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For the ALABAMA BAPTIST. Reminiscences of Talladega.

BY J. L. M. CURRY, LL. D.

II.

In the flush times of 1837, my father visited Alabama and bought, in Talladega county, six miles east of the court house, the place known as Kelly's Springs, on the old McIntosh road, paying over \$39 an acre. This was a time of shunplasters, of fiat money, when speculation ran high and a thousand wild schemes were eagerly seized for getting rich without work. I have before me now specimens of currency issued by corporations and individuals, which, without any fixity of value, in the absence of gold and silver and in the mania for making money, furnished a medium of exchange and had an astonishing circulation. They are printed on very inferior paper and signed in ink by the persons issuing the notes. When torn or worn, they are, in some instances, pasted on a piece of paper and continued on their mission of getting something for nothing. I have one which contains the fragments of two promises to pay put together in one note. It is for 50 cents, numbered 2,080, due the bearer when the sum of ten dollars is presented, and was issued from "Warrington, Ala.," a place unknown to me. One dated Wetumpka, Ala., Feb. 17, 1838, is signed "W. B. McCoy," and is a promise to pay the bearer 25 cents when the sum of five dollars is presented. Another, numbered 287, signed I. K. McCandass, Chesnut Creek, (no state is mentioned), promises to pay twelve and a half cents in current bank bills when the sum amounts to five dollars. As the number is 287, it is obvious that the credit of the promiser was good. Here is another, partly printed, partly written, signed T. Powell, issued from "Nicksburg," in Coosa county, for twelve and a half cents. It is illustrated by a spread eagle. Another, more ambitious, is decorated with a coach and four, full of passengers, and promises in the name of the Union Bank, Columbia, Tenn., to pay the bearer 25 cents in Tennessee or Alabama bank notes, when the sum of five dollars is presented. Chaffin, Kirk & Co., of Pulaski, are the promisers. Cross roads stores, stage companies, railroad corporations engaged in this manufacture of currency. The wider the sphere of circulation, the farther these notes traveled from home, the less was the probability of their return and consequently the greater the profits for the free banker.

We read with incredulity of the South Sea bubble, of Law's Mississippi scheme, in 1717-1719, when a sort of madness possessed the whole French nation, of the tulip craze in Holland in the seventeenth century, but those days was the famous *morus multicaulis* excitement which spread like a fatal epidemic over the country. Men are easily panic-stricken by fear, or crazed by excitement, or maddened by love of gold, and they were, in this instance, infatuated by speculation and dreamed of sudden and great wealth from the manufacture of silk. Hundreds of acres were planted in mulberry trees. Silk worms were bought, or hatched from the eggs. Rooms in dwelling houses were given up to the worms, which were well supplied with tender and succulent mulberry leaves. When the cocoons were spun they were carefully preserved and rude attempts were made to unwind and spin the delicate fibre. Visions of riches appeared as suddenly as they were created. The excitement collapsed. Agriculture and other pursuits were resumed; but not a few lost heavily from foolish investments. Talladega did not escape the contagion, and for several years afterwards a lot east of the court house was known as the *morus multicaulis* field. Unwittingly I incurred the ill will of the captain of a volunteer company by describing, in the *Watchtower*, a parade of the company, not on the field of Mars, but of buried hopes and blasted silk worm expectations.

In December, 1837, my father sent out from Lincoln county, Georgia, an overseer with negroes, wagons and mules to occupy the place he had bought and to prepare for a crop. My step-mother having been called by many doctors, it was necessary for the white family to delay their departure for several months after the servants had gone. When May came, with singing birds and fragrant flowers, those who had remained started on their long journey. It was a sad exodus, leaving the old homestead, where grandparents and mother lay buried. Many years afterwards I revisited my birth place, but what a change! When my father emigrated he left a mansion, all needful out-houses, a grove of beautiful oaks, a fertilized vegetable garden, a yard glowing with roses and rare flowers, well bearing orchards of selected fruits, a plantation well fenced and intersected by roads, and everything that characterized a well-to-do Southern home. Forty-six years had wrought a marvellous transformation. Nearly everything on the surface had disappeared, except the dwelling house, and that was in a dilapidated condition. The cultivated fields had been neglected and permitted to grow up in broom sedge and sassafras and persimmon and pine. Desolation reigned supreme. I came away sick at heart, regretting that I had made the visit, for all the cherished pictures of childhood life were dispelled and there only remained the saddest impression of what neglect and poverty and bad tillage had wrought.

Our cavalcade, with carriage and

wagons and servants and horses, was some time on the road, but the weather being delightful, we enjoyed the camping in tents and the "lying out o' nights" under the canopy and starlit heavens. The mountains, as we crossed the Georgia line into what is now Cleburne county, in Alabama, are not very high or commanding, but they were the first I had ever seen and were covered with ferns and grass. At night, the wolves, attracted by the fires, would come near our camps and their howling excited youthful imagination and fears. When we reached our new home, the negroes at work in the fields by the roadside, where the corn was waist high, abandoned everything and rushed out to meet the long expected ones, giving us a noisy and joyous welcome.

Talladega county was in the Coosa Land District and the land, most of which were "public," or owned by the government, were subject to entry at the land office which had been established in Mardisville in January, 1834. Jacob Tipton Bradford, afterwards a senator from the county and father of the Hon. Sall Bradford, was the register. Joab Lawler, a Baptist preacher, was the first receiver. He was elected to congress in 1835 and his son, Levi W. Lawler, then nineteen years of age, was appointed his successor by Gen. Jackson and gave a bond for \$100,000. No citizen of county or state is better known than Gen. Lawler, who is now one of the railroad commissioners. Youthful in appearance, courteous and suave in manners, thoroughly and widely informed in matters of trade, commerce, finance and politics, generous and hospitable, scrupulously moral, upright and honest, a graceful writer, an impressive speaker, few men have served the state more usefully and honorably, or deserve more highly the respect and gratitude of his countrymen.

During the administration of Van Buren, the "specie circular" was issued. J. H. Pitts, Esq., of Tuscaloosa, has published an interesting sketch of the "State Bank and Branches" of Alabama. It is a most instructive chapter in the history of American currency, and furnishes a suggestive lesson to all those who would ally the government in partnership with the manufacturers or agriculturists.

For nearly ten years after the general bank suspension in 1837, gold and silver, or "specie," as then generally called, commanded a premium of about an average of 20 per cent. In 1842, the land office was removed to Lebanon, in DeKalb county. Under a special act of Congress, pre-emptors in Cherokee, Marshall and DeKalb counties were permitted to pay for their lands in notes of the Alabama State Bank and Branches at par, but when the time expired in which such entries had to be made, specie was again demanded for all public lands disposed of, whether at public or private sale. After lands had been offered at public outcry, so much as remained unsold was subject to private entry at \$1.25 per acre. An extract from an interesting letter of Gen. Lawler may be given, as showing the state of society at that period and the primitive way of transferring money: "The government required land to be paid for in specie and the banks of deposit were remote from Mardisville and Lebanon and there were no railroads. I was bound, therefore, to transport the specie in a wagon. The government allowed me one guard, besides the wagoner employed and paid for by myself. That was all the protection I had. Much of the country to be traversed was wild, and it was impossible to keep my movements from public knowledge, either at starting or on the way to the place of deposit. In 1838 I was ordered by the secretary of the treasury to make a deposit in Columbus, Georgia. The route was from Mardisville, via Sylacauga, over the Chapman road to the Tallapoosa river; thence to LaFayette and on to Columbus. You know the character of the country and the population at that time. When we reached the river and the wagon was about to enter the boat, a woman on the bank said to the ferryman, 'Be very careful as that wagon is loaded with money.' How she knew it was more than I could understand, but it showed that the news of my approach and of the contents of the wagon preceded me. After that I was anxious, but I was not disturbed. Again, while at Lebanon I was directed to make a deposit in the Bank of Mobile. In a wagon, having only one guard, I carried over \$40,000 in gold and silver to Wetumpka. I traveled through St. Clair, (supposed to be dangerous at that time), spent a night at Greensport, and continued my journey through Talladega and Coosa. I had occasion to leave the wagon in search of a friend who was to accompany me to Mobile, intending to join my guard and driver before night. A heavy fall of rain caused the streams to swell rapidly and to such an extent that I could not cross Sycamore creek and the wagon could not cross Hatchett creek. So we were separated for a night, but there was no robbery, nor any indication of an attack. After a sleepless night, I joined the next morning, my party and without molestation we reached Wetumpka. Honesty was our protection. How would it be now under similar circumstances?"

Before the removal of the office from Mardisville land entries were very active. Settlers and others were in vigorous competition for what was most valuable on account of fertility or location. Hundreds of men besieged the office "from early morn to dewy eve." Kelly's Springs was at

the junction of the main roads leading to Georgia and Tennessee. From 1838 to 1841 inclusive, when entries were most numerous, hundreds of men were traveling on horseback. My father's place, eleven miles from Mardisville, was a convenient stopping place in going and in returning. The land purchasers would frequently arrive late at night and hurry off before day, so as to avoid discovery and be present when the doors of the land office were opened. The silver dollars were carried in saddle-bags or wallets and the money was placed under the pillows on which the men slept.

Our Washington Letter.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 12th, 1891.

Undismayed by previous failures to influence the license granting authorities of Washington, the temperance people have already begun the work of gathering information which they hope may lessen the number of saloons in the National Capitol during the next license year, which begins the first of next November. The Good Templars were in the vanguard of the army of moral reform, have gathered a mass of valuable testimony from the business men of Philadelphia, showing the deleterious effect of liquor saloons upon all adjacent property, which they propose making public as soon as it is in proper shape.

Other temperance organizations and individuals are engaged upon various lines of action, all with the same end in view; but the liquor interest is also active—it always is—and, unfortunately, judging from past experience, it can command sufficient influence to pullify to a great extent the work of the temperance advocates in this direction. For instance, Congress enacted a law at the last session that no intoxicating liquor should be sold or licensed be granted to saloons within one mile of the grounds of the Soldier's Home, just north of the city limits, and the Commissioners of the District of Columbia made a great bluff of carrying this law out, by refusing to grant licenses that had been applied for in the prescribed section, which includes a considerable section in the north end of Washington, and giving notice to those whose licenses had already been granted that they must close, as their licenses had been cancelled. There was great thankfulness among the good people of Washington to know that even a small part of their beautiful city had been officially rescued from the poisonous and death dealing claws of the rum fiend.

But the rejoicing was premature. Those liquor dealers who had secured their licenses, acting upon the advice of lawyers employed by the liquor dealers' association, which exists for the special purpose of standing by every liquor dealer, no matter how many times he may violate the law, and furnishing him with money to employ the best legal talent, to defeat the efforts of the law-abiding people to close up his groggery refused to close and announced their intention to test in the courts the right of the Commissioners to revoke their licenses, and there the matter stands; but as no test case has been decided in court and as their seems no disposition to push one to trial, the belief is general that the commissioners have, under pressure of the influence, political and otherwise, which the lawyers of the liquor dealers association brought to bear upon them, agreed to allow the saloons which got their licenses to continue doing business until the end of the present license year. At any rate, I know from personal observation that these saloons are open and doing business right along, and it is said that the members of the liquor dealers' association have publicly boasted of their intention to have Congress amend the law so as not to include the saloons inside the city proper. If they can do that in the face of the opposition of not only Christian and temperance people, but of every sincere well-wisher of the city in the land, they will present to the country an object lesson of the power of the liquor interest that would be as disgraceful as it would be sad. Should this attempt be made Washington will make a loud call for the assistance of all friends of moral reform, in its efforts to defeat it.

The weather in Washington for the past few days has been unusually warm, but there is no diminution in the interest or attendance at the meetings held in the temperance tent, which is now located in the northwest section of the city. The Sunday afternoon children's meetings are especially interesting, and there is never a lack of prominent people to talk to the little ones. Mrs. Belva Lockwood, Col. Snowden and Maj. Brock were among the speakers last Sunday.

Washington will send a big crowd to the sixth annual reunion of the Lutheran Church that is to be held at Pen Mar, Maryland, on the 21st inst.

The Treasury Department has issued an order prohibiting the landing of immigrants at New York on Sunday.

Rev. D. D. MacLaurin, of New York City, who is temporarily filling a Washington pulpit, delivered the last Sunday afternoon address to the Y. M. C. A., his subject being "A Good Man."

For every progress in strenuous work for Christ there must have been a slaying of the selfishness which urges us to work in our own strength and for our own sake.—F. D. Huntington.

The one generic temptation of our

Confession of Faith.

Eds. Ala. Baptist. Baptist usage demands that we receive application for baptism by a confession of faith. It is taught in the Bible. Let me ask, Do we receive them that way now? The minister will say to the applicant, "Well, you feel that your sins have been pardoned? You feel like you love the brethren?" and makes few other such statements. They are not questions, because questions are put to the applicant in a direct manner; if indirectly, the applicant would not, in many cases, know whether to say yea or nay. Is that a confession of faith as taught in the Bible? If so, I must confess I do not understand it as such.

The old pioneers who built nearly all of the churches in this part of the country, from 1800 to 1850, years ago, demanded a confession of faith as taught in Holy Writ when they wanted converted and consecrated Christians, not numbers. They say (that is, some ministers), "We must not demand so much, else the Methodists will get them." I say, Away with them! if they can't state what the Lord has done for them, we don't want them.

The minister will tell them a few things to say, then state to the church how the applicant had made a confession of faith, when really the applicant had made no confession. I heard, not long since, a minister say in his discourse what the old pioneers did when one applied for membership. Well, my brother, if the Bible taught it then, does it not do so now? I heard a man say, a few months ago, that he liked the Episcopal church because it gave more liberty. That is what we are giving: preachers and deacons go to the fairs, when it is composed of gamblers, horse racers, etc. One member carried his stock out and camped at the fair grounds for a week. They had a large house built for gambling. The whole thing was managed by gamblers and the church got drunk. To swear gamblers, and dance—is that not liberty enough? We must not exclude them. Why, we are weak; we must keep him, as he says the preacher; we will have to go deeper in our pocket book if we exclude him.

I don't remember to have heard a confession of faith in fifteen years. The Bible seems to have been perverted to suit the times. Let us keep the same old Bible and follow its precepts; it will carry us to the happy land, even if we do not get quite so many in the church, only to swell the number or to help pay the preacher. We can get enough good meat to pay the expenses; God will enable us to meet all of our obligations if we follow the precepts of the old Bible, not the one that has been perverted to suit the times. The church is getting to be a very easy-going thing. We are getting numbers that swell our ranks, but I fear the result. If we do not follow the Bible, then let us take them into the church as the Methodists do; don't let us half way do it.

A BAPTIST.

Unto What Were Ye Baptized?

BY J. M. PHILLIPS, D. D.

This question, addressed to the twelve disciples at Ephesus, whom Paul found there, pierces to the core the question as to the condition of true baptism. Their baptism was defective, presumably not as to mode, but as to its design and meaning. Baptism then has a meaning, and by this its validity is to be tested, even though the act be scriptural.

There are many, both among Baptists as well as outside, who fail to comprehend the reason why Baptist churches do not accept as valid the immersion of other denominations known as "Disciples," "Reformers," or "Campbellites," who are known to practice only immersion. They claim to agree with Baptists on all essential points, touching the act of baptism and the character of the subject of the ordinance. Have we any scripture precedent for rejecting such baptism? Do they not contain all the elements of scriptural baptism?

To answer this question we must consider what, according to the conception of Campbellites, is involved in conversion and baptism. The point in hand concerns the conditions upon which Baptists on one hand and Disciples on the other, admit to the ordinance of baptism. What these are among Baptists are well known. But as the Disciples claim to have no definite creed or statement of belief, we can only gather a knowledge of their views on this subject from their general teachings. This as expounded by Alexander Campbell is substantially as follows:

As to faith, that must precede baptism. This is declared to be simply the belief of the facts of the gospel concerning Jesus Christ. Believing at this point is, as Mr. Campbell maintains, the same as believing "the well attested facts concerning the person and achievements of Gen. Washington." This, he asserts, in reply to the question, "Can men just as they are found when they hear the gospel believe?" There is in the act of faith, as thus defined, no self-renunciation, no submission to Christ as a personal Savior, and no commitment of the soul to him for salvation and eternal life, all of which Baptists believe to be essential to saving faith.

2. According to the teachings of the Disciples, the Holy Spirit acts upon the hearts of men only through the inspired Word until after baptism; his personal ministry, which, we believe, is granted with the preached word

and which is the power alone by which the soul turns to God in repentance and faith, is never granted until men have obeyed the Lord in baptism. One of the proof texts quoted to sustain this view is the one put first by Paul to the twelve at Ephesus: "Have ye received the Holy Ghost since ye believed?"

3. In harmony with this view, baptism and regeneration, according to Mr. Campbell, and presumably according to those who accept his teachings, are convertible terms. Speaking to this point, Mr. Campbell says, "If immersion be equivalent to regeneration and regeneration be of the same import as 'being born again,' then being born again and being immersed are the same thing." Hence, apart from immersion, there is no remission of sins. On this point, Mr. Campbell's words are very emphatic. "I assert," says he, "that there is but one action ordained or commanded in the New Testament, to which God has promised or testified that he will forgive our sins. This action is immersion."

4. Finally, according to the view as held by the disciples, the Scriptures require no such thing as a Christian experience before baptism on the part of the subject of the ordinance. Mr. Campbell's words on this point are explicit and clear. He says, "If men are conscious that their sins are forgiven before they are immersed, I advise them not to go into the water, for they have no need of it. In the moral fitness of things in the evangelical economy, baptism is made the first act of a Christian life, or rather the regenerating act itself in which the person is born again, born of the water and Spirit,—without which there is no entrance into the kingdom of God."

Now it is quite evident that a baptism administered by a Campbellite cannot mean what one administered by a Baptist must mean. Among Baptists, baptism stands for and declares a Christian experience enjoyed before baptism. Among the Disciples, it points to one to be enjoyed after baptism. The act, therefore, is an essentially different thing as performed by them and by us. How, then, shall we treat those who come to us knowing only the baptism of the people? Our course is plainly marked out. We must act towards them as did Paul towards the twelve at Ephesus. "When they heard this, they were baptized in the name of the Lord Jesus." Why were they rebaptized? Because their previous baptism stood for the wrong thing. They knew nothing of the Holy Ghost, and therefore nothing of a Christian experience. Their baptism was therefore meaningless and void, and they were rebaptized. The like course should be pursued by all who come to us with like defective baptism. In my next I propose to show that the same test should be applied to all the immersed of all denominations, even though their baptism followed a Christian experience.

Sundry Questions.

I notice from the papers that many pastors are taking vacations. Now, this is all right, provided their pulpits are supplied; but I read in the church directory, "No preaching to day at the Baptist church." Now is this wise? Suppose the merchant closes his store, or the lawyer or doctor their offices, for a season, what would be the result? I have noticed this practice growing of late years, and my observation has been to see congregations scattered and the finances of the church crippled. A prominent Methodist says: "I have made it a rule to remain at home during the summer, because the Baptist, the Presbyterian and Episcopal preachers are absent, and I find many opportunities for doing good and building up my church."

Now, before a preacher leaves he should see that his church will have services every Sabbath. If it is not practicable to secure a minister, then let a member read one of Dr. Broadus' sermons, or conduct some religious service. It will surely injure any church to close doors on the Sabbath.

Can you tell me why pastors will persist in preaching forty, fifty and sixty minutes when they know that their congregation desires a sermon of twenty-five or thirty minutes? This has always puzzled me and I would like to have a satisfactory answer.

Now, brother editor, tell me what you think about church choirs? Can you sing the tunes they select? Wouldn't you like to have the good old tunes and hymns once again? I have attended some churches where the preacher and choir did all; and can this be called worshipping God? I am fond of the choir singing—good "voluntaries"—and wish I could hear two at every service; but I must say I believe it is damaging to the spiritual growth of any church where the choir selects such music that tends to keep the congregation from praising God. Don't you think there is need of a decided change just here?

What are our churches doing for "The Centennial of Modern Missions"? I see some are writing about this subject, but are we making any plans or have we any system? This is a grand opportunity for a wise pastor, and I hope for great and good results from our denomination.

I have no apology for bringing these subjects before your readers, and trust that they will be discussed and do good.

DEACON.

Of all things which must be done, do those which are most distasteful first. Then you will have something to look forward to with pleasure.

From the Florence (Ala.) Times. The Truth of History.

The letters of Mr. T. K. Oglesby which appeared in several numbers of the *Montgomery Advertiser* a short time ago, concerning the slanders against the South that have appeared in the *Encyclopedia Britannica*, have been published in pamphlet form and are now ready for distribution. These letters were highly complimented when they first appeared and their publication in the present form is in response to a general demand. The *Times* would like to see this interesting and instructive little book in the hands of every Southern family. It is a text book for the politician, for the student, and for everybody. It presents the facts of history on points in which every Southerner is vitally interested, because it is a complete refutation of current slanders impeaching the character of Southern people. The pamphlet is published by the Alabama Printing Company, Montgomery, and will be sent, post paid, to any address for 50 cents.

Send for a copy.

"Our Country."

As many of our readers have read with interest "Our Country," written by Dr. Josiah Strong, they will read with pleasure how he came to write the book. In reply to his questioner, he says:

"Well, in the fall of 1870, while I was a pastor at Sandusky, there was a series of missionary mass-meetings held among the Congregational churches throughout the state of Ohio. The program was to present the foreign work, the work on the frontier, that among the freedmen of the South, etc.; in short, the work of the seven great societies of the denomination, and then to close with a plea in behalf of a Christian stewardship. I was appointed to make this closing talk at a half dozen meetings; and as I attended all the sessions of these six conventions I heard these pleas in behalf of our own land and of the whole world over and over again. Instead of losing their force by repetition, the effect on my mind was cumulative. I had never been so profoundly moved in my life. I went home, and for six weeks preached to my people on the general subject of money in its relations to the kingdom of Christ. There is scarcely anything in 'Our Country' that I said in those sermons, but that was the beginning of my thinking on that particular line. The subject grew upon me for years, until it brought, at times, great mental distress. I became overwhelmed with the conviction that this century would determine the character of the West, the West would determine the character and hence the destiny of the nation, and this nation would hold in its hands the destiny of the world. I can truthfully say that for three years before the book was written there probably was not one waking hour when the general subject was not in my mind. At length I said to my wife, 'I must write that book or burst.' Just then I was providentially enabled to command the time which I had so long desired and lacked, and in a few months the book was written. I don't make the Lord responsible for all the statistics, or for any of them, but I do think his hand was on me, and for whatever there is of good in that little book I give him the credit."

Fall of Jerusalem.

Especially does that crash of Jerusalem's fall thunder the lesson to all churches that their life and prosperity are inseparably connected with faithful obedience and turning away from all worldliness, which is idolatry. They stand in the place that was made empty by Israel's fall. Our very privileges call us to beware. "Because of unbelief they were broken off, and thus standeth by faith." That great seven branched candlestick was removed out of its place, and all that is left of it is its sculptured image among the spoils on the triumphal arch to its captor. Other lesser candlesticks have been removed from their places, and Turkish oppression brings night where Sardis and Laodicea once gave a feeble light. The warning is needed to day; for worldliness is rampant in the church. "If God spared not the natural branches, take heed lest he also spare not thee." The fall of Jerusalem is not merely a tragic story from the past. It is a revelation, for the present, of the everlasting truth, that the professing people of God deserve and receive the sorest chastisement, if they turn again to folly.

Further, we learn the method of present retribution. Nebuchadnezzar knew nothing of the purposes which he fulfilled. "He meant not so, neither does his heart think so." He was but the "ax" with which God hewed. Therefore, though he was God's tool, he was also responsible, and would be punished even for performing God's "whole work upon Jerusalem," because "the glory of his high looks." The retribution of disobedience, so far as that retribution is outward, needs no "miracle." The ordinary operations of Providence amply suffice to bring it. If God wills to sting, he will "hiss for the fly," and it will come. The ferocity and ambition of a grim and bloody despot, impelled by vainglory and lust of cruel conquest, do God's work, and yet the doing is sin. The world is full of God's instruments, and he sends puny men, by the ordinary play of motives and circumstances, which we best understand when we see behind all his mighty hand and sovereign will. The short sighted view of history says "Nebuchadnezzar captured Jerusalem B. C. 586 and so," and then discourses about the tendencies of which Babylo-

nia was exponent and creature. The deeper view says, God smote the disobedient city, as he had said, and Nebuchadnezzar was the rod of his anger.

Again, we learn the Divine reluctance to smite. More than four hundred years had passed since Solomon began idolatry, and steadily, through all that time, a stream of prophecy of varying force and width had flowed, while smaller disasters had confirmed the prophets' voices. "Rising up early and sending" his servants, God had been in earnest in seeking to save Israel from itself. Men said then, "Where is the promise of his coming?" and mocked his warnings and would have none of his reproof; but at last the hour struck and the crash came. "As a dream when one awaketh; so, O Lord when thou awaketh, thou shalt despise their image." His judgment seems to slumber, but his eyes are open, and it remains inactive, that his long suffering may have free scope. As long as his gaze can discern the possibility of repentance, he will not strike; and when that is hopeless, he will not delay. The explanation of the marvelous tolerance of evil which sometimes tries faith and always evokes wonder, lies in the great words, which might well be written over the chair of every teacher of history: "The Lord is not slack concerning his promise, as some men count slackness; but is long suffering to us ward." Alas that that Divine patience should ever be twisted into the ground of indurated disobedience! "Because sentence against an evil work is not executed speedily, therefore the heart of the sons of men is fully set in them to do evil."

God's reluctance to punish is no reason for doubting that he will. Judgment is his "strange work," less congenial, if we may so paraphrase that strong word of the prophet, than pure mercy, but it will be done nevertheless. The tears over Jerusalem that witnessed Christ's sorrow, did not blind the eyes like a flame of fire, nor stay the outstretched hand of the Judge, when the time of her fall came. The longer the delay, the worse the ruin. The more protracted the respite and the fuller it has been of entreaties to return, the more terrible the punishment. "Behold therefore the goodness and severity of God: towards them which fell, severity; but towards thee, goodness; if thou continue in his goodness; otherwise thou shalt also be cut off."—*McLaren, in S. S. Times.*

Hygiene of Laughter.

"Ha, ha, ha! Wasn't that a good joke? There, that has added ten years to my life, I know." The reason for such an exclamation as this is given by Dr. Greene, in the *Problem of Health*, when he says:

There is not the remotest corner or little inlet of the minute blood vessels of the human body that does not feel some wavelet from the convulsion by good hearty laughter. The life principle of the central man is shaken to its innermost depths, sending new tides of life and strength to the surface, thus materially tending to insure good health to the persons who indulge therein. The blood moves more rapidly, and conveys a different impression to all the organs of the body, as it visits them on that particular mystic journey when the man is laughing, from what it does at other times. For this reason every good hearty laugh in which a person indulges tends to lengthen his life, conveying, as it does, new and distinct stimulus to the vital force.—*Exchange.*

The *Independent* says: "The friends of prohibition have obtained some signal victories from the Supreme Court of the United States, in a series of decisions of the utmost importance, by which the application of prohibitory laws to the manufacture and sale of liquors has been thoroughly established as a principle in no wise in conflict with the Constitution of the United States. It will be worth while at this time to recall these decisions. 1. License by the United States to carry on the wholesale liquor business in any state does not give power to carry on such business in violation of the laws of the state. 2. A state may pass laws prohibiting the retail of intoxicants without license, and providing restrictions in the granting of such license. 3. Restrictive and prohibitory state legislation is not contrary to the Fourteenth Amendment. 4. Companies for the manufacture and sale of liquors have no greater rights than individuals possess, and are not exempt from restrictive or prohibitory state legislation. 5. State prohibitory laws, as police regulations, are not repugnant to the Constitution of the United States. 6. Brewers or distillers may not claim compensation for property because it has diminished in value by reason of state prohibitory legislation. 7. States have the full right of prohibiting the manufacture of intoxicants, whether for home use or for exportation to other states. 8. States may not prohibit common carriers from transporting liquors into or through their territory. 9. States may not prohibit the sale in original packages of liquors imported from other states. 10. In the decision of last week, states under the Wilson Act, may deal with liquors imported from other states precisely as though they were not so imported, but produced at home. These decisions constitute a wall of strength to the cause of prohibition. They are principles enunciated by the highest court of the land, and will stand as long as the Constitution, of which they are the interpretation, shall stand."

He who waits to do a great deal of good at once will never do anything. Dr. Johnson.

Central Committee On Woman's Work for Missions and in the Churches.

MRS. T. A. HAMILTON, Pres., Birmingham, Ala.
MRS. GEO. B. EAGER, Vice Pres., Anniston, Ala.
MRS. GEO. M. MORROW, Treas., Birmingham, Ala.
MRS. I. C. BROWN, Cor. Sec., East Lake, Ala.

Missionary Women.

In recent newspaper discussions regarding womanly proprieties in religious work I have observed that certain writers are laboring under erroneous impressions about the course of our foreign missionary ladies. Why should it be supposed that because a Christian woman gives herself to the evangelization of the heathen she must forget her sex and perform the labors appropriate only to men? So far as my observation of forty years on the China field extends I can say that missionary women of all denominations, and none more than Southern Baptists, maintain the same modest, ladylike deportment they maintained in the homeland. Their teaching is mainly among women and children, and when they have been called upon to instruct men it has always been done in a private, proper way. I have yet to hear of one of our number leading public worship, or preaching a sermon in a chapel. Moreover, Chinese ideas of feminine propriety are so rigid that we have screens across our chapels in Tung Chow and Hwang-hien, separating the women from the men. In the little places of worship at Saling and Shang twang the men and women sit in different rooms with a door between, near which the preacher stands.

Ladies having always been in the majority in our North China mission, it has often been necessary for them to aid in teaching "inquiring" and church members, both men and women. Also, in the early days, when we were unable to secure temporary lodging in the villages for our work, the only possible way of reaching the women was for us to go from village to village in sedans, select a quiet, shady spot on the street, where they would collect around us, and we would talk to them about salvation through Christ. When a missionary gentleman was along, as was often the case, he chose a separate place and collected the men around him. If curiosity prompted some of them to intrude themselves among the women they were promptly informed of the impropriety, which they readily acknowledged. In the cities and market towns we could not, of course, do our work in this way.

For many years past our "itinerating" has been done differently. We generally, in advance, rent or borrow a room in a private family, or vacant house. Here we remain for days teaching the women and children that come to us—teaching them the truths of the gospel in hymns, by telling it over, or in any practical way. Sometimes men also wish to receive instruction, or get a book, but they are not admitted unless introduced by the family where we lodge. There is nothing in these conditions to preclude our pointing such men to a Savior, and explaining to them the principles of our religion.

Speaking in our letters home of "itinerating" and "preaching" instead of saying "going from place to place to teach the gospel," may have caused the impression to be gained that missionary women do not feel themselves bound by prevalent ideas of feminine propriety, but engage in public preaching like men. On the contrary, our "preaching," as above explained, is perfectly proper either from the Christian or heathen point of view.

M. F. CRAWFORD,
Tung Chow, China.

Achans in the Camp.

The greatest of all reasons to day why the church does not win more victories for God is because there are so many traitors in the camp—people who bear the Lord's uniform, and march under his standard, but who love the world and hide known sins in their hearts; people who talk like angels in public and live like sons of Sodom in private. People like this, who occupy high position in the church, are doing a thousand times more to block the chariot wheels of salvation than those who openly oppose the work of God. A class-leader or a deacon who is known to indulge in doubtful methods in business matters, who rents his property for questionable purposes, and who manifests a great deal more love for the almighty dollar than he does for the souls of men, is not the most proper person to call on to make the opening prayer in a revival meeting, nor talk with sinners who are seeking salvation; but he is too often the very man who happens to do so, and then people wonder afterward how it was that such a one, who seemed to be seeking so earnestly, wasn't converted, or how it happened that there wasn't a sweeping revival. God deliver us from the friends of Satan who join our churches simply to climb into positions of influence, and hide the devil's garments in their tents! Before Christ would enter the temple, the money changers and cattle dealers had to go out.—*Exchange.*

The Divine being is that to a Christian which home is to a weary traveler; it is his dwelling place, yes, the solace the centre, and rest of his spirit, and hence he is anticipating his arrival at home.—Robert Hall.

An Interesting Letter from Maj. Penn, The Evangelist.

GENTLEMEN: I have given the Electropoise a thorough trial. I give it my opinion that it ought to be in every family, and that every traveling man ought to have one. I have not missed having one or two bilious spells in the spring for the past twenty-five years, and I have now come to July without having any spell, and only one time a slight symptom, and I used the Electropoise and it all passed away. I have had the Electropoise six months. Yours truly, W. E. PENN.

EUREKA SPRINGS, ARK.—Mr. DuBois—Dear Sir and Friend: You can use the above as you desire. You said to me, as I remember, you handed me the Electropoise: "Take this and give it a thorough trial, and send it back when you get tired of it. I do not want to hear from you until you are perfectly satisfied." Well, I am not tired of it, and do not believe that I ever will be, and so I do not see any chance for you to get it back until I die, and if I die first my wife will not give it up until she dies, and so it seems to me that you are slightly "left" as the boys say. I think that you will sell several of them in this place. I find that some of the wealthy people are very much pleased with mine. Yours truly, W. E. PENN.

Major Penn is widely known all over the South as an evangelist. It was only recently that he was at Birmingham and other points in this state.

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General Grant's Courtship.

"One summer day we were going to a morning wedding, and Lieutenant Grant was also invited. He came for us on horseback, and asked my brother's permission to drive me, in exchange for his saddle, to which he gladly consented. The day was beautiful, the roads were a little heavy from previous rain, but the sun shone in splendor. We had to cross a little bridge that spanned a ravine, and, when we reached it, I was surprised and a little concerned to find the water swollen, a most unusual thing, noticed, too, that Lieutenant Grant was very quiet and that the high water bothered me. I asked several times if he thought the water dangerous to breast, and told him I would go back rather than take any risk. He assured me in his brief way, that it was perfectly safe, and in my heart I relied upon him. Just as we reached the old bridge I said, 'Now, if anything happens, remember I shall cling to you, no matter what you say to the contrary.' He simply said, 'All right,' and we were over the planks in less than a minute. Then his mood changed, he became more social, and in asking me to be his wife, used my threat as a theme. After dinner the afternoon, Lieutenant Grant asked me to set the day. I wanted to be engaged, and told him it would be much nicer than getting married—a sentiment he did not approve. We were very quiet at the house that evening and neither said a word of the secret. After supper he went back to the regiment, and a few days later General Taylor sent him to Camp Sabulubry, in Louisiana. He was too shy to ask father, so he waited till he was stationed and wrote to him. Father never answered the letter. I was his favorite daughter, and he thought army life would not suit me.

"Besides," said father, "you are too young and the boy is too poor. He hasn't anything to give you."

"I rose in my wrath and I said I was poor, too, and hadn't anything to give him."

"The next year he came back on a leave of absence, and I can remember just how he looked as he rode up in his new uniform. Father was going to Washington on business, and we were all on the front porch kissing him good-bye and stuffing his pockets with notes of things he was to buy. Lieutenant Grant asked for my hand, and he, in a hurry to get off, consented.

"My soldier lover was in and about Mexico for four years, including the war. Every mail brought me a letter. Every one of them full of sweet nothings, love and war, and now and then some pressed leaves and flowers. Some were written on drum heads captured from the Mexicans and others on sheets of foolscap, folded and sealed with red wax. I read each one every day until the next one came. I have them all."—Mrs. Gen. Grant, in Ladies' Home Journal.

How to Talk Well.

Learn to listen well, and very soon you will find yourself speaking, not only in season, but surprising yourself, as well as others, by the quickness with which your thoughts will be well expressed.

Read the words of great writers, think them over and conclude in what way you differ from them. The woman who talks well must have opinions—decided ones—but she must have them well in hand, as nothing is so disagreeable as an aggressive talker. Say what you have to say pleasantly and sweetly; remember always that the best thing in life, dear, sweet love, has often been won by that delightful thing—"a low voice."

Do not be too critical; remember that every blow given another woman is a boomerang which will return and hit you with double force. Take this into consideration—it is never worth while making a malicious remark, no matter how clever it may be.

Worth what? Worth, my dear girl, the while here, which is, after all, so short, and the while hereafter, which is after all so long and sweet. It seems to me that when you and I stand before the good God, it will be the little gossip, the petty talk about others, of which we will be most ashamed.

Never forget that mere idle talk is quite as bad as gossip, for nobody is gaining any good from it, and as no vacuum exists in Nature none can in every day life. Not to be a good talker, my dear girl, is not to be an interesting woman, quick in your sympathy and ready always to give the word of gladness to those in joy, or speak your tender thought to one who is in affliction, is to be the most unpleasant of people—an unfeminine woman—Ruth Ashmore, in Ladies' Home Journal.

Many of our troubles arise out of our petty vanities. We think of ourselves more highly than we ought to think, and the consequence is that we often lay claim to a consideration from our fellow men to which we are not entitled. That they should resist this claim, and despise us for making it, is most natural. If we would only cultivate the grace of humility more carefully, we should be saved from much disappointment and mortification.—Nashville Advocate.

Of Taking Books.

Jerry's Chocolate Cake.

"When I am a man," said Jerry Whitmore, searching his plate earnestly for crumbs of his vanished cake, "I will have a whole chocolate cake to myself—a whole, big, round chocolate cake, mother, I am, indeed, and nobody shall have a bit of it. I would like to see how it feels to eat a whole cake by myself."

"You need not wait till you are a man," said his mother; "I will make you one to-morrow."

"Will you, really, mother? All to myself?"

"Yes—on one condition; that you will not give anybody a bite of it while it lasts."

"Ho! I can easily promise you that; I don't want anybody to help me eat it, I can tell you."

Mrs. Whitmore sighed a little, and wondered if Jerry was as selfish a little boy as he thought he was; but she made him the cake. As soon as the icing was firm, Jerry cut a big slice for himself, and sat down on the kitchen step to eat it. His little brother, Rob, came and stood in front of him, with his hands behind his back. "Wis! I had some piece," said Rob, looking at Jerry.

"Mother, called Jerry, 'can't I give Rob a piece?'"

"Certainly not," answered his mother. "Go away, then, Rob, and don't watch me eat it," begged Jerry. But no; there stood the little man, eyeing the cake until it was gone, while two big tears rolled down his cheeks.

"That piece didn't taste good one bit," said Jerry to himself. "I won't eat any more when Rob is around."

The next time Jerry took a piece he slipped out of the door to hide himself in the woods. Bounce, the little black and tan terrier, thinking he was going out to play, slipped after him; but just before the couple got out of sight, the mother called, "Jerry, remember not to give Bounce any cake."

"O, ain't that a pity?" said Jerry to Bounce; and then he had to eat his cake with Bounce begging for every bite. It was worse than Rob, because he could not explain anything to doggie.

"There, that's two pieces of that cake spoiled for me," grumbled Jerry. "Eating a whole cake ain't half as much fun as it's cracked up to be."

When the tea bell rang, Jerry was as ready for bread and butter and milk as if he had not tasted anything for twelve hours; and there, on his upturned plate, was a half of what the Whitmore children called a "snow ball." It was a white cake, white in side with white crumbs and citron, and round outside with particularly sugary icing. Nobody made just those cakes except Aunt Martha Mason.

"That cake was sent to Rob, Jerry," said his mother; and of his own accord he asked me to save you a piece, when I to everybody's surprise, big, boyish Jerry burst out crying.

"I hate chocolate cake," mother," he said. "I never want to see another piece as long as I live."

So Mother Whitmore knew that Jerry had learned his lesson. She did not believe he would ever again think anything sweeter than he kept to himself.

"Suppose we bring out your cake and eat it for supper?" she said to her little boy.

Jerry's face cleared up in a minute. "O, mother," he said, "that would be so nice!"

And I think that, if Bob and Bounce had been allowed to eat all that Jerry wanted them to have, they would both have dreamed of their great grandfathers that night.—S. S. Vittor.

A Life Wasted.

About thirty years ago a gentleman from New York, who was traveling in the South, met a young girl of great beauty and wealth and married her. They returned to New York, and plunged into a mad whirl of gayety. The young wife had been a gentle, thoughtful girl, anxious to help all suffering and want, and to serve God faithfully; but as Mrs. L., she had troops of flatterers. Her beauty and her dresses were described in the society journals; her bon mots flew from mouth to mouth; her equipage was one of the most attractive in the park.

In a few months she was intoxicated with admiration. She and her husband flitted from New York to Newport, from London to Paris, with no other men and women of their class who had some other worldly pursuit—literature, or art, or the elevation of the poorer classes—but L.—and his wife lived solely for amusements. They dressed, danced, flirted, hurried from ball to reception and from dinner to opera. Young girls looked at Mrs. L.—with fervent admiration, perhaps with envy, as the foremost leader of society. About ten years ago she was returning from California, when an accident occurred on the railroad train on which she was a passenger, and she received a fatal internal injury. She was carried into a way side station, and there, attended only by a physician from a neighboring village, she died.

Dr. Blank said that it was one of the most painful experiences of his life. I had to tell her that she had but an hour to live. She was not suffering any pain; her only consciousness of hurt was that she was unable to move, so that it was no wonder she could not believe it.

"I must go home," she said imperatively, "to New York."

"Madam, it is impossible. If you are moved it will shorten the time you have to live."

She was lying on the floor. The brakemen had rolled their coats to make her a pillow. She looked about her at the little dingy station with a stone, stained with tobacco, in the midst.

"I have but an hour, you tell me?" "Not more."

"And this is all that is left me of the world? It is not much, doctor," with a half smile.

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Western R'y of Alabama. Atlanta & West Point Railroad Co. TIME TABLE No. 31, in Effect June 17, '90.

Table with columns: Station, Time, and other details for the Western R'y of Alabama.

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