

Alabama Baptist.

THE FAMILY ORACLE.

Marion Hobart.

BY MRS. E. E. BACKUP.

For I am desolate: "I am desolate and afflicted, the troubles of my heart are enlarged." The pathetic voice rang out in sweet, clear tones, and Marion Hobart listened, thankful for the friendly shelter of the wall which hid the tears, which were streaming down her cheeks. She was desolate and afflicted; and it came to her with a new significance on this bright Sunday morning.

A prayer followed, simple but earnest, and breathing a profound faith. "I wonder if I would feel like that," Marion thought, "if he were situated just as I am. He lives in a luxurious home, where no thought of want can ever intrude. It is easy to be in the Lord when one's coffers are full. How would he feel if he hadn't a dollar in his pocket, and knew not which way to turn? I have tried, oh, Lord, to cast all my burden upon the Lord; and what has it amounted to? We've grown poorer and poorer; and now father's down with a fever, and Will is laid up with a broken leg. The children are too young to help, and I, a slender girl, am the main stay of the large family. Oh, that I could be forsaken us. Oh, that I could be patient and full of faith."

The prayer was ended, the minister was reading: "Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him." Marion listened. She had been taught to believe it; perhaps it was true. When the sermon was reached, Marion was feeling as if she were in the presence of a great God, who was looking down upon her with a fatherly eye. "For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." And if he so loved the world, surely none of his little ones would be forgotten. Marion went home comforted, with the words of the closing hymn ringing in her ears: "The Lord is mindful of his own."

"You have been helped, dear," said her mother, with a sweet smile upon her patient face.

"Yes, mother mine," said Marion, lightly, "and I expect that we shall be relieved, if an angel has to be sent fresh from heaven to minister unto us."

"It is a great relief to me to see you cheerful again, little daughter," Mrs. Hobart replied. "Sister is reading to Will, and there is plenty watching by father's side. The boys have been models of patient helpfulness. They insisted that I should take a nap, and they are disposing of matters in the kitchen. God has greatly blessed us, in giving us such good children."

A shade passed over Marion's face. "I thought I had gained the victory," she said. "I am like Aesop's damsel, changed from a woman, who sat very demurely at the board's end, till a mouse ran before her. Those horrid birds and a lean ladder are likely to change me from a victorious saint, to a very feeble-minded sinner."

"The flesh is weak, dear," said her mother, "and the way is dark, but there is One like unto the Son of Man, walking beside us."

"Always hath the daylight broken, Always hath the sun come forth, Better hath he been for years Than thy tears." "Yes, dear mother, faith is again in the ascendant, and I propose making a raid upon the kitchen, to find what are the prospects for a Sunday dinner. The children must all go to school, and Sunday school this afternoon, and Sunday's rest. I'll be nurse, superintendent and all for one afternoon, and I'll keep singing over, 'The Lord is mindful of his own.'"

"Marion Hobart was at church this morning, she had on a thick veil, and hurried out when the services closed. She hadn't been at church for several Sundays; and knowing about Will, I am sure she is not her true self. I hear Mr. Hobart is ill from care and watching." Thus spoke Mr. Rowe, a good deacon of the Vine Street Church.

"I am sorry for them," said his daughter, and most of all for poor Marion. We used to be so intimate, before she began to work out as a seamstress. But now there is no more of that. She has come home, and she seems to avoid her old friends. I wish we could do something for them. They surely must need assistance."

"Just what I thought myself, as I saw the poor girl wipe her eyes in church this morning. I know Mr. Hobart's business affairs are in a bad case, and they must be in need of Christian sympathy, as well as of something still more substantial. We must call."

"Suppose we stop to inquire for Will and his father on our way to Sunday school this afternoon, and then I shall be sure to see Marion. And, oh, father, couldn't you send them some money without letting them know from whom it came? Then they couldn't refuse to accept of it."

"I'll see what can be done, my daughter." A brief call to inquire for the invalids, with kind words of love and sympathy, left something like very pure sunlight in the heart of the Hobart family. "I always liked Mr. Rowe," said Marion. "I didn't think that a few words could make me feel so happy, although, like a goose, I had to cry, of course. I have become very bashful lately."

"You have worried, day and night," said Mrs. Hobart, "and your nerves are suffering from the strain." "It isn't the work, mother; it's the worry. My nerves would soon recover tone, if my mind were quite at rest."

An anonymous letter came by the morning mail, with a check for five hundred dollars enclosed. Mary found the family in a jubilant frame when she returned at night. The boys could hardly be restrained; and the sight of George trying to turn a corner, with the grateful tears in his eyes, was a sight to last a lifetime. A joyful change in the family fortunes. Will, too, had received a letter from his employers, assuring him of their sympathy, and stating that there should be no cessation of salary during his illness.

"The Lord is mindful of his own," said Marion, with grateful tears in her eyes. "How faithful and unfeeling I have been! Be the day never so dark, I think I can never be so distrustful again. Now we can pay some of our debts, and get a few dollars for father and Will. That brighter day is dawning, dear mother."

which your loving faith has so persistently cherished. Marion Hobart is now in a happy home of her own; but she often thinks of those months of sore trouble when her soul fastened within her. She learned that the loving Father, and to believe that "this plan, like flies, pure and white, unfolded, and the language of her heart now says: 'I am not that my path be always bright. But for him who will walk therein aright.' That thou, O Lord, through all thy devices wilt give me strength sufficient to my day. For this, for this I pray."

Home Circle.

The Sled That Won the Golden Arrow.

One cold day a lady looked from a window down the sidewalk, and she saw a little girl and a little boy. The girl had a broken sled, and on the sled were a board and a box that fell off if anybody touched it, and wouldn't stay on unless it was held. Well, the little girl held the board just right, and made a quick jump and got on it, so that the board stayed in place; then she got off and told the boy to jump on. He jumped. The board tipped, and the little boy fell on the sidewalk. But the little girl picked him up, and brushed off the snow. Then the lady at the window slid up the sash, and this is what she heard the girl say:

"Try again, Jo! That was too bad. Sister is sorry. She will hold the board this time." So the board was again put on the broken sled, and held until Jo was safely on it.

"Now, sit still, Jo, and I'll give you a nice slide-ride," said the little girl. And then she picked up the rope and pulled. Over backward, but he was not hurt much, and after another brushing, the girl said: "Now, sit with your feet to the back. You can't tumble off that way."

But he did. Only that time he fell on his face. Next he sat sideways, with his feet hanging over part of the sled. In this way he went safely as far as the little room, but then board and boy once more upset. The good sister tried a dozen times to give Jo a ride, but every time the old broken sled threw him off. Still the little girl was patient and kind, and kept gently and took good care of her little brother.

And then, that same day, she went out and bought a strong and pretty sled. It's name was "Golden Arrow." Then, she went herself to the house where the little girl lived, and asked for the little girl who had been trying to give her little brother a sleigh-ride that morning.

"Julia!" called her mother. "Here is a lady asking for you."

"You were trying to draw a little boy on the sidewalk in front of my house this morning," began the lady, but she could not say another word then, for Julia was frightened and said: "O ma'am, I didn't, I didn't mean to do anything naughty." Then she began to cry very hard, and ran away.

"What is it, ma'am that my child has been doing?" asked Julia's mother.

"She is a good sister," said little Jo.

The lady smiled. "I watched her this morning," she said, "and she was so sweet and patient that I wished to make her a present. And at my house there is a new sled for her, if she will come and get it."

Pretty soon, Julia was at the lady's house with Jo and three other little brothers, and the "Golden Arrow" made five children happy many days—for these were real children, and it all happened just like this story.—St. Nicholas.

"Golden Medical Discovery" is a concentrated, potent, alternative, or blood-cleansing remedy, that wins golden opinions from all who use it for any humor, from the common pimple, blotch, or eruption, to the formidable scrofulous swelling, or ulceration, yield to its potent influences. Consumption, which is but a scrofulous affection of the lungs, in its early stages, is 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 Dime Series of pamphlets, sets two stamps, post-paid. Address: World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

Too Cheap.

A preacher of the gospel had gone down into a coal mine, during the noon hour, to tell the miners of that peace and truth which came by Jesus Christ. After telling them the simple story of God's love to lost sinners—man's state and God's remedy—full and free salvation offered—the time came for the men to resume work, and the preacher came back to the shaft to ascend to the world again. Meeting the foreman, he spoke of God's way of salvation. The man replied: "Oh, it is too cheap. I can't believe in such a religion as that."

Without an immediate answer to his remark, he asked: "How do you get out of this place?" "Simply by getting into the cage," was the reply.

"And does it take long to get to the top?" "Oh, no; only a few seconds!" "Well, that certainly is very easy and simple. But do you need help to raise yourself?" said the preacher. "Of course not," replied the miner. "As I have said, you need nothing to do but get into the cage."

"But what about the people who sink the shaft and perfect all this arrangement? Was there much labor or expense about it?" "Indeed, yes; that was a laborious and expensive work. The shaft is eighteen hundred feet deep, and it was sunk at great cost to the proprietor; it is our only way out, and without it we should never be able to get to the surface."

"Just so. And when God's word tells us that whosoever believeth in the Son of God, he shall have everlasting life, you at once say, 'Too cheap—too cheap!' forgetting that God's way of bringing you and others out of the pit of destruction and death was accomplished at a vast cost, the price being the life of his own Son."

The man, talking of the "help of Christ" in this salvation, said: "If we do not believe, or not seeing that the Lord Jesus Christ himself purged our sins, and that our part is but to accept what has been done.—Selected.

FARM AND HOUSEHOLD.

How Cotton Exhausts the Soil.

Dr. Chas. W. Dabney, Jr., Director of the North Carolina Experiment Station, in the Bulletin of the Department of Agriculture of that State, says:

Twenty years ago cotton was considered a most exhausting crop. This was a statement frequently made in the old time, in spite of the fact that it was always grown upon the poorest land on the farm. And so it was, when the cotton culture was managed in the old-time way. The "cotton patches" were always immediately around the house or barn, and as soon as the cotton was picked, the whole herd of domestic animals was turned upon the convenient "patches," and allowed to make a clean sweep of all that remained of the cotton crop. The value of the seed was not appreciated either in those days, and they were permitted to rot in heaps at the gate. As a matter of fact, the cotton, thus managed, was a very exhausting crop. In our own time we see occasionally the same thing. In some neighborhoods where the tenant sows in the cotton seed to their wiser neighbor, who uses them to enrich his own land. The writer has in mind a strong case, in which a thriving tenant farmer, at a small rental station in the North Carolina, has drained his neighbors' land, and has fertility in the shape of cotton seed, bought of them year after year for the last 15 years, until the contrast between their lands and his strikes the eye of every traveler, almost as strongly as would a garden and desert side by side.

It is a common thing now to hear the oil-mill men in the Southwest, whose mills have been longest established, complaining of the scarcity of cotton seed, resulting from the impoverishment of the soil in the districts where they were once plentiful. They have to seek seed in other quarters, or else move their mills. What is the explanation? The farmers do not fertilize their cotton fields systematically. They sell the oil mill all of their seed, or put any oil cake or meal back, or put any fertilizer upon the soil in place of it.

The oil mill seeks a foreign market for its cake, and sells it all to feed stock in England or at the North. The planter may reply to me that he cannot afford under his circumstances to pay the oil mill people their price for cotton seed cake, or buy the fertilizer to replace the seed. Then, most assuredly, my friend, you cannot afford to sell your cotton seed. It will be far better for you to have your seed pressed and save the oil, and get the cake in a better condition for all of its uses. But if you cannot get the oil mill to do this on favorable terms, then you must certainly keep your seed at home, as the best ingredient of home-made manures that the cotton planter has who cannot buy any fertilizing material.

The perfect ideal plan, of course would be to use the oil-cake to feed stock, and then the animal manure upon the cotton lands. But the Southern farmer is nothing of a stock raiser at present. Until "mixed farming," with stock-raising as an element, is introduced in the South, we cannot utilize our cotton-seed cake to best advantage by mixing it with superphosphate and using it directly as a manure. I am aware of the complaint that the oil mills have been too grasping in their demands for a lion's share of the profits accruing from this business. But all the milling machinery has been so much improved of late that there cannot be any question but that terms can be made between the oil mill and the planter which will make the pressing of the cotton-seed a great profit to both, and hence a great benefit to the country at large.

Surely, there the question is the price. The 35 cents per bushel, or 75 cents per ton, of cake, worth \$25 per ton, from each ton of 3,000,000 tons of cotton-seed produced in the South yearly, some equitable terms may be arrived at by which all parties will profit, and the great waste of resources be prevented! It is probable that the solution of the situation will be found in the direction already pointed out, viz: the manufacturer of the oil mill, and the planter, and the use of fertilizers at the mills, and the barter of the cotton-seed for this.

The greatest desideratum of course, is the oil mill of such a size as will be capable of being used upon the farm. There would be no question about the saving of the oil of the cotton-seed, I suppose, if a plantation oil-mill could be had on such a scale as to cost too much for outlay or operation. The cost of the rough oil-striking in every hamlet in Georgia, where rape-seed or linseed are pressed. We hope before long to have something like it. Then, surely, competition will regulate this trade, like every other, and we shall see cotton-seed oil and the oil-cake quoted among farm products in the papers—a state of things "devoutly to be wished for."

A LADY WANTS TO KNOW the latest Parisian 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 by druggists everywhere. It is used as a positive cure, can be dispensed with. It will overcome those diseases peculiar to females. By druggists.

The Housekeeper for October says that from various sources it has gleaned the following facts: Soup will more quickly repair the wasted muscular tissue, or, in other words, the muscular tissue of hunger can be more quickly renewed by a hasty plate of soup than by any kind of food. If soup is not served every day, it should be at least two or three times a week. A good piece of flesh, whether of beef, mutton, or fowl, is the best base for soup, a small quantity of each. Indeed, a variety of meats gives the best soup. Remnants of all kinds of meats can be added, by breaking the bones, and minding the meat fine; gravy left from yesterday's dinner is also an improvement. A pound of fresh meat is a little more than a quart of water is the proper proportion.

MANLY PREPARATION. To have the best success in soup making, use a soup kettle, which can be used in small places, but it is in soft, rapid water, if hard water, use a little soda added to an improvement; apply heat gradually, and use a small quantity of salt occasionally to cause the soup to boil. Soup must be thoroughly skimmed and strained, for the first two hours. Do not let it

come to a boil, but slowly simmer four or five hours. Salt, pepper and savory should be cooked in it from the first; rice, tapioca, macaroni, or dumplings added at the last, to thicken. If vegetables are used they should be nicely sliced. Soup is much better made the day before using, as the grease can be removed (which clearly and advantageously it is ready to heat and serve. Of course the vegetables or thickening should be added the day it is used. Legs of all meats are rich in gelatin and are therefore the best for soup. Always strain the soup through a sieve or soup strainer. Small scraps of meat or sediment soak slowly in soup.

A soup kettle, or soup digester, as it is sometimes called, should be found in every kitchen where it can be afforded. There are different kinds—one is so constructed that the water within may be raised to a much higher temperature than 212 deg. without the heat escaping into space; and the cooking is thus accomplished more effectively and in a shorter time. An automatic arrangement provides for the escape of steam when certain pressure is reached, thereby removing all danger of explosion.

Jos. R. Jones, Huntsville, Ala., says: "I have used Brown's Iron Bitters for general debility and can recommend it."

From Cotton to Mixed Farming.

Our Southern Journals and city farmers should be working farmers of the South a great deal about making mostly cotton, but little corn and pork, and what is said is well enough so far as it goes. But who can tell the poor farmer, who is working on poor land, has no credit, no corn, no pork, no friends who can help him, how he can obtain himself the first year that he drops cotton and corn, potatoes and pork? Here is where farmers want advice. Who can come to their aid? The farmer knows better than his well fed advisers how much he stands in need of a full corn crib and plenty of potatoes and pork. He knows how he could yearly make an abundance of provisions for home use and forage for his stock, and some to sell, if he could but make his lands rich and get a start. On poor land it is much easier to get on with one or two horses can do to make a year's supply of corn, potatoes and peas, and make a spring and fall garden, without making any cotton at all. On rich land a man and two horses can make the home supplies and from six to ten bales of cotton besides, and perhaps have corn, peas and potatoes to sell. Whoever will settle this transition question will give the farmer the key to future prosperity.

Capt. Pat. Darden, Master of the Mississippi State Grange, P. H., says that the farmers of Mississippi are yearly getting poorer and poorer on cotton, and liens, and mortgages, and for the want of the true key to mixed farming they still cling to cotton.

The first step to be taken by farmers in making the change from cotton to mixed farming is to get a start, they must turn their attention intense, so that they will produce two, three or four times as much as they now do. The poor lands of the State all need vegetable matter. Pea-vines are the cheapest of vegetable fertilizers, but the first year the farmer cannot wait for peas to grow to give him his first crop of provisions. He must scrape up rotten fence, rotten wood and rich mould from ravines, and decayed matter that can be found on the place; haul it on his poor lands and dump it down in cart loads to remain until plowing time; then spread it broadcast and plow and harrow thoroughly. Cut down useless saplings and waste timber of any kind; burn it in a dry time and at once scatter the ashes on the poor spots. Like a farmer who has a rotten wheel, he must make his own wheels, and so on for years. A ton of dissolved bone, with three or four tons of ash, well mixed, the whole moistened with water, will greatly increase the fertility of 10 acres, and will insure a good crop of corn and peas the same year. Superphosphate, mixed with well-rotted barn-yard manure, is a speedy way to get a good crop from poor lands. The superphosphate will make the spring frosts will permit and get two crops the same year. Sow from two to four bushels speckled or whippoorwill peas to the acre, and plow in the vines when they are in blossom. Then at once sow again, winter rye, and plow it in. This is a quick and cheap way to enrich land or supply humus. The poor farmer must make his land rich as quickly as possible with all the manure and credit as he can command; he must have corn, potatoes, oats and peas to sell as soon as possible, and to fatten his hogs, and feed his mules and chickens beside. All this needs calculation, study, judgment, industry and close economy. If a farmer works hard, buys at the stores only the necessities of life, deals honestly with all men, and is a good citizen, and don't patronize the saloons, he can usually get a little credit to help him to get a start.

Farmers on rich lands can change from cotton to mixed crops at once, and have corn, peas, potatoes, and bacon, hay and oats to sell in place of cotton, and get more profits than from cotton. But it takes pluck and energy to get away from cotton, whether on poor lands or rich lands.—American Farmer.

STUDY ON THE FARM.—Jas. F. Wilson says, in the Fort Dodge Messenger, that men and boys can study on the farm as well as in town. They can study there a great deal better, if work does not absorb their time, as it should, on a well managed farm. The boys, especially, should have their daily spare time, and then they can easily master any suitable text book, for they are not diverted from it by the evils of too many books, or the distractions of too much company. If some passages seem difficult, application will overcome them finally, and with more complete mastery than if it is easily obtainable from a fellow student or a senior. In regard to all the manifestations of plant and animal life, on which our own existence depends, and all the circumstances that favor or embarrass the country lad's opportunity of gaining general and necessary practical knowledge are infinitely the greater.

YONG YONG WORKMANSHIP Durable, and of the highest quality. Made in the U. S. A. by the YONG YONG WORKMANSHIP CO., 100 N. 2nd St., New York, N. Y.

WHAT IT DID FOR AN OLD LADY. Cohasset, N. Y., Dec. 25, 1875. Gents—A number of people had been using your Bitters here, and with marked effect. A lady of over seventy years, had been sick for the past ten years; she had been able to be around. Six months ago she was helpless. Her old remedies, or physicians being of no avail, I sent forty-five miles and got a bottle of Hop Bitters. It had such an effect on her that she was able to dress herself and walk about the house. After taking two bottles more she was able to take care of her own room and walk out to her neighbor's, and had improved all the time since. My wife and children also have derived great benefit from their use.

W. B. HATHAWAY, Agt. U. S. Ex. Co.

HONEST OLD TIM. Gorham, N. H., July 14, 1879. Gents—Wherever you are, I don't know but I think the Lord, and feel grateful to you to know that in this world of adulterated medicines there is one compound that proves itself all it adds to do, and more. Four years ago I had a slight stroke of palsy, which unlearned me to such an extent that the least excitement would make me shake like the ague. Last May I was induced to try Hop Bitters. I used one bottle but did not see any change; another did so change my nerves that I could not sleep, and I was unable to write, but now my good hand writes as easily as ever. I have used three bottles, and will accumulate an honest fortune, and confer the greatest blessing on my fellow-men that was ever conferred on mankind.

TIM BURCH.

Anna Maria Krider, Wife of Tobias K. This is to let the world know that I, Anna Maria Krider, wife of Tobias Krider, am now past seventy-four years of age. My health has been poor for many years, and I was troubled with nervousness, dizziness, great debility and constipation of the bowels. I was so miserable I could eat nothing. I heard of Hop Bitters and resolved to try them. I have only used three bottles, and I feel wonderful good, well and strong again. My bowels are regular, my appetite good, and I can sleep. I think my duty to let the people know how I was and what the medicine has done for me, so they can cure themselves with it.

My wife was troubled for years with blotches, rash patches, freckles and pimples on her face, which nearly annoyed the life out of her. She spent many dollars on the thousand infallible (7) cures, with nothing but injurious effects. A lady friend of Syracuse, N. Y., who had had similar experience and had been cured with Hop Bitters, induced her to try it. One bottle has made her face as smooth, fair and soft as a child's, and given her such health that it seems almost a miracle.

A RICH MAN'S EXPERIENCE. I travelled all over Europe and other foreign countries at a cost of thousands of dollars in search of health and found it not. I returned discouraged and disheartened, and was restored to real youthful health and spirits with less than two bottles of Hop Bitters. I hope others may profit by my experience and stay at home. A LADY, Augusta, Me. I had been sick and miserable so long, causing my husband so much trouble and expense, no one knowing what ailed me. I was so completely discouraged and disheartened that I got a bottle of Hop Bitters and used them unknown to my family. I soon began to improve and gained so fast that my husband and family thought it strange and unnatural, but when I told them what had helped me, they said, "Hurrah for Hop Bitters! long may they prosper, for they have made mother well and us happy."

THE MOTHER. My mother says Hop Bitters is the only thing that will keep her from her old and severe attacks of paralysis and headache.—E. A. OWING, Sen.

Ludington, Mich., Feb. 2, 1880. I have used Hop Bitters for four years and there is no medicine that surpasses them for bilious attacks, kidney complaints and many diseases incident to this malarial climate.

H. T. ALEXANDER.

A VOICE FROM THE PEOPLE.

The Greatest Narrative Success of the Age.

No medicine introduced to the public has ever won such a success as Hop Bitters. Its success is due to its narrative article in the world. Its marvelous removal is not due to the advertising it has received. It does not depend on its reputation. It is the most powerful, speedy and effective agent known for the building up of debilitated systems and general family medicine.

Winston, Forsythe Co., N. C., March 15, 1880. Gents—I desire to express to you my thanks for the Hop Bitters. I was troubled with Dyspepsia for five years previous to commencing the use of your Hop Bitters some six months ago. My cure has been wonderful. I am pastor of the First Methodist church of this place, and my whole congregation can testify to the great virtue of your Bitters. Very respectfully,

REV. H. F. FARRER.

Rochester, N. Y., March 11, 1880. Hop Bitters Co.—Please accept our grateful acknowledgments for the Hop Bitters you were so kind to send, and which were such a benefit to us. We are so built up with it we feel young again. OLD LADIES OF THE HOME OF THE FRIENDLESS.

Delaware, Wis., Sept. 24, 1880. Gents—I have taken not quite one bottle of the Hop Bitters. I was a feeble old man of 78 when I got it. To-day I am as active and feel as well as I did in 50. I see a great many that need such a medicine. D. BOYCE.

Monroe, Mich., Sept. 25, 1875. Sir—I have been taking Hop Bitters for inflammation of the liver and kidneys, and it has done me what four doctors failed to do—cured me. The effect of the Bitters seemed like magic. I feel like a new man. If you have sick friends, who live a burden, one bottle of Hop Bitters will restore them to perfect health and happiness.

Bradford, Pa., May 8, 1881. Gents—I have been afflicted with various diseases, such as nervousness, sickness at the stomach, monthly troubles, &c. I have not seen a sick day since I took Hop Bitters. E. J. KANE, GREEN.

Evansville, Wis., June 24, 1882. Gentlemen—No medicine has had one-half the sale here and given such universal satisfaction as your Hop Bitters have. We take pleasure in speaking for their welfare, as every one who tries them is well satisfied with their results. Several such remarkable cures have been made with them here that there are a number of earnest workers in the Hop Bitters cause. One person gained eleven pounds from taking only a few bottles.

SMITH & DRE.

Bay City, Mich., Feb. 7, 1880. Hop Bitters Company—I think it my duty to send you a recommendation for the benefit of any person wishing to know whether Hop Bitters are good or not. I know they are good, and I have used them for many years, and they have cured my various diseases, such as nervousness, sickness at the stomach, monthly troubles, &c. I have not seen a sick day since I took Hop Bitters. I recommend my patients to use them.

DR. A. FLATT.

Treatise of Chronic Diseases.

Superior, Wis., Jan. 1880. I heard in my neighborhood that your Hop Bitters was doing such a great deal of good among the sick and afflicted with most every kind of chronic disease, and I was troubled for fifteen years with neuralgia and all kinds of rheumatic complaints and kidney trouble. I took one bottle according to directions. At once I was cured of all my troubles, and I used four bottles more. I am an old man, but am now as well as I can wish. There are seven or eight families in our neighborhood who are cured of their various diseases, and are so well satisfied with it they will use no other. One lady here has been bedridden for years, is well and doing her work from the use of three bottles.

LEONARD WHITEHEAD.

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HONEST OLD TIM. Gorham, N. H., July 14, 1879. Gents—Wherever you are, I don't know but I think the Lord, and feel grateful to you to know that in this world of adulterated medicines there is one compound that proves itself all it adds to do, and more. Four years ago I had a slight stroke of palsy, which unlearned me to such an extent that the least excitement would make me shake like the ague. Last May I was induced to try Hop Bitters. I used one bottle but did not see any change; another did so change my nerves that I could not sleep, and I was unable to write, but now my good hand writes as easily as ever. I have used three bottles, and will accumulate an honest fortune, and confer the greatest blessing on my fellow-men that was ever conferred on mankind.

TIM BURCH.

Anna Maria Krider, Wife of Tobias K. This is to let the world know that I, Anna Maria Krider, wife of Tobias Krider, am now past seventy-four years of age. My health has been poor for many years, and I was troubled with nervousness, dizziness, great debility and constipation of the bowels. I was so miserable I could eat nothing. I heard of Hop Bitters and resolved to try them. I have only used three bottles, and I feel wonderful good, well and strong again. My bowels are regular, my appetite good, and I can sleep. I think my duty to let the people know how I was and what the medicine has done for me, so they can cure themselves with it.

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