

LANBING BURROWS, D D

Near me, in one of the country churches, I heard the other day, that a congregation of over two hundred people assembled, the majority of whom were professed disciples of Jesus; and because the minister failed to meet his appointment, they all with one accord saddled up and went home. Not a prayer for mercy, nor an ascription of praise; not a word of comfort or of warning; not so much as a hymn sung. What a commentary upon the weakness of discip-

say, does not this involve woman preaching? So it does. The faithful Sunday school teacher is only a preacher; the kindly mother, gathering her children at her knee of a calm Sabbath evening, is preaching; the modest young woman sitting by a hospital cot, as did that one who spoke of the fullness of Christ to the sick Diaz, and thus drew him into the light, does more effective preaching than any of us who stand in carved pulpits. All that is preaching;

In those things which are essential, let there be unity; in non essentials, liberty; and in all things, charity.—Augustin.

tained by mission societies and bands from the state central committees; by Sunday-school superintendents, from the Maryland Baptist Mission Rooms, No. 10 E. Fayette Street, Baltimore.

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6. Many men gather what others will scatter.—*Prov. 11:24.*—*Ex.*

The lack of punctuality in attending church is a serious and common sin. It is symptomatic of spiritual lethargy and looseness. "It takes three hymns and a prayer to get all the people." This is what a pastor says. Earnest piety and strict punctuality have a near kinship.



To the Woman's Missionary Union and to
Sunday-Schools.

or the other or for both in such proportions as may seem best for you

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...things you get for eighteen hundred and ninety-two, let there be this faculty-sustaining sense.

Dr. W. Wilkes and Revs. W. M. Burdett, E. Bell, J. L. Lawless and H. P. Mick. Others are to follow.

changed to a male and female school. It has never had the patronage that

an effort to get it, should go
once. There is no time to lose.
Let some energetic man (it

No. 10 $\frac{1}{2}$. Same Bible, with cl
10 $\frac{1}{2}$ P. Same Bible, with cl
Cards, \$5 75.

p. 45 50; No. and Photo tion, since the bond of is, not that of an eccl

promises ever brighter
they shall awake with
the resurrection morn-

their pathway, until
their loved one on
A. J. HEARN.

THE
Electrohoise.
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The Life Work of an Educated Physician,
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Cure of Disease Without Medicine

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DISEASE is simply impaired vitality. The Electrohoise constantly adds to the vitality and only assists nature, in nature's way, to throw off the trouble. Nothing is easier of proof than that, with this treatment, cures are made which by all other known means are impossible.

ACUTE CASES of all kinds are cured in hours by its random use.

One-tenth the intelligence and perseverance devoted to ordinary methods of medication works miracles in all CHRONIC CASES.

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No Doctor!

Rev. JAS. A. HEARD, D.D., Florence, Ala., used for Dyspepsia and General Debility, says: "I am a walking advertisement for the Electrohoise."

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Dr. Morrow, of Nabors & Morrow, wholesale druggists, Birmingham, Ala., says: "BIRMINGHAM, ALA., Jan. 1, 1891. I will say, from personal experience, that the Electrohoise had a fine effect upon my general health, and relieved me of my liver."

GEO. M. MORROW, M. D.
For particulars apply to

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BLOOD AND SKIN
DISEASES
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Botanic Blood Balm
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form of SKIN ERUPTION, be-
cause it brings about the puri-
fication and restoring the constitu-
tion, when impaired from any cause. It
is a most effective remedy for all
skin diseases, and is a guarantee of a cure.
It is sold everywhere.

PASTOR KOENIG'S
NERVE TONIC
Recommended as the Best. It
is made from the most valuable
ingredients, and is sold in every
part of the world. It is a most
effective remedy for all nervous
diseases, and is a guarantee of a
cure. It is sold everywhere.

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Sold by Druggists at 50¢ per Bottle. 50¢ per
Bottle. 50¢ per Bottle. 50¢ per Bottle.
By E. F. Fowler, Druggist, to Dexter Ave.,
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New Books
The Young People's Bible
A new series of books for young people, published by the
American Bible Society. They are sold in every part of the
world. They are a most valuable addition to the library of
every young person. They are sold everywhere.

A Lost Tidy.
BY FLORENCE B. HOLLOWELL.
"I guess Mrs. Leslie can take the
pattern off by five o'clock. Any way,
I don't want you to stay long, that
Liddy Jane. And be sure you don't
lose it."

"No'm."

"An' don't get your dress rumpled."

"No'm."

"Don't stoop. I declare, you're
getting real round shouldered, Liddy
Jane. Hold yourself up, now. And
don't slouch; walk along as if you re-
spected yourself."

"Yes'm."

Little Lydia Jane held her head
stiffly erect, and went out of the gate
into the high road with firm steps, in
her hand a brown paper package con-
taining a crocheted tidy which her
grandmother had promised to let Mrs.
Leslie copy. She liked to go on er-
rands. It was a great deal more pleas-
ant than sitting at home sewing patch
work, or hemming ruffles for pillow-
slips.

She looked back and smiled at her
grandmother as she closed the gate.
The old lady stood on the front porch,
the spring wind blowing her grey hair
about her temples. She was fond of
Lydia, and very good to her, but she
was also very strict. She had old-
fashioned ideas about bringing up
children, and when she thought Lydia
deserved punishment she did not
spare the rod.

It was a mile to Mrs. Leslie's, but
Lydia did not mind the walk at all.
The road was well shaded and a re-
cent rain had laid the dust. It had
also swollen the brook in Mrs. Sloan's
meadow, and Lydia stopped when she
heard the voices of Nettie and
Tom Sloan, who were sending shingle
boats down the stream, laden with
small stones and weeds.

"Come over here, and we'll show
you something," called Nettie.
Lydia hesitated a minute and then
climbed the rail fence and approached
the brook. She thought there would
be no harm in stopping "just a min-
ute."

"Here's a shingle for you," said
Tom, "load up now, and I'll go be-
low here, an' catch the boat as it
reaches my wharf."

"Oh, I can't stay—I haven't time,"
said Lydia. "What was it you want-
ed to show me?"

"Will show you in a few minutes;
just send one boat load down. That
won't take long, and you don't know
what fun it is."

The temptation was very great, for
it wasn't often Lydia had a chance to
play with other children; so she put
her package on a stone under a big
tree, and began to load up the shingle.

She sent three or four loads to Tom's
wharf before he would let her stop.
"Come along, now, and we'll show
you what we promised," he said, and
started across the meadow. Lydia
and Nettie followed eagerly.

On the other side of the meadow
was a belt of woods, and into this
Tom plunged and stopped before an
old tree, the trunk of which was hol-
low.

"Look in there," he said.
Lydia looked and gave a cry of
delight. There in a furry nest were
five little brown rabbits, whose eyes
had not opened yet.

"We found them yesterday," said
Tom.
Down went Lydia on her knees,
and lifted the rabbits out of their
nest one by one, kissing and cuddling
them. It was fully fifteen minutes be-
fore she could tear herself away from
them. Then she remembered her er-
rand to Mrs. Leslie's and started up.

"Oh, I ought not to have staid so
long," she said. "And my package,"
with a look of dismay. "I left it un-
der the tree by the brook."

"The package is safe enough, don't
worry," said Tom.
But Lydia was anxious, and hur-
ried back across the meadow so fast
that Tom and Nettie could hardly
keep up with her, and her consterna-
tion can be imagined when she reached
the brook and found the package gone.

"You couldn't have left it here,"
said Tom.
"Oh, I did. I know I did," cried
Lydia. "Oh, what shall I do? It was
the tidy Aunt Serena sent to Grand-
ma last Christmas. I must find it, I
must!"

"I guess you took it with you to
the woods," said Tom.
"No, I didn't; I left it here. I did
not think anything about it when I
started off to see the rabbits."

"Anyway, we'd better go back and
look," said Tom.
So they went back, but the package
was not to be found. Then Tom sug-
gested that the wind might have blown
it into the brook, and they walked
down the brook for it. But they did
not find it.

"It must be somewhere around,"
said Tom. "Nobody could have come
along and picked it up, for people
couldn't see it from the road."

"The wind has blown it away some-
where," said Lydia. "Don't cry, Ly-
dia, you're sure to find it; we'll
look the whole field over."

"I can never, never tell Grandma,"
sobbed Lydia.
"You won't have to tell her; we'll
find the tidy. Tom can take her one
side of the field, I'll take the other, and
you can take the middle—oh, there's the
horn! It's half past four. Tom, we'll
have to go. I'm so sorry, Lydia, I
didn't think it was so late. I hate to
go off and leave you to do the look-
ing all by yourself."

"I'll have to go home, too," sobbed
Lydia. "Grandma said I must be
back by five."

"There goes the horn again; come
on, Nettie," said Tom, and they raced
off as fast as they could go.

Lydia sat under the big tree and
sobbed sadly for a little while.
Then she put on her sunbonnet and
turned her steps toward home. She
thought she would come out after
supper and have another look. As
Nettie had said, the package must be
in the field somewhere.

Her grandmother was making bis-
cuit for supper, and there was a sauce
pan of dried apple sauce on the stove.
The whole room was fragrant with
the lemon peel with which it was fla-
vored.

"Take the sauce off the stove,
Liddy Jane, and set it out on the
window ledge to cool," said her grand-
mother. "You're real prompt about
getting back. I'm glad you've learn-
ed to be so particular. Where's the tidy?"

The words "I lost it," trembled on
Lydia's lips, but she had not the
courage to utter them. And besides,
she was sure to find the tidy after sup-
per. She intended to look over the
field inch by inch.

"Mrs. Leslie hasn't taken the pattern
off yet," she said hesitatingly, keep-
ing her face turned from her grand-
mother.

The old lady was silent for some
time, and poor little Lydia's heart
beat so loud that she felt sure it must
be heard. It was a relief to hear her
grandmother speak at last:

"Very well," she said, "you can
go over after it to-morrow or next
day. Take care: hold that skirt
straight, Liddy, you'll spill every bit
of that sauce."

Lydia didn't have any appetite for
her supper. She was longing to get
away to the meadow to look for the
tidy, and could think of nothing else.

She broke a saucer when she was
washing her grandmother's wash the
dishes, and put the tumbler on the
wrong shelf of the cupboard, and was
so absent minded and careless that at
length her grandmother ordered her
to go up stairs to bed.

"But—but, not now; it's only seven
o'clock," altered Lydia.
"Go, straight along, Liddy Jane, I
know what's best for you, I guess."

"But I wanted to take a little walk."
"A walk! I guess you've had walk-
ing enough for one afternoon. Do as
I say, and see if you can't do it to-
morrow, so soon."

So Lydia had to give up all hope
of looking for the tidy that night, and
cried herself to sleep, wondering if
any other little girl had ever been so
wretched as she.

She was up the next morning at
daybreak, and stole from the house so
softly that she was sure no one heard
her. And for an hour she tramped
over the wet meadow in search of that
precious lost tidy. But not so much as
scrap of the paper which had en-
closed it did she find.

When, weary and almost sick with
the weight of the burden on her little
heart, she entered the kitchen, her
grandmother, who was busy getting
breakfast ready, looked up in amaz-
ement.

"Lydia Jane Holden! Where on the
face of this earth have you been? And
look at your dress! What do you
mean by getting yourself into such a
state as that?"

"I've just been taking a walk," an-
swered Lydia very humbly.
"For the laws! A walk! This time
o' day! Well, I do believe you've lost
the little sense you ever had! Did
anybody tell you to take a walk?"

"No'm."

"Then don't you ever do such a
thing again long's you live. I've a
mind to whip you well. Go up stairs
and change your stockings and put
on your Sunday shoes. Your feet
are soaking wet, I'm sure."

What a long day that was to poor
Lydia! And during every hour of it,
no matter with what her hands were
busy, she was thinking how she was
going to confess to her grandmother
that she had lost the tidy.

"It's about time you was gettin'
ready to go to Mrs. Leslie's, an' it's
her grandmother said at four o'clock."

Lydia rose with meek obedience,
put away her patchwork, took her
sunbonnet and went out. Her grand-
mother called after her to make haste
back, and she answered "Yes'm," in
a weak tone of voice, and walked fast
as long as she was in range of the
kitchen windows. But when she
turned a bend in the road she lagged
along slowly, the tears running down
her sad little face. Of course she
didn't go to Mrs. Leslie's; she stopped
at the meadow and had another search
for the tidy. But she didn't find it.

She hadn't expected to. She felt sure
that she would never see it again!
"Well, so you haven't brought the
tidy this time, either," her grandmoth-
er said, when she dragged herself
home about five o'clock, a forlorn lit-
tle figure with her white face and
troubled eyes. "Mrs. Leslie not done
with it yet?"

"No'm," faltered Lydia.
"H'm, well, I'll go after it myself
to-morrow."

Tese words struck terror to poor
little Lydia Jane's heart. Oh, she
must tell; she would have to tell now.
It would never do to let her grand-
mother go to Mrs. Leslie's. But try
as she would, she couldn't make the
confession. She felt cold all over at
the very thought of it.

The next morning she went to the
spring house to help her grandmother
with the churning. She liked to skim
the milk, and had learned to do it
very well, but to day her hand shook,
and she spilled a whole skimmer of
thick cream over the street.

"If that is the way you're going to
work, Lydia Jane, you'd better go
back to the house," said her grand-
mother. "I can't let you waste cream
that way!"

"I won't spill!" began Lydia, and
then plump fell the skimmer into the
pan of milk, splashing it in every di-
rection, while Lydia stared out of
the window with terror-stricken eyes.

"For the land's sake! Lydia Jane
Holden, have you lost every mite o'
sense you ever had? What are you
staring at? Oh! it's Mrs. Leslie comin'
to see about that tidy, I guess. I'll
have to go up to the house a minute."

You take this towel and wipe up
every drop o' that milk. I never seen
such capers before."

Then at last Lydia found courage
to speak. It was the courage of sheer
necessity.

"Grandma, grandma," she faltered,
weakly catching at the old lady's
dress. "I—I've got something to tell
you. Mrs. Leslie hasn't had the tidy
yet—I—I—lost it!"

"Lost it!"

"Yes'm. I laid it down a minute
under a tree in Mrs. Sloan's pasture,

while I sailed boats with Tom and
Nettie, and the wind blew it away
some where."

To Lydia's wonder the storm she
had expected didn't break over her.
Her grandmother took her by the
hand very gently and left the spring
house. Lydia wondered what was
going to be done with her, but was
too much frightened to ask.

Her grandmother went across the
garden, and opening the outside door
of the spare bed room drew Lydia in,
and closed the door again.

"Sit down," she said, and Lydia
sank into the nearest chair.

Her grandmother opened the top
drawer of a cherry bureau in one
corner of the room, and took out
something which she laid in Lydia's
lap.

It was the tidy.

"Oh, grandma, how—how—" Ly-
dia couldn't finish the question, there
was such a lump in her throat.

"Keziah found it in the meadow
when she was coming over here to
bring my curtains," said her grand-
mother. "Don't you think you'd have
saved yourself a sight of worry if you'd
spoke right out 'n told me you'd lost
it, Liddy Jane?"

"Yes'm," Lydia sighed.
"Do you know how many stories
you've told since day before yester-
day?"

Lydia sighed heavily. "No'm."

"Well, you can sit here and com-
em up while I go," said her grand-
mother. "I shan't whip you. You've
had two days of solid misery, 'n that's
punishment enough. But I want you
to remember that one story always
leads to another, and that if you never
tell the first story there'll never be a
second. I want you to be honest if
you can't be anything else," and she
went out, and closed the door behind
her, leaving Lydia alone in the dark-
ened room to count the cost of her
lack of courage. —The Standard.

The best medical authorities say the
proper way to treat a cold is to take a con-
stitutional remedy, like Hot Sarsaparilla.

First Baggage Smasher: Say, Jake,
I'm thinkin' it 'ud be money in our
pockets, if we begin handlin' trunks
more keaful. Jake: Why wud it?

First Baggage Smasher: Because the
more we smash 'em, the bigger and
stronger and heavier they make 'em.
I've struck three this mornin' made
out o' reg'lar boiler iron. Me back's
most broke.

She: Oh, John, isn't it too bad! A
tramp stole a cake that I baked this
afternoon. He: Well, never mind,
dear. Tramps are pretty tough, you
know, and there's a good hospital on
the next street.

E. T. Va. & G. R. R.
The Best Route to All Points
North, South, East and West.

In Effect November 22nd, 1891.

North, South, East and West.

North, South, East and West.

North, South, East and West.

North, South, East and West.

North, South, East and West.

North, South, East and West.

North, South, East and West.

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I have a positive remedy for the above disease, by its
thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long
standing. I have cured many of the most desper-
ate cases, that I will send two bottles free, with
ALABAMA TREATISE on this disease to any one
who will send no more than the postage, 10¢.
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\$20 Favorite Singer
Sewing Machine.
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Each Machine has a drop leaf
fancy cover, two large wheels, and
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other. A trial in your home be-
fore purchase. Payment in install-
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the benefit of the Singer Sewing Machine
Company's guarantee for five years. Send for
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299 S. 11th St., Philadelphia, Pa.
—WE PAY FREIGHT—

Eastern R'y of Alabama
—AND—
Montgomery & West Point Railroad Co.

TABLE No. 33, in Effect June 17, '90.

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HIS NEIGHBOR
paid only
\$375.
For the very same
Piano. Neither cost was worth
a nickel over \$200.
Insure Yourself
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You can't pay them more than the lowest price.
You can't pay them more than the lowest price.
You can't pay them more than the lowest price.
Write for Latest SPECIAL OFFERS.

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OPERATING THE
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ARE YOU Going EAST to New York,
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CENTRAL R. R. OF GEORGIA,
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Is a most pleasing feature, being free from
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board for exercise in the bracing salt air.
These routes are First Class provided with
every convenience and fitted up in the best
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public the Best Route to Columbus, Macon,
Augusta, Savannah, Charleston, and all
Florida Ports. Before purchasing your ticket
make a good selection and satisfy yourself
that this Route is the Best.

Schedule in effect September 20, 1891.

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