! The price is only $25 per acre. If you want a cheap farm, here it is.

No. 14.

Two hundred and fourteen acres in sections 13 and 18, Southfield, with finest farm buildings in the township. Large and productive orchard of all kinds of best varieties of fruit, 10 acres of very heavy timber. Will sell or exchange for city property and will divide the two farms if required. Buildings on each tract. Price as low as any on our list, all things considered. Ask us about it.

No. 15.

The Butler farm in the township of Troy, 41 acres, ample buildings in good repair; 35 acres plow land, all kinds of fruit, good water and everything convenient for a small and tidy farm and a cozy home. Come and let us show you over the premises.

THE EXCHANGE BANK,
Birmingham, Mich.

THE BIRMINGHAM ECCENTRIC

ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.
WHITEHEAD & MITCHELL, PUBS.

BIRMINGHAM, FRIDAY, JAN. 20, '99

An hour-glass is the kind some men prefer.

Cold weather contracts ice bills and expands coal bills.

Manners carry the world for a moment, character for all time.

Men will do almost anything for money—some will even work.

There's a pleasure in being cranky that only a crank can know.

Great riches are as hard to lose as a good name—and just as easy.

Seeing isn't always believing; we see lots of people we can't believe.

A black eye indicates a revengeful nature—on the part of the other fellow.

The man who snores in a sleeping car is apt to wake and find himself famous.

One idea of a chump is a man who asks another man where he bought his umbrella.

The scarcity of religion in prisons is probably due to the fact that salvation is free.

No man has a right to be idle if he can get work to do, even if he be as rich as Croesus.

The woman who goes upon the lecture platform to air her rights usually leaves a husband at home nursing his wrongs.

Hon. Joseph Chamberlain, who found his wife on this side of the water, knows "a hundred reasons why England and America should be friends, and none why they should be otherwise." Why may not the same formula apply to all the nations of the earth? Unless there has been a false ring in our Christmas songs and a note of insincerity in every prayer that the Kingdom may come, we must desire the universal reign of, "peace and good-will."

M. Tissot, the French painter of the remarkable pictures of the life of Christ, now on exhibition in this country, was 50 years old when he undertook his real life work. Leaving Paris, where he was famous as a painter of fashionable life, he spent ten years in Palestine, where he studied every aspect of ruin, nature and humanity, that he might catch the spirit and the environment of Him he wished to trace. His success emphasizes Capt. Mahan's ironical remark that a man's opportunities are hardly over at 50. Lord Dufferin, at the age of 70, has recently set about the acquisition of the Persian language, thereby rivaling his queen, who at the same age began to study Hindoostanee.

In a recent report to the State Department Consul Monaghan, at Chemnitz, says that there is every reason to believe that the trip which Prince Henry of Germany is taking is far beyond the operating sphere of a naval commander. The object, says the consul, is the extension of German commerce into the districts of the Amur and Usuri rivers. The consul tells what an extensive effort has been made by the Germans, through trading and shipping companies operating from Hamburg, to establish active agencies all over the section of Siberia opened up by the new railroads, and in this they have already displaced in large measure the merchants of France and Belgium. Concluding, the consul says that it is possible for the United States manufacturer, if the right kind of an effort is made, to get a good deal of Russia's trade.

According to Washington correspondents it will be the policy of the United States government to take care of all of the soldiers in the Cuban army. If they want wages they will be given employment upon the public works. If they prefer to remain in the army they will be organized into rural police, the intention being to keep them together and prevent them from scattering idly like tramps throughout the country. Wherever they are willing to accept outside employment they will be encouraged to do so, and it is believed the revival of industry will cause an increase in the price of labor that will tempt many of them to return to the farms and factories. In each of the provinces, however, there will be an organization of rural police similar to that in Mexico, to keep order in the country, suppress outlawry and relieve the military garrisons as much as possible. This is not entirely necessary, but it is considered expedient, because it will neutralize the influence of the agitators and reconcile the rank and file of the Cuban army to the new order of things.

If the acquisition of new national interests in the Pacific is responsible for the efforts now being made by the postoffice department to shorten the running time between New York and San Francisco the victory in Manila bay becomes a most important factor in our future commercial development. Indeed, the guns of Dewey's fleet may be said to have already brought the business men of the Atlantic coast cities twelve hours nearer to the business men of the Pacific, and hence that much nearer the great markets of the Orient.

After careful consideration the Flemish Academy at Antwerp has officially invented, authorized and promulgated, as the name of the motorcar or horseless carriage, the portentous word, "snellpaardeloossonderspoorwegpetroolrijtuig." After that we may well be reconciled to our own English tongue, even if it is a trifle clumsy and illogical in its spelling.

The main difficulty with the Filipinos is that they insist on neglecting the possibilities of a cocoanut crop in order to attend to cabinet crises.

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

"A GREAT WOMAN," LAST SUNDAY'S SUBJECT.

From the Text, "Elisha Passed to Shunem, Where Was a Great Woman"—2 Kings, Chapter iv., Verse Number 8—Lodging a Christian Prophet.

The hotel of our time had no counterpart in any entertainment of olden time. The vast majority of travelers must then be entertained at private abode. Here comes Elisha, a servant of the Lord, on a divine mission, and he must find shelter. A balcony overlooking the valey of Esdraelon is offered him, in a private house, and it is especially furnished for his occupancy—a chair to sit on, a table from which to eat, a candlestick, by which to read, and a bed on which to slumber, the whole apartment belonging to a great and good woman. Her husband, it seems, was a goodly man, but he was entirely overshadowed by his wife's excellences; just as now you sometimes find in a household the wife the center of dignity and influence and power, not by any arrogance or presumption, but by superior intellect and force of moral nature wielding domestic affairs and at the same time supervising all financial and business affairs. The wife's hand on the spindle, or the banking-house, or the worldly business. You see hundreds of men who are successful only because there is a reason at home why they are successful. If a man marry a good, honest soul, he makes his fortune. If he marry a fool, the Lord help him! The wife may be the silent partner in the firm, there may be only masculine voices down on exchange, but there oftentime comes from the home circle a potential and elevating influence. This woman of my text was the superior of her husband. He, as far as I can understand, was what we often see in our day, a man of large fortune and only a modicum of brain. Intensely quiet, sitting a long while in the same place without moving hand or foot, if you say "Yes," responding "Yes;" if you say "No," responding "No"—inane, eyes half-shut, mouth wide open, maintaining his position in society only because he has a large patrimony. But his wife, my text says, was a great woman. Her name has not come down to us. She belonged to that collection of people who need no name to distinguish them. What would title of duchess, or princess, or queen—what would escutcheon or gleaming diadem be to this woman of my text, who, by her intelligence and her behavior, challenges the admiration of all ages? Long after the brilliant women of the court of Louis XV. have been forgotten, and the brilliant women who sat on the throne of Russia have been forgotten, some grandfather will put on his spectacles, and holding the book the other side the light, read to his grandchildren the story of this great woman of Shunem who was so kind and courteous and Christian to the good prophet Elisha. Yes, she was a great woman.

In the first place, she was great in her hospitalities. Uncivilized and barbarous nations have this virtue. Jupiter had the surname of the Hospitable, and he was said especially to avenge the wrongs of strangers. Homer extolled it in his verse. The Arabs are punctilious on this subject, and among some of their tribes it is not until the ninth day of tarrying that the sojourner has a right to ask his guest "Who and whence art thou?" If this virtue is so honored among barbarians, how ought it to be honored among those of us who believe in the Bible, which commands us to use hospitality one toward another without grudging.

Of course I do not mean under this cover to give any idea that I approve of that vagrant class who go around from place to place, ranging their whole lifetime, perhaps under the auspices of some benevolent or philanthropic society, quartering themselves on Christian families with a great pile of trunks in the hall and carpet-bag portentous of tarrying. There is many a country parsonage that looks out week by week upon the ominous arrival of wagon with creaking wheel and lank horse and dilapidated driver, come under the auspices of some charitable institution to spend a few weeks and amuse the neighborhood. Let no such religious tramps take advantage of this beautiful virtue of Christian hospitality. Not so much the sumptuousness of your diet and the regality of your abode will impress the friend or the stranger that steps across your threshold as the warmth of your reception the reiteration by grasp and by look and by a thousand attentions, insignificant attentions, of your earnestness of welcome. There will be high appreciation of your welcome though you have nothing but the brazen candlestick and the plain chair to offer Elisha when he comes to Shunem. Most beautiful is this grace of hospitality when shown in the house of God. I am thankful that I have always been pastor of churches where strangers are welcome. But I have entered churches where there was no hospitality. A stranger would stand in the vestibule for a while and then make a pilgrimage up the long aisle. No door opened to him until, flushed and excited and embarrassed, he started back again, and, coming to some half-filled pew, with apologetic air, entered it, while the occupant glared on him with a look which seemed to say, "Well, I suppose I must." Away with such accursed indency from the house of God. Let every church that would maintain large Christian influence in community culture Sabbath by Sabbath this beautiful grace of Christian hospitality.

Again, this woman of my text was great in her kindness toward God's messenger. Elisha may have been a stranger in that household, but as she found out he had come on a divine mission, he was cordially welcomed. We have a great many books in our day about the hardships of ministers and the trials of Christian ministers. I wish somebody would write a book about the joys of the Christian minister, about the sympathies all around about him, about the kindness, about the genial considerations of him. Does sorrow come to our home, and is there a shadow on the cradle, there are hundreds of hands to help, and many who weary not through the night watching, and hundreds of prayers going up that God would restore the sick. Is there a burning, brimming cup of calamity placed on the pastor's table; are there not many to help him drink of that cup and who will not be comforted because he is stricken? Oh! for somebody to write a book about the rewards of the Christian ministry—about his surroundings of Christian sympathy. This woman of the text was only a type of thousands of men and women who come down from mansion and from cot to do kindness to the Lord's servants. I could tell you of something that you might think a romance. A young man graduated from New Brunswick Theological Seminary was called to a village church. He had not the means to furnish the parsonage. After three or four weeks of preaching a committee of the officers of the church waited on him and told him he looked tired and thought he had better take a vacation of a few days. The young pastor took it as an intimation that his work was done or not acceptable. He took the vacation, and at the end of a few days came back, when an old elder said: "Here is the key of the parsonage. We have been cleaning it up. You had better go up and look at it." So the young pastor took the key, went up to the parsonage, opened the door, and lo! it was carpeted, and there was the hat-rack all ready for the canes and the umbrellas and the overcoats, and on the left hand of the hall was the parlor, sofaed, chaired, pictured. He passed on to the other side of the hall, and there was the study-table in the center of the floor with stationery upon it, book-shelves built, long ranges of new volumes far beyond the reach of the means of the young pastor, many of these volumes. The young pastor went up-stairs, and found all the sleeping apartments furnished; came down-stairs and entered the pantry, and there were the spices and the coffees and the sugars, and the groceries for six months. He went down into the cellar, and there was the coal for all the coming winter. He went into the dining-hall, and there was the table already set—the glass and the silverware. He went into the kitchen, and there were all the culinary implements and a great stove. The young pastor lifted one lid of the stove and he found the fuel all ready for ignition. Putting back the cover of the stove, he saw in another part of it a lucifer match, and all that young man had to do in starting to keep house was to strike the match.

Where are the feet that have not been blistered on the hot sands of this great Sahara? Where are the soldiers that have not bent under the burden of grief? Where is the ship sailing over glassy sea that has not after awhile been caught in a cyclone? Where is the garden of earthly comfort but trouble hath hitched up its fiery and panting team, and gone through it with burning plowshare of disaster? Under the pelting of ages of suffering the great heart of the world has burst with woe. Navigators tell us about the rivers, and the Amazon, and the Danube, and the Mississippi have been explored; but who can tell the depth of the length of the great river of sorrow, made up of tears and blood, rolling through all lands and all ages, bearing the wreck of families, and of communities, and of empires, foaming, writhing, boiling with agonies of six thousand years. Etna, Cotopaxi and Vesuvius have been described, but who has ever sketched the volcano of suffering retching up from its depths the lava and scoria, and pouring them down the sides to whelm the nations? Oh! if I could gather all the heartstrings, the broken heartstrings, into a harp, I would fly off the side such as was never sounded. Mythologists tell us of Gorgon and Centaur and Titan, and geologists tell us of extinct species of monsters; but greater than Gorgon or Megatherium, and not belonging to the realm of fable, and not of an extinct species, a monster with an iron jaw and a hundred iron hoofs has walked across the nations, and history and poetry and sculpture, in their attempt to sketch it and describe it, have seemed to sweat great drops of blood. But thank God there are those who can conquer as this woman of the text conquered, and say, "It is well; though my property be gone, though my children be gone, though my home be broken up, though my health be sacrificed, it is well, it is well!" There is no storm on the sea but Christ is ready to rise in the hinder part of the ship and hush it. There is no darkness but the constellation of God's eternal love can illumine it, and through the winter comes out of the northern sky, you have sometimes seen that northern sky all ablaze with auroras which seem to say, "Come up this way, up this way are thrones of light and seas of sapphire and the splendor of an eternal heaven. Come up this way."

We may, like the ships, by tempest be tossed
On perilous deeps, but cannot be lost;
Though Satan enrage the wind and the tide
The promise assures us, the Lord will provide.

Again, this woman of my text was great in her application to domestic duties. Every picture is a home picture, whether she is entertaining an Elisha, or whether she is giving careful attention to her sick boy, or whether she is appealing for the restoration of her property. Every picture in her case is one of domesticity. Those are not disciples of this Shunemite woman who, going out to attend to outside charities, neglect the duty of home—the duty of a wife, of mother, of daughter. No faithfulness in public benefaction can ever atone for domestic negligence. There has been many a mother who by indefatigable toil has reared a large family of children, equipping them for the duties of life with good manners and large intelligence and Christian principle, sending them out, who has done more for the world than many a woman whose name has sounded through all the lands and through the centuries. I remember when Kossuth was in this country, there were some ladies who got honorable reputations by presenting him very gracefully with bouquets of flowers on public occasions; but what was all that compared with the plain Hungarian mother who gave to truth and civilization and the cause of universal liberty a Kossuth? Yes, this woman of my text was great in her simplicity. When this prophet wanted to reward her for her hospitality by asking some preferment from the king, what did she say? She declined it. She said: "I dwell among my own people," as much as to say, "I am satisfied with my lot; all I want is my family and my friends around me; I dwell among my own people." * * *

What I want to impress upon you, my hearers, is that you ought not to inventory the luxuries of life among the indispensables, and you ought not to depreciate this woman of the text, who, when offered kingly preferment, responded: "I dwell among my own people." Yes, this woman of the text was great in her piety. Just read the chapter after you go home. Faith in God, and she was not ashamed to talk about it before idolaters. Ah, woman will never appreciate what she owes to Christianity until she knows and sees the degradation of her sex under paganism and Mohammedanism. Her very birth considered a misfortune. Sold like cattle on the shambles. Slave of all work, and, at last, her body fuel for the funeral pyre of her husband. Above the shriek of the fire-worshipers in India, and above the rumbling of the Juggernauts, I hear the million-voiced groan of wronged, insulted, broken-hearted, down-trodden woman. Her tears have fallen in the Nile and Tigris, the La Plata, and on the steppes of Tartary. She has been dishonored in Turkish garden and Persian palace and Spanish Alhambra. Her little ones have been sacrificed in the Indus and the Ganges. There is not a groan, or a dungeon, or an island, or a mountain, or a river, or a lake, or a sea but could tell a story of the outrages heaped upon her. But thanks to God this glorious Christianity comes forth, and all the chains of this vassalage are snapped, and she rises from ignominy to exalted sphere and becomes the affectionate daughter, the gentle wife, the honored mother, the useful Christian. Oh! if Christianity has done so much for woman, surely woman will become its most ardent advocate and its sublimest exemplification.

Christmas Day.

For 1,400 years Dec. 25 has been set apart by Christendom as the day on which shall be celebrated, with devotional exercises and great rejoicing, the birth of Jesus Christ. Learned men have disagreed for centuries regarding the actual day, or even season, that the Savior was born, but custom has fixed upon our "Christmas" as the "birthday."

With the spread of Christianity this greatest of all Christian holidays took the place of more ancient festivals. The Romans had long celebrated June 21, the longest day in the year, as a midsummer festival, or "Saturnalia." Then the masters served the servants and the Romans gave themselves up to feasting and revelry and misrule generally. From this celebration many of our Christmas customs took their origin—the custom of decking the houses with laurels and evergreens, the custom of giving presents and the practice of engaging in lively games and sports.

In the north of Europe semi-barbarous peoples kindled huge bonfires in honor of the gods Odin and Thor, and the Druids gathered mistletoe, then a sacred plant, particularly if found growing on the oak. These customs were adopted as part of the Christmas celebration.

The early Goths and Saxons celebrated Dec. 21, the shortest day of the year, as the time when the sun ceased to look coldly upon the earth, and when the days began to lengthen with the approach of spring. Then was cut the "yule log"—for the season was called Jul, or Yuletide. In later years the yule log was placed on the hearth on Christmas eve and allowed to burn till bedtime. Then it was carefully pulled out of the coals and placed in the cellar for use in lighting the yule log of the following year. It was believed that the preservation of this charred log protected the house from fire during the subsequent year. In this custom originated the one of preparing the Christmas yule log, so popular in England.

So, when you play "snapdragon" and a host of other Christmas games, or if you act with unusual license under the mistletoe, or sit around the yule log and tell hobgoblin tales while the corn pops and the coal cracks, you may remember that you are doing somewhat as did the old Romans, and as did the barbarous nations of the north long before Christ was born.

Not a Sign of Peace.

During the past few months the British Admiralty, in their quiet, collected way, have been strengthening the strength of the British marine forces in foreign seas. Their latest decision is to send the battleship Devastation to replace the old coast-defense ship Rupert as guardship at Gibraltar, the latter ship joining the Mediterranean squadron. This is a very distinct gain to this squadron of 9,330 tons in displacement, and a matter of eighteen guns, apart from field and machine weapons. It is more than this. It means that whatever happens there will be a well-equipped guardship at the increasingly important entrance to the Mediterranean.

May Wear a Crown.

The crown prince of Germany and Prussia, who may become William III. if he lives long enough and the social democracy does not overthrow the empire, is now past 16 years old, and no longer ranks with his brothers as a child, but has been given a separate military tutor, the Premier Lieutenant Baron van der Goltz. Other military tutors have been appointed for the Princes Eitel Friedrich, Adalbert, August Wilhelm and Oscar. Little Joachim, who is not yet 8 years old, is the only one left in babyhood; his brother Oscar is but two years older.

Too Good a Bargain to Be Missed.

"Dear me, George, why don't you smoke?" "I thought I promised you I never would?" "You did, but I saw some of the cutest little boxes in a down-town window today and they were marked only 40 cents for twenty-five real cigars!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

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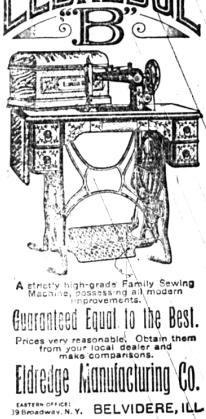

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