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

250,000 CURED

YOUNG MAN Have you sinned against nature which dishonors you, the terrible crime you were committing, Did you realize the fearful consequences of this habit? Wheat did you steal the terrible results, so surely and certain to follow your perils? Did you listen to its manhood-destroying PRIVATE BLOOD disease? Were you cured? Do you know you have contracted a fearful disease? Do you know that you are rapidly approaching the dread DECLINE? Have you symptoms warning you of the coming danger? Do you worry in the presence of the opposite sex? Are you conscious of the consequent loss of power? Do you dread EXPOSURE? Are you troubled with NIGHT EMISSIONS, VARICOCELE, STRICTURE, SYPHILIS, SECRET DRAINS, NERVOUSNESS, LOSS OF MANHOOD, IMPOTENCY, SEXUAL DISEASES, SYPHILITIC TAINT, BLOOD DISEASES, SKIN DISEASES, BLOOD POISON, SORES, ULCERS, PIMPLES, BOILS, RHEUMATISM, KIDNEY and BLADDER Diseases?

CURES GUARANTEED

"The Wages of Sin" sent free by enclosing 4 cents in stamps to cover postage. CONSULTATION FREE. If unable to call, write for QUESTION BLANK for HOME TREATMENT.

DRS.

KENNEDY & KERGAN

Cor. Michigan Ave. and Shelby St.

DETROIT, MICH.

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 front on 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; 1½ miles from Birmingham depot 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 80 rods of the electric road to Detroit and Pontiac. Land in same section is held at $300 an acre. Invited bids this week. Must be sold to settle estate, and the price has been put down to $75 an acre to close out 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 $600. Electric cars pass the door.

No. 5.

Elegant house and lot 66 feet front and 20 rods deep on Maple Ave. Face to the East. Fine barn and every modern convenience. Fruit, shade, etc., etc. Can be bought for what the buildings cost. Will exchange for improved city property for portion of the purchase price.

No. 6.

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

No. 7.

The J. E. Quick homestead in Birmingham with 14 feet frontage on Saginaw St. and about 200 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 Detroit 25c. Pontiac 10c. Owner has secured a home in Toronto and must sell. We will not list a cheaper piece to Dropping 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 Botsford farm in the town of Troy, 220 acres, excellent buildings, two good flowing wells, large pond well stocked, 2 miles of tile; fine orchard, 5 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, farm in good shape and everything in good repair. Lovely location on the lake and fine fishing, boating and bathing; 192 acres of as fine farming land as there is in the county of Oakland. Will exchange in part for good improved city farms very easy. Thirty acres of good heavy timber.

No. 10.

Large roomy two-story house on Townsend St. in Birmingham, good barn, city water and all ordinary conveniences, 120 feet front and 165 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 some of the conveniences. 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 where is the wagon and pride of Troy; 23 acres good beech and maple timber, 4 acres fine apple 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 4 out 24 miles from Birmingham and a mile from Clyde. 82 acres, 15 acres timber, good land for pasture, rolling gravelly loam, 55 acres good plow land, balance excellent pasture. Good house; 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 18 and 16, Southfield, with finest farm buildings in the township. Large and productive orchard of all kinds of best varieties of fruit. 16 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 low as any on our list, all things considered. Ask us about it.

No. 15.

The Butler farm in the township of Troy, 47 acres, ample buildings in good repair; 25 acres choice timber, all kinds of fruit. Water and everything convenient for a small and happy home. A cozy home. Come and let us show you the premises.

THE EXCHANGE BANK,

Birmingham, Mich.

THE BIRMINGHAM ECCENTRIC

ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

WHITEHEAD & MITCHELL, PUBS.

BIRMINGHAM, FRIDAY, FEB. 10, '99

An oculist's bill is apt to affect the eyesight.

The stage hand that can't be cured should be insured.

Some people feel sorry for folks who break up and have to go to work.

Death brings to some people the only real knowledge of life they ever had.

A certain amount of ignorance is necessary to the enjoyment of our existence.

Every mother thinks there is no baby on earth like her own, and every other mother is glad of it.

With seedless grapes and oranges already a success, in time science may proceed so far as to produce a seedless appendicitis.

The latest alleged invention by Tesla is a method of curing diseases. The patient is relieved of bacteria by having several million volts of electricity sent through his system. This is shocking.

Captain Mahan, in the Engineering Magazine, writing upon the duties and responsibilities which devolve upon this nation in its treatment of its new dependencies, says, among other suggestions: "Materially, the interest of the nation is one with its beneficence; but if the ideas get inverted, and the nation sees in its new responsibilities first of all, markets and profits, with incidental resultant benefit to the natives, it will go wrong." England did this, he continues, and lost the United States, and imperilled her power in India, but India and Egypt today testify to the nobility of her repentance. Spain repented not. The examples are before us."

Complaints from foreign importing concerns of the condition in which they receive American cotton are by no means infrequent. These complaints have brought forth a suggestion from the Philadelphia Commercial museums to the effect that packers and shippers would probably find it to their advantage to be more particular in baling their cotton for shipment abroad. In a letter of recent date a large cotton and yarn house at Osaka, Japan, says that the American bales are too bulky, and are very inconvenient to deal with, while the Bombay cotton, although of different quality, is packed in less bulk and more conveniently for handling.

Consul Willsour of Dublin, Ireland, has written the state department a letter which should receive the attention of American manufacturers of and dealers in fertilizers. Consul Wilbour says: "Inquiry has recently been made at this office for the addresses of American houses handling superphosphates, guanos, basic slag, bone manures and other chemical fertilizers. The persons in question wish to deal directly with the American manufacturers, and want especially to know the price of goods per 100 and per 1,000 tons, free on board, at such Irish ports as Ballina, Galway, Sligo and Westport, all of which are on the western coast of Ireland. The manure must be of the best quality and the prices such as to induce buyers of these goods to purchase. The percentage of phosphates, etc., should be given, and the origin of phosphates should also be stated."

Recently in New York some one in a crowd of roughs struck a poor woman with a stone, breaking her arm. The missile had been thrown at random, and the blame could not be fastened on any individual member of the "gang." Besides physical suffering, the accident brought helplessness and grief to the unfortunate victim. For years she had struggled to maintain a payment of twenty-five cents a week to a company which, in return, insured her decent burial. But deprived of the means of earning even the scantiest wages, it appeared as though her long fight had been in vain, and that her body would lie in the potter's field. This alone was a matter of the deepest regret. Shortly after the accident she was evicted by her landlord. She was, however, rescued from the almshouse by neighbors poor as herself. "And now," says the person who discovered her, "every week one of the 'gang' brings her out of his scanty wages the quarter, that alike insures her peace of mind and the undisturbed rest of her body in its long sleep, which a life of toil has pictured to her as the greatest of earth's boons." A young man capable of this fine act of reparation has qualities that ought some day to put him in a position superior to the low environment by which he is now hidden.

In the old parable the harvester who began work at dawn and he who came at the eleventh hour each received a day's wages—one penny. Britannia's new postal system is based on the same elastic plan. The penny stamp which carries a letter across the street in London will carry it to Hongkong on the other side of the globe, or to forty-four other parts of the British empire.

How many men there are who buy hats that are too big simply because they cost no more than ones that fit.

Congress at the present time can hardly be said to be an illustration of the German proverb: "They failed to cut whistles while they sat among the reeds." At least, nearly everybody is piping for all he is worth for or against expansion.

Introducing a "corn kitchen" in the American exhibit at Paris would be another version of the old saying about carrying coals to Newcastle. It would, at least, be carrying corn cakes to the culinary capital of the world.

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

"ABUSE OF TRUST FUNDS," SUNDAY'S SUBJECT.

"Whose Trust Shall Be a Spider's Web"—Job, Chapter VIII, Verse 14—Bankers and Lawyers Are Given Some Good Advice.

The two most skillful architects in the world are the bee and the spider. The one puts up a sugar manufactory and the other builds a slaughter house for flies. On a bright summer morning when the sun comes out and shines upon the spider's web, bedecked with dew, the gossamer structure seems bright enough for a suspension bridge for aerial beings to cross on. But, alas for the poor fly, which in the latter part of that very day, ventures on it, and is caught and quickly dispatched and destroyed! The fly was informed that it was a free bridge, and would cost nothing, but at the other end of the bridge the toll paid was its own life. The next day there comes down a strong wind, and away goes the web, and the marauding spider and the victimized fly. So delicate are the silken threads of the spider's web that many thousands of them are put together before they become visible to the human eye, and it takes four million of them to make a thread as large as the human hair. Most cruel as well as most ingenious is the spider. A prisoner in the Bastile, France, had one so trained that at the sound of the violin it every day came for its meal of flies. The author of my text, who was a leading scientist of his day, had no doubt watched the voracious process of this one insect with another, and saw spider and fly swept down with the same broom, or scattered by the same wind. Alas, that the world has so many designing spiders and victimized flies! There has not been a time when the utter and black irresponsibility of many men having the financial interests of others in charge, has been more evident than in these last few years. The bankruptcy of banks and disappearance of administrators with the funds of large estates, and the disordered accounts of United States officials, have sometimes made a pestilence of crime that solemnizes every thoughtful man and woman, and leads every philanthropist and Christian to ask, What shall be done to stay the plague? There is ever and anon a monsoon of swindle abroad, a typhoon, a sirocco. I sometimes ask, myself if it would not be better for men making wills to bequeath their property directly to the executors and officers of the court, and appoint the widows and orphans a committee to see that the former got all that did not belong to them. The simple fact is that there are a large number of men sailing yachts and driving fine horses, and members of expensive clubhouses, and controlling country seats, who are not worth a dollar if they return to others their just rights. Under some sudden reverse they fail, and, with afflicted air, seem to retire from the world, and seem almost ready for monastic life, when in two or three years they blossom out again, having compromised with their creditors, that is, paid them nothing but regret; and the only difference between the second chapter of prosperity and the first, is that their pictures are Murillos instead of Kensetts, and their horses go a mile in twenty seconds less than their predecessors, and instead of one country-seat, they have three. I have watched and have noticed that nine out of ten of those who fail, in what is called high life, have more means after than before the failure, and in many of the cases, failure is only a stratagem to escape the payment of honest debts, and put the world off the track while they practice a large swindle. There is something woefully wrong in the fact that these things are possible.

First of all, I charge the blame on careless, indifferent bank directors and boards having in charge great financial institutions. It ought not to be possible for a president or cashier or prominent officer of a banking institution to swindle it year after year without detection. I will undertake to say that if these frauds are carried on for two or three years without detection, either the directors are partners in the infamy and pocket part of the theft, or they are guilty of a culpable neglect of duty, for which God will hold them as responsible as he holds the acknowledged defrauders. What right have prominent business men to allow their names to be published as directors in a financial institution, so that unsophisticated people are thereby induced to deposit their money in, or buy the script therefrom, when they, the published directors, are doing nothing for the safety of the institution? It is a case of deception and most reprehensible. Many people with a surplus of money, not needed for immediate use, although it may be a little further on indispensable, are without friends competent to advise them, and they are guided solely by the character of the men whose names are associated with the institution. When the crash came, and with the overthrow of the banks went the small earnings and limited fortunes of widows and orphans, and the helplessly aged, the directors stood with idiotic stare, and to the inquiry of the frenzied depositors and stockholders who had lost their all, and to the arraignment of an indignant public, had nothing to say except "We thought it was all right. We did not know there was anything wrong going on." It was their duty to know. They stood in a position which deluded the people with the idea that they were carefully observant. Calling themselves digestors, they did not digest. They had opportunity of auditing accounts and inspecting the books. No time to do so? Then they had no business to accept the position. It seems to be the pride of some moneyed men to be directors in a great many institutions, and all they know is whether or not they get their dividends regularly, and their names are used as decoy ducks to bring others near enough to be made game of. What first of all is needed is that five hundred bank directors and insurance company directors resign or attend to their business as directors. The business world will be full of trust just as long as fraud is so easy. When you arrest the president and secretary of a bank for an embezzlement carried on for many years, be sure to have plenty of sheriffs out the same day to arrest all the directors. They are guilty either of neglect or complicity.

"Oh," some will say, "better preach the Gospel and let business matters alone." I reply, if your Gospel does not inspire common honesty in the dealings of men, the sooner you close up your Gospel and pitch it into the depths of the Atlantic ocean the better. An orthodox swindler is worse than a heterodox swindler. The rectification of all the catechisms and creeds ever written, and partaking of all the communion chalices that ever glittered in the churches of Christendom, will never save your soul unless your business character corresponds with your religious profession. Some of the worst scoundrels in America have been members of churches and they got fat on sermons about heaven when they most needed to have the pulpits preach that which would either bring them to repentance, or thunder them out of the holy communions where their presence was a sacrilege and an infamy.

We must especially deplore the misfortunes of banks in various parts of this country in that they damage the banking institution, which is the great convenience of the centuries, and indispensable to commerce, and the advance of nations. With one hand it blesses the lender, and with the other it blesses the borrower. On their shoulders are the interests of private individuals and great corporations. In them are the great arteries through which run the currents of the nation's life. They have been the resources of the thousands of financiers in days of business exigency. They stand for accommodation, for facility, for individual, State, and national relief. At their head, and in their management, there is as much interest and moral worth as in any class of men—perhaps more. How nefarious, then, the behavior of those who bring disrepute upon this venerable, benignant, and God-honored institution!

We also deplore abuse of trust funds, because the abusers fly in the face of divine goodness which seems determined to bless this land. We are having a series of unexampled national harvests. The wheat gamblers get hold of the wheat, and the corn gamblers get hold of the corn. The full tide of God's mercy toward this land is put back by those great dykes of dishonest resistance. When God provides enough food and clothing to feed and appareled this whole nation like princes, the scrabble of dishonest men to get more than their share, and get it at all hazards, keeps everything shaking with uncertainty, and everybody asking "What next?" Every week makes new revelations. How many more bank presidents and bank cashiers have been speculating with other people's money, and how many more bank directors are in imbecile silence, letting the perfidy go on, the great and patient God only knows! My opinion is that we have got near the bottom. The wind has been pricked from the great bubble of American speculation. The men who thought that the judgment day was at least five thousand years off, found it in 1898 or 1897 or 1896; and this nation has been taught that men must keep their hands out of other people's pockets. Great businesses built on borrowed capital have been obliterated, and men who had nothing have lost all they had. I believe we are started on a higher career of prosperity than this land has ever seen, if, and if, and if

* * *

A missionary in one of the islands of the Pacific preached on dishonesty, and the next morning he looked out of his window, and he saw his yard full of goods of all kinds. He wondered, and asked the cause of all this. "Well," said the natives, "our gods that we have been worshipping permit us to steal, but, according to what you said yesterday, the God of heaven and earth will not allow this, so we bring back all these goods, and we ask you to help us in taking them to the places where they belong." If next Sabbath all the ministers in America should preach sermons on the abuse of trust funds, and on the evils of purloining, and the sermons were all blessed of God, and regulations were made that all these things should be taken to the city halls, it would not be long before every city hall in America would be crowded from cellar to cupola.

Let me say in the most emphatic manner to all young men, dishonesty will never pay. An abbot wanted to buy a piece of ground and the owner would not sell it, but the owner finally consented to let it to the abbot until he could raise one crop, and the abbot sowed acorns, a crop of two hundred years! And I tell you, young man, that the dishonesties which you plant in your heart and life will seem to be very insignificant, but they will grow up until they will overshadow you with horrible darkness, overshadow all time and all eternity. It will not be a crop for two hundred years, but a crop for everlasting ages.

I have also a word of comfort for all who suffer from the malfeasance of others, and every honest man, woman, and child does suffer from what goes on in financial scampdom. Society is so bound together that all the misfortunes which good people suffer in business matters come from the misdeeds of others. Bear up under distress, strong in God. He will see you through, though your misfortunes should be centupled. Scientists tell us that a column of air forty-five miles in height rests on every man's head and shoulders. But that is nothing compared with the pressure that business life has put upon many of you. God made up his mind long ago how many or how few dollars it would be best for you to have. Trust to his appointment. The door will soon open to let you out and bring you up. What shock of delight for men who for thirty years have been in business anxiety when they shall suddenly awake in everlasting holiday! On the maps of the Arctic regions there are two places whose names are remarkable, given, I suppose, by some Polar expedition: "Cape Farewell" and "Thank God Harbor." At the last the Polaris wintered, in 1871, and the Tigress in 1873. Some ships have passed the cape, yet never reached the harbor. But from what I know of many of you, I have concluded that, though your voyage of life may be very rough, run into by icebergs on this side and icebergs on that, you will in due time reach Cape Farewell, and there bid good by to all annoyances, and soon after drop anchor in the calm and imperturbable waters of "Thank God Harbor." There the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest."

PARADISE FOR BEARS.

Nation's Wards in Yellowstone Park Cannot Be Harmed.

Everybody has heard of the bears of Yellowstone park and how it is one of the sights for travelers to see bruin feed on the refuse of the hotels, says the New York Herald. But it is only the camper in this sixty square miles of guarded area—the camper despised by landlords and the railroad corporation that creates landlords—who learns "there's such divinity doth hedge the nation's wards that treason can but keep to what it would." The nation's wards share the honors of the park with the famous mud geyser, but the mud geyser is not peripatetic, and when one has sufficiently enjoyed its upheaval he can easily turn his attention to other marvels of the region, while bruin in such a wanderer and makes himself so very much at home in everybody's camp, and seems to enjoy the good things of the larder so much better than the refuse of the hotels, that the camper is often made to realize that he himself is decidedly out at home, where he would make short work of burglars, whether on two or four legs. But woe to the man who would protect himself from nocturnal visitors in this zoological Eden. All humans are warned when they enter that they must not "fool" with the animals on pain of arrest, and their fire-arms are either taken from them or securely sealed by government officials. If the soldiers may be believed, some Princeton boys ventured last summer to extend the freedom of the university in these sacred precincts and actually killed a Yellowstone bear. Whether they all fired at once, or whether one of their number killed the bear and his fifteen comrades refused, after the manner of college boys, to point out the culprit, the soldiers did not say. However it was, the entire number were locked up for sixty days without benefit of clergy. The law permits one to unseal his weapons and even to kill a bear if one's life is actually endangered. The real difficulty seems to be in proving the intentions of the enemy. It hardly seems feasible for a person to unseal his gun, load and defend himself successfully after he is once in the close embrace of bruin.

VICTORIA VISITS HOSPITALS.

And Bestows an Exceptional Honor on a Brave Soldier Lad.

Near Southampton, in England, stands Netley hospital, the huge home built under the queen's especial patronage for the soldiers of the British army sent home wounded in her wars, says Youth's Companion. It is jokingly asserted that if the whole army were to be sent home, Netley would be big enough to shelter them all. It is the very abiding place of health and comfort. It stands with its countless wings on a high, grassy plateau, in the full sunshine overlooking the glistening waters of the Solent. Inside are an army of surgeons and nurses, and every appliance for the cure and ease of the invalid soldier. A few months ago the queen visited this hospital, and was pushed in her chair through the crowded wards, stopping now and then to speak to some poor wounded fellow. At last, at the sight of one pale-faced lad, she stopped before his cot, and asked a question concerning him of the governor. He had been shot through the lungs in Africa, having thrown himself before his captain to defend him, for which act of bravery he had received the Victoria cross. The queen looked at him in silence a moment, as if questioning how she could further recognize his valor, and then extended her hand to him. "Good-by, my friend," she said. Her chair was rolled away, and the queen's visit was over; but the young sergeant was thereafter a marked man among the other patients. Many of them had won crosses and decorations, but the queen had laid her hand upon this young man and called—friend. As long as he lives Englishmen will respect him who gained this honor.

IN THE FLOWERY KINGDOM.

How Could He Know Where the Emperor Was?

Her majesty, Tsi An, empress of China, sat in her palace in the purple forbidden city, with her brow resting on her thumb and her little finger pushed up through her bang, says the Washington Star. Rousing herself presently from her profound absorption, she beckoned to a peanut-colored person plastered up against the yellow silk tapestry. "Swat him," she said, "where is the emperor?" Dash your ignominious slave into a million atoms, oh, amethyst flower of the Celestial kingdom," he responded, lying flat on his stomach before her, "but your slave wotteth not." "Wot?" she screamed. "No, most purple of our yellowest lilies of the Kankee Tse Kiang, I do not wot where the emperor is." "And this to me?" she cried. "Most beauteous descendant of the gods, your vile slave speaks but the truth, though he lies here on his very stomach. He wotteth not where the emperor is." "Slave, dog, canine, wretch, scum of the Yellow river, die, I not tell you what to do?" "Truly, most divine of all the gentler purple peonies of Pekin, and your slave did it to the queen's taste, so to speak." "Aha, then he is dead?" "As a mackerel, oh, yellow ancestress of the crystal sea." "Why liest thou, knowing that he is dead?" "How the dickens, most marvelous of mandarin matrons, do I know where he is? I'm no fortune teller." "Oho, aha," smiled her majesty, again relapsing to thought; "bring on another."

Was Disdainful.

"But why on earth did you introduce me to your aunt as Mr. Darling? Did you forget that it was Scroggs?" "Certainly not, you old goose. But I know she overheard me call you 'darling' and I wouldn't have her think I was spooney for all the world."

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Detroit, Mich., Sept., 1897.

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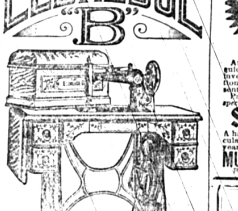

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who knows the hour?

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