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For Rheumatism, Neuralgia, and Gout. Stephen Lansing, of Tonawanda, N. Y., says: "Recommended as the best Pills for chronic Constipation, Ayer's Pills have relieved me from that trouble and also from Gout. If every victim of this disease would keep only three boxes of mine, I could hand out the pills from the land. These words would be 'Try Ayer's Pills.'"

"By the use of Ayer's Pills alone, I cured myself permanently of rheumatism which had troubled me for several months. These Pills are at once harmless and effectual, and, I believe, would prove a specific in all cases of incipient Rheumatism."

No medicine could have served me in better stead."—C. C. Rock, Corner, Ayer's Pills, La.

C. F. Hopkins, Nevada City, writes: "I have used Ayer's Pills for sixteen years, and I think they are the best Pills in the world. We keep a box of them in the house all the time. They have cured me of sick headache and neuralgia. Since taking Ayer's Pills, I have been free from these complaints."

"I have derived great benefit from Ayer's Pills. Five years ago I was taken so ill with rheumatism that I was unable to do any work. I took three boxes of Ayer's Pills and was entirely cured. Since that time I am never without a box of these pills."—Peter Christensen, Sherwood, W. Va.

## Ayer's Cathartic Pills,

PREPARED BY  
Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.  
Sold by all Dealers in Medicine.

## REASONS

Why Ayer's Sarsaparilla is preferable to any other for the cure of Blood Diseases.

Because no poisonous or deleterious ingredients enter into the composition of Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

—Ayer's Sarsaparilla contains only the purest and most effective remedial properties.

—Ayer's Sarsaparilla is prepared with extreme care, skill, and cleanliness.

—Ayer's Sarsaparilla is prescribed by leading physicians.

—Ayer's Sarsaparilla is for sale everywhere, and recommended by all first-class druggists.

—Ayer's Sarsaparilla is a medicine, and not a beverage in disguise.

—Ayer's Sarsaparilla never fails to effect a cure, when persistently used, according to directions.

—Ayer's Sarsaparilla is a highly concentrated extract, and therefore the most economical Blood Medicine in the market.

—Ayer's Sarsaparilla has had a successful career of nearly half a century, and was never so popular as at present.

—Thousands of testimonials are on file from those benefited by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

PREPARED BY  
Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.  
Price \$1; six bottles, \$5. Worth \$5 a bottle.



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WOMAN'S DISEASE  
ALL IRREGULARITIES  
PECULIAR TO HER SEX  
A PERFECT REGULATOR  
AND POWERFUL TONIC.  
IT TAKEN DURING THE  
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GREAT SUFFERING AND  
DANGER WILL BE AVOIDED.  
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From its combination of valuable medicines, it is superior to the ordinary ginger tonics. It is a powerful tonic and a blood purifier. It is a sure cure for all blood diseases. It is a sure cure for all nervous diseases. It is a sure cure for all general debility. It is a sure cure for all weakness. It is a sure cure for all loss of appetite. It is a sure cure for all indigestion. It is a sure cure for all constipation. It is a sure cure for all diarrhoea. It is a sure cure for all dyspepsia. It is a sure cure for all biliousness. It is a sure cure for all headache. It is a sure cure for all neuralgia. It is a sure cure for all rheumatism. It is a sure cure for all gout. It is a sure cure for all gravel. It is a sure cure for all kidney disease. It is a sure cure for all bladder disease. It is a sure cure for all prostate disease. It is a sure cure for all sexual disease. It is a sure cure for all venereal disease. It is a sure cure for all syphilis. It is a sure cure for all chancre. It is a sure cure for all skin disease. It is a sure cure for all eruptions. It is a sure cure for all itching. It is a sure cure for all burning. It is a sure cure for all soreness. It is a sure cure for all pain. It is a sure cure for all distress. It is a sure cure for all suffering. It is a sure cure for all misery. It is a sure cure for all death.

## Alabama Baptist.

MONTGOMERY, ALA., JULY 19, 1888.

## No Cry, No Kiss.

Our Mildred has just been "painted." The brightest of tiny girls, Blue-eyed and cheeked, and sainted by the halo of her curls.

Life-like? Yes; love's deft fingers. Painted that brow, those eyes. And the dew on the lips, where lingers A baby's sweet surprise.

Our baby still we call her. Half-bud half-blossom she. Though wise enough, it taller. To be forty instead of three.

"I half believe," said father, "That a picture baby's the best; She isn't a bit of bother. Never needs to be addressed."

Eyes never red with crying. Cheeks never wet with tears. And a smile on her sweet lips lying That never disappears."

"Well, papa," Midge said demurely, "There's one thing I guess you'll miss; Perhaps she won't cry, but surely You'll find—no cry, no kiss."

—Wm. R. Terrell in Ch. Advocate.

## "An Holy Man of God."

Such the Shunamite woman characterized Elisha to be. As he passed her house to and fro in the prosecution of the duties of his sacred calling it became his custom to call their for refreshment. He was cordially welcomed. The good woman of the house esteemed it a privilege to entertain him. Her house seems to have been to Elisha what that hospitable home at Bethany was to the Savior.

The more this pious woman knew of Elisha, the more highly did she esteem him. Speaking of him to her husband, she said: "Behold, now I perceive that this is a holy man of God, which passes by us continually. Let us make a little chamber, I pray thee, on the wall, and let us set for him there a bed, and a table, and a stool, and a candlestick; and it shall be, when he cometh to us, that he shall turn in thither." She prized his company, and gladly did she do her best to render his visits agreeable. "A holy man of God" was a rare thing in those times.

Now have they been any too common at any period of the world, nor are they now in our day, although there were probably never so many of them in the world as at the present time. Such men are men of faith, of prayer, and of godly walk. Like their Savior, they are "holy, harmless, undefiled, and separate from sinners." They dwell in an atmosphere of holiness, and they shed holy influences around them. Those with whom they associate take knowledge of their piety, are impressed with a sense of their sanctity. Their lives are consistent. They adorn the doctrine of God their Savior in all things—in little things, as well as in things of greater importance. They are an honor to religion, and such should all Christians be. Every Christian should be a holy man or a holy woman of God.—N. Y. Observer.

## Mistaken Kindness.

The danger of false tenderness is illustrated at one time in the following manner: A person who was greatly interested in entomology, secured at great pains a fine specimen of an emperor moth in the larva state. Day by day he watched the little creature as he wove about him his cocoon, which was very singular in shape, much resembling a flask. Presently the time drew near for it to emerge from its wrappings, and spread its large wings of exceeding beauty. On reaching the narrow aperture of the neck of the flask the pithy of the person watching it was so awakened to get through that he cut the cords, thus making the passage easier. But alas! his false tenderness destroyed all the brilliant colors for which this species of moth is noted. The severe pressure was the result needed to cause the flow of fluids which create the marvelous colors. Its wings were small, dull in color, and the whole development was imperfect. How often we see a result in character when parents thinking to help a child over some hard place, rob him of strength of purpose and other qualities essential to the highest attainments in mental and spiritual life.—The Congregationalist.

THERE are some little churches as parched and withered as gardens in dry weather, simply because their sympathies do not go forth in generous effort for the spread of the gospel among the nations. If you would be miserable, live for yourself; do not take an interest in any religious enterprise, do not teach, do not give; let the world, with its load of superstition and sin, roll on unhelped; try to forget that there is anybody living except yourself and the few immediate neighbors; let your heart be shut to the world, and your nature will be shriveled, your heart will contract, it will become dry and small like a withered kernel in a nut. But if you wish to be blessed, to be rich in character, to make life a large and noble thing, Christ-like benediction, and not a Cain like curse, then you must be generous, you must have a sense of stewardship, which means responsibility to God, and brotherly dealings with men. Our missionaries have begun to enter through the "open door," and now, shall we falter on the threshold? Shall we fail to respond to the cries that come from sad hearts and darkened homes? Africa, torn, maimed, robbed, has found a voice; the moan has reached us. Shall we keep our oil and pence, and not act the part of a neighborly Samaritan? Are we too niggardly, or too poor, to "buy up the opportunity?" Shall we regard the price as too great? Shall we set a higher value on our corruptible silver and gold than on "the precious blood of Christ?" Let us not incur the disgrace of retreat, but remember that "to him that knoweth to do good and doeth it not, it is sin."—Dr. Owen at Baptist Union.

I know some people who always try to show themselves in public; but when they are home they never have their collar on straight, and in the morning look like a whirlwind breakfasting on a haystack.—Talmage.

## "Dan."

BY GEO. H. SARGENT.

Away out in Western Nebraska, where the sluggish North Platte rolls its turbid waters down through a rich valley with the land on either hand rising until it gradually merges into a series of low sand hills, the country is but thinly settled, and the scream of the locomotive never disturbs the solitude of the Great Plains. This country, half garden and half desert, is, however, full of animal life. Here the great American eagle makes its home, and the prairie dog and rattlesnake live near their kind in peace. The native grasses growing on the sandy soil furnish grazing for cattle all the year round, and so the country is for the most part given up to the hardy ranchmen and the wild animals.

On a certain ranch in this region, some years ago, a party of herdsmen caught a young eagle which was unable to fly. Its mother had been killed, so they took it home to their cabin, and kept it confined in a cage.

There was a boy named Charlie on this ranch who entreated his father to let him keep the eagle. His father finally did so, and Charlie took great pleasure in caring for his new pet, naming him Dan. After awhile Dan became so tame that the boy no longer kept him in the cage, but had a small collar put around one leg and fastened him by a small chain to a post.

For a long time Dan chafed and fretted under his confinement and refused to eat, but finally came to the conclusion that his captivity was to be permanent, and began to make the best of his situation. As he grew less uneasy under restraint, the boy allowed him a longer chain, until finally Dan had quite an extensive range in front of the cabin.

Dan soon learned to come at the call of his name, and would eat from Charlie's hand. He would follow when Charlie went away anywhere, and on his return Dan would be waiting on the edge of his circular range to welcome his master back. He would shake hands, turn somersaults, and perform many other curious tricks. But all the time Dan was as solemn and grave as a judge. He never smiled or even made the attempt.

Sometimes Charlie would lie down in front of the cabin and pretend to be asleep and Dan would come over very cautiously and pull Charlie's watch from his vest pocket, and when the boy jumped up and said, "Give it up, you thief," Dan would stand on one leg and hold out the watch in one claw, hanging down his head and looking very guilty.

One summer day Charlie had been running about in the morning and was very tired. All the men had gone away from the ranch, and Charlie was left alone with Dan. He did not mind this, however, for his very solitude made him safe, and as he knew there would be no wild animals near, he lay down in the warm sunlight in front of the cabin, and was soon fast asleep. Dan came up and stole his watch, but Charlie did not say "Give it up, you thief," which somewhat surprised the bird; so he played with it for a while, but finally becoming tired of the sport replaced it in Charlie's pocket and lay down near him.

Very soon Dan became interested in a long, black object that crawled along slowly through the tufts of prairie grass in the direction of the sleeping boy. In a moment his native instinct for fighting with small animals was aroused, and Dan made a rush for the intruder. A warning, ominous rattle, halted him but for an instant, then he struck at the serpent with both of his claws. The rattlesnake coiled itself ready to strike, but Dan with a harsh shriek was upon him. The noise awakened Charlie, who recognized the danger, and sprang outside the circle.

It was a desperate encounter; the snake coiled itself around Dan's body and strove to strike him with its powerful fangs, but Dan eluded these attempts, and seizing the rattlesnake in his powerful talons, tore it with his strong beak, and in a few moments the snake was writhing in agony at Dan's feet, when a few blows from Charlie dispatched it.

And Dan! alas! the light chain had proven too much of an encumbrance; the poor eagle had been bitten in the fray, and despite Charlie's efforts to save the bird by bathing it in alcohol, poor Dan died. When the men returned at night they found the trio in front of the cabin; the dead rattlesnake lay on the ground, while Charlie was shedding unavailing tears over the body of the dead eagle.

Charlie has grown to manhood now and goes to Nebraska occasionally for pleasure; but in his elegant New York home, over the door of one of the parlors, there is a large stuffed specimen of an American eagle, with a rattlesnake in its claws, while underneath is the legend, "Faithful unto Death."

—Good Cheer.

## Personal Work.

On a cold winter evening I made my first call on a rich merchant in New York. As I left his door, and the piercing cold swept in, I said, "What an awful night for the poor!"

"He went out of bank bills, he said, 'Please hand these for me to the poorest people you know.'"

After a few days I wrote to him the grateful thanks of the poor whom his bounty had relieved, and added, "How is it that a man so kind to his fellow-creatures has always been so unkind to his Savior as to refuse him his heart?"

That sentence touched him to the core. He sent for me to come and talk with him, and speedily gave himself to Christ. He has been a useful Christian ever since. But he told me that I was the first person who had talked to him about his soul in nearly twenty years.

One hour of pastoral work did more for that man than the pulpit effort of a life time.—Dr. T. L. Cuyler.

Do to-day's duty, fight to-day's temptation; do not weaken and distract yourself by looking forward to things you cannot see, and could not understand if you saw.—C. Kingsley.

## The Husband's Duty.

There is no mother, carrying alone the burden of training the children, who will not heartily endorse the following sentiments as set forth by a writer in Good Cheer:

There is too much talked and written about woman's duty to her home. No woman can make a perfect home without the cheerful and earnest cooperation of her husband. Where one wife fails in her part, there are ten husbands who are utterly unmindful of their own domestic responsibilities, ready to surrender their own burdens to the wife whose physical and mental strength is ordinarily hardly adequate to the demand made upon her. How many fathers take upon themselves the educational training of their children; and yet how few mothers are qualified, either by mental discipline or habits of thought, for that work! I know all the popular argument advanced on the other side, but they do not alter the fact that in nine cases out of ten it is the husband's intellect which is sharpened and kept alive by contact with other minds, by reading and pursuits which require a wide mental outlook. As for the necessary time there are few men who cannot spare an hour from the day's engrossing duties in which to study the bent of their children's minds and give direction to their studies. Think of John Millington in the midst of his most arduous labor, the work which required closest application and concentration of thought, to patiently listen for his son Stuart the troublesome Greek and Latin problems, and direct his studies in history.

And is there anything Mrs. Fremont has written so charming as those scenes in which her father, burdened with the cares and anxieties of public life, gathered his children about his study table to prepare the lessons for their teachers' under his supervision?

I know among my friends one family in which the father has taken upon himself the intellectual training of his children from their very infancy. One boy evinced strong journalistic tendencies, and he is studying for that profession; another manifested great love for natural history, and his father has given him every opportunity for the study of beasts, birds and plants. He found his youngest boy almost a baby—absorbed in the plates of the Scientific American, and taking the hint, helped him to familiarize himself with machinery, in which study the boy made marvelous progress. I could multiply instances, but these are sufficient to indicate that the gospel of parental responsibility needs to be preached to the stronger as well as the weaker sex.

## Jesus Comforts.

"It seems to me the Christian life grows sweeter and sweeter every day as I grow older." These words were spoken to me by a woman seventy years old. Her husband, something older than she, was a drunkard. In his younger days he had attended closely to business and become the owner of a good farm, which he was

his family a comfortable living. The older son had died a drunkard, the younger son was a drunkard. The younger daughter and youngest child, having the same Christian hope, was her mother's comfort and companion in her old age.

When the older son died I had taken as a text at the funeral these words, "Be still and know that I am God." In speaking of the occurrence, a short time afterward, the mother said: "It is hard; but I must be still for God orders all things." Hers was a sweet and charming disposition. Not merely a quiet and uncomplaining, but an intelligent, submissive, child-like spirit controlling all the life.

Always in her place in church, always ready to help the poor and needy and to care for the sick, her calm and peaceful and serene spirit and manner could only be accounted for by accepting as true the words of the Savior, "My grace shall be sufficient for thee," and knowing that she had accepted his invitation, "Come unto me and I will give you rest," and had found the promise fulfilled in her own case.

After her husband's death she and her younger daughter removed some miles from her former home. On her death bed the same hope and serenity and peace characterized her.

I have given particulars of her surroundings to show how very great is the love and power and faithfulness of the Savior to comfort and hallow and sweeten life under the most trying circumstances. Daily, sometimes often in a day, she went to that Savior and held converse with him, and received from him the comfort and strength which she needed for the duties and trials of life. It has often been said, "God is as much glorified in suffering as in doing his will." The truth of this was clearly exemplified in this case.—Ch. Intelligence.

Get to the root of things. The gold mines of Scripture are not in the top soil; you must open a shaft; the precious diamonds of experience are not picked up in the roadway; their secret places are far down. Get down into the vitality, the solidity, the veracity, the divinity of the Word of God, and seek to possess all the inward work of the blessed Spirit.—Spurgeon.

He who says, I will struggle against sin hereafter, instead of saying, I will struggle with it now, he who is content to fight with it in fancy "in the green avenues of the future," not in fact in the hot plains of to-day, will proceed to make excuses. . . . To put off repentance here is to court ruin, to postpone the season is to perpetuate sin.

In praying for the salvation of a single soul, we pray for more than the whole world and its glories, more than all possible inanimate creations. For we pray for one on whom the good pleasures of the Holy Trinity rest; or one whom the Father wills to be saved, for whom the Son was incarnate, with whom the Holy Ghost has pleaded and will plead.

## The Devil and the Sultan.

There is an Eastern story of a sultan, who overslept himself, so as not to awaken at the hour of prayer. So the devil came and waked him, and told him to pray. "Who are you?" replied the sultan. "Oh! no matter," replied the other; "my act is good, is it not?" No matter who does the good action, so long as it is good," "Yes," replied the sultan, "but I think you are Satan. I know your face, you have some bad motive." "But," says the other, "I am not so bad as I am painted. I am a pretty good fellow, after all. I was an angel once, and I still keep some of my original goodness." "That's all very well," replied the sagacious and prudent caliph, but you are the tempter; that's your business, and I wish to know why you want me to get up and pray?" "Well," said the devil, with a firm of impatience, "if you must know I will tell you. If you had not slept and forgotten your prayers you would have been sorry for it afterward, and penitent; but, if you go on as now, and do not neglect a single prayer for ten years, you will be so satisfied with yourself that it will be worse for you than if you had missed one sometimes and repented of it. God loves your fault mixed with penitence more than your virtue seasoned with pride."

## Why Russians Do Not Emigrate.

The government does not recognize the right of its subjects to go abroad or to live abroad without its permission, and if, therefore, a Russian takes refuge from oppression in a freer country, he must face the prospect of expropriation, outlawry, the loss of all the property left behind him, and exile to Siberia if he ever returns. Few people are willing to separate themselves for life in this way from friends, relatives, home, country, and all that a man naturally holds dear. What alternative then, is left to the oppressed when oppression becomes intolerable? They must either submit or fight; and if they are not willing to submit, and are not able, under the provisions of this code to oppose tyranny by peaceful, collective action, they will inevitably resort to violence and fight, singly or in small groups, as they are now fighting, until they go to Siberia, in leg fetters, or perish on the scaffold.—Geo. Kennan.

A presbytery was called at Arkadelphia church, Conecuh county Ala., consisting of Bro. I. Spence, Bro. I. L. Taylor, pastor of the church and myself, J. H. Higdon, to meet 3rd Sabbath in June 1888 for the purpose of ordaining Bro. J. W. Dunklin to the deaconship. The ordination sermon was preached by Bro. I. Spence. After preaching Bro. Dunklin was duly ordained and recognized by the church.

It is not the variegated colors, the cheerful sounds, and the warm breezes which enliven us so much in spring; it is the quiet prophetic spirit of endless hopes, a presentiment of more joyful days, the anticipation of higher everlasting blossoms and fruit.—Novalis.

## 100 Doses

One Dollar. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the only medicine of which this can be truly said; and it is an unanswerable argument as to the strength and positive economy of this great medicine. Hood's Sarsaparilla is made of roots, herbs, salts, etc., long and favorably known for their power in purifying the blood; and in combination, proportion, and process, Hood's Sarsaparilla is peculiar to itself.

"For economy and comfort we use Hood's Sarsaparilla." Mrs. C. Barstow, Buffalo, N. Y. "Hood's Sarsaparilla takes less time and quantity to show its effect than any other preparation I ever heard of. I would not be without it in the house." Mrs. C. A. M. Hubbard, North Chili, N. Y. 100 Doses

## One Dollar

Hood's Sarsaparilla cures scrofula, salt rheum, all humors, boils, pimples, general debility, dyspepsia, biliousness, sick headache, catarrh, rheumatism, kidney and liver complaints, and all affections caused by impure blood or low condition of the system. Try it.

"I was severely afflicted with scrofula, and for over a year had two running sores on my neck. I took five bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla, and consider myself entirely cured." E. L. Lowrey, Lowell, Mass.

"Hood's Sarsaparilla did me an immense amount of good. My whole system has been built up and strengthened, my digestion improved, and my head relieved of the bad feeling I consider it the best medicine I have ever used, and should not know how to do without it." MARY L. PERLE, Salem, Mass.

## Hood's Sarsaparilla

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## A LETTER FROM MARION HARLAND.

[FAC SIMILE.]

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Every box has been in perfect condition when it came into my hands, and the contents have given complete satisfaction. It is an act of simple justice and also a pleasure to recommend it unqualifiedly to American housewives.

Brooklyn Marion Harland, Nov 30, 1887.

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