





Media M. Brown, Part 2,



REMEMBER that for every dozen papers of garden seed sold at retail by CAWTHON & COLEMAN, Selma, Ala., they give a cake of nice Toilet Soap.

#### CURED OF CONSUMPTION

When death was hourly expected all remedies having failed, Dr. H. J. L. Smith was experimenting with the many herbs of Calcutta he accidentally made a preparation which cured his only child of Consumption. His child is now in this country enjoying the best of health. He has proved to the world that Consumption can be positively and permanently cured. The Doctor now gives this Recipe free, only asking two three cent stamps to pay expenses. This herb also cures night sweats, relieves the cough, and will break up a fresh cold in twenty-four hours. Address: CRADDOCK & CO., 1032 Race St., Philadelphia, naming this paper. In the Baptist church from the home of the bride's father, Dr. H. J. L. Smith, Dr. W. S. Rogers, Mr. George R. Hall and Miss Lulu L. Smith.

Their new life begins with a clear and beautiful sun rise. May their bright hopes and prospects be realized.

TIME IS MONEY. Don't wonder from store when wasting time searching for bargains in Drugs, but go to the fountain head of Coleman, Selma, Ala., the fountain head for Pure Drugs and low prices.

Elegance and Parity. Ladies who appreciate elegance and parity are using Parker's Hair Balsam. It is the best article sold for restoring gray hair to its original color, keeping it soft and lustrous.

GO TO SEE THE BONANZA LAMP. It is the best and cheapest lamp in the market. Burns without a chimney, and only costs 25 cents. CAWTHON & COLEMAN, Selma, Ala.

THERE IS MORE STRENGTH restoring power in a bottle of Parker's Ginger Tonic than in a bushel of malt or a gallon of milk. This explains why invalids find it such a wonderful invigorant for mind and body. See other columns.

\$1500 per acre can be easily made at home working for E. G. Riddout & Co., to Barclay Street, New York. Send for their catalogue and full particulars.—19

A Varied Performance. Many wonder how Parker's Ginger Tonic can perform such varied cures, thinking it simply essence of ginger, when in fact it is made from many valuable medicines which act beneficially on every diseased organ. See other columns.

USE BUNKER HILL. Harness and Leather Oil. It is the best thing on earth for leather. For sale only by CAWTHON & COLEMAN, Selma, Ala.

MANY MISERABLE PEOPLE drag themselves about with failing strength, feeling that they are sinking into their graves when Parker's Ginger Tonic is used. It begins with the first dose, to bring vitality and strength back to them.—20

THE remedial ingredients upon which Dr. Holman's plasters depend for the wonderful beneficial effects produced by them, constitute a new combination of the most effective never before made, and known to our laboratory only. Holman Plaster Co.

WASTE NO TIME in preparing your ground for an early garden, and then forget not that CAWTHON & COLEMAN keep an immense stock of garden seed, warranted to be fresh, and offer them at lower prices than elsewhere, and for every dozen papers sold at retail, give a cake of nice Toilet Soap.

TO CONSUMPTIVES. "Golden Medical Discovery" is a concentrated, potent alternative, or blood-cleansing remedy, which is a powerful agent for the removal of any humor, from the common pimples, blotch, or eruption, to the formidable scrofulous swelling, or ulcer. Internal fever, soreness, and ulceration, yield to its benign influence. Consumption, which is but a scrofulous affection of the lungs, may in its early stages, be cured by a free use of this God-given remedy. See article on consumption and its treatment in Part III of the World's Dispensary. Dine Series of pamphlets, costs two stamps, post paid. Address: World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

A LADY WANTS TO KNOW the latest Paris style of dress and bonnet, a new way to arrange the hair. Millions are expended for artificial appliances which only make conspicuous the fact that emaciation, nervous debility, and female weakness exist. Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" is sold under a positive guarantee. If used as directed, art can be dispensed with. It will overcome those diseases peculiar to females. By druggists.

Health, hope, and happiness are restored by the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It is a positive cure for those diseases from which women suffer so much. Send to Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, 233 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass., for pamphlets.

What Eminent St. Louis Physicians Say. PRAEPRATIVE OF COLDS. COLDS OF THE LUNGS. LIQUID EXTRACT OF BEEHIVE AND TONIC INVIGORATOR is a very agreeable article of diet, and particularly useful when tonics are required, being tolerated when other forms of animal food are rejected. Diphtheria, Ague, Malarial Typhoid Fevers, and every depressing disease, its use will be attended with great advantage. We have prescribed it with excellent success. J. H. Leslie, M. D., D. H. Cope, M. D., S. B. Parsons, M. D., R. A. Vaughan, M. D., Drs. S. L. and J. C. Nidelet; Wm. Porter, M. D., and many others.

(Remember the name, GOLDEN—take no other.) Of druggists generally.

Chronic Languor of the Bowels results from imperfect digestion. The cause lies in the torpidity of the liver, and the cure is take Simmons Liver Regulator to aid digestion, to stimulate the dull and sluggish liver and to regulate the bowels.

DELICATE PERSONS. And all whose system have become debilitated, should bear in mind that SIMMONS LIVER REGULATOR is not a drastic purgative medicine, therefore does not weaken or deplete the system as all purgatives do; it induces daily natural evacuations without straining, griping or pain; therefore its action being so gentle invigorates the bowels and tends to make the habit of the body regular, assisting nature rather than forcing it, thereby preventing as well as curing constipation, and the many diseases arising therefrom, the most common of which are piles, which are produced by constipation and increased by purgatives. It will be found no more appropriate for ladies and delicate persons, as they very frequently suffer from Sick Headache and Acidity of the Stomach, principally caused by constipation. Owing to its mild action it can be taken by the weak and debilitated at all times and under all circumstances with perfect safety. As a medicine the Regulator is invaluable, by encouraging the patient to eat and drink, and the Regulator, and mothers and nurses may give it to children for their most distressing complaints with the utmost confidence in its safety. We say, with the utmost confidence, that there is not in the whole face of the globe its equal at the present moment, or another medicine so far reaching or that meets with such unerring, such invariable success in the cure of all diseases of the liver, kidneys and bowels. Beware of Counterfeits; take only the genuine in white wrapper with red "Z" in front, prepared by J. C. J. & Co., New York.

FARMERS are requested to read the advertisement of Livingston & Co's celebrated Standard Farm Grist Mill, for farm and plantation use. This mill was awarded the first premium at the Pennsylvania State Fair, September, 1881. Messrs. Livingston & Co. are also manufacturers of the Monitor Corn and are also manufacturers of the Monitor Corn. A practical man says: "I have tried the mill and sheller, and they work like a charm." In regard to the standing of these gentlemen, Messrs. Livingston & Co. of Springfield, Ohio, well known as the publishers of one of the best agricultural papers in the country, say: "Messrs. Livingston & Co., Pittsburgh, Pa., are in every particular trustworthy and conscientious. They furnish the best goods in their line at a low price, and warrant them to do all that anyone could expect or wish, and if not satisfactory, to be returned at their expense. We have known these gentlemen for a long time, and can assure our readers that they will do exactly what they promise, and we most heartily recommend them."

#### Frank Leslie's Sunday Magazine

The February number contains, as usual, literary matter of rare interest and of an inspiring and improving character, and the embellishments are admirable and profuse. Among the latter is a hitherto unknown portrait of Martin Luther, which was recently discovered in the Library of the Vatican. At its lower margin are "D. M. Luther, at XLIX-1532." The editor, T. De Witt Talmage, D. D., gives the second part of a story by Rev. W. H. Furness, which contains his own narrative, full of eyes, and he also furnishes an interesting illustrated article, Narcotics; Called to the Ministry, by S. H. Harvey, On the River Nile, by W. Proctor, Lessons of the Snow, by Rev. W. W. Walker, Miscellaneous, etc. The magazine is finely illustrated and replete with interest and information. "The Reminiscences of an Old New Yorker" are continued, and the department of fiction contains, besides the charming article, Paradise, Whiteburn and Margaret's Enemy, short stories and sketches by popular writers. There are also essays, poems and an abundance of amusing and instructive miscellany. The subscription is \$3 a year; 25 cents a number. Send no money. Address: Frank Leslie Publishing, 55 and 57 Park Place, New York.

#### MARRIED.

Dec. 25th, 1881, at Uchee, Ala., by Eld. G. D. Benton, Mr. G. A. Forbair and Miss Lou Walton, both of Russell Co., Ala.

Jan. 1st, 1882, at the residence of the bride's father, in Hale County, Ala., by Rev. T. M. Harbour, Rev. James Loveless to Miss Mattie Dockery.

#### Thaddeus C. Watts.

Bro. Watts was born at Pine Flat, Butler County, Ala., Sept. 30, 1839, and died at Camden, Wilcox County, Dec. 1st, 1881, being 42 years and two months old. He joined the Baptist church in his youth, and was ever a consistent member of the same. He was twice married. First to Miss Mary Carter, Feb. 23, 1860. Losing his first companion by death, he was married a second time Sept. 24, 1878 to Mrs. Evelyn S. Williams, who with a broken heart, is now mourning over her irreparable loss. The death of her husband, Bro. Watts was called from his home at Pine Apple to Camden as grand juror, and had spent more than a week in the active prosecution of his duties as such before he was taken sick. On Tuesday of the second week of his stay in Camden he was attacked with a severe form of congestion of the lungs which in four days time ended his earthly career. Notwithstanding he was away from home and in the midst of comparative strangers, yet the good and generous-hearted people of Camden did every thing in their power to relieve his suffering and prolong his life.

At the time of his death, Bro. Watts was a member and deacon of Pine Apple church, and the efficient superintendent of the Sabbath school.

He was the son of a pious and cheerful, ever carrying with him the smile of affection and the sun light of good will to all. Wherever he went he made a high plane of his life. His own ease and comfort lay on the altar, a continual sacrifice for the happiness of his friends and family. Oh! how often has he turned his tearful eyes to the Father, and with a devoted sigh said, "Pray for my boys!" In early life she became the subject of saving grace, made a profession of faith in Christ, and ever afterward practiced and beautifully illustrated all the characteristics of a Christian life. In 1876, Bro. and Sister Love settled at Beulah, Lee County. Here her intelligent, Christian character, prayers and ceaseless efforts for her church and Sabbath school, aided by divine blessing have placed her name on a high plane of success. Love for her church and consecration to her Master, drew around her a circle of devoted friends who revere her memory, and with one accord pronounce her blessed, alive to all missionary work, and was ever ready to yield the last shilling for the spread of the Gospel. But this obedient daughter, studious school girl, affectionate sister, dutiful wife, devoted mother, could not remain in this world always. God has called home his child, and her obedient, pure spirit rests in the presence of the Infinite. Her useful life has ended, as if the entire community mourns as if it had lost one heart, for every one had a personal friend, and fully acknowledged the debt he owed her. She bore her last long suffering with the firmness of a martyr and the resignation of a saint, and in her death, grandly displayed the sublimity of a Christian life. "I shall soon see my precious King." But she was willing even then to forego the bliss of Paradise for a season, to cheer her crushed husband, and assist her dear children.

"To steer through life's tempestuous seas Where stormy winds do blow."

On Sunday, the 18th of December, a day long to be remembered about Beulah, she consigned the remains of our dear sister to their mother earth. The day was bright and balmy as spring. It had been announced that the funeral of Sister Love would be at 11 o'clock. The Baptist church building was crowded to its utmost. I never witnessed an occasion more solemn. The discourse was little more than a eulogy on the life and death of the departed. Sobs and groans and cries of anguish were heard from every part of the congregation. Not a dry eye was there—the grief was profound and universal. Strong men wept like babes. Young men and maidens, parents and children, all alike gave vent to their feelings with bitter sobs and streaming tears. Some of her co-laborers in church and Sabbath school, embraced the cold coffin as loath to let it be borne away, sobbing, "How can we give you up?" "How can we do without you?" "Cheer up my sisters; you shall never be without her; her teaching and her example will bear precious fruits for your children till you greet her in the sweet beyond." She is no more; yet she is ever with us.

On Sunday, the 18th of December, a day long to be remembered about Beulah, she consigned the remains of our dear sister to their mother earth. The day was bright and balmy as spring. It had been announced that the funeral of Sister Love would be at 11 o'clock. The Baptist church building was crowded to its utmost. I never witnessed an occasion more solemn. The discourse was little more than a eulogy on the life and death of the departed. Sobs and groans and cries of anguish were heard from every part of the congregation. Not a dry eye was there—the grief was profound and universal. Strong men wept like babes. Young men and maidens, parents and children, all alike gave vent to their feelings with bitter sobs and streaming tears. Some of her co-laborers in church and Sabbath school, embraced the cold coffin as loath to let it be borne away, sobbing, "How can we give you up?" "How can we do without you?" "Cheer up my sisters; you shall never be without her; her teaching and her example will bear precious fruits for your children till you greet her in the sweet beyond." She is no more; yet she is ever with us.

On Sunday, the 18th of December, a day long to be remembered about Beulah, she consigned the remains of our dear sister to their mother earth. The day was bright and balmy as spring. It had been announced that the funeral of Sister Love would be at 11 o'clock. The Baptist church building was crowded to its utmost. I never witnessed an occasion more solemn. The discourse was little more than a eulogy on the life and death of the departed. Sobs and groans and cries of anguish were heard from every part of the congregation. Not a dry eye was there—the grief was profound and universal. Strong men wept like babes. Young men and maidens, parents and children, all alike gave vent to their feelings with bitter sobs and streaming tears. Some of her co-laborers in church and Sabbath school, embraced the cold coffin as loath to let it be borne away, sobbing, "How can we give you up?" "How can we do without you?" "Cheer up my sisters; you shall never be without her; her teaching and her example will bear precious fruits for your children till you greet her in the sweet beyond." She is no more; yet she is ever with us.

On Sunday, the 18th of December, a day long to be remembered about Beulah, she consigned the remains of our dear sister to their mother earth. The day was bright and balmy as spring. It had been announced that the funeral of Sister Love would be at 11 o'clock. The Baptist church building was crowded to its utmost. I never witnessed an occasion more solemn. The discourse was little more than a eulogy on the life and death of the departed. Sobs and groans and cries of anguish were heard from every part of the congregation. Not a dry eye was there—the grief was profound and universal. Strong men wept like babes. Young men and maidens, parents and children, all alike gave vent to their feelings with bitter sobs and streaming tears. Some of her co-laborers in church and Sabbath school, embraced the cold coffin as loath to let it be borne away, sobbing, "How can we give you up?" "How can we do without you?" "Cheer up my sisters; you shall never be without her; her teaching and her example will bear precious fruits for your children till you greet her in the sweet beyond." She is no more; yet she is ever with us.

On Sunday, the 18th of December, a day long to be remembered about Beulah, she consigned the remains of our dear sister to their mother earth. The day was bright and balmy as spring. It had been announced that the funeral of Sister Love would be at 11 o'clock. The Baptist church building was crowded to its utmost. I never witnessed an occasion more solemn. The discourse was little more than a eulogy on the life and death of the departed. Sobs and groans and cries of anguish were heard from every part of the congregation. Not a dry eye was there—the grief was profound and universal. Strong men wept like babes. Young men and maidens, parents and children, all alike gave vent to their feelings with bitter sobs and streaming tears. Some of her co-laborers in church and Sabbath school, embraced the cold coffin as loath to let it be borne away, sobbing, "How can we give you up?" "How can we do without you?" "Cheer up my sisters; you shall never be without her; her teaching and her example will bear precious fruits for your children till you greet her in the sweet beyond." She is no more; yet she is ever with us.

On Sunday, the 18th of December, a day long to be remembered about Beulah, she consigned the remains of our dear sister to their mother earth. The day was bright and balmy as spring. It had been announced that the funeral of Sister Love would be at 11 o'clock. The Baptist church building was crowded to its utmost. I never witnessed an occasion more solemn. The discourse was little more than a eulogy on the life and death of the departed. Sobs and groans and cries of anguish were heard from every part of the congregation. Not a dry eye was there—the grief was profound and universal. Strong men wept like babes. Young men and maidens, parents and children, all alike gave vent to their feelings with bitter sobs and streaming tears. Some of her co-laborers in church and Sabbath school, embraced the cold coffin as loath to let it be borne away, sobbing, "How can we give you up?" "How can we do without you?" "Cheer up my sisters; you shall never be without her; her teaching and her example will bear precious fruits for your children till you greet her in the sweet beyond." She is no more; yet she is ever with us.

On Sunday, the 18th of December, a day long to be remembered about Beulah, she consigned the remains of our dear sister to their mother earth. The day was bright and balmy as spring. It had been announced that the funeral of Sister Love would be at 11 o'clock. The Baptist church building was crowded to its utmost. I never witnessed an occasion more solemn. The discourse was little more than a eulogy on the life and death of the departed. Sobs and groans and cries of anguish were heard from every part of the congregation. Not a dry eye was there—the grief was profound and universal. Strong men wept like babes. Young men and maidens, parents and children, all alike gave vent to their feelings with bitter sobs and streaming tears. Some of her co-laborers in church and Sabbath school, embraced the cold coffin as loath to let it be borne away, sobbing, "How can we give you up?" "How can we do without you?" "Cheer up my sisters; you shall never be without her; her teaching and her example will bear precious fruits for your children till you greet her in the sweet beyond." She is no more; yet she is ever with us.

On Sunday, the 18th of December, a day long to be remembered about Beulah, she consigned the remains of our dear sister to their mother earth. The day was bright and balmy as spring. It had been announced that the funeral of Sister Love would be at 11 o'clock. The Baptist church building was crowded to its utmost. I never witnessed an occasion more solemn. The discourse was little more than a eulogy on the life and death of the departed. Sobs and groans and cries of anguish were heard from every part of the congregation. Not a dry eye was there—the grief was profound and universal. Strong men wept like babes. Young men and maidens, parents and children, all alike gave vent to their feelings with bitter sobs and streaming tears. Some of her co-laborers in church and Sabbath school, embraced the cold coffin as loath to let it be borne away, sobbing, "How can we give you up?" "How can we do without you?" "Cheer up my sisters; you shall never be without her; her teaching and her example will bear precious fruits for your children till you greet her in the sweet beyond." She is no more; yet she is ever with us.

On Sunday, the 18th of December, a day long to be remembered about Beulah, she consigned the remains of our dear sister to their mother earth. The day was bright and balmy as spring. It had been announced that the funeral of Sister Love would be at 11 o'clock. The Baptist church building was crowded to its utmost. I never witnessed an occasion more solemn. The discourse was little more than a eulogy on the life and death of the departed. Sobs and groans and cries of anguish were heard from every part of the congregation. Not a dry eye was there—the grief was profound and universal. Strong men wept like babes. Young men and maidens, parents and children, all alike gave vent to their feelings with bitter sobs and streaming tears. Some of her co-laborers in church and Sabbath school, embraced the cold coffin as loath to let it be borne away, sobbing, "How can we give you up?" "How can we do without you?" "Cheer up my sisters; you shall never be without her; her teaching and her example will bear precious fruits for your children till you greet her in the sweet beyond." She is no more; yet she is ever with us.

On Sunday, the 18th of December, a day long to be remembered about Beulah, she consigned the remains of our dear sister to their mother earth. The day was bright and balmy as spring. It had been announced that the funeral of Sister Love would be at 11 o'clock. The Baptist church building was crowded to its utmost. I never witnessed an occasion more solemn. The discourse was little more than a eulogy on the life and death of the departed. Sobs and groans and cries of anguish were heard from every part of the congregation. Not a dry eye was there—the grief was profound and universal. Strong men wept like babes. Young men and maidens, parents and children, all alike gave vent to their feelings with bitter sobs and streaming tears. Some of her co-laborers in church and Sabbath school, embraced the cold coffin as loath to let it be borne away, sobbing, "How can we give you up?" "How can we do without you?" "Cheer up my sisters; you shall never be without her; her teaching and her example will bear precious fruits for your children till you greet her in the sweet beyond." She is no more; yet she is ever with us.

On Sunday, the 18th of December, a day long to be remembered about Beulah, she consigned the remains of our dear sister to their mother earth. The day was bright and balmy as spring. It had been announced that the funeral of Sister Love would be at 11 o'clock. The Baptist church building was crowded to its utmost. I never witnessed an occasion more solemn. The discourse was little more than a eulogy on the life and death of the departed. Sobs and groans and cries of anguish were heard from every part of the congregation. Not a dry eye was there—the grief was profound and universal. Strong men wept like babes. Young men and maidens, parents and children, all alike gave vent to their feelings with bitter sobs and streaming tears. Some of her co-laborers in church and Sabbath school, embraced the cold coffin as loath to let it be borne away, sobbing, "How can we give you up?" "How can we do without you?" "Cheer up my sisters; you shall never be without her; her teaching and her example will bear precious fruits for your children till you greet her in the sweet beyond." She is no more; yet she is ever with us.

On Sunday, the 18th of December, a day long to be remembered about Beulah, she consigned the remains of our dear sister to their mother earth. The day was bright and balmy as spring. It had been announced that the funeral of Sister Love would be at 11 o'clock. The Baptist church building was crowded to its utmost. I never witnessed an occasion more solemn. The discourse was little more than a eulogy on the life and death of the departed. Sobs and groans and cries of anguish were heard from every part of the congregation. Not a dry eye was there—the grief was profound and universal. Strong men wept like babes. Young men and maidens, parents and children, all alike gave vent to their feelings with bitter sobs and streaming tears. Some of her co-laborers in church and Sabbath school, embraced the cold coffin as loath to let it be borne away, sobbing, "How can we give you up?" "How can we do without you?" "Cheer up my sisters; you shall never be without her; her teaching and her example will bear precious fruits for your children till you greet her in the sweet beyond." She is no more; yet she is ever with us.

On Sunday, the 18th of December, a day long to be remembered about Beulah, she consigned the remains of our dear sister to their mother earth. The day was bright and balmy as spring. It had been announced that the funeral of Sister Love would be at 11 o'clock. The Baptist church building was crowded to its utmost. I never witnessed an occasion more solemn. The discourse was little more than a eulogy on the life and death of the departed. Sobs and groans and cries of anguish were heard from every part of the congregation. Not a dry eye was there—the grief was profound and universal. Strong men wept like babes. Young men and maidens, parents and children, all alike gave vent to their feelings with bitter sobs and streaming tears. Some of her co-laborers in church and Sabbath school, embraced the cold coffin as loath to let it be borne away, sobbing, "How can we give you up?" "How can we do without you?" "Cheer up my sisters; you shall never be without her; her teaching and her example will bear precious fruits for your children till you greet her in the sweet beyond." She is no more; yet she is ever with us.

#### OBITUARY.

Died, in Jefferson county, Ala., at the residence of Mr. E. P. Wood, Willie Fiquet Wood, son of M. and J. S. Wood. The subject of this notice was born at Warrior Sta., Jefferson county, Ala., on the 2nd of March, 1879, and died on the 15th of November, 1881. It is sad to recount the death of one so young and tender in years. Willie was the only child of Brother and Sister Wood, and is therefore missed by the more by his parents; but they are perfectly resigned to the will of him that cannot do wrong. They do not lay their beloved little boy in the cold, dark grave, as those that have no hope. But with the blessed hope of a glorious resurrection more before them, Bro. and Sister Wood wait in hope. Willie was a beautiful, bright child, and gave evidence of more than ordinary development of mind to one of his age. He was a child of an amiable disposition, and every one seemed to love and admire him. But "Death loves a shining mark." All was done to save him from the ruthless hand of death that could be done by parents, friends, and faithful physicians, but all to no purpose. So, so far went our dear little friend till he met his end, that bright world of youth.

#### OBITUARY.

Mrs. Ophelia H. Smith was born in Clarke Co., Ala., near Coffeeville, September, 1842, and departed this life, at her residence, near Decaturville, Choctaw county, Ala., 10 Dec., 1881.

In early life she was converted to God, and joined the Baptist church at Uchee, in Clarke Co., Ala., under the pastorate of Rev. Wm. Campbell. She was a devoted Christian woman, and all things, although we may not see why it was so, death should take from our small number, one of our sisters, young, promising and of much influence in our Master's work, a lady, a devoted daughter, an affectionate wife and mother, and a true and neighbor, yet we know that God's ways are best. Therefore

Resolved, That we bow submissively to the demand which the Lord has made upon our sisterhood, in removing from our number our beloved sister, Lizzie Thompson, and feel that her departure to the home above, was richly her gain, though greatly our loss.

Resolved, That as a church we deeply mourn her loss, and feel that a bright, Christian light has been removed from among us, and that we are bereaved of many Christian virtues, and seek that almighty God, in the resurrection, may enable her to obtain so glorious a victory in her triumphant death.

Resolved, That we tender to her deeply afflicted husband, our brother, Wm. F. Thompson, and her mourning parents, our heartfelt sympathy, and pray the Father to comfort them with the full assurance that his ways are wise.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be furnished to Bro. Thompson, and that a copy be sent to the ALABAMA BAPTIST with a request for their publication; also to be spread in the church.

Respectfully submitted, Mrs. T. M. PARKMAN, Com. ELIA JOHNSON, Sec. Done by order of the church, in conference at Philadelphia, W. C. A., Dec. 14, 1881. W. C. BUCK, Moderator. S. L. MULLIN, Church Clerk.

#### Mrs. Martha E. Love.

Sister Martha E. Love, consort of Dr. J. M. Love, of Beulah, Ala., daughter of Bro. Joseph James, late of Atlanta, Texas, and the subject of this sketch, was born Sept. 28, 1824, and died on the 17th of Dec. 1881.

Sister Love was one of the noblest and best of womankind. Educated at Greensboro, N. C., under the preceptorship of Dr. Deems, now of N. Y., it is worthy of remark, that she was never absent from prayers, never missed a lesson, or received a demerit mark during her whole pupilage. This obedience to parents and preceptors, and promptitude to duty, was the result of an early piety and filial affection, which ran through and beautified her whole life.

As a wife, she was a kind, industrious, faithful and intelligent helpmate. Philoprogenitiveness was so prominent in the moving power of her soul was the welfare of her children. Her own ease and comfort lay on the altar, a continual sacrifice for the happiness of her friends and family. Oh! how often has she turned her tearful eyes to the Father, and with a devoted sigh said, "Pray for my boys!" In early life she became the subject of saving grace, made a profession of faith in Christ, and ever afterward practiced and beautifully illustrated all the characteristics of a Christian life. In 1876, Bro. and Sister Love settled at Beulah, Lee County. Here her intelligent, Christian character, prayers and ceaseless efforts for her church and Sabbath school, aided by divine blessing have placed her name on a high plane of success. Love for her church and consecration to her Master, drew around her a circle of devoted friends who revere her memory, and with one accord pronounce her blessed, alive to all missionary work, and was ever ready to yield the last shilling for the spread of the Gospel. But this obedient daughter, studious school girl, affectionate sister, dutiful wife, devoted mother, could not remain in this world always. God has called home his child, and her obedient, pure spirit rests in the presence of the Infinite. Her useful life has ended, as if the entire community mourns as if it had lost one heart, for every one had a personal friend, and fully acknowledged the debt he owed her. She bore her last long suffering with the firmness of a martyr and the resignation of a saint, and in her death, grandly displayed the sublimity of a Christian life. "I shall soon see my precious King." But she was willing even then to forego the bliss of Paradise for a season, to cheer her crushed husband, and assist her dear children.

"To steer through life's tempestuous seas Where stormy winds do blow."

On Sunday, the 18th of December, a day long to be remembered about Beulah, she consigned the remains of our dear sister to their mother earth. The day was bright and balmy as spring. It had been announced that the funeral of Sister Love would be at 11 o'clock. The Baptist church building was crowded to its utmost. I never witnessed an occasion more solemn. The discourse was little more than a eulogy on the life and death of the departed. Sobs and groans and cries of anguish were heard from every part of the congregation. Not a dry eye was there—the grief was profound and universal. Strong men wept like babes. Young men and maidens, parents and children, all alike gave vent to their feelings with bitter sobs and streaming tears. Some of her co-laborers in church and Sabbath school, embraced the cold coffin as loath to let it be borne away, sobbing, "How can we give you up?" "How can we do without you?" "Cheer up my sisters; you shall never be without her; her teaching and her example will bear precious fruits for your children till you greet her in the sweet beyond." She is no more; yet she is ever with us.

On Sunday, the 18th of December, a day long to be remembered about Beulah, she consigned the remains of our dear sister to their mother earth. The day was bright and balmy as spring. It had been announced that the funeral of Sister Love would be at 11 o'clock. The Baptist church building was crowded to its utmost. I never witnessed an occasion more solemn. The discourse was little more than a eulogy on the life and death of the departed. Sobs and groans and cries of anguish were heard from every part of the congregation. Not a dry eye was there—the grief was profound and universal. Strong men wept like babes. Young men and maidens, parents and children, all alike gave vent to their feelings with bitter sobs and streaming tears. Some of her co-laborers in church and Sabbath school, embraced the cold coffin as loath to let it be borne away, sobbing, "How can we give you up?" "How can we do without you?" "Cheer up my sisters; you shall never be without her; her teaching and her example will bear precious fruits for your children till you greet her in the sweet beyond." She is no more; yet she is ever with us.

On Sunday, the 18th of December, a day long to be remembered about Beulah, she consigned the remains of our dear sister to their mother earth. The day was bright and balmy as spring. It had been announced that the funeral of Sister Love would be at 11 o'clock. The Baptist church building was crowded to its utmost. I never witnessed an occasion more solemn. The discourse was little more than a eulogy on the life and death of the departed. Sobs and groans and cries of anguish were heard from every part of the congregation. Not a dry eye was there—the grief was profound and universal. Strong men wept like babes. Young men and maidens, parents and children, all alike gave vent to their feelings with bitter sobs and streaming tears. Some of her co-laborers in church and Sabbath school, embraced the cold coffin as loath to let it be borne away, sobbing, "How can we give you up?" "How can we do without you?" "Cheer up my sisters; you shall never be without her; her teaching and her example will bear precious fruits for your children till you greet her in the sweet beyond." She is no more; yet she is ever with us.

On Sunday, the 18th of December, a day long to be remembered about Beulah, she consigned the remains of our dear sister to their mother earth. The day was bright and balmy as spring. It had been announced that the funeral of Sister Love would be at 11 o'clock. The Baptist church building was crowded to its utmost. I never witnessed an occasion more solemn. The discourse was little more than a eulogy on the life and death of the departed. Sobs and groans and cries of anguish were heard from every part of the congregation. Not a dry eye was there—the grief was profound and universal. Strong men wept like babes. Young men and maidens, parents and children, all alike gave vent to their feelings with bitter sobs and streaming tears. Some of her co-laborers in church and Sabbath school, embraced the cold coffin as loath to let it be borne away, sobbing, "How can we give you up?" "How can we do without you?" "Cheer up my sisters; you shall never be without her; her teaching and her example will bear precious fruits for your children till you greet her in the sweet beyond." She is no more; yet she is ever with us.

On Sunday, the 18th of December, a day long to be remembered about Beulah, she consigned the remains of our dear sister to their mother earth. The day was bright and balmy as spring. It had been announced that the funeral of Sister Love would be at 11 o'clock. The Baptist church building was crowded to its utmost. I never witnessed an occasion more solemn. The discourse was little more than a eulogy on the life and death of the departed. Sobs and groans and cries of anguish were heard from every part of the congregation. Not a dry eye was there—the grief was profound and universal. Strong men wept like babes. Young men and maidens, parents and children, all alike gave vent to their feelings with bitter sobs and streaming tears. Some of her co-laborers in church and Sabbath school, embraced the cold coffin as loath to let it be borne away, sobbing, "How can we give you up?" "How can we do without you?" "Cheer up my sisters; you shall never be without her; her teaching and her example will bear precious fruits for your children till you greet her in the sweet beyond." She is no more; yet she is ever with us.

On Sunday, the 18th of December, a day long to be remembered about Beulah, she consigned the remains of our dear sister to their mother earth. The day was bright and balmy as spring. It had been announced that the funeral of Sister Love would be at 11 o'clock. The Baptist church building was crowded to its utmost. I never witnessed an occasion more solemn. The discourse was little more than a eulogy on the life and death of the departed. Sobs and groans and cries of anguish were heard from every part of the congregation. Not a dry eye was there—the grief was profound and universal. Strong men wept like babes. Young men and maidens, parents and children, all alike gave vent to their feelings with bitter sobs and streaming tears. Some of her co-laborers in church and Sabbath school, embraced the cold coffin as loath to let it be borne away, sobbing, "How can we give you up?" "How can we do without you?" "Cheer up my sisters; you shall never be without her; her teaching and her example will bear precious fruits for your children till you greet her in the sweet beyond." She is no more; yet she is ever with us.

On Sunday, the 18th of December, a day long to be remembered about Beulah, she consigned the remains of our dear sister to their mother earth. The day was bright and balmy as spring. It had been announced that the funeral of Sister Love would be at 11 o'clock. The Baptist church building was crowded to its utmost. I never witnessed an occasion more solemn. The discourse was little more than a eulogy on the life and death of the departed. Sobs and groans and cries of anguish were heard from every part of the congregation. Not a dry eye was there—the grief was profound and universal. Strong men wept like babes. Young men and maidens, parents and children, all alike gave vent to their feelings with bitter sobs and streaming tears. Some of her co-laborers in church and Sabbath school, embraced the cold coffin as loath to let it be borne away, sobbing, "How can we give you up?" "How can we do without you?" "Cheer up my sisters; you shall never be without her; her teaching and her example will bear precious fruits for your children till you greet her in the sweet beyond." She is no more; yet she is ever with us.

On Sunday, the 18th of December, a day long to be remembered about Beulah, she consigned the remains of our dear sister to their mother earth. The day was bright and balmy as spring. It had been announced that the funeral of Sister Love would be at 11 o'clock. The Baptist church building was crowded to its utmost. I never witnessed an occasion more solemn. The discourse was little more than a eulogy on the life and death of the departed. Sobs and groans and cries of anguish were heard from every part of the congregation. Not a dry eye was there—the grief was profound and universal. Strong men wept like babes. Young men and maidens, parents and children, all alike gave vent to their feelings with bitter sobs and streaming tears. Some of her co-laborers in church and Sabbath school, embraced the cold coffin as loath to let it be borne away, sobbing, "How can we give you up?" "How can we do without you?" "Cheer up my sisters; you shall never be without her; her teaching and her example will bear precious fruits for your children till you greet her in the sweet beyond." She is no more; yet she is ever with us.

On Sunday, the 18th of December, a day long to be remembered about Beulah, she consigned the remains of our dear sister to their mother earth. The day was bright and balmy as spring. It had been announced that the funeral of Sister Love would be at 11 o'clock. The Baptist church building was crowded to its utmost. I never witnessed an occasion more solemn. The discourse was little more than a eulogy on the life and death of the departed. Sobs and groans and cries of anguish were heard from every part of the congregation. Not a dry eye was there—the grief was profound and universal. Strong men wept like babes. Young men and maidens, parents and children, all alike gave vent to their feelings with bitter sobs and streaming tears. Some of her co-laborers in church and Sabbath school, embraced the cold coffin as loath to let it be borne away, sobbing, "How can we give you up?" "How can we do without you?" "Cheer up my sisters; you shall never be without her; her teaching and her example will bear precious fruits for your children till you greet her in the sweet beyond." She is no more; yet she is ever with us.

On Sunday, the 18th of December, a day long to be remembered about Beulah, she consigned the remains of our dear sister to their mother earth. The day was bright and balmy as spring. It had been announced that the funeral of Sister Love would be at 11 o'clock. The Baptist church building was crowded to its utmost. I never witnessed an occasion more solemn. The discourse was little more



## THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

## Little Pierre.

In a humble room, in one of the poorest streets of London, Pierre, a little French boy, sat humming by the bedside of his sick mother. There was no bread in the closet, and for the whole day he had not tasted food; yet he sat humming to keep up his spirits. Still, at times, he thought of his loneliness and hunger, and he could scarcely keep the tears from his eyes; for he knew nothing would be so grateful to his poor invalid mother as a good sweet orange, and yet he had not a penny in the world.

The little son he was singing was his own, one he had composed with air and words; for the child was a genius.

He went to the window, and looking out saw a man putting up a great bill with yellow letters, announcing that Madame Malibran would sing that night in public.

"Oh, if I could only go!" thought little Pierre; and then, pausing a moment, he clasped his hands, and his eyes lighted with a new hope. Running to the little stand, he smoothed down his yellow curls, and taking from a little box some old stained paper, gave one eager glance at his mother, who slept, and ran speedily from the house. "Who did you say is waiting for me?" said the lady to her servant. "I am already worn out with company."

"It is only a very pretty little boy, with yellow curls, who says if he can just see you he is sure you will not be sorry, and he will not keep you a moment."

"Oh! we'll let him come," said the beautiful singer, with a smile. "I can never refuse children."

Little Pierre came in, his hat under his arm, and in his hand a little roll of paper. With marvellous unusual for a child, he walked straight to the lady, and bowing said, "I came to see you because my mother is very sick, and we are too poor to get food and medicine. I thought that, perhaps, if you would only sing my little song at some of your grand concerts, maybe a good publisher would buy it for a small sum, and so I could get food and medicine for my mother."

The beautiful woman rose from her seat. Very tall and stately she was. She took the little roll from his hand and lightly hummed the air.

"Did you compose it?" she asked. "You, a child? And the words? Would you like to come to my concert?" she asked, after a few minutes of thought.

"Oh, yes!"—and the boy's eyes grew bright with happiness; "but I couldn't leave my mother."

"I will send somebody to take care of your mother for the evening; and here is a crown, with which you may go and get food and medicine. Here also one of my tickets. Come to-night; that will admit you to a seat near me."

Almost beside himself with joy, Pierre thought some oranges, and many a little luxury besides, and carried them home to the poor invalid, telling her, not without tears, of his good fortune.

When evening came, and Pierre was admitted to the concert hall, he felt that never in his life had he been in so grand a place. The music, the myriad lights, the beauty, the flashing of diamonds and rustling of silk, bewildered his eyes and brain.

At last she came; and the child sat with his glance riveted upon her glorious face. Could he believe that the grand lady, all blazing with jewels, and whom everybody seemed to worship, would really sing his little song?

Breathless, he waited. The band, the whole band, struck up a little plaintive melody. He knew it, and clapped his hands for joy. And oh, how she sang it! It was so simple, so mournful, so soul-subduing, many a bright eye dimmed with tears; and naught could be heard but the touching words of that little song—oh, so touching!

Pierre walked home as if he were moving on air. What cared he for money now? The greatest singer in all Europe had sung his little song, and thousands had wept at his grief.

The next day, he was frightened at a visit from Madame Malibran. She laid her hand on his yellow curls, and turning to the sick woman, said, "Your little boy, madame, has brought you a fortune. I was offered, this morning, by the best publisher in London, three hundred pounds for his little song; and after he has realized a certain amount from the sale, little Pierre, here, is to share the profits. Madame, thank God that your son has a gift to heaven."

The noble hearted singer, and the poor woman, wept together. As to Pierre, always mindful of his mother who watches over the tried and tempted, he knelt down by his mother's bedside, and uttered a simple but eloquent prayer, asking God's blessing on the kind lady who had deigned to notice his little effort. The memory of that prayer made the singer even more tender-hearted; and she, who was the idol of England's nobility, went about doing good. And in her early, happy days, he who stood by her bed, and smoothed her pillow, and lightened her last moments by his undying affection, was the little Pierre of former days—now rich, accomplished, and the most talented composer of the day.

All honor to those great hearts who, from their high stations, send down bounty to the widow and to the fatherless child—The Children's Museum.

## The Fair.

There was some whispering with mamma, followed by a delighted squeal from Golt-Locks.

It was plain that some pleasant suggestion had been made.

"O Edie, Edie, come here," she cried.

"What is it?" she asked, rather indifferently.

Golt-Locks whistled in her ear, and with a bright grin bled in to her.

"Oh, Edie," she cried, "We'll be at the fair next week. Day for day, it's a drizzling day."

was visible when the children looked out, and they had grown so impatient that dolls and books and games had lost all charm. This third rainy morning they were in despair.

It was the week of the county fair, and that was what gave mamma her idea. The plan she had whispered to Golt-Locks was this: to get up a fair of their own, to offer premiums, to make entries, and to have a real exhibition.

They hurried to take Teddy into their confidence, and he entered into the proposal with enthusiasm. The premiums were to be in money, which they could raise by going to every member of the household and asking for a subscription.

This they made haste to do at the very first, and the pennies came in in abundance.

"I'll write out the list of premiums to be offered," said mamma, "and you can go to work at once and arrange what you will take."

It put them to their wits. What could they have for horses and cattle and fowls and vegetables and fruit? Following this beginning there was a great deal of secrecy, and meanwhile it continued to rain. But they no longer complained, for each one was as busy as a bee.

At last the time arrived which had been set for the fair to open. The long dining room table was the place chosen for the display.

Teddy was gate-keeper, and took the entrance-money. He soon had a heap of pennies in his box, for a most unexpected interest was shown in by the entire household.

The fair had begun.

The most noticeable thing on the grounds was a pig.

"Oh, the funny animal!" cried Edith; "if only he had legs, he would be perfect. What's he made of?"

"He's made of a lemon," said Golt-Locks, "covered with black apples. Mamma and I tried to get his tail to curl, but it wouldn't."

On the table lay a long apple-tree with, neatly labeled.

"What is written on the paper?" asked Teddy.

Edith read, "Best Threshing-machine." And that they expected grandly.

"And what is this?" cried Edith, with much disgust, holding up a comb.

"A specimen of hair-work found on a careless little girl's toilet-table," answered mamma.

There were plenty of cut flowers; there was a doll's bedquilt; there was a flock of turkeys made of raisins.

There was a gray cloth elephant, a pair of cotton-wool rabbits, baskets of nuts, one big pumpkin with a face cut in it, which Golt-Locks had used for a doll.

It was a favorite of hers because it was so heavy, and because when she fed it, or gave it medicine with a spoon, it would take it all in beautifully.

In the mechanical department there was a train of spool-cars with a spool on end for a locomotive.

This was Teddy's work, and he had made besides a windmill and a plough whittled out of a shingle.

But the crowning excitement was the horse-race. There was a heap of marbles at one end of the table, and these were the horses. A thick cloth was spread out as a track, and then the horses were brought out.

There were three; Maud S., St. Julien and old white Charley.

"Old Charley is the nicest of all," said Ted. "I know he'll get the premium; or at least, he ought to."

"But the other two are a great deal more famous than he is," said Edith. "Old Charley is just a gentle old stupid; he can't run."

"I think a horse that can hitch himself into a carriage ought to be best," retorted Teddy, with some excitement, "and you harness old Charley and leave him in his stall, he'll do that every time."

"We'll decide which is best after we try them," said Golt-Locks.

A row of six marbles was laid across the table, and each member of the Agricultural Society was allowed to choose one of the leaders, and to see how many he could knock out of line in three trials.

Maud S. was quite a favorite, and so was St. Julien; but as Teddy had said, old white Charley was best of all. He was the winner, and had a blue ribbon tied around him.

In all this absorbing play, they had not noticed what grandma was doing. On a side table she had spread out a little feast.

"I don't expect a premium," she said; "but I want the committee to prize some bread and butter and jam and pickles, and some best Berrwick pie;" and there was a lovely frosted cake with a custard inside, cut into wedges like a pie.

The committee instantly forgot all about their awards, and ate up all the pie and cake and jam and pickles.

But from the blue ribbon on the pig's tail I think he must have taken a premium.—*Youth's Companion.*

## Don't Girls.

Don't think it absolutely necessary to your happiness that every afternoon be spent in making calls or on the street, shopping. Home is not a mere hotel, wherein to eat and sleep—too dreary to be endured without company from abroad; home work is not mere drudgery; but useful instruction to those who love.

Don't mistake giggling for cheerfulness; laugh phrases for wit, boisterous rudeness for frank gaiety, impudent speeches for bright repartees. On the other hand, don't be prim, formal, stiff, nor assume a "company face," or "prunes, potatoes, prisms," nor sit bolt upright in a corner, hands, feet, eyes and lips carefully posed for effect. An effect will be produced, but not the one you wish. Nor yet sit scornfully reserved, criticizing mentally the dress, manners, looks, etc., of those around you. Make up your mind that your companions are, on the whole, a pretty nice set of people (if they are not, not you had business to come among them); that there is something to respect and like in each of them, something to learn of all of them. Determine to have a nice time anyhow; then do your part to make

it so. Be genial, cordial, frank. If you can play and sing ordinarily well, do not refuse to take your share in entertaining your companions in that way. You are not expected to be a Nilsson or Kellogg. If you cannot play or sing, say so frankly, and do not feel humiliated. You probably excel in some other accomplishment. Even if you do not, you can possess that one grand accomplishment to which all others are but accessories, that of being a lady—a true woman, gentle and gracious, modest and lovable.

Dear young girls, your lives are full of noble possibilities. There is but one thing really so truly admirable as a Christian lady, and that is a Christian gentleman. If an "honorable" man be the noblest word of God, surely an "honest," true woman is his loveliest. Therefore, young maidens of America, give yourselves to Christ; let him so mould you that you may be kings' daughters indeed, all glorious within, all fair without.—*Arthur's Magazine.*

## FARM AND HOUSEHOLD.

## Frost Bites and Chills.

Probably no other forms of accident or injury come upon us so unexpectedly as those due to excessive cold. As a general thing we are not aware that a part is being frozen until the mischief is already done. This is due to the fact that one of the effects of severe cold is to destroy the sensitiveness of the parts exposed. Surgeons make use of this fact in small operations and cool the parts by artificial cold. The ears, the nose, sometimes the cheeks, and the hands and feet are the parts most liable to be frozen. One of the first effects of freezing is to stop the circulation of the blood, and any part in which the circulation is checked by other means is all the more likely to be frozen. The old-fashioned skates, held on by numerous tight straps across the feet, are dangerous on this account, as to keep them in place the straps are drawn so tightly as to impede the circulation in the feet, and frost-bitten feet are often the consequence. Though the operation of freezing is painless, a sudden thawing is attended with inflammation and great pain. The thawing should be very slow in order that the circulation in the parts may be restored gradually. For this reason it is advised to rub the frozen parts with snow, or in the absence of that, with water made as cold as possible with ice. It is said that in Russia, when one observes that another's nose or face is being frozen, it is an act of common politeness to catch up a handful of snow and apply it to the face of the unfortunate, even if he is a perfect stranger. In cases of severe freezing, besides gradual thawing by the use of snow or ice, a physician should be called, as it may be, that proper precautions are needed to prevent mortification of the parts. It is not necessary for the feet to be actually frozen to produce chilblains. The term frost-bitten is usually applied to such cases. Children often suffer greatly from getting their feet very cold, and then going to the fire to warm them. The circulation is disturbed and the parts remain exceedingly sensitive to future changes of cold and heat. Chilblains vary from a slight inflammation, to severe cases in which the skin breaks and even ulcers are formed. Of course such cases require professional treatment. To allay the intense itching and pain of ordinary chilblains, a great number of applications have been used. An ounce of Sulphate of Zinc (White Vitriol), in a pint of water, or an ounce of Sal Ammoniac dissolved in half a pint each of Vinegar and alcohol are among the washes often used. It is stated on good authority, though we have not had occasion to try it, that the application of ordinary kerosene oil is very efficacious in allaying the itching and pain.—*American Agriculturist.*

## How to Test Lard.

In order that dealers may know how to test the spurious article we subjoin directions for making a simple test for water: Take a clear glass bottle, fill it with the lard to be tested, leaving out the cork; place this bottle about six inches from the stove or fire and let the lard slowly melt, being very careful not to get it up to the boiling point, as the water would then evaporate. Most of the water will slowly fall to the bottom of the bottle and the lard now melted will rise to the top. By glancing at the amount of water now deposited at the bottom of the bottle, as compared with the amount of oil above it, you can easily see about how much water there is in the fraudulent article. Should the lard not settle clear, nor precipitate much water, it is an evidence that it has been adulterated with alkali, which serves to combine a part of the water with the lard, making soap of it, which does not precipitate readily with the water. It will be well for the retailer to look after the lard they purchase and apply the simple test given above. This will insure them and their customers protection against this species of fraud though a still easier means of protection would be to purchase only lard of the best brands, in which there is no fear of finding adulterations of any sort.—*The Grocer.*

Dr. Pierce's Extract of Smart Weed cures diarrhea, dysentery, cholera, and cramps, and breaks up colds and fevers. By druggists, 50 cents.

How to Deal With Rats.

A writer in the *Scientific American* says: "We clean our premises of these detestable vermin by making whitewash yellow with copperas and covering the stones and rafters in the cellar with it. In every crevice in the cellar with rat may go, we put the crystals of the copperas and scatter in the corners of the floor. The result was a perfect stampede of rats and mice. Since that time not a footfall of either rats or mice has been around the house. Every spring a coat of the yellow wash is given the cellar as a rat exterminator and no typhoid, dysentery or fever attacks the family. Many persons deliberately attract all the rats in the neighborhood by leaving fruits and vegetables uncovered in the cellar, and sometimes even the soap is left open for their ready use. Cover up everything eatable in the cellar and pantry and you will soon starve them out. These precautions, joined to the service of a good cat, will prove as good a rat exterminator as the chemist can provide. We never allow rats to be poisoned in our dwelling. They are so apt to die between the walls and produce much annoyance."

A DELICIOUS ODOUR is imparted by Florence Cologne. And it is always refreshing, no matter how fresh.—*Fun.*

TO PREVENT CATTLE FROM JUMPING FENCES.—The following singular announcement was made at a late meeting of the American Institute Farmer's Club, at New York: To prevent steers from jumping fences, clip off the eyelashes of the under lip with a pair of scissors, and the ability or disposition to jump is as completely destroyed as Samson's power was by the loss of his hair. The animal will not attempt to jump a fence until the eyelashes are grown again. Of this we are informed by Samuel Thorne, the great breeder of Dutch cows, who assured us that he had tested it upon a pair of very brachy oxen. As it was of great value to him, he hopes it will be tried by others.

ORCHARD GRASS.

Professor D. L. Phares, of the Mississippi Agricultural College, speaks very highly of Orchard Grass: "Of all grasses it is one of the most generally diffused, growing in Africa, Asia, every country of Europe and all of our States. It is more highly esteemed and cultivated than any other grass, by a larger number of farmers in most countries; a most decided proof of its great value, and wonderful adaptation to manure, climates and treatments. It will grow on any soil containing sufficient clay and not holding too much water. If the land be too tenacious, draining will remedy this; if worn out, a top-dressing of stable manure will give a good stand-off, and it will furnish several good mowings the first year. It grows well between 20° and 48° latitude. It may be mowed from two to four times a year, according to latitude, season and treatment, yielding from one to three tons of excellent hay per acre on poor to medium land. In grazing and as hay, most animals select it in preference among mixtures with other grasses. In low latitudes it furnishes good winter grazing, as well as for spring summer and fall. After grazing or mowing, fresh grasses grow so rapidly (three to six inches per week), and are so soon ready again for food or blade. It is easily cured and handled. It is readily seeded, and catches well in thin soil. Its long, deeply penetrating fibrous roots enable it to sustain itself and grow vigorously during droughts that dry up other grasses, except tall Oat Grass, which has similar roots and habit. It grows well in open lands and in forests of large trees, has had it grow luxuriantly even in beech woods where the roots are superficial, in the crotches of roots and close to the trunks of trees. The hay is of high quality, and the young grass contains a larger per cent. of

nutritive digestible matter than other grass. It thrives well on renewal on the same ground, nay 40 years. How much to Professor is not able to be easily exterminated when desired for other crops. Is it other grass for which so much is said?

Deerweed Popular.

Unless it had great merit Deerweed would not be so popular. It spreads remarkably all over this country, and it gives them more vigor when other medicines fail. Ohio Farmer.

How to Test Lard.

In order that dealers may know how to test the spurious article we subjoin directions for making a simple test for water: Take a clear glass bottle, fill it with the lard to be tested, leaving out the cork; place this bottle about six inches from the stove or fire and let the lard slowly melt, being very careful not to get it up to the boiling point, as the water would then evaporate. Most of the water will slowly fall to the bottom of the bottle and the lard now melted will rise to the top. By glancing at the amount of water now deposited at the bottom of the bottle, as compared with the amount of oil above it, you can easily see about how much water there is in the fraudulent article. Should the lard not settle clear, nor precipitate much water, it is an evidence that it has been adulterated with alkali, which serves to combine a part of the water with the lard, making soap of it, which does not precipitate readily with the water. It will be well for the retailer to look after the lard they purchase and apply the simple test given above. This will insure them and their customers protection against this species of fraud though a still easier means of protection would be to purchase only lard of the best brands, in which there is no fear of finding adulterations of any sort.—*The Grocer.*

Dr. Pierce's Extract of Smart Weed cures diarrhea, dysentery, cholera, and cramps, and breaks up colds and fevers. By druggists, 50 cents.

How to Deal With Rats.

A writer in the *Scientific American* says: "We clean our premises of these detestable vermin by making whitewash yellow with copperas and covering the stones and rafters in the cellar with it. In every crevice in the cellar with rat may go, we put the crystals of the copperas and scatter in the corners of the floor. The result was a perfect stampede of rats and mice. Since that time not a footfall of either rats or mice has been around the house. Every spring a coat of the yellow wash is given the cellar as a rat exterminator and no typhoid, dysentery or fever attacks the family. Many persons deliberately attract all the rats in the neighborhood by leaving fruits and vegetables uncovered in the cellar, and sometimes even the soap is left open for their ready use. Cover up everything eatable in the cellar and pantry and you will soon starve them out. These precautions, joined to the service of a good cat, will prove as good a rat exterminator as the chemist can provide. We never allow rats to be poisoned in our dwelling. They are so apt to die between the walls and produce much annoyance."

A DELICIOUS ODOUR is imparted by Florence Cologne. And it is always refreshing, no matter how fresh.—*Fun.*

TO PREVENT CATTLE FROM JUMPING FENCES.—The following singular announcement was made at a late meeting of the American Institute Farmer's Club, at New York: To prevent steers from jumping fences, clip off the eyelashes of the under lip with a pair of scissors, and the ability or disposition to jump is as completely destroyed as Samson's power was by the loss of his hair. The animal will not attempt to jump a fence until the eyelashes are grown again. Of this we are informed by Samuel Thorne, the great breeder of Dutch cows, who assured us that he had tested it upon a pair of very brachy oxen. As it was of great value to him, he hopes it will be tried by others.

ORCHARD GRASS.

Professor D. L. Phares, of the Mississippi Agricultural College, speaks very highly of Orchard Grass: "Of all grasses it is one of the most generally diffused, growing in Africa, Asia, every country of Europe and all of our States. It is more highly esteemed and cultivated than any other grass, by a larger number of farmers in most countries; a most decided proof of its great value, and wonderful adaptation to manure, climates and treatments. It will grow on any soil containing sufficient clay and not holding too much water. If the land be too tenacious, draining will remedy this; if worn out, a top-dressing of stable manure will give a good stand-off, and it will furnish several good mowings the first year. It grows well between 20° and 48° latitude. It may be mowed from two to four times a year, according to latitude, season and treatment, yielding from one to three tons of excellent hay per acre on poor to medium land. In grazing and as hay, most animals select it in preference among mixtures with other grasses. In low latitudes it furnishes good winter grazing, as well as for spring summer and fall. After grazing or mowing, fresh grasses grow so rapidly (three to six inches per week), and are so soon ready again for food or blade. It is easily cured and handled. It is readily seeded, and catches well in thin soil. Its long, deeply penetrating fibrous roots enable it to sustain itself and grow vigorously during droughts that dry up other grasses, except tall Oat Grass, which has similar roots and habit. It grows well in open lands and in forests of large trees, has had it grow luxuriantly even in beech woods where the roots are superficial, in the crotches of roots and close to the trunks of trees. The hay is of high quality, and the young grass contains a larger per cent. of

nutritive digestible matter than other grass. It thrives well on renewal on the same ground, nay 40 years. How much to Professor is not able to be easily exterminated when desired for other crops. Is it other grass for which so much is said?

Deerweed Popular.

Unless it had great merit Deerweed would not be so popular. It spreads remarkably all over this country, and it gives them more vigor when other medicines fail. Ohio Farmer.

How to Test Lard.

In order that dealers may know how to test the spurious article we subjoin directions for making a simple test for water: Take a clear glass bottle, fill it with the lard to be tested, leaving out the cork; place this bottle about six inches from the stove or fire and let the lard slowly melt, being very careful not to get it up to the boiling point, as the water would then evaporate. Most of the water will slowly fall to the bottom of the bottle and the lard now melted will rise to the top. By glancing at the amount of water now deposited at the bottom of the bottle, as compared with the amount of oil above it, you can easily see about how much water there is in the fraudulent article. Should the lard not settle clear, nor precipitate much water, it is an evidence that it has been adulterated with alkali, which serves to combine a part of the water with the lard, making soap of it, which does not precipitate readily with the water. It will be well for the retailer to look after the lard they purchase and apply the simple test given above. This will insure them and their customers protection against this species of fraud though a still easier means of protection would be to purchase only lard of the best brands, in which there is no fear of finding adulterations of any sort.—*The Grocer.*

Dr. Pierce's Extract of Smart Weed cures diarrhea, dysentery, cholera, and cramps, and breaks up colds and fevers. By druggists, 50 cents.

How to Deal With Rats.

A writer in the *Scientific American* says: "We clean our premises of these detestable vermin by making whitewash yellow with copperas and covering the stones and rafters in the cellar with it. In every crevice in the cellar with rat may go, we put the crystals of the copperas and scatter in the corners of the floor. The result was a perfect stampede of rats and mice. Since that time not a footfall of either rats or mice has been around the house. Every spring a coat of the yellow wash is given the cellar as a rat exterminator and no typhoid, dysentery or fever attacks the family. Many persons deliberately attract all the rats in the neighborhood by leaving fruits and vegetables uncovered in the cellar, and sometimes even the soap is left open for their ready use. Cover up everything eatable in the cellar and pantry and you will soon starve them out. These precautions, joined to the service of a good cat, will prove as good a rat exterminator as the chemist can provide. We never allow rats to be poisoned in our dwelling. They are so apt to die between the walls and produce much annoyance."

A DELICIOUS ODOUR is imparted by Florence Cologne. And it is always refreshing, no matter how fresh.—*Fun.*

TO PREVENT CATTLE FROM JUMPING FENCES.—The following singular announcement was made at a late meeting of the American Institute Farmer's Club, at New York: To prevent steers from jumping fences, clip off the eyelashes of the under lip with a pair of scissors, and the ability or disposition to jump is as completely destroyed as Samson's power was by the loss of his hair. The animal will not attempt to jump a fence until the eyelashes are grown again. Of this we are informed by Samuel Thorne, the great breeder of Dutch cows, who assured us that he had tested it upon a pair of very brachy oxen. As it was of great value to him, he hopes it will be tried by others.

ORCHARD GRASS.

Professor D. L. Phares, of the Mississippi Agricultural College, speaks very highly of Orchard Grass: "Of all grasses it is one of the most generally diffused, growing in Africa, Asia, every country of Europe and all of our States. It is more highly esteemed and cultivated than any other grass, by a larger number of farmers in most countries; a most decided proof of its great value, and wonderful adaptation to manure, climates and treatments. It will grow on any soil containing sufficient clay and not holding too much water. If the land be too tenacious, draining will remedy this; if worn out, a top-dressing of stable manure will give a good stand-off, and it will furnish several good mowings the first year. It grows well between 20° and 48° latitude. It may be mowed from two to four times a year, according to latitude, season and treatment, yielding from one to three tons of excellent hay per acre on poor to medium land. In grazing and as hay, most animals select it in preference among mixtures with other grasses. In low latitudes it furnishes good winter grazing, as well as for spring summer and fall. After grazing or mowing, fresh grasses grow so rapidly (three to six inches per week), and are so soon ready again for food or blade. It is easily cured and handled. It is readily seeded, and catches well in thin soil. Its long, deeply penetrating fibrous roots enable it to sustain itself and grow vigorously during droughts that dry up other grasses, except tall Oat Grass, which has similar roots and habit. It grows well in open lands and in forests of large trees, has had it grow luxuriantly even in beech woods where the roots are superficial, in the crotches of roots and close to the trunks of trees. The hay is of high quality, and the young grass contains a larger per cent. of

nutritive digestible matter than other grass. It thrives well on renewal on the same ground, nay 40 years. How much to Professor is not able to be easily exterminated when desired for other crops. Is it other grass for which so much is said?

Deerweed Popular.

Unless it had great merit Deerweed would not be so popular. It spreads remarkably all over this country, and it gives them more vigor when other medicines fail. Ohio Farmer.

How to Test Lard.

In order that dealers may know how to test the spurious article we subjoin directions for making a simple test for water: Take a clear glass bottle, fill it with the lard to be tested, leaving out the cork; place this bottle about six inches from the stove or fire and let the lard slowly melt, being very careful not to get it up to the boiling point, as the water would then evaporate. Most of the water will slowly fall to the bottom of the bottle and the lard now melted will rise to the top. By glancing at the amount of water now deposited at the bottom of the bottle, as compared with the amount of oil above it, you can easily see about how much water there is in the fraudulent article. Should the lard not settle clear, nor precipitate much water, it is an evidence that it has been adulterated with alkali, which serves to combine a part of the water with the lard, making soap of it, which does not precipitate readily with the water. It will be well for the retailer to look after the lard they purchase and apply the simple test given above. This will insure them and their customers protection against this species of fraud though a still easier means of protection would be to purchase only lard of the best brands, in which there is no fear of finding adulterations of any sort.—*The Grocer.*

Dr. Pierce's Extract of Smart Weed cures diarrhea, dysentery, cholera, and cramps, and breaks up colds and fevers. By druggists, 50 cents.

How to Deal With Rats.

A writer in the *Scientific American* says: "We clean our premises of these detestable vermin by making whitewash yellow with copperas and covering the stones and rafters in the cellar with it. In every crevice in the cellar with rat may go, we put the crystals of the copperas and scatter in the corners of the floor. The result was a perfect stampede of rats and mice. Since that time not a footfall of either rats or mice has been around the house. Every spring a coat of the yellow wash is given the cellar as a rat exterminator and no typhoid, dysentery or fever attacks the family. Many persons deliberately attract all the rats in the neighborhood by leaving fruits and vegetables uncovered in the cellar, and sometimes even the soap is left open for their ready use. Cover up everything eatable in the cellar and pantry and you will soon starve them out. These precautions, joined to the service of a good cat, will prove as good a rat exterminator as the chemist can provide. We never allow rats to be poisoned in our dwelling. They are so apt to die between the walls and produce much annoyance."

A DELICIOUS ODOUR is imparted by Florence Cologne. And it is always refreshing, no matter how fresh.—*Fun.*

TO PREVENT CATTLE FROM JUMPING FENCES.—The following singular announcement was made at a late meeting of the American Institute Farmer's Club, at New York: To prevent steers from jumping fences, clip off the eyelashes of the under lip with a pair of scissors, and the ability or disposition to jump is as completely destroyed as Samson's power was by the loss of his hair. The animal will not attempt to jump a fence until the eyelashes are grown again. Of this we are informed by Samuel Thorne, the great breeder of Dutch cows, who assured us that he had tested it upon a pair of very brachy oxen. As it was of great value to him, he hopes it will be tried by others.

ORCHARD GRASS.

Professor D. L. Phares, of the Mississippi Agricultural College, speaks very highly of Orchard Grass: "Of all grasses it is one of the most generally diffused, growing in Africa, Asia, every country of Europe and all of our States. It is more highly esteemed and cultivated than any other grass, by a larger number of farmers in most countries; a most decided proof of its great value, and wonderful adaptation to manure, climates and treatments. It will grow on any soil containing sufficient clay and not holding too much water. If the land be too tenacious, draining will remedy this; if worn out, a top-dressing of stable manure will give a good stand-off, and it will furnish several good mowings the first year. It grows well between 20° and 48° latitude. It may be mowed from two to four times a year, according to latitude, season and treatment, yielding from one to three tons of excellent hay per acre on poor to medium land. In grazing and as hay, most animals select it in preference among mixtures with other grasses. In low latitudes it furnishes good winter grazing, as well as for spring summer and fall. After grazing or mowing, fresh grasses grow so rapidly (three to six inches per week), and are so soon ready again for food or blade. It is easily cured and handled. It is readily seeded, and