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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.

250,000 CURED

YOUNG MAN Have you signed contract against sexual abuse when ignorant of the terrible crime you were committing. Did you carefully consider the fascinating illarements of this evil habit? When too late to avoid the terrible results, were your eyes opened to your peril? Did you later on 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 of marriage a failure with you on account of any weakness caused by early abuse or later excesses? Have you been dragged with mercury? This booklet will point out to you the results of these crimes and how to cut how our NEW METHOD TREATMENT will positively cure you. It shows how thousands have been saved by our NEW TREATMENT. It points out 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.

CURES GUARANTEED

"The Vagues of Sin" sent free by enclosing 2c stamp. CONSULTATION FREE. If unable to call, write for QUESTION BLANK for HOME TREATMENT.

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KENNEDY & KERGAN

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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 front on Southfield Ave., Birmingham, at the end of Pierce Ave. About ten cords of stone on the premises go with the place. Must be sold. Make 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 80 rods of the electric road to Detroit and Pontiac. Land in same section is held at $500 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 out at once. Terms are cash, but we will take a mortgage on this farm sometime 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., just this side of Oak. Cellar, well, cistern, etc. Price $350. Electric cars pass the door.

No. 5.

Elegant house and lot 66 feet front and 20 rods deep on Maple Ave. East, (half an acre). Fine bath and every modern convenience. Fine barn, bath, etc. Can be bought for what the buildings cost. Will exchange for improved city property for portion of the purchase price.

No. 6.

The VanDyke farm on the north shore of Wing Lake, 160 acres, two good houses, three barns, fine lake frontage, 10 acres fine orchard, 10 acres timber. Excellent bathing, 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 Pontiac 15c, Pontiac 10c. Owner [illegible] Toronto and must sell. We will make it a 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, 200 acres, are elegant buildings, two good flowing wells. Carp pond well stocked, 9 miles of the fine orchard, 8 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; 120 acres of as fine farming land as there is in the county of Oakland. 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, well cleared, 7 acres of the finest orchard, good house and two barns. All the advantages of 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; 23 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 about 2½ 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 $85 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 prosperous orchard of all kinds of best varieties of fruit, 10 acres of very best timber. Will or will 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; 28 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, MAR. 3, '99

The pace that kills is often a "fixed" running race.

Swallowing sage tea is one way to drink in wisdom.

If it wasn't for the grip the cable roads would be doomed.

A Kentuckian says waterproof coats are all right for the stomach.

Few men can keep their good resolutions and a diary at the same time.

People would have fewer troubles if they spent less time in talking about them.

It's a poor kind of repentance that doesn't insure against a repetition of the offense.

What a jolly old world this would be if everything on earth was as attractive as the shop windows.

Traveling often takes the conceit out of a man, but coming home puts twice as much of it in him again.

Some men resemble postage stamps; they stick to one thing until they get there—but you've got to lick them first.

Col. Leiter will find it difficult to hold the milk trust in shape so long as water and chalk are not in the combine.

Representative John M. Mitchell of New York city is known as the Adonis of congress and the hand-omest man in public life.

"Dewey must be a regular cannibal," remarked old Mrs. Grigsby, who said she read that he recently ate a Filipino with a young lady.

A revolution is in progress in Nicaragua. No cause is given, but reasons are not necessary for revolutions down that way.

There will be no racing at Washington Park club this year, as the members do not wish to have any more trouble over pool selling. This decision would seem to indicate that the club doesn't care so much about racing as about gambling. The officials might try the one without the other, even if it loses the revenue from the bookmakers.

The time seems to be approaching when the various trusts will have a complete grip upon the nation. At present only eleven commodities are outside the pale of the voracious monster which threatens to do to the country what the blighting insect does to the grain fields of the farmer. With the power of combined capital the trust octupus is attacking the very basis of the country's institutions, and taking away, we might say, the right of the common people to exist unless they go to their exacting trust and pay its exacting price for the necessaries of life.

Now that the legislative bill to prohibit the immodest use of the female face and form in advertising is advanced to a third reading it seems high time for somebody to throw a protecting arm around the quivering sensibilities of millions of men who have been outraged by indiscriminate displays of the male figure for the base purpose of helping on cheap sale of built corsets, bitters and other things supposed to be necessary to the well being of man. What is more disagreeable to a gentleman whose own limbs are knobby and bias than to see an Apollo Belvedere depicted on every billboard to catch the admiring glances of brazen people of the opposite sex? If male figures must be shown in advertisements, let only the "before taking" ones be used.

Coroners of the state of Illinois will present to the legislature this session a bill for an act making it a misdemeanor for any person to remove the body of a person meeting unexpected or violent death from the spot where it is found, except for the purpose of transferring the corpse to the nearest suitable shelter for protection from weather or conditions of traffic. The amendment is aimed at the Chicago police and the undertakers who have had the benefits of the police system, which permitted the removal of the body to the nearest undertaking establishment. Under the proposed bill the coroner on his arrival at the place where the body is, after examination, is obliged to order it taken to a morgue, and after the inquest to turn the body over to friends, or, in the event no friends appear, to have it buried at county charge. This provision is intended to stop the practice, said now to prevail among undertakers, of preparing the body for burial as soon as it comes to their possession and then insisting upon payment by friends.

Many people in Kansas and Maine, the only states that hold on to prohibition, are in favore of resubmission, but it is not likely to succeed. Ex-Senator Ingalls states the why and wherefore. "The prohibitionists have their prohibition," he says, "and the whisky men have their whisky, and there is no great kick coming on either."

If the campaign of military subjugation is to extend to the other 1,396 islands, some people are wondering when the magazine articles will end.

Probably the oldest twins in the country are Nathaniel and Benjamin R. Barry, who were born at Oppenheim, Montgomery county, N. Y., and celebrated their 90th birthday November 30th last. For over eighty years they have lived at Yates, N. Y., each having married and raised a family.

Both President and Mrs. McKinley are extremely fond of young people, and more has been done at the white house for the pleasure of the younger members of society than since General Grant was president.

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

"HOME" THE SUBJECT OF LAST SUNDAY'S TALK.

From the First Book of Timothy, Chapter v., Verse 8, as Follows: "Let Them Learn First to Show Piety at Home"—Spheres in Which to Serve God.

During the summer months the tendency is to the fields, to visitation, to foreign travel and the watering places, and the ocean steamers are thronged; but in the winter it is rather to gather in domestic circles, and during these months we spend many of the hours within doors, and the apostle comes to us and says that we ought to exercise Christian behavior amid all such circumstances. Let them learn first to show piety at home.

There are a great many people longing for some grand sphere in which to serve God. They admire Luther at the Diet of Worms, and only wish that they had some such great opportunity in which to display their Christian prowess. They admire Paul making Felix tremble, and they only wish that they had some such grand occasion in which to preach righteousness, temperance and judgment to come. All they want is an opportunity to exhibit their Christian heroism. Now, the apostle practically says: "I will show you a place where you can exhibit all that is grand and beautiful and glorious in Christian character, and that is the domestic circle. Let them begin first to show piety at home." If one is not faithful in an insignificent sphere he will not be faithful in a resounding sphere. If Peter will not help the cripple at the gate of the Temple, he will never be able to preach three thousand into the kingdom at the Pentecost. If Paul will not take pains to instruct in the way of salvation the jailer of the Philippian dungeon, he will never make Felix tremble. He who is not faithful in a skirmish would not be faithful in an Armageddon. The fact is, we are all placed in just the position in which we can most grandly serve God, and we ought not to be chiefly thoughtful about some sphere of usefulness which we may after a while gain, but the all-absorbing question with you and with me ought to be, "Lord, what will thou have me now and here to do?"

There is one word in St. Paul's adjuration around which the most of our thoughts will revolve. That word is "home." Ask ten different men the meaning of that word, and they will give you ten different definitions. To one it means love at the hearth, plenty at the table, industry at the workstand, intelligence at the books, devotion at the altar. In that household, discord never sounds its war-whoop and deception never tricks with its false face. To him it means a greeting at the door and a smile at the chair, peace hovering like wings, joy clapping its hands with laughter. Life is a tranquil lake. Pillowed on the ripples sleep the shadows. Ask another man what home is, and he will tell you it is want looking out of a cheerless fire grate, kneading hunger in an empty bread tray. The damp air shivers with curses. No Bible on the shelf. Children robbers and murderers in embryo. Obscene songs their lullaby. Every face a picture of ruin. Want in the background and plenty reigning from the front. No Sabbath-wave rolling over that door sill—vestibule of the pit, shadow of infernal walls, fagots for an unending funeral pile. Awful word! It is spelled with curses; it weeps with ruin; it chokes with horror; it sweats with the death agony of despair. The word "home" in one case means everything bright; the word "home" in the other case means everything terrific.

I shall speak now of home as a test of character, home as a refuge, home as a political safeguard, home as a school, and home as a type of heaven. And in the first place, home is a powerful test of character. The disposition in public may be in gay costume, while in private it is dishabille. As play actors may appear in one way on the stage and may appear in another way behind the scenes, so private character may be very different from public character. Private character is often public character turned wrong side out. A man may receive you into his parlor as though he were a distillation of graces, and yet his heart may be a swamp of nettles. There are business men who all day long are mild and courteous and genial and good-natured in commercial life, damming back their irritability and their petulance and their discontent, and delightful the dam breaks, and scolding pours forth in floods and freshets. Reputation is only the shadow of character, and a very small house sometimes will cast a very long shadow. The lips may seem to drop myrrh and cassia, and the disposition be as bright and warm as a sheath of sunbeams, and yet they may only be a magnificent show window for a wretched stock of goods. There is many a man who is affable in public life and amid commercial spheres, who is a cowardly way takes his anger and his petulance home and drops them in the domestic circle. The reason men do not display their bad temper in public is because they do not want to be knocked down. There are men who in their petulance and their irritability just for the same reason that they do not let their notes go to protest—it does not pay; or for the same reason that they do not want a man in their stock company to sell his stock below par, lest it depreciate the value.

As at sunset sometimes the wind rises, so after a sunshiny day there may be a tempestuous night. There are people who in public act the philanthropist, who at home act the Nero with respect to their slippers and their gown. Audubon, the great ornithologist, with gun and pencil, went through the forests of America to bring down and to sketch the beautiful birds, and after many years of toil and exposure completed his manuscript and put it in a trunk in Philadelphia, and went off for a few days of recreation and rest, and came back and found that the rats had utterly destroyed the manuscript; but without any discomposure and without any fret or bad temper he again picked up his gun and pencil and visited again all the great forests of America and reproduced his immortal work. And yet there are people with the tenthousandth part of that loss who are utterly irreconcilable; who, at the loss of a pencil or an article of raiment, will blow as long and loud and sharp as a northeast storm. Now, that man who is affable in public and who is irritable in private is making a fraudulent and overissue of stock, and he is as bad as a bank that might have four or five hundred thousand dollars of bills in circulation with no specie in the vault. Let us learn to show piety at home. If we have it not there, we have it not anywhere. If we have not genuide grace in the family circle, all our outward and public plausibility merely springs from the fear of the world, or from the slimy, putrid pool of our own selfishness. I tell you the home is a mighty test of character. What you are at home you are everywhere, whether you demonstrate it or not.

* * *

Oh, make your home the brightest place on earth if you would charm your children to the high path of virtue and rectitude and religion. Do not always turn the blinds the wrong way. Let the light, which puts gold on the gentian, and spots the pansy, pour into your dwellings. Do not expect the little feet to keep step to a dead march. Do not cover up your walls with such pictures as West's "Death on a Pale Horse" or Tintoretto's "Massacre of the Innocents." Rather cover them, if you have pictures, with "The Hawking Party" and "The Mill by the Mountain Stream" and "The Fox Hunt" and the "Children Amid Flowers" and the "Harvest Scene" and "The Saturday Night Marketing." Get you no hint of cheerfulness from grasshopper's leap and lamb's frisk and quail's whistle, and garrulous streamlet which, from the rock at the mountain top clear down to the meadow ferns under the shadow of the steep, comes looking to see where it can find the steepest place to leap off at, and talking just to hear itself talk? If all the skies hurtled with tempest and everlasting storm wandered over the sea, and every mountain stream were raving mad, frothing at the mouth with mud foam, and there were nothing but sirnoons blowing among the hills, and there were neither lark's carol nor humming-bird's trill, nor waterfall's dash, but only bear's bark and panther's scream and wolf's howl, then you might well gather into your homes only the shadows. But when God has strewn the earth and the heavens with beauty and with gladness, let us take into our home circles all innocent hilarity, all brightness and good cheer. A dark home makes bad boys and bad girls in preparation for bad men and bad women.

* * *

Again, home is a type of heaven. In our best estate we are only pilgrims and strangers here. "Heaven is our home." Death will never knock at the door of that family about and in all that country there is not a single grave. How glad parents are in the holidays to gather their children home again. But I have noticed that there is almost always a son or a daughter absent absent from home, perhaps absent from the country, perhaps absent from the world. Oh, how glad our Heavenly Father will be when he gets all his children home with him in heaven. And how delightful it will be for brothers and sisters to meet after long separation! Once they parted with the kiss of the tomb, now they meet at the door of immortality. Once they saw only "through a glass, darkly," now it is face to face, corruption, incorruption, mortality, immortality. Where are now all their sins and sorrows and troubles? Over the mountains of the Red Sea of death, while they pass through dry shod. Gates of pearl, capstones of amethyst, thrones of dominion do not stir my soul so much as the thought of home. Once there, let earthly sorrows howl like storms, and roll like seas. Home! Let thrones rot and empires wither. Home! Let the world die in earthquake struggle and be buried amid processions of planets and dirge of spheres. Home! Let everlasting ages roll in irresistible sweep. Home! No sorrow, no crying, no tears, no death—but home, sweet home, beautiful home, everlasting home, home with each other, home with angels, home with God!

One night, lying on my lounge, when very tired, my children all around me, in full romp and hilarity and laughter and singing, half awake and half asleep—I dreamed this dream: I was in a far country. It was not Persia, although more than Oriental luxuriance crowned the cities. It was not the tropics, although more than tropical fruitfulness filled the gardens. It was not Italy, although more than Italian softness filled the air. And I wandered around looking for thorns and nettles, but I found that none of them grew there; and I saw the sun rise, and I watched to see it set, but it sank not. And I saw the people in holiday attire, and I said: "When will they put off this and put on workmen's garb, and again delve in the mine and swelter at the forge?" But they never put off the holiday attire.

And I wandered in the suburbs of the city to find the place where the dead sleep, and I looked all along the line of the beautiful hills, the place where the dead might most peacefully sleep, and I saw towers and castles, but not a mausoleum or a monument or a white slab could I see. And I went into the chapel of the great town and I said: "Where do the poor worship, and where are the hard benches on which they sit?" And the answer was made to me: "We have no poor in this country." And then I wandered out to find the tomb of the destitute, and I found mansions of amber and ivory and gold, but not a tear could I see, not a sigh could I hear. And I was bewildered, and I sat down under the branches of a great tree and I said: "Where am I, and whence comes all this scene?" And then out from among the leaves and up the flowery paths and across the broad streams here came a beautiful group thronging all about me, and as I saw them come I thought I knew their step, and as they shouted I thought I knew their voices; but then they were so gloriously arrayed in apparel such as I had never before witnessed that I bowed as a stranger to stranger. But when again they clapped their hands and shouted "Welcome! welcome!" the mystery all vanished, and I found that time had gone and eternity had come, and we were all together again in our new home in heaven; and I looked around and I said: "Are we all here?" and the voices of many generations responded, "All here!" And while tears of gladness were running down our cheeks, and the branches of the Lebanon cedars were clapping their hands, and the towers of the great city were shining their welcome, we all together began to leap and shout and sing, "Home! Home! Home!"

SALVATION ARMY FARMS.

Commander Booth-Tucker Tells of the Good Work Done.

New York, Feb. 14.—Commander Booth-Tucker of the Salvation Army reports that the past year on the colony farms of the army has been a prosperous one, and that the results thus far of the project of making poor people self-supporting by transplanting them to the country have been all that was hoped for. The beneficiaries of the plan take kindly to it, and the work is to be extended. To date the army has colony farms in Ohio, Colorado and California, covering 1,428 acres, and valued now at $111,000. They are tenanted by 200 colonists, and it is hoped to increase this number to 500 during this year. The largest and most ambitious of the colonies is located at Fort Amity, Colo. There settlers from the slum districts of eastern cities have 640 acres of rich land, which they are endeavoring to turn into ten-acre farms. Chicago and New York furnished the emigrants, majority of whom had had experience in some sort of farming, while a number were carpenters and mechanics. The ground was divided into ten-acre lots, of which each alternate lot was cultivated, but left unoccupied, with a view to the extension of each holding should ten acres be insufficient, or a relative of a colonist desire to settle on the next farm. The plan adopted to make the colony self-supporting differs from that of most settlements in that it involves less of the cooperative plan. Each colonist is master of his own domain of ten acres, for which he pays a weekly rental of from $1 to $3 for ten years, when he will own the land and house. Truck farming will be the main support of the colony. The land, however, is surrounded by thousands of acres of open prairie, which, for a time at least, will furnish free pasturage for stock.

HANDKERCHIEFS ARE NEW.

Less Than a Hundred Years Ago Their Display Was Solecism.

Until the reign of the Empress Josephine a handkerchief was thought in France so shocking an object that a lady would never have dared to use it before any one. The word, even, was carefully avoided in refined conversation. An actor who would have used a handkerchief on the stage, even in the most tearful moments of the play, would have been promptly hissed, and it was only in the beginning of the present century that a celebrated actress, Mlle. Duchesnois, dared to appear with a handkerchief in her hand. Having to speak of this handkerchief in the course of the piece she never could summon enough courage to call it by its true name, but referred to it as "a light tissue." A few years later a translation of one of Shakespeare's plays by Alfred de Vigny, having been acted, the word handkerchief was used for the first time on the stage, amid cries of indignation from every part of the house. It is doubtful if even today French ladies would carry handkerchiefs if the wife of Napoleon I. had not given the signal for adopting them. The Empress Josephine, although really lovely, had bad teeth. To conceal them she was in the habit of carrying small handkerchiefs, adorned with costly laces, which she constantly raised gracefully to her lips. Of course, all the ladies of the court followed her example, and handkerchiefs then rapidly became an important part of the feminine toilet.

RIGHTS OF PEW-HOLDERS.

Are Sittings to Be Considered as Personal or Real Estate?

Some interesting points regarding the rights of pewholders have been brought up in Boston in connection with the question as to whether a deed for a church pew must bear an internal revenue stamp. In some states pews in churches are declared by statute to be real estate, and in other states personal estate. In Boston pews have always been considered to be personal estate, and pews in churches of public worship throughout Massachusetts are made personal property by statute. "There is a close analogy between a pew-right and the right of burial in a public burying ground or cemetery," says Acting Commissioner Wilson of the internal revenue bureau, "and the interest which a pew-holder has in his pew is held by English courts to be of an incorporeal nature only. It is in the nature of an easement, and the holder of the pew or seat is not deemed the owner of so much of the site of the church as is comprised within the area of such pew or seat. It has been held that a pewholder's right is only a right to occupy his pew during public worship." This view of the question regards pews as personal property, and, therefore, documents for their conveyance are not required to pay the war tax.

Private Graveyards in China.

There are no large cemeteries in China. Every family has its own graveyard, as spacious as possible, and thus a large part of the best land is given up to the dead, the worship of whom is the first principal in Chinese religion.

Falsehood is cowardice.—Ballou.

Office of
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Mitchell's White Pine Cough Syrup cures a cold in 24 hours if taken in time and does not stop a cough in *one minute* by paralyzing the throat, but it cures the disease and leaves the throat and lungs healthy and strong; 25 and 50 cents.

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