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COMMUNICATIONS.

Supporting the Gospel.

An Essay read at the General District
 Meeting of the State Baptist Association,
 convened at Mobile, Ala.,
 Friday before the Fifth Sunday
 in May, 1881—by M. L. Loom.

[Concluded.]

IV. A word now, if you please, as to the NECESSITY and the URGENCY of the demand upon every Christian in the work of supporting the Gospel. The necessity is not confined to the State of Alabama, nor the Southern States, nor the Continent of America, but it extends through Europe, Asia, Africa, Australia, and the islands of the whole world. It is estimated that there are nearly 1,350,000,000 and some say 1,600,000,000 of people on the earth. Taking the smaller number, we may set down, by estimate, as heathen, 855,000,000; Moslems, equally hopeless as to salvation by the Gospel, 170,000,000; Jews, who reject the only Savior of sinners, 7,000,000; Roman Catholics, 190,000,000; Protestants—Baptists, &c., 115,000,000. Thirty or forty years ago it used to be estimated that there were not more than ten millions of real Christians in the whole world; and if this estimate be reliable, probably the whole number might now not be more than 40,000,000; leaving 70,000,000 who have the pure word of God and a pure gospel at their doors, but are in their sins, together with 1,240,000,000 Catholics, Moslems, Jews, and heathens, of whom 170,000,000 have a corrupted Gospel, depending on sacraments for salvation, and the remainder have no gospel at all. In all so-called "Christian" countries even in a Protestant sense, the great majority are unregenerate, and exhibit an enormous amount of wickedness and crime. Many millions are drunkards, gamblers, debauchees, thieves and murderers, while millions more are trusting to their cold morality, their filthy rags of self-righteousness, to save their souls from an endless hell. What an enormous amount of labor is required to deliver our blighted race from perdition! Instead of a few hundred missionaries, we ought to have a hundred thousand men and as many women, to preach the Gospel to these swarming millions, and to teach these countless multitudes of children to spell and to read the Bible, and learn the way of eternal life. They have to be taught cleanliness and decency. The heathen are proverbially filthy and indecent, even in their religions; and it is more than a proverb that cleanliness is next to godliness. There is nothing taught with more emphasis in God's word, than cleanliness of person and habits, and decency of appearance and behavior. Without these, we have no right to put much confidence in religious pretensions. Think of the hundreds of millions of money, and the tens of thousands of devoted laborers now needed every year to provide school houses, churches, books, orphan's homes, food and clothing; to furnish teachers, translators, traveling expenses, and other appliances, to convey instruction and Christian ideas, and the knowledge of salvation to the growing millions of heathens, Mohammedans, and other depraved children and youth, as well as to lead their parents in the way of eternal life. All the Baptist and Protestant foreign missionaries employed in the world are not more than ought now to be at work among the ignorant millions of priest-ridden Catholic countries, to lead the deluded population away from idolatry, the worship of angels and "saints," and the bones of saints, and the Virgin Mary, blasphemously called "the Mother of God," and bring them to the Lord Jesus Christ alone for salvation. If all the Christians on earth should give themselves and all they possess to the mighty work of Missions, in all its departments, their unreserved devotion and self-sacrifice would not be greater than the necessity demands.

THE DEMAND IS URGENT.

We said that Christians ought to give to this all-engrossing object not only according to the need, which is imperative, but according to the urgency of the demand. People sometimes talk about the *chances* of salvation for the heathen; and say that if they are *sincere*, but faith in Christ, that secures salvation. But if sincerity could save them, the heathen are not sincere. Bayard Taylor pronounced 400,000,000 of them, the Chinese, a nation of liars; and every other writer, from Paul to Judson, and from Judson to Marvin, could correctly make but one record of the unrelieved and unutterable villainy, a d hypocrisy, cruelty and wickedness of the heathen. And as to chances of salvation, Jesus Christ solemnly declared to Nicodemus, "Ye must be born again;" and further, that "God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him, should not perish, but have everlasting life." And he said, "He that believeth not, shall be damned." And his Word says, that his is the only name under heaven given among men, whereby they must be saved." Paul also shows, as we have seen, that it is impossible for the heathen to believe in Christ, unless they can hear of him through a preacher; and he moreover announces the law of salvation by the

Gospel: "If any man love not the Lord Jesus Christ, let him be Anathema; Maranatha." A Cor. last chap. These Scriptures show conclusively, if language can show it, that no human being, of years of accountability, can ever enter heaven, or escape the torments of the damned, except he has faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, and his love in his heart. This point being settled, in order now to have some proper conception of the urgency of the call on every Christian to do all he can for the support of the Gospel, let us consider that of more than 1,350,000,000 of unregenerate human beings, one passes to his final account probably with every pulsation of your heart, nearly 5,000 every hour, over 100,000 a day, and (allowing for infants dying in infancy, and saved of course,) about thirty millions of unsaved sinners are every year swept into black despair forever. If these facts do not prove the urgency of the demand for the support of the Gospel, and contributions for the support of the Gospel, we need attempt to present no further argument. They are demonstration itself. "While we sit here deliberating in cold debate," whether we are able this year to give a dollar to the support of the Gospel, or whether we must wait another year, these vast multitudes of unsaved sinners are rushing down to eternal perdition. The demands of the Gospel upon us, therefore, are of the greatest possible extent, and of incessant urgency for instant and persevering action to the utmost of our ability and zeal.

SYSTEM IN CONTRIBUTING.

V. Let us consider, in conclusion, that it is important, and indeed essential, to make success in contributions for the Gospel, that all churches and all church members, should cultivate regularity and system in their exercises of the grace of giving. It is well to make these collections every month, or every week, as was probably a custom among early Christians. It is needful to settle in our minds to what special objects we will contribute, and the proportion to each, so that we shall easily remember the object, the amount, and the time of contributing, and then we shall be much more likely to come up to the full measure of our duty. Another advantage would probably result from this habit of contributing systematically. Church members would be more likely to bring their money at stated times, as much as would be expected, and more, to the usual Saturday meetings, or to the meeting on Sunday morning. Some churches do not hold Saturday meeting, and their financial collections have to be all made on Sunday. Then the money being brought on Sunday morning, the business pertaining to it could be disposed of in the church, as a preliminary item, before the more formal and public exercises of worship and preaching commenced. The pastor or visiting preacher would be saved the trouble of making a special address on the subject of contributions after the sermon. Let all remarks, explanations of objects, and appeals for money, on Sunday, be made before the sermon. The people would then be relieved of the necessity of listening to a half hour's talk about money, and one thing and another, after having had their minds and hearts interested in a good sermon; and the devil would not thus be aided in his endeavors to catch away the good seed sown in their hearts. We do not oppose the handling of money, or talking about money, in the church, on Sunday morning; we claim, as we have been arguing, that the giving of money for religion, from right motives, for scriptural objects, is worship, and is appropriate to the Sabbath day, and to the house of God; and it cannot be wrong to say what is necessary and proper about money at the same time and place. We do not think, as some seem superstitiously to imagine, that it is a sin to mention money or hear the chink of silver on Sunday in the meeting house; but we think with Solomon, that there is a time for, or to, all things; and that there is pre-eminently a right time, in the hours of worship, to talk about money in the church. We think that a congregation ought not to be detained, and worried and bored with financial questions and appeals after the sermon, but that the people ought to be permitted, as soon as the public devotions may appropriately be closed, to retire from the house of God and reflect on the lessons they have received from his word.

Some Observations.

In a lifetime of over forty years, a casual observer has had frequent opportunity to witness in some young men a spirit which, while it is not utterly incorrigible, is exceedingly contemptible. It is not in the minds of the pre-eminently intelligent; it lurks not; leers not there; it cannot; it ripples in the minds of the ignoble, the veriest pygmies; and whether in pew or in pulpit, on the rostrum or in the car, it is a "stalwart of the stalwarts," and fancies itself not distant related to the family of Solomon, or to the Magi. By speeches, suggestions, addresses and questions, you can not fail to see it. Sometimes it assumes the mien of the poorly educated, self-opinionated bishop catechizing a delinquent circuit rider, and by a peculiar squint of the eye, quirk of the lip, with ironic inflection, or sarcastic modulation of the voice, it plays fully not-the man, but the mouse. To my mind, nothing under the sun betrays more clearly and quickly a little mind, and can put in as a specimen of human depravity a more hateful appearance. It is

self-conceit, A spirit so patent, so palpable, whether from backwoods, hamlet, city or college, is exceedingly contemptible and hateful, and should be throttled and choked to death at once by every young preacher, and the old as well, so that its possessor may no longer deserve to be severely scathed and sent modestly to the back seat. This, and I say it with emphasis, is not the spirit of the man who, at the last Alabama Baptist State Convention, made by far the best speech on temperance. That speech deserves as well to be published to the world as the great denominational sermon of Dr. John A. Broadus. Seeing and hearing Dr. Gwaltney, you are reminded of the disciple whom Jesus loved." Ever since 1877, when together we labored in a gracious revival, I have not ceased to admire the amiable spirit of this good man. Nor is it the spirit of another, than whom there is not in the State a better.

"He has no end to what he knows." To the care-worn, grief-worn co-laborer in the Gospel, who, for a quarter of a century, has borne the heat and burden of the day, not unfrequently trembling under the cross while suffering losses and meeting with misfortunes not very common to a minister, what a comfort this brother is! what a cordial to the heart! how it grids for battle and victory the mind! and what lasting joy is sent home to the soul, when, on parting with this brother, one catches from his eye the expression of sympathy and of love, and feels in his hand the warm, hearty farewell shake of the hand, and hears from the lips of wisdom the tender, touching ejaculation, "May God bless you, my brother!" What a contrast between this and an expression from the other, Mr. Self-conceit! Not a greater between wisdom and folly. Brethren, and side by side with Brethren Gwaltney and Winkler stands Bro. A. C. Yancey, whom to know is to love. No conceit and bigoted demand is made of you by any one of this trio to acknowledge their superiority, to the contrary spirit. Each seems to esteem his brother better than himself, which is the unmistakable mark of true greatness; and nine times out of every ten it will win. Let every young minister take due notice hereof and govern himself accordingly. Rev. J. L. M. Curry, D.D., LL.D., is reported to have said of this last named brother as follows: "You will find Prof. Yancey thoroughly competent to perform whatsoever he undertakes. I MEAN WHAT I SAY." His accomplished wife is unmistakably his better half. Gifted with a remarkably clear, flexible and sympathetic voice, brilliant and beautiful, she, in my judgment, is rarely equalled and not surpassed by any as a teacher of vocal and instrumental music.

Aug. 8th.

"Rest for the Weary."

Dear Baptist: After eight and a half years' assiduous toil as a pastor, an over-taxed brain and body have compelled a rest. How sweet the rest, yet how strange to have no daily task to perform! On the 24th ult. I left Midway. From Montgomery to Bristol, Tenn., I met but one familiar face and should have felt alone in the world but for the amiable Miss Vene Feagin, of Midway, who was coming on with me, to visit a friend near Glade Springs, Va. With so pleasant a companion there could be no sense of loneliness. There is much fine scenery between Talladega and Bristol. The industries on this line are various and extensive. Iron! iron! What is coming of it? Iron houses will be in vogue a hundred years hence if this iron interest continues to grow. The crops from Montgomery to Bristol are well nigh a failure.

I received a cordial welcome from Prof. Giesler and his excellent wife and people generally of Union, East Tennessee, where I stopped eight days. The Professor and Miss Beulah are having a pleasant vacation at his Tennessee home, visiting his friends and sight seeing. Having forgotten how to rest, I commenced studying men and things on the day of my arrival. The Holston Mountain with its "smaller fry," the Holston river with its sweet ripple; the fertile valleys, the splendid springs of gurgling icy water; the subterranean creek flowing under high hills, at a right angle with the wonderful cave and the chalybeate water—all combined within a radius of four miles, make one of the most delightful summer resorts. The citizens need a few foreigners in their midst to break up the old grooves. The average Tennesseean is tall and muscular. He is a good liver at home, and he does not seek high things. He has no ax to grind, as his very salutation convinces me. The Christians are very pious, but lack development in the more active Christian graces. The Baptists of Union have a neat house which a loan from the Northern Home Mis-

sion Board enabled them to build, and they have well nigh paid back the money. The Baptists of Blountville need a better house, and one more conveniently located, but Bro. Phillips, editor of the *Star*, informed me that they are getting along very well.

After leaving Union, I came to Bristol and spent one night. I attended the prayer-meeting, and made the acquaintance of pastor Clark. He impressed me as a hard working, paying, having a hard time. Several ladies talked in the prayer-meeting, and one of them gave a warm and eloquent exhortation. I then joined the congregation in prayer. I just thought of the Apostle Paul taught with reference to the department of women in church. It is very common for women to talk and pray in public up here. The church building stands on the Virgin side of the street, which commands a fine view of the river and the mountains. The public often fail to stand the justice or feel the force of the commendatory words, or appreciate the superior ability and excellence of the subject of them. Often two pastors are settled side by side and are equally meritorious, equally successful, equally faithful, equally beloved. One of them is constantly in the papers. He cannot go a hundred miles away from home without being made the subject of a newspaper paragraph. His return is heralded in the same way. If he is to preach anywhere on public service, it is well and widely advertised, and well and widely puffed afterward. He cannot have a sore throat, a headache, neuralgia, or the mumps, but the papers will tell us that "Rev. Dr. Blank is ill, but hopes to be in the pulpit next Sabbath." If he goes on a visit to some other city, the papers of that city hear of his arrival as quickly as if they had a score of reporters waiting for him at the depot. His sermons on the Sabbath are reported at length, and the passages are *verbatim*. The press comments are extravagant. His ability and eloquence are lauded to the skies. Somewhat before the paper is dry, comments are reproduced at home. The local paper tells what the metropolitan press has said, and editorial notes make the commendation more emphatic. From week to week, from month to month, the name and works of this good man are kept before the public. That he writes the puffs himself and pays to have them printed, is a supposition unjust to him and unfair to the press.

The other man by his side is as eloquent, as able, as laborious, as successful, but is seldom noticed, never mentioned. He goes and comes unobtrusively. He lives and labors without a word of newspaper puff. His people do not appreciate and esteem him as we do not understand it. The public cannot tell why one man should be lauded to the skies and the other neglected, and left without a word of commendation. We don't know, but we have suspicions. We seldom see a man eulogized, puffed, reported, and kept before the public without a kind of lurking impression that the man himself has had something to do with it; that he has been using printer's ink in his own behalf.

"But you don't suppose a minister of the gospel would seek, much less write newspaper notices of himself, do you?" asks the innocent brother who has never seen the inside of a newspaper office, as he reads with open mouth these Spurgeonian notices of his dear pastor. We are obliged to show our depravity, by saying, "Yes, we do, and some quite excellent gospel ministers." They believe in printer's ink. They doubtless think it wise to court newspaper notoriety. Why, we know of a man who used to write newspaper notices of himself and send them to the papers. He was an able man, a good man, but he had this weakness. So grew upon him the mania for newspaper notice, that he overdid the thing entirely, and one day a New York paper to which he had sent one of his self-congratulatory articles exposed him.

The ambition for newspaper fame may be to some extent laudable, for ministers know that they have people in their congregations who measure by the city standard. It is very silly, but it is the fact. "Why do you suppose our pastor is never noticed by the city press?" asked a jealous deacon of us one day, just as his pastor had turned away from us on the corner of a street. "Because he is too modest to ask any one to puff him, and not mean enough to puff himself," we answered. And we told the truth that time.

We do not say that every minister who is extensively noticed by the press takes the means we condemn to obtain such notices. Sometimes the great ability of a man compels the press to notice him, as in the case of Henry Ward Beecher and a few men of like note. Now and then a man will draw to him public notice. It will be so with a man at Tremont Temple in Boston. It will be so with one or two churches in New York. Sometimes a minister may have a personal friend in the editorial chair, and thus be brought into notice. But these cases are not numerous, and we must look in some other direction for the secret of the newspaper puffing. There are some good, pious people who believe that the men who are most in the papers are the ablest men. The innocent souls think "a heap" of their pastor when some one has given him a good strong notice. But they should learn that, with rare exceptions, the most able and faithful pastors do not receive the most newspaper commendation. Newspaper notoriety does not indicate real greatness, but is often unjust, nonsensical and silly. The churches should learn this, and not misjudge the faithful pastor because he does not seek nor

Morality of Clerical Puffs.

BY DONALD MURRAY.

We believe in printer's ink. The puff is a mighty power, and the public man who does not use it to give his opinions a wider influence is unwise. The oftener sermons are printed in the daily papers, the more religious news is crowded upon the attention of the public, the better it is for the cause of Christ. But there is a way to use printer's ink which is not to be commended. We refer to those frequent, overdone notices of ministers which are devoid alike of truth and of good sense.

It cannot have escape observation that a certain class of preachers are very frequently puffed, and complimentary notices of the other order are given to those who know and understand them. The public often fail to stand the justice or feel the force of the commendatory words, or appreciate the superior ability and excellence of the subject of them. Often two pastors are settled side by side and are equally meritorious, equally successful, equally faithful, equally beloved. One of them is constantly in the papers. He cannot go a hundred miles away from home without being made the subject of a newspaper paragraph. His return is heralded in the same way. If he is to preach anywhere on public service, it is well and widely advertised, and well and widely puffed afterward. He cannot have a sore throat, a headache, neuralgia, or the mumps, but the papers will tell us that "Rev. Dr. Blank is ill, but hopes to be in the pulpit next Sabbath." If he goes on a visit to some other city, the papers of that city hear of his arrival as quickly as if they had a score of reporters waiting for him at the depot. His sermons on the Sabbath are reported at length, and the passages are *verbatim*. The press comments are extravagant. His ability and eloquence are lauded to the skies. Somewhat before the paper is dry, comments are reproduced at home. The local paper tells what the metropolitan press has said, and editorial notes make the commendation more emphatic. From week to week, from month to month, the name and works of this good man are kept before the public. That he writes the puffs himself and pays to have them printed, is a supposition unjust to him and unfair to the press.

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receive the constant attention of the press. Akin to this, the unreliability of much that appears in print is evident. When a pastor resigns it is often said, "Rev. Mr. Blank tendered his resignation to the great grief of his people" when it is well known that his people had been trying to get rid of him for two or three years. The Blank Street church is reported to be much encouraged "by a gracious revival of religion." A week of extra meetings has been held, and two or three are professing conversion. Rev. Mr. Blank is reported as having preached an ordination sermon to "a deeply interested audience which crowded the spacious church." The spacious church would seat five hundred persons, was only two-thirds full, and the audience was decidedly sleepy. A man preaches an association sermon, which is said to have "held the audience to the close."

True, nobody went out. They came to stay two days. A unanimous call is said to be given to a pastor. Out of a church of three hundred members, ninety voted "yea," fifty did not vote, and the rest were absent. A man dies, and is said to be "mourned and lamented by all who knew him." Few knew him, and one-half of these had often called him an unmitigated nuisance. Again we say that we believe in printer's ink, but have an impression that it is often used in a most unwarrantable way. A shrewd business man asked an editor not long ago, "How much discount must I make, on an average, on the notices of men and ministers that I see in your paper (it was not the *Standard*, of course) from week to week?" "About two-thirds," replied the editor. We think of the very excellent things in their way, but they are often used to make little churches big, weak men strong, and low things high. It is as easy as nothing to create worlds if you use adjectives enough.

Brandy I Began With, and Brandy I Will End With.

Would you like to hear the story? It is not an uncommon one. Only a young life wrecked for time and for eternity by prescriptions of the physician. This is how I became acquainted with it.

A respectable, elderly man called on me one day, and besought me to try and save his son, to make him a Good Templar if I could, and so keep him from drinking. He was his young son's mother and his darling. Carefully and tenderly brought up, he had been a Band of Hope boy, a Sunday-school teacher, and an abstainer up to the age of twenty-three.

He was now dreadfully ill with an attack of delirium tremens, the second that he had suffered from, and his father said he had brought it on by his daily visits to a public-house, where he was tempted to drink to excess, and to bet on horse races.

But how came this Band of Hope boy, this Sunday-school teacher, this regular attendant at church, this total abstainer, to frequent the public house? His tale is soon told.

A week after his father had sought my aid I met the young man in the street. His clothes hung in folds about his wasted form, his feverish eyes and burning face, and caged, despairing look, marked him plainly out for one of alcohol's miserable victims. I stopped him and spoke to him, urging him kindly to give up his drinking, warning him of what it would surely bring him to. He looked me in the face with a ghastly stare which I shall never forget, and drew out of his empty brandy bottle from under his coat. "Mr. Kidd," he said, "you know nothing about it. I am dying. I cannot drink anything but brandy. I am now going to get this bottle filled. Brandy I must have. Brandy I begin with, and brandy will end it. It is the doctor's doing. I was a total abstainer all my life until I had a severe illness. My doctor ordered me to drink brandy. I refused to take it, but after a severe struggle I gave in. I took the brandy which he prescribed for me, and I soon learned to love it. By degrees I became what I am—a drunkard, and hopeless. Let me alone; it is killing me, but I must have it."

When he had said this he hurried on, in spite of my earnest pleading, to fill his brandy bottle at the public house. It was his last visit there. In three days after he was dead. Very probably the medical man who in his illness had ordered him brandy, and by the force of his medical authority had overcome his reluctance to take it, never heard of the result of his prescription, never saw his own work. But the work was done nevertheless. He saw death staring him in the face when he said, "Brandy I began with, and brandy will end it." Medical men who have studied the subject are generally careful to avoid the prescription of alcohol where their patient has a love for it. They seek some other remedy. But even they do not fully realize the danger of creating a fatal liking for stimulants; they refuse to believe in the facility with which it is often acquired. The patients and their friends realize that. In health there may be no craving for liquor, but a serious illness comes, the sinking the deadly faintness is experienced, and the stimulant is administered. The sudden transformation that follows is not forgotten. Or, the patient is restless, tossing from side to side of the bed. The glass of brandy is drunk and soon sleep falls on the stupefied brain. But when the patient recovers, is the knowledge that relief may be had from intoxicants a beneficial knowledge? In thousands of cases that knowledge has led to habitual excess and a drunkard's grave.

Importance of Work Among the Women.

We extract the following from the speech of the Earl of Shaftesbury, in the late anniversary meetings of the China Inland Mission, reported in *China's Millions*:

"Then you are taking another course, and I think that every one that considers it will see that it is a wise one. It is that you are selecting and appointing a great number of female missionaries to be exclusively employed in the mission to women. This work has been neglected in all parts of the world. It is only of late years that we have taken women or girls into our consideration in England. Everything was done for our boys, but little or nothing for the women and girls; and I believe that accounts in great measure for the very awkward social position in which we now are."

I am sure that if woman is properly considered, and placed in her true position, and cared for intellectually, morally and religiously, the influence she will exercise over the whole surface of society will bring about a much better state of things than exists in this country, or any other that I know of. There is a notion that the women in the East are so thoroughly degraded that there is little or no hope of producing any effect upon them. They are so, to a very great extent; but I am told by persons who are very conversant with India—and I have no doubt that it is the same in China—that in their own house, and within the four walls of their own home, many of the women in India exercise a very great and dominant influence over the husband. I remember perfectly well a young Hindoo who came over to this country about two or three years ago—a very clever young man who came to study law—and he told me that we English people knew very little of the Oriental, and that we had a notion that all Orientals were alike, having the same failings, the same vices, and the same customs. He said, "The south of India is almost diametrically opposed to the north of India. The moment a woman quits her house she becomes a slave. The moment she is in her house she is absolutely dominant over her husband." He added, "I will give you a proof of it. Not only the wife, but every female in the family has that influence. I left my father's house, and I embraced Christianity. A short time afterwards I met my sister. She came up to me, and gave me a most awful scolding, and said to me, 'You know you never would have dared to do this if I had been at your right hand.' And it is perfectly true, I should not. That only gives you an instance of the power and influence that these women have. Direct all the power you have to touch the hearts of the women; and if you can get the women to take the lead, you will find conversions in all these countries. And I believe that this is the order of Providence. I believe this to be a generation almost devoted to women and children. I am fond of saying it. Women and children are the great missionaries of the present day."

What are they doing in London at this moment? Look at the number of agencies in which none but women are employed. Look at the Bible-women and the Bible-nurses; and look at the way in which children are employed, and the effect they are producing. Look how they go among their parents and tend to humanize them; and they say that which no missionary would ever dare to say in the presence of the father and mother. You are taking, a very wise course in opening a female agency. I wish you could multiply the female missionaries seventy fold. I do not know what your report says, but I know no doubt that if I could see the missionaries themselves they would record that the acceptance of these female missionaries was very ready and very kind, and that they were very acceptable indeed. I have no doubt that it is so, and therefore I hope that you will persist in this course, and I am quite sure you will reap an abundant reward.

The South's New Start.

The statement that within a year and a half past not less than \$100,000,000 of capital has been raised in Europe and in the North, for business investment in the South, will doubtless occasion much surprise. It will lead also to a new appreciation of the resources which the South possesses in measures not excelled by any other section of the continent, and to the wonderful possible future which lies before her. A common view has been, not unnaturally, that the Southern States were fit for the cultivation of cotton chiefly, and for the most besides of corn and other agricultural products. Want of development has caused the fact to be largely lost sight of that the South is not only a field for extensive corn and cotton-growing, but rich in iron and coal, in all the minerals—in natural resources of every kind. The South offers advantages for manufacturing certainly equal to those of agricultural production. And the recognition of this by the Southern people themselves, under the changed conditions consequent upon the civil war, is what has led to the new era of enterprise and development. This enterprise and development, this spirit of progress has in turn encouraged and incited capital. To how great extent has hardly been surmised hitherto by those not directly interested.

A correspondent of the *Herald* who has been investigating this matter of Southern investment, and whose report is full of interest and significance, says that in this estimate of \$100,000,000 none of the vast sums

invested in the Southwest are included.

It covers only investments in the South east of the Mississippi, and south of Richmond. The largest sums have been put into the purchase and building of railroads, which are a necessary precedent to the country's development. Take, for instance, the new Georgia Pacific syndicate, organized to build a railroad from Atlanta, Ga., through the coal and iron fields of Alabama, which, though as yet virtually unexplored, are declared to be the richest in North America. Here is a work of an importance that cannot easily be overestimated, and it is a good illustration of the kind of enterprise that has taken hold of the South with energy and determination. Nothing has been more clearly proven, of late years, than that the large scales of modern enterprise, money-making enterprise, are made up of clear-headed men who look the ground all over before they decide to go into an undertaking, and who, when they do decide, go straight ahead, and know just what they are about.

When \$50,000,000 of capital is put into a system of Southern railroads, that means unquestionably such an opening up of the country as the network of railroads in the great West and Northwest has accomplished already and is constantly extending there. It means, as the correspondent points out, such immediate development as the South has never known. Money realized by Southerners from the sale of railroad stocks and bonds at increased prices will be at once put into real estate, manufacturing and other business. The confidence of the shrewd capitalists who control the syndicates will henceforth be in other capitalists, who will seek to share in the profits of developing a rich country. Immigration will be attracted especially, and wisely encouraged. The opening of mines, the establishment of furnaces and factories, the beginnings of a new life, with abundant promise of success in every direction—all these are included in the South's enterprise and outlook of today.

What is being done is by no means confined to railroad operations. Within a year, more than two and a half millions have been invested in cotton-factories in Augusta, Ga., alone; and it is said to be almost impossible to find a Southern city in which a new factory is not either building, or a company organizing to build one; while perhaps one of the most significant features of this growth is the furnishing of about two-thirds of the necessary capital by Northern investors.

Not are the prospects for the farmers less encouraging. The want of capital, which has kept the Southern farmer from competing successfully with his more favored Western neighbor, is now in a fair way to be supplied without the practice of that usury which has been almost prohibitory of borrowing capital in recent years. Money can be obtained this year at 7 per cent., and from the movements in progress on the part of English capitalists it is believed that within another year millions of capital will be loaned on Southern farms. These facts, taken all together, would seem fully to justify the prediction that the progress of the South in the next few years will be an astonishment. It is an astonishment already, in its beginning, and a most agreeable one. With the new bonds of political and social, as well as financial and business union, that are being cemented more strongly every day, not only is the South entering upon a better and brighter era, but the whole nation is ensured a new strength and glory.—*Examiner and Chronicle*.

Alone With Ourselves.

The machinery in a large factory was working badly, yet the superintendent could not tell what was the matter. He went from shaft to shaft, from wheel to wheel, from pinion to pinion. He consulted the operatives in each department. He tightened screws, he shortened belts, he oiled bearings; but all in vain. At twelve o'clock he said to his men: "I am going to overhaul this machinery; your wages will go on as usual; but you need not come back until I whistle for you." They went away. He stopped the engine, looked at the gears, and then, alone and in silence, began to examine every part of the factory. An hour, he passed. It is time to begin work; a hundred men are idle and under pay. No matter; he must find out what the trouble is and stop it. He keeps the engine still and the doors fast until he has finished his examination. He finds a defect where he least expected it; where he might have discovered it until it had proved fatal. One of the massive foundation stones had settled, and thrown everything out of plumb, and of course slightly out of gear. This defect was promptly remedied, and then all worked well again. Those were costly hours to the owners of the factory, and yet they were profitable. By being alone with the machinery the superintendent saved it from rack and ruin. Our hearts are like that factory. They are complicated; they are very liable to get out of order. It is not easy to discover what is the matter, amid the hurry and bustle, with the steam up, and out fellows men around us. We must go alone; enter our closets and shut the door. There, in consecrated quietness, we must think ourselves over. We shall find, no doubt, a defect where we least expect it, a pressure of insidious temptation upon some corner-stone that we thought immovable. A sadly neglected duty in our day is self-examination.—*Occident*.

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THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

The Lemonade Man's Story.

There is a queer boy living on Elm street who sees the moon only to wonder what is inside of it, and never sees a circus without wondering if you could make an automaton elephant. Last summer a pleasant old man set up a lemonade stand on Elm street under the trees. Before the old man had been there half an hour that queer boy had bought a glass of the very good lemonade, and wanted to know who discovered or invented lemonade.

Of course the old man couldn't tell; but day after day the queer boy drove him nearly crazy with that question. Finally, one day the queer boy bribed sixteen of his schoolmates, by offering to treat them to lemonade, to go with him and persuade the old man to tell them who he did invent or discover lemonade. As the old man had the rheumatism and couldn't run away, he told them to sit down on the grass and he would tell them of the discovery of lemonade in the Faraway Country. His story ran on this wise:

A venerable Wizard lived there, who had such a shocking bad memory that he forgot all his tricks and became very poor. One morning he took his donkey Thistle, and rode away to the East to improve his memory and make his fortune. No one went to bid him good-by, but an orphan boy, Aden, to whom he had been kind, and the king's chief cook, Benoni, whom he had cured of the measles. Benoni promised to be kind to Aden, and took him to the palace.

Several years after the venerable Wizard's departure, the king's usual summer fave came on him worse than ever before. The king's young and beautiful daughter, the princess, sent men and letters everywhere offering immense sums for a mixture to quench the king's thirst; but nothing effectual was offered. Aden, who had risen to be royal keeper of the king's bootjack, was one day seated on the back palace wall thinking of the poor king, when he saw an old man covered with dust riding towards him on a weary donkey. Aden knew the venerable wizard at once, and greeted him, but he was not sure of the donkey.

"Sulemwa? That wasn't the old donkey's name?" said Aden.
 "No, you're right; his name then was—what was it?"
 "His memory is just as bad as ever," thought Aden. "It was Thistle, you know."

"So it was!" said the venerable Wizard, slowly. "But, dear Aden, you must get me to the king—I can save his life."

With the help of Benoni, Aden then took him where the king lay sick. Asking for a goblet of icewater, the venerable Wizard threw back his tattered cloak, and from a long-necked, peculiarly shaped flask poured into the goblet a quantity of a thick, whitish liquid.
 "Don't drink it!" shouted the very learned doctors; but the king emptied the goblet in a twinkling. So much refreshed was he that he whirled the empty goblet three times around his head, and, before the terrified doctors could tumble out of the room, sent it spinning at them. The king began to recover at once. The venerable wizard was made a nobleman, and his donkey was pastured on a plot of ground overlooked by the kitchen windows, which for its especial benefit was ordered to be planted with thistles.

The venerable Wizard told Aden and Benoni that he had begun to write out the receipt for making the mixture, and would finish it to-morrow. But when that to-morrow was come the venerable Wizard was dead; and no wonder at all, for by a memorandum in his pocket they found he was one hundred and thirty-three years old. Among his papers Aden and Benoni found one on which was written:

"Recipe for the mixture which I secretly call Sulemwa; I earnestly beseech that you will treat my good donkey with all manner of kindness, particularly giving him plenty of thistles and salt. Without him I could never have returned to this country, and without him you cannot find your way in the long journey necessary to travel after a second supply of the mixture. You will never forget how to make the mixture, by remembering his name, Sulemwa, because—"

Here they supposed the venerable Wizard, as was his habit, poked the pen behind his ear and then forgot what he had done with it.

Of course the king was anxious to know if the venerable Wizard had left a recipe. After Aden and Benoni had consulted together, the latter told the king that there was a very peculiar recipe, but with his majesty's consent he would start at once with Sulemwa to the country where the ingredients grew. But such a long, long time passed without Benoni returning that the flask was emptied before he stole into the palace one night and came to Aden. Benoni confessed that his journey had miserably failed. Sulemwa had led him a wearisome journey to a strange country and city, and coming to a fruit-stand had walked directly up to it.

"But the stupid fellow who kept the stand would give me no flask," said Benoni, "and forced me to take a bag of yellow fruit. I then rented a house and tried many ways to make the mixture, but all were failures."

The king, angry and disappointed, ordered that Benoni should be the very messenger of all the cooks, and the utmost that the tears and prayers of the lovely princess could gain for Aden was to save his life. Aden was then privately banished to the kitchen by the proud Grand Chamberlain of the palace, to turn the horse-radish grater.

Aden, however, didn't lose hope like Benoni, who mourned and fretted as he cleaned knives all day until he was scarce the shadow of his former stout, merry self. Sulemwa was the only one of the venerable Wizard's friends not disgraced, and whenever he came to the kitchen windows Aden

gave him a carrot or a radish top, and sometimes a saucer of salt.

When the king's fever season came around he was taken worse ill than ever before, and the people of the palace went to the nearest church to pray for his recovery. But the chief cook said that Aden and Benoni shouldn't go on any account.

It was their first chance to talk together since their disgrace, as the Grand Chamberlain went about spying their actions. Among many other questions, Aden at last asked Benoni, who was filling a silver pitcher with icewater for the king's sick room, if he had brought home any of the strange yellow fruit. Benoni said he had; and going to a closet drew forth a small sack of oval-shaped fruit. Aden decided that he should try the experiment of boiling some of the fruit-juice in salt; and while queering some into a bowl, Benoni guarded against a surprise by the Grand Chamberlain. The donkey, seeing Aden in the kitchen, came to the window and thrust his long-eared head within.

"Poor fellow!" said Aden; "Benoni will give you some salt."

Benoni caught up a saucer, but being so nervous from fear of the haughty Grand Chamberlain, he filled it from the sugar-bin rather than from the salt-bin. Sulemwa sniffed at the saucer once or twice, and finding no salt, pushed the saucer off the window-ledge, and falling, it dropped into the bowl of juice.

"Good for you!" said Aden, beginning to stir the supposed salt until it was dissolved in the juice. "Here, Benoni, you must get donkey another saucer of salt."

This time Benoni went to the salt-bin, and also discovered his previous mistake.

"Then my bowl of juice is spoiled," said Aden; "but I will start another." And he stood the bowl, for the time, in the next window-ledge, directly over the silver pitcher of icewater that Benoni had filled.

"Run! run! here comes the Grand Chamberlain on his tiptoes!" whispered Benoni, before Aden could do more.

A saucer of salt was a small matter to a donkey like Sulemwa, and having finished it he went to the other window where the bowl stood. Lying on a bench in the far kitchen, Benoni was dismayed to see Sulemwa push the bowl from the window-ledge, and it fell with a splash into the silver pitcher of icewater.

"Dear me!" thought Benoni, "I now remember I was to take that icewater to the king's room."

"Benoni, you laggar, where are you?" called the Grand Chamberlain, entering and looking wrathfully about the kitchens. "You lazy fellow, sleeping again!" Aden was then fiercely called, and appearing was sent to the king's room with the icewater. "As for you, miserable Benoni," continued the Grand Chamberlain, "you shall come with me to the dungeon for sleeping on duty."

Aden had instantly gone to the sick-room, and finding a gold goblet he saw it passed to the princess, who held it to the parched lips of the sick king.

"Ha! ha!" laughed the king, to every one's unperceivable astonishment. "Quickly! another goblet of the mixture; and bring here my venerable Wizard, for he must have returned to life."

Those about the bed said that the venerable Wizard was surely dead. Aden, being also surprised at the wonderful effect produced, had peeped into his pitcher, and seeing at its bottom the bowl he had placed in the window-ledge, felt sure that the secret was discovered. By this time the king sat right up in bed, and called Aden to him.

"Perhaps it would have been still better," said Aden, "if the Grand Chamberlain hadn't come while Benoni and I were experimenting and frightened us."

"He shall lose his office, if not his silly head!" said the king. "You, Aden, I restore to twice your former rank and possessions, and Benoni is promoted to be Grand Chamberlain."

"What's the name of that fruit?" asked Aden, when he found Benoni.

"Thy y spell it *Le-mo-n-a-d-e*," Aden looked at Benoni in a dreamy way for one minute, then caught up paper and pencil and said:

"Here's the venerable Wizard's recipe, and the way he remembered it: *Sul-gar-le-mo-n-a-d-e*. See! Sulemwa! Sugar, lemons and water cooked together made the syrup that the venerable wizard brought in the flask; but our way is the best."

On the day of Aden's marriage with the princess, the king issued a proclamation showing how the mixture should be made, and that it was to be known as:

"LEMONADE"
 Never had the king done an act that was so much and so quickly appreciated. It was marvellous, exceedingly marvellous, that half the people of the country didn't ticken because of the quantity of lemonade that was drunk there within the next week. The price of sugar went up five cents per pound, and the lemons were half of them in hospitals from overwork. As for the donkey, they changed his name to Lemons, and he was given all the thistles and salt he wished.

"There!" said the queer boy to the old man, when he had finished, "I was pretty sure you knew all about it; and we are all much obliged to you."—*Jas. B. Marshall, in Wide Awake.*

The Party.

It was the biggest and most stylish party ever given in all your life. Six dolls and a little girl. Yes, and more too, because Tommy was coming as well, although he wouldn't like to have me mention it above a whisper. He was coming to the party, you know, because they were going to have real things to eat—all but the turkey, and he was made of wood and painted a delicate brown. But his legs were all tied up just like a real turkey, and the dolls wouldn't know the difference any way.

I don't see how it came to be known that Floy's big doll Susan fell into the cranberry sauce before the bell rang, because no one was allowed

in the nursery while the table was being set, except the little maiden herself. I suspect—mind you, I don't say I know—but I suspect that Tommy peeped through the keyhole.

Will you believe me if I tell you the things they had to eat on that table? Well, there was the cranberry sauce, and the tea (hot tea, too, right from the down-stairs kitchen stove), and five lumps of sugar, and a whole slice of cake cut up into twenty plates (and it's a wonder the little plate didn't cry under it all), and there was a pitcher of milk, with two real flies drowned in it, and last of all, and best of all, there was the currant jelly!

Tommy wouldn't sit next to the flannel elephant. He wouldn't say why, but I know it was because the elephant sat too far away from the jelly. All the dolls had little handkerchiefs tied under their chins for bibs, and the tea began.

Tommy got very hungry before it came his turn, because Floy helped all the dolls, and even the elephant, first.

Every doll had something on her plate, and the party was going on beautifully.

"Most time for the jelly?" "Thomas," said the mistress, severely, "go right away from the table and stand in the corner, for answering when nobody spoke to you."

"Yes, ma'am." And what do you think? He went, but he took all the jelly with him, and when Floy came to that course she couldn't find it. There stood Tommy with a very red mouth.

"Really, Floy," he said, "I didn't think I'd get down so near the plate." There wasn't a mouthful on it! Wasn't he sorry? O yes; he was afterward, and he gave Floy a jumping-jack to make up for it, and he told his mother in real truly earnest that it didn't taste nearly so good as it would if Floy had eaten half.

And better than that, a few days after, Tommy gave the animals in his menagerie a party almost just like Floy's. There was currant jelly and everything, and Tommy was so anxious to put the most of the jelly on Floy's plate, that he knocked over four lions and an alligator doing it.—*Weekly Tribune.*

FARM AND HOUSEHOLD.

How to Save Boiling.

Faith Rochester, in the *Agriculturist*, says: "Doubtless most of our readers have heard of the method of washing without boiling white clothes; by spreading the clothes fresh from the suds in which they were washed to bleach for an hour or so in the hot sunshine, then rinsing them in two clear waters, or 'sudsing' and rinsing them. This method saves both fuel and water in the summer-time, provided you have green grass on which to spread your clothes."

Corn for Winter Use.

Throw the ears into boiling water and let remain just long enough to set the milk; then cut carefully from the cob and to every two quarts of corn add a pint of salt; mix thoroughly, pack in earthen jars, spread a cloth over the corn with a weight on top. Keep in a cool place. When wanted for use put into a stew pan, cover with cold water, let heat, turn off, put on cold water again and so repeat till fresh enough for taste. Cream, butter, salt and pepper may then be added.

Orchard Grass.

On this 11th day of June, I am cutting a piece of orchard grass of about one acre, which has stood in the lawn of my dwelling for the last thirty years. It averages fully three feet high, and portions of it run, four feet and upward. It is in full bloom, and to let it stand some days longer would deteriorate it in quality for hay purposes. It is more or less mixed with red clover, now in full bloom, and both in perfect condition for the best quality of hay. The soil in which the grass grows is a strong clayey loam. It has had little stable manure for years past—none at all for several successive years—and last year a liberal dressing of unleached wood ashes on the stubble after the grass was cut. To appearance, the grass now yields fully two tons or more to the acre.

The real value of orchard grass is not well known. Cut when in bloom, and the stalks full of sap, it is an excellent hay for all classes of farm stock; and mixed on the ground with red clover, as it should be, (for they are both in cutting season together, and the clover fills in the spaces between the tussocks of orchard grass, as the latter grows in compact bunches), both together form a thoroughly matting over the ground, and the clover stays on the soil as long as the orchard grass remains. People not experienced in the growth of orchard grass, suppose it will run out after a few years' occupation of the ground. To confute such idea, I have about an acre of it on my farm, sowed by myself, about forty years ago, mixed with red and white clover, timothy, and blue grass; soil, clayey loam. It has been mowed and fed closely every year since, with no manure at all, or scarcely so, that I can recollect, and it is now a heavy crop for hay uses. Yet the orchard grass is always as good and productive as timothy, with the advantage of being nearly two weeks earlier for hay purposes, coming in exactly with red clover, the latter maturing for cutting too early for timothy, when grown together. For soiling (green food uses), orchard grass is the best I know. Sown in the spring of the year two bushels to the acre. Another advantage for orchard grass is its earliness, as well as lateness, for pasture, and its hardiness and duration in the soil. It will not run out sooner than blue grass (*Poa pratensis*)—at least I have had them together for forty years, and they look equally as good now as ever. Any good friable soil, no matter if tenuous or clayey in composition—no loam, gravelly or sandy—will yield

orchard grass in perfection. I admit it does not make a marketable hay, as most men who buy hay don't know anything but timothy—a very common sort, in my opinion, for farm stock uses, and quite inferior to the mixed grass usually grown. Another advantage of orchard grass is, over timothy is its not "running out," which the latter in most cases does in five or six years from seeding, when the land requires breaking up, and an alteration of two or three grain crops before reseeding to timothy.—*Ex.*

LONDON PURPLE—PARIS GREEN
 —We are often asked, which of these poisons we prefer for killing Potato Beetles and other insects. That either, properly applied, will be equally fatal to the insects we do not doubt. The "Green" poison is one which has to be made directly from some compound of Arsenic and another of Copper. The "Purple" poison is a "by-product"—that is, one incidentally formed in the manufacture of some of the new dyes. Formerly it was a difficult matter to get rid of it; now that it can be used as an insect poison, it is afforded at a much lower price than a preparation that must be made. These are well known facts. The vendors of the "Purple" claim that their poison is so cheap that it would not pay to adulterate it, and that it is always of the same deadly quality. The Paris Green is sold at several prices by the makers, shows that it is not all of the same quality. In purchasing Paris Green it is better to always get the best, as it is easier to mix it with plaster or other inert substance, than to pay the manufacturer for doing it. N. B.—Whichever of these poisons is used, let its storage, mixing and application be intrusted only to those who are aware of its deadly nature. As a matter of safety the farmer should look to this himself.

EASILY-MADE RUG.—Those who have little time to knit or braid rugs may perhaps find time to make one or two really pretty ones, woven of rags, and it will take less than a pound of warp on the end of a rag carpet, for a rug one yard long and half that width. One-fourth of the quantity of rags should be black, the rest twisted off two balls, one white and the other black or dark brown. In preparing the rags for the dark portion of the twist, it would be well to add at irregular intervals a piece of light grey or white tow or three inches long. For the white/light grey would soil less easily, mix in plenty of gay colors two inches long, and occasionally a dark piece four inches long. In weaving put in three twisted threads and one black one. This is very pretty, and no one could tell how it was made without close examination. Bind with black, and line with an old piece of oilcloth for stiffness.

Can any one tell why ladies who will take a fresh fish, roll it in meal, etc., then fry it brown till it makes a delicious dish, yet, if you give them a mackerel, will boil it till it is soft, spongy and insipid, with the exception of a salty taste? when if they would soak the mackerel, then roll it in cornmeal and fry brown, it makes a dish to tempt an epicure. Try the frying plan, ladies, and see if the Field Editor is not correct.

Again. Can any one tell why gentlemen, who make milk houses in their yards, fail to ventilate them by a flue or box chimney on top and air-holes in the bottom of the door to keep up a draught to carry off the confined air, which soon spoils the taste of the butter and milk, and makes everything musty that is put in the place? Just ventilate these milk houses and you won't have to give them up, as some are doing, saying, "Everything molds and gets musty that I put in it. Those who ventilate them well say that they keep things well.—*Ex.*

TOMATO FRITTERS.—Slice ripe ones, dip in a thick, rich batter; season with pepper and salt; fry like oysters. Or, they may be seasoned with sugar and almost any spice, and fried as before.

OUR PUZZLE CORNER.

Word Square.

1. A water-fowl.
2. A beverage.
3. Small insects.
4. A resting place.

C. C.

Cross-Word Enigma.

In brown, not in white;
 In day, not in night;
 In cane, not in crutch;
 In many not in much;
 In corn, not in rye;
 In ear, not in eye.

My whole's a fruit of flavor rare,
 Brought from a country warm and fair.

PETER.

Enigma.

Composed of 15 letters.
 My 1 is a pronoun of much importance to each man.
 My 3, 2, 5, 9, 10, 8, 4, 7, 11, 6 is what all right-minded people dislike.
 My 8, 5, 4, 10, 8 is to hang.
 My 13, 14, 2, 3, 15 is a foppish man.
 My whole is an anniversary.

C. C.

Charade.

My first, though mostly black or white,
 Has other colors, too, no doubt;
 They're used by servants, boys and girls.

And sold in shops, and hawked about.

The sun affects my next, you know,
 And mars your female's pretty face.

My whole is of the lever kind,
 And moves great weights from place to place.

SCISSORS.

ANSWERS TO LAST PUZZLES.

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