

11

1890

Lynn, Mass., had a \$145,000 fire. Frederick Scholein, French painter, is dead. Aged 76 years.

The population of Delaware by the recent census is only 146,654.

Peter Wright, colored, was hung in Liberty, Va., Oct. 29, for the murder of Robert M. Mauphin, white. June, 1879.

The Mende, says the *Paris Evening News*, are the fiercest of the depredating the thieves against religious communities and their application.

Mrs. Hingham, a lady eighty years of age, and two boys, were burned

The messenger sent by Riza Pasha with a proclamation to the inhabitants of Dulcigno, in the performance of the cession in that place, has been murdered.

The seventh annual convention of the Women's National Christian Temperance Union opened at Boston Oct. 27, with 817 delegates from various parts of the United States.

The Press Association has the following: There is great excitement in Dublin. It is stated on good authority that warrants have been issued for further arrests of members of the land league.

Estimates for 1881 promise a surplus which will reach fourteen million marks available for the remission of Prussian taxation. The transfer of private railways to the State has benefited their finances and traffic.

Steamer Neckar, from New York for Bremen, has landed at Southampton the survivors of the crew of the British bark Margaret, from Mobile for Greenock, which was abandoned at sea, capsized and dismasted. Twelve lives were lost by the disaster.

A great storm was raging at Du-

lin, and much property has been destroyed. Fully fifty families in the suburbs have been rendered homeless by the storm. Floods at Leeds reached several miles, and hundreds of persons were temporarily thrown out of employment.

Receipts of cotton at all the U. S. ports were \$4,033,7 against \$5,411,000 last year, being an increase of 35 per cent. Total receipts since September 1st, 1891, \$1,371,793, against \$1,245,982, or 10 per cent. more. Receipts of bales, 643,307, against 535,700 last year, showing an increase of 19 per cent. Total receipts of cotton, 233 bales.

There have been great inundations in Santa Catharina colonies, Brazil.

Nearly two hundred citizens of Brooklyn, most of whom were Germans, visited Governor's Island, to present to Gen. Hancock a cane, duly awarded to him as the president-elect candidate who had received the largest number of votes at the Madison Fair of St. Matthew's German Lutheran Church, recently held in Brooklyn.

A dispatch from Meerd states that 20,000 Kurds, under Sheik Abdulla, are advancing on Tabriz. They are now at Maragah. They have made the entire population of Sonjlok. The garrison of Tabriz is only 10,000 men. Reinforcements of 7,000 men and twenty guns, with 500 Austrian officers, under command

Reports from Tashkent announce that active preparations for war have been carried on at the arsenal. The diversity of opinion, however, prevails in the deliberations of the War Council, some of the members arguing that it is better to take the chance of war than to submit to the terms that Russia seeks to impose. The commanding Admiral has already begun preparations at Vladivostok to support the demands he is instructed to make.

A London dispatch says that there have been serious floods at Dambou

The Ansonia Clock Company factory, situated at the corner of South avenue and Twelfth street, Brooklyn, together with a large quantity of valuable machinery and stock was totally destroyed by fire.

fire is believed to be of incendiary origin, as it started in the reading room in the corner of the building, where there was nothing of an inflammable nature. Total loss estimated to be about \$7,000,000, and insurance about \$395,000. About 1,000 hands are thrown out of employment by the fire.











## THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

## Our Scottish Fern.

BY D. M. HENDERSON.

It died, we said, at early frost.  
So surely did we deem it lost.  
We had forgotten it almost.

So when the spring with sun and showers  
Stirred stifled plants, woke sleeping flowers,  
We did not think to look for ours.

But tender as a babe new-born,  
Curling and fresh, a slender form,  
Climbed to the light one April morn.

Had it come to live alone?  
Four water shoots since then have grown,  
And earth has rendered back our own.

It was a glad surprise to find  
Daunt Nature's wrinkled breast so kind  
To that which we had dropped from mind.

And with the coming of our fern  
What sunny memories return!  
What blessed lessons we receive!

We walk once more by field and brake,  
And hear the plashing wavelets break  
Upon the shores of Lomond Lake.

We seek the shelter of the glade,  
And mark the play of light and shade  
Upon the falls of Inversnaid.

Through fringe of fern and fragrant heath  
The waters leap to kiss and seethe  
Around the fallen rocks beneath.

Far bending o'er the rocky bed,  
The rowan hangs her berries red,  
And lock her branches overhead.

In this song-hallowed nook of earth,  
Our fern-plant, hatched with song-bird's mirth  
And hum of waters, had its birth.

Here gentle hands and cautious blades  
About its clinging roots were laid,  
We bore it by from Inversnaid.

We tended it by sea and shore,  
It died when summer days were o'er,  
How could we hope to see it more?

But April bade the dead arise,  
With all its buried memories,  
To fill our souls with sweet surprise.

So, sometimes, nature cold and dead,  
Touched by a human smile or tear,  
Have opened like the budding year.

So, 'ere where hope may cease to be,  
Strong faith may spring and blossom free,  
At the first glow of sympathy.

So does the grave its secret keep,  
To gladden yet the eyes that weep,  
Our loved ones are not dead, but sleep.

## Knowing How to Lead.

Mr. Moody is a natural leader, put him where you will. He sees what is to be done, how it can be done in the best way, and directs some one to do it. All the details of the meetings are carried out in the most admirable manner. As an illustration of the feeling among the guests, a lady from a distance said to me yesterday: "I don't understand it; my husband and I never saw Mr. Moody before, and he had never been seen at New, however, every time we meet him he calls us by name, and treats us exactly as if we were his personal friends and particular, invited guests." Mr. Moody's remarkable executive ability, consummate tact and keen knowledge of human nature, mingled with his zeal for a vitalized practical Christianity, have had much to do with the success of these Northfield meetings. —*Christian Intelligencer.*

## Hillsman and Carter.

We were not far from Elizabethton, the county site of Carter county. Many years ago, no doubt, Dr. Hillsman remembers it well, the Baptists and the Presbyterians came into conflict. Dr. M. Hillsman and a Rev. Mr. Carter were to hold a public debate. Elizabethton was the place. Mr. Carter said to Dr. Hillsman some time before the debate opened, that if he (Hillsman) convinced him (Carter) he would never preach again. The debate was had, and we were informed, Mr. Carter has never preached another sermon. He must have been convinced. It is the first case we have heard of in modern times. Before the debate commenced, Dr. Hillsman asked Mr. Carter to accompany him to some quiet spot. There they sat down, talked the matter over in the spirit of religion, and earnestly prayed for divine help. We were told by some of Dr. Hillsman's old friends, and record it here as a very pleasant and instructive reminiscence, for which we hope our brother will pardon us. —*Baptist Register.*

## Habit of Untruth.

Some men seem to have a constitutional inability to tell the simple truth. They may not mean to lie, or tell an untruth. But they are careless—careless in hearing, careless in understanding, careless in repeating what is said to them. These well-meaning but reckless people do more mischief than those who intentionally foment strife by deliberate falsehood. There is no irreparable like your well meaning busybody, who is continually in search of scandal and by sheer habit misquotes everybody's statements. This carelessness is a sin of no small magnitude. A man's duty to God and to his fellow men is to be truthful—for what else were brains and common sense given him? Of course, that other class, the malignant scandal mongers who take a fiendish pleasure in promoting strife, who deliberately garble men's words and twist their sentiments—is in the minority and people have a pretty decided opinion regarding them. Most men misrepresent because they don't seem to think that care in speaking the truth is a pre-eminent duty.

The effect of this careless misrepresenting of others is seen everywhere. Its effect on the individual is to confirm him in the habit of loose, distorted and exaggerated statements, until telling the truth becomes a moral impossibility. No other thing causes so many long-standing friendships to be broken, so gives dissensions in churches, so much bitterness in communities, and so much evil everywhere. It is an abuse that calls for the rebuke of every honorable man—a rebuke that shall be given not only in words whenever occasion demands, but by example. The Persians were said to teach their youth three things: to ride, to draw the bow, and to speak the truth. A little more instruction on this latter head would do no harm to our "advanced civilization." —*Examiner and Chronicle.*

## NO.

"No." Clear, sharp and ringing, with an emphasis which could not fail to arrest the attention.  
"I don't often hear such a negative as that," remarked one gentleman to another, as they were passing a playground.  
"It is not often any one hears it. The boy who uttered it can say 'yes,' too, quite as emphatically. He is a new-comer here, an orphan, who lives with his uncle, about two miles off. He walks in every morning, bringing his lunch, and walks back at night. He works enough, too, to pay his board, and does more toward running his uncle's farm than the old man does himself. He is the coarsest dressed scholar in the school, and the greatest favorite. Everybody knows just what to expect of him."

"Quite a character. I should like to see him. Boys of such sturdy make up are getting to be scarce, while the world never had more need of them than now."

"All this is true, and if you wish to see Ned, come this way."

They moved on a few steps, pausing by an open gate, near which a group of lads were discussing some exciting question.

"I'm right, and I won't have anything to do with it. When I say 'no' I mean it."

"Well, anyway, you needn't speak so loud and tell everybody about it," was responded impatiently to this declaration.

"I'm willing everybody should hear what I've got to say about it. I won't take anything that doesn't belong to me, and I won't drink cider, anyway."

"Such a fuss about a little fun! It's just what we might have expected. You never go in for fun."

"I never go in for doing wrong. I told you no, to begin with. And you're the one to blame if there's been any fuss."

"Ned Dunlap, I should like to see you a minute."

"Yes, sir." And the boy removed his hat as he passed through the gate and waited to hear what Mr. Palmer might say to him.

"Has your uncle any apples to sell?"

"No, sir. He had some, but he has sold them. I've got two bushels that were my share for picking—Should you like to buy them, sir?"

"Yes, if you can agree upon the price. Do you know just how much they are worth?"

"Yes, sir."

"All right, then, I will call for them and you may call at my house for the pay."

The short interview afforded the stanger an opportunity to observe Ned Dunlap closely. The next day a call was made at his uncle's, and years had elapsed before he knew what a friend he had gained. That day his fortune was assured. After he had grown to manhood and accepted a lucrative position, which was not of his seeking, he asked why it had been offered him.

"Because I knew you could say 'no' if occasion required," answered his employer. "No" was the first word I heard you speak, and you spoke it well. More people, old and young, are ruined for want of using that word than from any other cause. They don't wish to do wrong, but they hesitate and parley until the tempter has them fast. The boy or girl who is not afraid to say 'no' is reasonably certain of making an honorable man or woman."

"Yes" is often a sweet and loving word.

"No" is a strong, brave word, which has signalled the defeat of many a scheme for the ruin of some fair young life. —*Temperance Banner.*

## The White Pebble Pit.

It has frequently happened that miners have discovered curious traces of former workings, hundreds of years ago, and tools have been found which belonged to the ancient miners, and many other relics. A singular discovery was made a few years since by some workmen engaged in the Spanish silver mine, known as the White Pebble Pit. Whilst digging their subterranean passages, they suddenly found a series of apartments, in which were a quantity of mining tools, left there from a very remote period, but still in such good preservation that there were hammers, and sieves for sifting the ore, a smelting furnace and two anvils, which proved that the earliest miners had great experience in their operations. In one of the caverns there was a round building with niches, in which were three statues, one sitting down, and half the size of life; the other two were in a standing position, and about three feet in height. This building is supposed to have been the temple of the god who was believed, in pagan times, to preside over mines. Several objects of art, and some remarkable instruments were also found, which have led scientific persons to think that the workings might have been made by the Phoenicians, the people who, as is well known, were, in the time of Solomon, famous for their manufacturing and commercial genius.

Take Your Hands out of Your Pockets.

Take your hands out of your pockets, young man. You are losing time. Time is valuable. People feel it at the other end of the line when death is near and eternity pressing them into such small quarters, for the work of a life craves hours, days, weeks, years. If those at this end of the line, if youth with its abundance of resources, would only feel that time was precious! Time is a quarry. Every hour may be a nugget of gold. In a time in whose invaluable moments we build our bridges, spike the iron rails to the sleepers, launch our ships, dig our canals, run our factories. You might have planted twenty hills of potatoes while I have been talking to you, young man. Take your hands out of your pockets.

The world was those hands. The world is not dead, asleep under the Pyramids, a mummy by the Nile. The world is alive, wide awake, pushing, struggling, going ahead. The world wants these hands. You need not take them out of America. They can find a market here at home. The country wants those hands, selling dry goods in New York, cradling wheat in Minnesota, raising cotton in Alabama, weaving cloth in Lowell, picking oranges in Florida, digging gold in Colorado, catching mackerel from the deck of a Down East fishing smack. Take your hands out of your pockets.

And what a laudable thing it is to meet the wants of society and do your best! When you are an old man, when you are an honorable thing your hand will be!

Do you ever think of the dignity investing the wrinkled hand of an old worker? It has been so useful, lifted so many burdens, and wrought in such honorable service. Who wants a hand without a character when old age comes—a soft, flabby, do-nothing hand?

You are willing to work, you say, but can't find anything to do? Nothing to do? Do the first thing that comes along. Saw wood, get in coal, go on errands. In short, do anything honest with your hands, but don't let them loaf in your pockets. —*Golden Days.*

## FARM AND HOUSEHOLD.

## The Crop Lien Law.

This question is being freely discussed by the press of the State, and will be presented to the Legislature at its next session. Good men differ upon it; differ honestly. Our judgment is, that the system is a pernicious one; pernicious to the land-owner, pernicious to the laborer, pernicious to the rural interests of the State, and, in the end, will prove pernicious to the merchant. The repeal of this law is opposed by three classes of persons: 1st, those farmers who are tired of the country and wish to move to town and turn over their lands to negro tenants to be run by merchants; and, the merchants who are making money by advances at enormous rates to negro tenants; and, 3rd, negro tenants who cultivate the land of non-resident landlords who are unwilling to take upon themselves the risk of making advances.

We maintain that the system will prove ruinous even to those who now oppose its repeal, because it will result in the ultimate impoverishment of the agricultural interests of the State.

A writer in the *Times* has put his objections to the law in a nutshell. "The Crop Lien Law," he says, "is a blight and curse," and gives the following reasons for his opinion:

1. It promotes and encourages extravagance and thriftlessness, inducing the farmer to squander the proceeds of the crop of 1880, because he can readily obtain advances for 1881.

2. It leads to fraud and swindling by excluding older debts from any share in the crop in future.

3. It encourages men to run into debt.

4. It leads to speculative farming on the part of men utterly ignorant of the business.

5. It deranges and unhinges all the business of the State by substituting the credit for the cash system. Every merchant that fails has abundance of crop liens among his assets.

6. It has ousted the land-owners of their land and put the farming interest in the hands of the merchants who loan goods, etc., on crop liens, at exorbitant interest.

7. It serves to keep laborers poor, hard run and discontented, once, under shelter of this crop lien, the merchant adds perhaps an hundred per cent. to his goods and gobbles up the entire year's wages for a trifle sold.

8. It operates oppressively upon the negroes, who are illiterate and easily deceived and taken in by soft-speaking, unprincipled men.

9. It cuts the doctors out of their hard-earned fees for phlegm laborers. —*Ala. Farm Journal.*

## French Cookery.

Its Merits, Its Simplicity, The Culinary Claims of the Belgians.

A deputation of Highness once waited on Duplex, who was early anticipated the work of Warren Hastings and won the empire of the East for France. The great frolicsome, however, was at that moment engaged on what he considered the most important of all business, and instead of admitting his visitors sent them a message to the effect that "his excellency was at dinner, and the Christian religion strictly forbade a man, when dining, to occupy himself about any other earthly affair." The deputation retired, much edified at the piety of the Governor. The French have long been our masters in the art of cookery, because they threw their souls into the business from the beginning, without the implied approval of so severe a moralist as Johnson, who argued that dinner was the chief business of every day, and that a man who cared nothing about what he ate or what he set before his guests, was a fool.

The merit of French cookery is its simplicity. Goldsmith knew nothing about the matter when he talked of "green and yellow dinner" at the French Ambassador's. In fact, he puts himself out of count in commending such a compound as stewed pork with prune sauce. Fresh pork can only be served roasted; salt pork, boiled. At the same time it must be admitted that in the north of France and in Belgium they serve fruit sauce with sausages. The sauce is none other than gooseberry fool, made of green gooseberries, rather less than ripe and unsweetened. The Belgians boast that they, of the whole Gallic race, best understand what is good. A wealthy Frenchman, now residing in the Walloon country, recently indorsed this statement. On being asked why he had expatriated himself, he replied that he had been driven out of his native land, with a view to his own improvement, by the best table in France. He continued, "I found they ate well but drank bad wine; in Germany they drank good wine but ate the most execrable dishes; in England the eating and drinking were alike bad, in Belgium they were both good." —*London Truth.*

## Washing Flannels.

White flannel may be kept soft and without shrinking if properly washed. Put sufficient soap into boiling water, make a strong suds, and then put in the flannels, pressing them down under the water with the clothes stick. When so cool that one can bear the hands in the suds, rub the articles carefully, and when well cleansed wring with the wringer, the nap rolls up into hard knots, and makes the flannel harsh and unpleasant to the touch. Wring as dry as possible, snap out, stretch and pull each piece as it is wrung out, so as to keep the original size, and throw each piece into another tub of boiling water, into which some French bluing has been thoroughly stirred. If the first suds is strong enough, the flannels will retain sufficient soap for the rinsing water. Shake them up and down in this last water with the clothes stick till well rinsed and cool enough for the hands. Then wring once more. As it is well to wash but one piece at a time, put

it into the second tub, and place the first suds over the fire to keep boiling hot, until ready to wash the second. Keep the rinsing water hot in the same way, while washing the second article.

When flannels are about two thirds dry, bring them in. Snap and pull again, fold as true and evenly as possible, and roll up hard in a clean towel for a little while, and then iron and press till dry.

Never wash flannels in stormy or cloudy weather, and always iron after they have been folded and rolled not over half an hour. If they lie long folded they will shrink. This is not easy work; but if these directions are followed the results will be satisfactory. Blankets washed in this way may be kept soft and white till worn out, instead of the harsh, grey, dirty looking things one or two careless washings will change them into. —*Ex.*

## Selecting Seed Corn.

This is one of the most important steps in the production of a successful corn crop. If we fail to put good seed in the ground we have no right to look for a good crop. We should always select the largest and longest ears, and take pains and get those with a good depth of kernel. Many think a small cob and a long grain are essential. I prefer a large cob to a small one. It is true there is a greater length of kernel on a small cob than a large one, but the kernel of the large cob has a greater breadth, as the cob of sixteen or twenty rows has a larger circle to fill up on a large cob than it has on a small one. I think it too plain a proposition to waste words in discussing that there is less room for corn on a large than on a small cob. I am in favor of the large cob, as I believe there is a larger yield of corn. Shall we shell off the butts and tip kernels, and plant only the grains that are even and grow in the middle of the ear, or shall we plant the whole? I have heard it claimed that to produce perfect corn we should plant all. This last season the experiment was tried on my farm in this wise:—After the seed corn had been selected the butts and tips were shell off, and the question came up as to planting the whole. I made the proposition that twenty rows be planted through the middle of a field of 115 acres of the corn shelled from the butts and tips. The result showed a poor yield of poor corn. This experiment is quite enough for me. Hereafter I shall shell the butts and tips and plant only the even kernels that grow upon the centre of the ear. —*Nebraska Farmer.*

On April 10th, 1879, B. F. Spayd, of Watertown, N. J., bought five guinea hens and one male, and fed them on cracked corn until the 17th of May, when they commenced laying eggs to the amount of three hundred, and then hatched and brought out fifty young ones. They cost nothing to raise until snow covered the ground, as they live on insects and seeds from weeds. He thinks fifty guinea hens, on a hundred acre farm, would keep the farmer's insect enemies away; besides, with proper care, he would secure over three thousand eggs. He could allow a few to breed, so as to keep up the supply.

## HUMOR.

Milliner to Captain, who has been buying a hat for his wife: "Tell your wife, if she wants it dressy, to put a panache of six feathers poised high on one side, with feathers curling forward, place a lizard or beetle to hold it, and put another lizard on the band that covers the curtain. That is easy to remember." — Captain to his wife: "She said, if you wanted it dressed up, to put a panache and sixteen poisoned feathers curled up forrid, clap on some beetles and lizards to betray them with, cover the lizard on your band with the curtains."

Dr. Emmons, the famous New England divine, met a pantheistic physician at the house of a sick parishioner. It was no place for a dispute, but the abrupt question of the pantheist was, "Mr. Emmons, how old are you?" "Sixty, sir; and how old are you?" "As old as creation," was the triumphant response. "Then you are of the same age with Adam and Eve?" "Certainly; I was in the garden when they were." "I have always heard that there was a third party in the garden with them, but I never knew before that it was you."

The editor of the Wisconsin *Banner* says, "Wednesday's mail brought to us a letter addressed 'Rev.' another, 'Hon.' another, 'Col.' another, 'Maj.' another, 'Gen.' another, 'Mr.' another, and the last, 'Rev.' On the way to dinner we were obliged to stop to answer the last, and she addressed us thus: 'You brute.'"

Arthur had just been put into his first pants, and, like most little boys, felt very proud that he was out of dresses. One day he was trying to tell his mother of something that happened some time ago. "Why, mamma," he said, "it was ever so long ago, when I was a little girl."

A Dutchman was relating his marvelous escape from drowning, when thirteen of his companions were lost by the upsetting of a boat, and he alone was saved. "And how did you escape their fate?" asked one of his hearers. "I did not go in to help," was the Dutchman's placid answer.

Mamma—"Why, my dear Willie, what in the world is the matter with little Oscar's head?" Willie—"Well, we're playing 'William Tell,' and somehow my arrow won't hit the apple, but keeps plugging his eyes an' nose." —*Puck.*

A Norristown youth, who was trying to master a bicycle, when asked his age, said he had seen fifteen summers and about one hundred and fifteen falls. —*Ex.*

The mule has met his match. It was in Delaware. He kicked over a bee-hive. He died the next day. The little bee is never too busy to decline an invitation to fight.

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Patented by the U. S. Government and the Ohio State Government. VANDUZZO & TIT, Cincinnati, O.

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Mr. S. R. Gregg, of Lower Peach Tree, says: "It is one of the best Gins I have ever seen."

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