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Metallic Burial Cases, Metallic Burial
Cases, Wood Cases, Wood Cases.

FINE BOOTS AND SHOES.
LATEST STYLES OF SHOES, SLIPPERS, and TIES,
For Ladies, Misses, and Children.
Full Line of Edwin C. Burt's Fine Shoes.
FOR GENTLEMEN LOW SHOES IN ALL WIDTHS.
Shops for Old Men. Shoes for Tender Feet. Ladies' Kid Slippers at from 75c to \$1.
T. A. HALL, 32 Broad St., Selma, Ala.

Royston's Fire-Proof Warehouses.
SELMA, ALA.

Consign Your Cotton Directly to Royston's Warehouse.
All Cotton Receipts will be promptly delivered to parties as instructed.
A United States standard weight always on hand to test the accuracy of our scales.
We deliver cotton only when the receipt accompanies the order.
The only Warehouse in the city with free accommodations for wagons and their teams.
First class warehouse employed.
No Storage delay at any other warehouse. Drayage free from Railroads.
Y. L. ROYSTON.

Hard Times!
Notwithstanding the Hard Times, people must live, and we propose to do our part in aiding them to pass through this critical year. To this end we shall continue to sell Groceries at a Fair, Living Profit, and upon as liberal terms as possible. We adopt, therefore, as our principle,

"LIVE AND LET LIVE."
By adhering to this motto, and by close attention to the wants of our customers, we hope to merit a fair share of the Public Patronage.

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BROAD STREET, SELMA, ALABAMA.

OFFERS RECENT ARRIVALS OF COMPLETE BREAKFAST AND DINNER SETS IN
AMERICAN CHINA,

Consisting of 1 Dozen each Tea, Breakfast, Dinner, Soup, Preserve, and Butter Plates,
1 dozen Egg Cups, 1 dozen Cups and Saucers, 4 flat Dishes of different sizes, 2
Vegetable Dishes, 4 Covered Dishes, 1 Soup, Turkey with Stand and Ladle,
1 Sauce Tureen, 1 Sauce Boat, 1 Tea Pot, 1 Sugar Bowl, 1 Cream
Pitcher, 1 Slip Bowl, 2 Cake Plates, 2 Pickle Dishes, 1 Butter Dish,
1 Fruit Stand, 145 pieces, at \$30.00 a set. The same num-
ber of Pieces in Iron Stone China, at \$18.00 a set.

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The best substitute for the ordinary Cooking Stove.
Descriptive Circulars sent on application.

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HALL COTTON GINS,
TAYLOR COTTON GINS,

WITH OR WITHOUT FEEDERS AND CONDENSERS.
IN GREAT VARIETY, FOR STEAM, HORSE, OR HAND POWER.

PRESSES,
ENGINES,
ALL OF LATEST AND MOST APPROVED DESIGNS.

Malta Cultivators
AND
HAPGOOD SULKY PLOWS.

The lightest draught and most practical Machines of the kind yet manufactured.

Call on us and see Samples, or write us and get
Circulars, Price Lists, and Terms.

Liberal CASH ADVANCES made on
Growing Crops.

THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

About Reading—For the Boys.

One bright autumnal evening, during the beautiful twilight which prevails in this latitude, Squire Avery sat in his easy-chair within his study, comfortable in his slippers and dressing-gown. He was thinking of a bright, intelligent lad, about ten years old, who was fond of reading, and had asked his father at the breakfast-table a question in regard to the character of the books he should read.

"Meet me, my son, in the study after tea and I will tell you," was Mr. Avery's reply, and they are now there in pursuance of this appointment.

"Reading," commenced Mr. Avery, "is one of the most important, and if rightly considered, is one of the pleasantest, employments of the young. By reading we are enabled to acquire a knowledge of things which are necessary for us to learn, and to appropriate to our own use the thoughts, the science, the literature and the history of all who have written in the present or past ages."

"But," interrupted Thomas, "how are we to have time to read everything?"

"Wait, my son; do not be impatient. It is not possible to read well, much less to study, all the books which are published in these days, nor is it desirable. Many books are written and printed merely for the sake of making money, and not to serve any useful purpose. And there are those among this class which are hurtful, not only morally, but mentally. They contain gross and false sentiments; they incite to wrong thinking; they inflame the passions and injure the healthful tone of the mind and heart. There are two classes of books which I would have you studiously avoid. The first are the useless—those which will not improve you by the reading, and which leave no valuable impression. The other class embraces those which are positively hurtful, which, as I have before remarked, injure the mind and the heart. Shun these as you would poison; avoid them as you would the plague."

"But how are we to know which are good and which are bad books until we have read them?" inquired Thomas.

"At times it is somewhat difficult to distinguish, I admit," replied Mr. Avery, "until we have become acquainted with their contents. But, as a general thing, a book with bad sentiments and evil tendencies may be detected before many of its pages have been perused. A safe rule, however, for all boys like you is to rely upon the recommendation of some older person in whom they have confidence. If a man or a woman is beguiled into the reading of a bad book through it, does it, comparatively, but little injury to what it would do to a boy or a girl whose judgment is not mature, or whose tastes are not formed."

"Does every one think alike about books, father?"

"No, not at all. There are various opinions, oftentimes, as to the merits of a single book. And there are men who set themselves up for critics, even, whose tastes and judgments are perverted; who love to read bad books—irreligious books, which are irreverent of sacred things—of which all good men agree as to their evil tendency. Therefore, should any one advise you to read a book of this description you may set it down that his heart is not right, and afterward heed not what he says. A true friend of the young will always warn them of the danger resulting from this kind of reading. You know it says in the Bible, 'evil communications corrupt good manners.' This is particularly applicable to evil books."

"But, father, I have heard some people condemn all kinds of novels," remarked Thomas. "Is that right?"

"No, not exactly. Works of the imagination, if unobjectionable in their moral tone, have their measure of value; and many of them teach, in a pleasant and attractive way, important lessons, and I would in no wise advise against reading such. But the danger is in the abuse of this kind of reading. It has a very strong attraction for the young, and they become so fascinated with it that it is often almost impossible for them to stop at any reasonable point. Better to read none than get into the habit of reading all indiscriminately. But the mind is like the body; if you were to work all the time and play none it would not be well with you. And so if you were to confine your mind wholly to hard, solid study, it would not be as well as to give it occasional relaxation, by indulging in what is called light reading. But as work of some kind is the main thing in physical life, so should the study of the useful be in the intellectual life."

"What books would you have me read, father?"

"It is difficult to make out a catalogue to which you should be confined. But first of all, I would have you not only a constant reader, but a diligent student of the Bible, which has been justly styled the 'Book of books.' There you will find not only literary merit of the highest order, but precepts of morality beyond all comparison, in addition to its pointing out the way of everlasting life. Next, after you have mastered your rudimentary studies, I would have you thoroughly acquainted with ancient and modern history, and particularly familiar with the history of your own country, that you may understand its civil and political institutions. In your more advanced student life, let science, standard literature and poetry follow, intermingled, so far as time will permit, with your regular studies. In standard literature, I would include all really valuable works of the imagination. There are books of the writers of the old school of this character, as well as many productions of the writers of our own time. These I will select for you myself, as I think you need."

"Well," remarked Thomas, looking almost discouraged, "I shall have to live to be a man before I read all these!"

"Not so very old. It is not by the number of years alone that a man's

life is long or short; but it depends upon the manner in which time is improved. How many languages could the 'learned Blacksmith'—Edith Burdett—speak?"

"Fifty, I believe."

"He was far from being an old man when he made most of these acquisitions. He mastered them by diligence and application. Not my son. Life is short at best; but a great deal can be accomplished by taking proper care of the spare moments and hours, and making the best use of them. God never intended man for idleness, but has commanded us to diligence in all that we do."

"Father, what did Prof. Lewin mean when he said, in his lecture, last evening, that to read well was as important as to know how to read at all?"

"Prof. Lewin, you know, is a teacher of rhetoric, and therefore attaches much importance to his specialty; but none too much. The ability to read well is an accomplishment I would earnestly recommend to you. How many who attempt to read in public fail to convey the meaning of the author by the faulty rendering of his words and sentences. It is an accomplishment not only highly useful, but elegant and charming to everybody."

"But few people are called upon to read in public," remarked Thomas.

"More, perhaps, than you are aware of, and more make a failure than succeed in doing it well. Words have a meaning when standing alone, but when placed in connection with other words in a sentence they assume relations and shades of meaning which are brought out by pauses, emphasis and inflection. When these are not comprehended and properly used, reading loses all of its charm and much of its significance. In this view, good reading becomes the best of commentaries upon the works of genius."

"Yes, I know, father. Our minister reads awful. His reading of the Bible is so different from that of Prof. Lewis that I can hardly satisfy myself that it is the same book that they are reading from."

"The Scriptures, as well as other books, have a life and power when well read, that we hardly dream of. The human voice, properly cultivated, adds much even to the productions of the best authors. Good reading is a fascination and power everywhere. I think that its greatest charm is in the social and family circle. It enables one to administer to the amusement, the pleasure and profit of friends, as no other accomplishment can. Therefore, my advice is to read good books—books of knowledge and instruction—as your principal mental aliment, and so cultivate the voice as to read them well. You will find this not only have an attraction which will cause you to be welcomed everywhere, but which will give you an insight into the choicest meaning of books which will otherwise be denied you. And now good-night. I have some law papers which I must make out before I sleep. We will talk of this matter again."

And Thomas, who had been greatly interested in all his father had said, instead of going to play or to sleep, went to his mother's room and repeated to her, as nearly as he could, all that had been said to him. —Standard.

The Doctor's Way.

"Subscribe? Oh yes, I suppose I'll have to, seeing how a pack of you come at me all at once—outrageous advantage to take of an old man."

So said the old doctor, as a half-dozen members of the boys' temperance society of our village peeped into his small office.

"I men would only take their whisky in a sensible manner, there'd be no need of bothering folks about temperance papers," he went on with a half-growl, as he signed his name and then hunted over some change.

His words were quite a damper on us.

The doctor had always been a man who went about minding his own business, which business was too arduous to admit of his entering actively into other matters, but we had taken it for granted he was in full sympathy with the temperance movement, which had recently taken on new vigor among us. We felt quite uncomfortable, and one of us said—

"Why, doctor, you do not mean to say that you believe in whisky and such things, do you?"

"Believe in whisky? Of course I do—what's become of that half-dollar Jim Fothergill paid me this morning for pulling his boots' tooth?"—he was fumbling at his vest, having gone through his pantaloons pockets. "I must have lost it! No—I remember now I gave it to the poor little rascal to stop his crying when it hurt so."

"That is," he at length resumed, as he built up a little pile of quarters, "when you take whisky the right way. Now listen to my advice, boys. Regular habits are valuable in everything, and in nothing more than in drinking whisky. If you follow my way of doing it, you'll find it as innocent as water."

"Some people, you know," the doctor settled himself back in his chair, "begin quite early in the morning. That's not a good plan. My regular habit is to begin late—the latter, in fact I put it off till the afternoon. Then, you know, it never best to take it soon after dinner, so again I postpone it till late in the day—indeed, till evening. When it gets to be that late it seems hardly worth while to begin, so I let it go till the next morning. I take it exactly the same way every day."

The doctor joined heartily in our laugh, and then went on, pointing to a bottle which stood on one of his shelves—

"Look there! That's whisky; it's been standing there for six months or more and it's never done me a bit of harm yet. Sometimes I fancy it winks at me if I say, 'If you'll let me alone I'll let you alone; and I answer, 'All right, old fellow, it's a bargain! Now, boys, try my way of drinking, and I promise you you'll live to a good old age and thrive on it.' We shook hands with the jolly old

man and promised to remember his prescription.

"Here a clever boy," he cried, as we were going out at the door. He drew from behind an old desk a basket of apples, large, juicy and red-ripened. He handed one to each of us, saying, "One in his left hand, and one in his right hand. I must admit he did not have to work very hard to bring this about. Then he went back into his office, and not one bite was taken till we had given three rousing cheers for the doctor. —Standard.

How He Became Banned.

A great many boys mistake their calling, but all such are not fortunate enough to find out in as good season as did this one. It is said that Rufus Choate, the great lawyer, was once in New Hampshire making a plea, when a boy, the son of a farmer, resolved to leave the plough and become a lawyer like Rufus Choate. He accordingly went to Boston, called on Mr. Choate, and said to him: "I heard you plead in our town, and I have a desire to become a lawyer like you. Will you teach me how?"

"As well as I can," said the great lawyer. "Come and sit down." Taking down a copy of Blackstone, he said: "Read this until I come back, and I will see how you get on."

The poor boy began. An hour passed. His back ached, his legs ached. He knew not how to study. Every moment became a torture. He wanted air. Another hour passed, and Mr. Choate came and asked: "How do you get on?"

"Get on? Why, do you have to read such stuff as this?"

"Yes," said Mr. Choate. "How much of it?"

"All there is on these shelves, and more," looking about the great library.

"How long will it take?"

"Well, it has taken me more than twenty-five years."

"How much do you get?"

"My board and clothes."

"Is that all?"

"Well, that is about all that I have gained as yet."

"Then," said the boy, "I will go back to the ploughing. The work is not near as hard, and pays better."

"Brown-Study."

The laughable incidents are numberless related of absent-minded scholars and thinkers who have totally forgotten to dress for this world while soaring about in another. Nearer was once overtaken by his housekeeper going to his lecture-room in his night-cap.

A good Paris story, now current, is that of the Abbe Terrasson, who had rooms on the upper floor of the house of a relative, the celebrated lawyer of the same name. When going out, he would come down stairs fully dressed, with the exception of his peruke and his shoes.

In the basement he would leave his red night-cap and slippers of the same color, and properly equip himself for the street. One day he came down stairs so much occupied in reading a volume of Homer that he forgot the needful preparations for his walk, and going out, promenaded as far as the Pont St. Michel in red cap and slippers.

Of course, the passers-by laughed immoderately, but the good Abbe heeded them not. Finally an old woman called his attention to his condition, and gravely thanking her, he returned to complete his street toilet. As he entered the house, he quietly remarked—

"I have been affording the people of Paris an entertainment which it cost them nothing to witness, and me nothing to give."

FARM AND HOUSEHOLD.

Do Agricultural Fairs Pay?

Jake Finner seemed to be nettled by Pastor Spooner's allusion to the White Oaks, and the charcoal business, which his son Kier will follow. He said, "I guess there's more truth than poetry in what Mr. Spooner says. The White Oaks looks just as if it used to be a boy, and for the life of me, I don't see any chance for improvement. Yes, the country is unrocky, and the site takes as naturally to white birches, pitch pine, and scrub oak as a duck does to water. If a feller gets a living at all, up there, he's got to get it selling wood and charcoal. Nuthin else pays, and that don't much. If a feller undertakes to clear up land, it costs more than it comes to, to get the stones out, so he can plow, and if he sows rye, or plants corn, the crop won't pay, with-out manure, and where's your manure coming from when ye've ten acres of land, and haven't got anything but charcoal or wood to buy it with? Ye see, it's a up-hill business for the White Oaks, and its no use to talk about the fairs doing the White Oaks any good. Fact is, they don't go much, and it's just as well as if they did. And it ain't much better here in Hookertown. He knew Deacon Smith and Squire Bunker and their folks that had money plenty raised better things than they used to, and took premiums, but they might make it, but he had sent things to the fair for several years; but never got a red cent for a premium. My wife, Polly, gets premiums on butter, bread, and bed quilts, sometimes, and comes home so set up that there's no livin with her for a week after the fair. But it don't seem to be for me to get anything in that line, and I have pretty much made up my mind that the fairs are 'all talk and no cider.' —Timothy Bunker.

Remember that a teaspoonful of black pepper will prevent gray or blue hair from showing, if stirred into the first water in which they are washed. It will also prevent the colors running, when washing black or colored cambrics or muslins, and the water is not injured by it, but just as soft as before the pepper was put in.

Wheat Soil.

The farmer must sow his wheat upon such land as he has, it may be clay or sand, wet or dry, rich or poor. If it be clay, and other conditions are favorable, he may expect a plump, soft berry, and a full crop. If his soil is sandy, and other conditions are favorable, the wheat is likely to have a smaller but harder kernel, the quality will perhaps be better, and the quantity somewhat less. If the soil be too moist, it will pay to under-drain. Tile drains, two rods apart, and at an average depth of three feet, total expense of the drainage in single years. If for any reason under-draining cannot be practiced, no fear of incommencing the rapier ought to be allowed to prevent making a sufficient number of open furrows for surface drainage. The greatest possible inconvenience at harvest time is a poor crop. Black mucky land, after it is drained, may need to be dressed with fertilizers, such as salt, lime, or bone-dust. A dry poor soil, needs barnyard manure.—Prof. N. S. Townsend, in American Agriculturist.

It is a touching sight to see a woman begin to make up her expenses, having finally resolved to put down every cent she spends, so as to find out how to economize, and where all the money goes. Procuring a small book, she makes a due entry, and on the Monday after the first Saturday in which her husband brings home his pay she carefully tears the margin of a newspaper, and with a blunt pencil, strikes a trial balance, something in this way: "John brought me home \$4.80, and \$2.41 I had \$7.21, and \$1.09 I lent Mrs. Dixon \$8.30, 93—but hold on, I oughtn't to enter that, because when she returns it'll go down. That was \$4.80, and what have I done with that? Then she puts down the figures, leaving out the items to save time—a process which enables her to leave out most of the items to where a round sum is involved, on the supposition that they have already been put down. As thus: "\$6.14 for meat; and 10 cents for celery; and ten cents on the street cars; and I had 5-cent piece I got in exchange; and \$2.81 I paid the milk man, who owes me 10 cents; that's \$3; and 10 cents at church; and the groceries—they were either \$15.60 or \$16.50, and I don't remember which they were, but I guess it must have been \$15.60, for the grocer said if I'd give him a dime he could give me 50 cents, which would make even change, and I couldn't, because the smallest I had was 25 cents, and \$2.75 for mending Katie's shoes, which is the last money that shoe-maker gets for me; and 40 cents for celery—no, I put that down." Finally she sums up her trial balance sheet, and finds that it foots up \$64.18, which is about \$15 more than she had originally. She goes over the list several times and checks it carefully, but all the items are correct, and she is just about in despair when her good angel hints that there may be a possible mistake in the addition. Acting upon the suggestion, she looks up the column and finds that the total is \$44.28, and that, according to the principles of arithmetic, she ought to have \$5.65. Then she counts her cash several times, the result varying from \$1.40 up to \$1.97, but she then rapidly discovers that she has been mistaking a \$2.50 gold piece for one cent, and remembers that she gave the baby a trade dollar to cut its gums with. On the whole, she has come within 36 cents of a balance, and that, she says, is close enough, and she enters in one line of the account-book "Dr.—By household expenses" so much; and is very happy till she remembers, just after going to bed, that she has omitted \$2.75 for her husband's hat.

The bread-fruit grows upon a tree found in the Pacific Islands. It is green and globular, and half a foot or more in diameter. When nearly ripe the fruit is gathered and baked in ovens in the ground. The crust is removed to the depth of half an inch and the pulp eaten, when it much resembles bread made with eggs and of close texture. If allowed to remain upon the tree until ripe the fruit becomes sweet and resembles clammy cake rather than bread, with an unpleasant odor. Mixed with coconut milk the pulp makes an excellent pudding. The tree grows to a height of 40 feet or more, and is quite ornamental.

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American Agriculturist, \$1.15 \$2.30

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Southern Argus, 1.50 3.40

Courier Journal, 2.00 3.40

Democrat's Magazine, 2.00 3.40

Cottage Household, 1.50 3.40

Godey's Lady's Book, 2.00 3.40

Planter's Journal, 2.00 3.40

Philadelphia Times, 2.00 3.40

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No family should be without LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S LIVER PILLS. They cure constipation, indigestion, and torpidity of the liver. 25 cents per box. Sold by all Druggists.

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The Nursery, 3.35 4.40

Baptist Family Magazine, 1.50 2.85

Country Gentleman, 2.50 4.45

OUR PUZZLE CORNER.

Cross-Word Enigma.

In onion, not in leek;
In parsley, not in weak;
In borrow, not in lend;
In borrowing, not in send;
In jolly, not in gay;
In alter, not in stay;
In carried, not in sent;
In converse, not in rent;
My whole a poet's name you'll find
If to search you are inclined.

Receptions.

1. Behold to hesitate and leave to change.
2. Behold a dreadful and leave anger.
3. Behold to join and leave a violent motion.
4. Behold a part of the face, and leave a riot.
5. Behold a small forest, and leave a wonder.
6. Behold a cardinal's cap.
7. A girl's name.
8. Brooks.
9. Fretful.
10. N. C. M.

ANSWERS TO LAST PUZZLES.

ENIGMA.—A miss is as good as a mile.

TRIPLE ACROSTIC.—
E g u i b r i n M
N o n t e t A
I c e n T f e d t
G e n e t
M a n e e
A s t e r

CHARADE.—Necklace.



BAKING POWDER
Absolutely Pure.

Made from Grape Cream Tartar. No other preparation makes such light, flaky hot breads, or luxurious pastries. Can be eaten by Dyspeptics without the fear of the ill results from heavy indigestible food. Sold only in cans, by all Grocers.

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LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND.

In a Positive Cure
For all those Painful Complaints and Weaknesses
Common to the Female Sex.
It cures Constipation, Indigestion, and
Disorders of the Liver, Kidneys, Bladder,
and all the organs of the Female System.
It is a Positive Cure for all those
Painful Complaints and Weaknesses
Common to the Female Sex.

It will dissolve and expel from the system
all the acids of the blood. It will cure
all the diseases of the Female System,
and all the diseases of the Male System.
It is a Positive Cure for all those
Painful Complaints and Weaknesses
Common to the Female Sex.

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Harper's Weekly, 4.00 5.45

Harper's Bazar, 1.50 3.40

Ford's Christian Repository, 2.50 4.40

Southern Argus, 1.50 3.40

Courier Journal, 2.00 3.40

Democrat's Magazine, 2.00 3.40

Cottage Household, 1.50 3.40

Godey's Lady's Book, 2.00 3.40

Planter's Journal, 2.00 3.40

Philadelphia Times, 2.00 3.40

Southern Farmers Monthly, 2.00 3.40

Harper's Bazar, 4.00 5.45

The Nursery, 3.35 4.40

Baptist Family Magazine, 1.50 2.85

Country Gentleman, 2.50 4.45

OUR PUZZLE CORNER.

Cross-Word Enigma.

In onion, not in leek;
In parsley, not in weak;
In borrow, not in