

God that I can lie down  
without the slightest fear  
of any snake in this world or an-











# Alabama Baptist.

## THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

### One Young Man's "No."

Many a weak youth has escaped temptation because a stronger companion said "no"—and many another has fallen because no such help was near. A "life-sketch" in the New York Ledger (by an eye-witness) details a scene in a hotel billiard-room, at a fashionable resort, where half-a-dozen young men were playing for money and the drinks. As acquaintance having some errand to one of the players came in, and was boisterously urged to make one of the party, in the game and the bibulous indulgence.

"Bring another hot Scotch!" As acquaintance said "No," Harry, peremptorily, and with a bit of extra color in his face, said:

"Oh, please! You won't play?" "No, I don't wish to."

"Nor you won't drink a bumper with us?" "Jack, you are going too far. I would drink if I wanted to. You would not force a man to drink who is not thirsty."

Of course, Harry, you are afraid to drink a dollar's worth of Scotch, or a glass of wine with us, if you dared to play. O Hal, I didn't think you'd grown so timid."

And now the young man's face flushed to some purpose. It was a handsome face, and he looked really very much like a young man.

"Boys, you have spoken freely to me, let me say a word to you in reply. I am a timid—I confess, I am a coward; but you know you are very well—that I fear not the loss of a dollar. I will tell you, presently, what I do fear. Do you remember D—H—?"

Who, not a year previously, had been apprehended, tried and convicted of forgery and embezzlement to a large amount; and who was at that very time serving his penalty in State Prison.

And, further, that young man—a trusted bookkeeper and cashier—had been intimate with these very youths.

"You remember him, I know," Harry continued; "and you can remember the time when as jovial and happy over his billiards and whisky, he gambled, as you are now, and do not wonder I call it by its right name. It is not gambling what is it? Ah, boys! if Dan had been a little fearful in those days, he might have been differently situated now."

He paused for a moment, looked around upon the players, and presently added, in a lower tone, and with deep solemnity—

"And now, boys, I'll tell you frankly, of what I am afraid: I have a mother—your mother whether she loves me or not—and I have a dear sister, looking to me for joy and comfort in life. I have, also, a business character; and I trust, a broad, bright future before me. Must I tell you—I am afraid—I shrink in mortal dread from anything that can endanger these sacred interests. Not for all the wealth of the world would I knowingly and willingly bow my dear mother's head in sorrow. And since even the appearance of evil may weaken on the prop of a sterling character, I will try to avoid that. Now you understand me. Go on if you will, and enjoy yourself if you can. It would be unkind of me to join you here."

"One word more: If anything of this nature should become known abroad, be sure that I did not tell it, for my lips will be closed when I go out of your door."

He then called aside the young man whom he had called to see, and after a brief, private conversation with Harry, put up his cue, and announcing that he should not go on with the game, quietly went out with his friend.

Two balls remaining on the table were not pocketed. The game was suffered to end where it stood. There was a question asked by one of the five remaining as to what should be done with the money in the "pot."

The chief answered instantly, and without argument, by giving each man back his dollar. Then they put their heads together, and after a brief conference, which could not overtake them, they left the place, leaving full half the drink in their glasses untouched.

Six months later I had occasion to spend another night at that same house, and during my sojourn I spoke to the host of the six young men whom I had seen engaged in that game of pool. He knew what I meant, because I had told him the story at the time.

He answered that three of those youths had not been seen in the billiard-room since that evening; two of them had occasionally dropped in together, and played a social game; but had neither put up money nor drank. Of the sixth man he would not speak.

And then I thought of the personal influence of that young man. And the end is not yet. The end no man can see.

### Zack's Idea of Duty.

"We all have our trials and tribulations in the world, Zack," said Mrs. Kimball, as she moved quietly about the cluttered kitchen, preparing supper for herself and her boy. But we can be contented and happy despite them."

"I don't see how we can, mother," replied a certain good-natured youth, who had been contented with his work at old Curdie's, and I guess he was not too well contented with me."

"Has he been complaining again, Zack?" asked Mrs. Kimball with a little start.

"Growing as he is all day," said Zack, "I would be surprised he discharged his duty to the world, either!" and he kicked the leg of the stove before which he was sitting, with a kick that was emphatic.

"Oh! don't lose your place, my dear son," exclaimed his mother, dropping the kitchen towel which she was cutting the bread. "You know we have not five dollars ahead, and you are the only one I have to provide for me."

Zack was silent. He had no relief for worrying his mother, but he had no relief for the treatment he received at Curdie's store.

"Do you have to go back again to-night, my son?"

"Yes, ma'am, and I must be there by seven. It is now a quarter after six."

"Well, supper will be ready in a moment," and she gave the fire a lively poke to make it burn hotter, and to cheer Zack up a little, he thought.

The meal, though simple, proved very palatable, and the boy started off

## How They Made Out.

"I don't know," said Margaret, "how we shall make out; but we can't let the child starve." Margaret was the house-mother in a German home, where money was scarce, and plain food was not plenty.

A stranger had come along the street, and stopped at the door, and asked if he might have some supper with the family. Margaret, who was watching the yellow-haired little girl who followed Margaret around, which made her speak the sentence with which this story commences.

"Then, she isn't your own child?" asked the stranger.

"No!" Margaret explained that she was the child of a poor neighbor who died a few weeks before, leaving nothing for the little girl, and no friends for her to go to. She had to take her in.

"And can't you manage to keep her?" the stranger asked.

"And have none of your own, I suppose?"

"O, dear, yes!" and she laughed over his queer mistake. None of their own! Why were there ten in all.

When supper was ready, they all trooped in. What a little army of them! and how clean their little faces were! their hair neatly combed, and their patched and worn clothes looking as though each had been as careful as possible. At the supper table, each of them looked out for Gretchen; she had the largest potato, carefully peeled by Margaret, the mother's name-child; Melchor, the father's name-child, had the largest slice of meat, though he ate none on his own.

The stranger saw all this and a great deal more, though he seemed to be talking with the father and mother.

The next day a stranger in military dress rode up to the house, and asked for the house mother, and gave her a great, shining, silver letter, which she took to the father, who broke the seal. Oh, what you think that letter said? Why that the man who had taken supper with them the night before, was so pleased with the children, and with Gretchen besides, that he decided to make them each a present of \$100, which would be paid to them each yearly while they lived!

\$100 a year because a strange man who took supper with them was pleased with their kindness to him, and their unselfishness to the orphan Gretchen! That sounds like a "made up" story doesn't it? And yet it is true. The letter was signed, Joseph, Emperor of Austria! And he was the stranger who had eaten potatoes with them the night before.

And I wonder if you know what this makes me think of? Do you remember who laid aside his crown and his royal dress, and left his throne and came to us—not simply to assume the name of Jesus, but to save our souls?

Some day, we shall see him, with the royal dress blazing with jewels, the crown of gold on his head. Will he remember us, then as those who received him here? He is watching our actions, whether they are unselfish and loving, or hard and hateful. Is he getting a reward ready for us? The reward is not \$100 a year; it is a home in the palace, a seat on the throne. It is to be his Father and brothers and sisters; it is to reign with him forever and ever.

Pansy.

## What Jesus May Say.

Two young girls were walking leisurely home from school one pleasant day in early autumn, when one thus addressed the other:

"Edith Willis, what will the girls say when they hear you have invited Maggie Kelly to your party?"

Edith was silent for a moment, and then, raising her soft blue eyes to those of her companion, she replied:

"Maggie, when she comes to invite Maggie Kelly, she will be given by persons of less capacity or less experience. We never talked with a man of common sense without carrying away some thought, experience or suggestion that has aided us in future work. The man who is self-sufficient in himself, who cares nothing for the ideas of others, and believes his methods cannot be improved, is painfully and disastrously deluded. We need confidence in ourselves, but it should be the confidence that says, 'hold of what is profitable in others' experience, and makes it available in forwarding our own enterprises.'—Fruit Recorder.

The Age of Miracles is past, and Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" will not raise the dead, will not cure you if your lungs are almost wasted by consumption. It is, however, unsurpassed both as a pectoral and alterative, and will cure obdurate and severe diseases of the throat and lungs, coughs, and bronchial affections. By virtue of its wonderful alterative properties it cleanses and enriches the blood, cures pimples, blotches, and eruptions, and causes even great eating ulcers to heal.

Professor James E. Johnson, of Scotland, says: "Upward of half the saline matter of blood (57 per cent.) consists of common salt, and this is partly dissolved in water, and partly in the skin and kidneys. The necessity of continued supplies of it to the healthy body becomes sufficiently obvious. The bile also contains soda (one of the ingredients of salt) as a special and indispensable constituent. And so do all the cartilages of the body, and neither the supply of salt, therefore, and neither will the bile be able properly to assist digestion, nor the cartilages to be built up again as fast as they naturally waste. It is better to place salt where stock can have free access to it, than to give it occasionally in large quantities. They need it, however, to what they need it, they will do so to pleasure; otherwise when they become salt hungry, they will take more than is wholesome."

In a paper lately read at Chicago, Mr. J. T. Allen of Omaha presented some figures as to the cattle raising capacity of Nebraska. He said that during the year 1900, there had been shipped east from there, and that there were now 300,000 head of cattle grazing in the western part of the state. He estimated that the lands west of the Missouri river could support 1,000,000 head of cattle and 20,000,000 sheep, and supply for shipment 1,000,000 head of cattle, 1,500,000 sheep, and 20,000,000 pounds of wool. He stated that the expense of raising a 3-year-old steer was \$6, and that the entire cost of the animal delivered to the market was \$11. The profit was such a small amount for profit, he said, that the price of meat would be so high, because the demand for consumption was constantly increasing.

Almost invariably boys who have been allowed to roam free at night have come to moral shipwreck and social destruction. The exceptions have been where there was a wholesome, strong, intelligent, and peculiar social influence. Men and boys, women and girls, whatever they may be, are of the same nature; there is something in the street at night different from that which is in the day—something that excites apprehension, or creates alarm, or gives license. Boys that are demure by day will say things at night that they would blush to utter in the daylight.

The result of this observation is the clear conviction that it is absolutely necessary that parents know exactly where their children are when they are up to mischief. No boy ought to be allowed to go alone on the pavement of his father's house, after sundown. It ought not to be a hard restriction to a boy, who has been trained from infancy it will not be.

Blessed is the man who forgives those who trespass against him, who is kind to the unkind, charitable to his enemies, loving to his enemies; for he is perfect as God is perfect, and shall inherit the tree of life forever.

## FARM AND HOUSEHOLD.

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I plant rows 3 1/2 feet apart for matted rows. The distance apart in rows depends upon the variety. The free-growing kinds may be two feet or more apart with safety; if the runners are to be cut, one foot apart would be right. I would rather not have rows thickly matted, but it is difficult to prevent it with our free multiplying kinds. If I could secure a seedling of six inches apart, I could have sixteen or twenty inches wide, it would be an ideal row. But that would involve an intricate and laborious system of runner cutting, far surpassing in cost ordinary hill cutting. I do not think it would pay to thin out the thickly matted rows early in the spring, if the plants are to reach roots in the middle.

As to cultivation in spring, I am utterly averse to it. In our climate the roots are growing all winter. Why mutilate and disturb them in spring? The final act of culture is the putting on of the mulch in autumn, except to cut out trespassing weeds with the knives in spring. I do not subsoil or plow about ten inches deep. The subsoil is penetrable by roots. The best mulch I have found is sorghum fibre-bagasse. If I could obtain it in quantity, I should use no other. In cultivating the strawberry I use common five-tooth cultivators made with light teeth, hoes, and a runner cutter, which is simply two rolling cutters attached to an axle two feet in length, with a suitable draft beam. This is to be run so often as the runners begin to reach roots in the middle.

As to fertilizers, I use wood ashes as far as practicable, and have also found castor bean pomace useful on warm clay lands. Of the latter I found pounds per acre is a good dressing. I can not speak definitely of the value of phosphates, although others have used them with good effect. I have not found a remedy for white grubs, when they are in the ground. Salt, so often recommended, has not given the slightest effect unless it may increase their appetite. Mechanical killing is too slow. Don't use land recently in grass, yet you can never be sure you won't find grubs. The crown borer is doing more harm in southern Illinois than the grub.

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When agriculture can be guided by well-defined laws, instead of vague theories, by scientific and of contentment, the cost of production will be very much reduced, and the producer and consumer alike greatly benefited. Investigation into and knowledge of the science of agriculture can do more than work, in any and perhaps all other fields, to emancipate man from the burden of excessive labor, to aid the work in its grand march toward a higher civilization, and to diffuse more uniformly the comforts and luxuries of life.—Prof. J. Sanborn.

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Dr. Moxley's "I have tried your Lemon Elixir. Only three bottles and I am cured. I have not had a headache for three months with Fever, Biliousness, severe cold with congestion, pain in the chest, with loss of sleep, and general debility, and who got no relief until I tried your Lemon Elixir, is now a well man. "I feel better than I have for many years."—J. C. Johnson, No. 12 E. Howard St., Atlanta, Ga.

Lemon Elixir prepared by Dr. Moxley, M. D., Atlanta, Ga. If your druggist has