

but if you are in the
about a divine call, you
mistake." All who try
a gospel would do well

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manufacturer
OF
England

Buffalo

a :: Water

... it, and in a short time had
... number of stones, about one
... I send you herewith. The
... were retained by different phy-
... abouts, as they said they were
... notes.

Sincerely, recommend Buffalo
to fellow sufferers, as the test
a most severe one.
RUFUS H. BRIGHAM.
D.S., November 10, 1862.

physicians in every United States prescribe

A. Hammond says it is
any other lithia water.
of One Dozen Half-
tles, \$5.00 F. O. B.
the Springs.

PAMPHLET SENT FREE.
F. GOODE,
PRIETOR,
a Springs, Virginia.

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For Citronese, Morsen, Bunka, Potters, Depots, etc. New and original designs.
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BEECHAM'S
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Are a marvellous
Antidote for Weak
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It's possible.
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same power
not stubborn pollers and
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Authority.
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Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

ROSKOPF'S Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

HOW TO SUCCEED And Make a Regular Head at the Flour.

For two years I was so badly crippled with rheumatism in my legs, hips, feet and ankles and also troubled with kidney affection which produced constant pains in my back and groin, that I could not work at all. In November, 1892, I purchased an Electropole from you. I have been so greatly relieved by its use that I have done a good year's work and have made a regular head at the flour.

D. A. BRYANT.
Hayneville, Ala., Aug. 1, 1893.

A DOUBLE REMEDY

Not worse, but better than disease, because Electropole cures permanently.

I have been using the Electropole for about eight months and I have willingly add my testimonial to that of the many others who have been benefited by its use. I have experienced good results in both chronic and acute diseases, and have the utmost confidence in its use to cure all forms of disease much quicker than it can be done with medicine. I find it to be a double remedy, as it not only cures the disease, but at the same time it works out of the system all the bad effects of strong medicines previously taken. With best wishes for the Electropole, yours truly,

Miss J. J. Cress.
Dothan, Ala., Nov. 24, 1892.

SUCH RESULTS

WOMEN COULD NOT BUT—A WONDERFUL REMEDY.

On May 18th I purchased of you an Electropole. At the time I was suffering with my right arm, caused by a fall. My arm was almost useless; could do nothing with it without great pain. I have also suffered from the effects of a gripple, which I had over two years ago. I now have but slight pain in my arm; gaining in strength all the time. I have also been afflicted with diarrhoea for over two years. The use of the Poise has also relieved me of that affliction. I have not taken any medicine since using the Poise. Unless I could replace it, nothing could buy my Electropole. Respectfully,

J. J. Wilson,
Indian St., Memphis, Tenn.
April 4, 1893.

FROM M. F. MAURY,

after having used the Electropole for the past year, I consider it the greatest discovery of the age. I used it for a kidney trouble, and afterwards for a dislocated ankle. I think it has cured my kidneys, and in the case of the dislocated ankle I believe I could not have gotten along without it. The use of the Electropole indeed a flow of secretion to the joint. As a consequence, the ankle has worked without friction. W. F. Maury,
Gleason, Tenn., May 8, 1893.

For a fifty page book, just issued, and mailed free on application, giving full particulars as regards the Electropole, write to
DeBos & Wms.,
Cole building, Nashville, Tenn., or
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Romanism and Morals.

There is one peculiar fact about Catholicism. Wherever it prevails you observe a low state of morals. Marital ties are lightly. Fornication and adultery are common.

The Sabbath has been changed from a holy day to a holiday. Gambling is fashionable. Saloons are numerous and prosperous.

Whether Dr. Burchard's remark was true or not, there is no question of the fact that rum and Romanism go together. Indeed, the very stronghold of rum in this country is Romanism. Wherever you find a saloon keeper you find one who is in sympathy with Romanism, if not an actual communicant.

Wherever you find a Catholic you find one who is in sympathy with the saloon. Were it not for Romanism we believe that rum could be banished from our land. Does it seem strange that Romanism should ever be found to be the ally of fornicators, Sabbath breakers, gamblers, saloon keepers and such like? The effect is no greater than the cause. The cause is a cold formalism, a dead ritualism—the idea that if you belong to the church you will be saved, no matter what you do, and if you do not belong to the church you cannot be saved, no matter what you do. Given this idea and there is no telling to what depths of immorality it may lead.

No wonder the priests of such a church are, many of them, corrupt. No wonder a low state of morality prevails among the people who come under their influence. But it is none the less a powerful one which those who would fight vice in all its forms must consider, that the ally and the stronghold of every species of immorality in our country is the Roman Catholic church—explain it as you may.

"When Time is Out."

We continue to get letters from brethren saying "Enclosed please find \$—, and unless I renew, discontinue my paper when time is out." Brethren, you do not know how impracticable it is for us to know "when your time is out." Had we only one label to examine, as every subscriber has only one, the work would be easy. We therefore rely on our subscribers to notify us to stop their paper after they have paid all arrears and given us due notice in writing. It costs them only one cent, and a moment's work. It would take a large force of clerks to examine the labels on our large list so as to discontinue the paper at the expiration of time. One brother writes enclosing his subscription and says: "I send you \$1.50 for the paper for 1894, but understand if you continue to send the paper after my time is out without notifying me of the same, I will utterly refuse to pay for it. Not only that, but I will never sign for it again if I live in Texas 50 years. Don't forget." Now, this is a very valuable subscriber. He keeps his figures up a year ahead. We ask him, and we ask all to have mercy upon the poor clerks. How can they keep watch of this one name among the thousands that they handle daily so as to remember and "not forget" it way next year in '94? Then the clerks may die and other men will be in their places. Do not our intelligent readers understand that because of this very difficulty, it has become a rule of the postoffice department, that papers sent to subscribers are considered acceptable as long as the subscriber chooses to receive them, and longer too, unless all arrears are paid, and our valuable subscriber quoted above has paid, and would pay to the end. May we not ask him and other subscribers to do us this favor? Keep his eye on the label. We place it before his eyes every week. It costs us great labor. He can't pick up his paper without seeing it. He has got only one to look after. We have 15,000 every week to look after, and could no more keep up with them than the farmer can watch the seeds that he sows, or the grains the locks that he gins. We do not blame the reader; he does not understand it. He does not remember that we are running a paper factory, and that we send out 15,000 actual sheets every week; that these are sent out by machinery; that the labels are put on by a mailing machine; that they all have to be put on in one day; that it would require a miracle of oversight and mental care to put a reasonable number of labels on each sheet, whose

time is out and whose

only way would be to go through the whole list, examine the labels and watch the expiration on each subscription.—Texas Baptist Herald.

What is Your Title?

Some preachers delight to append to their names ministerial and literary titles; but beloved Brother, there is something far better than D. D., LL. D., Ph. D., etc. One is F. H. S. [Full of the Holy Spirit]; another is F. W. G. [Preacher of the Whole Gospel]. These two last are worth incalculably more than all the other titles put together. It is a matter of rejoicing that the title F. H. S. is not a ministerial title exclusively. Deacons should have it (see Acts 6:3); all Christians are commanded to have it (Eph. 5:18); and preachers are not prepared for their work without it (Acts 1:4, 8). Let there be a ten day's prayer-meeting, while we plead for the endowment of power (Acts 1:8).

Mourning Dresses.

The practice of putting on mourning garments, as an exhibition of grief for the death of friends, is so general that those who neglect the custom attract notice by their singularity. Twenty-five or thirty years ago, an attempt was made by some excellent clergymen and leaders of public opinion to subvert this custom, and with some success. But the change did not last long, and the practice of putting on mourning is now as general as ever before. But there are really very serious objections to it.

It is often a heavy burden on the bereaved. Mourning dresses are more expensive than others, and when the head of the family is cut off, it is a severe tax upon the diminished resources of the household to add to the expenses of sickness and burial an entire outfit of black for the family.

With those to whom the expense is not an important consideration, the confusion and incongruity of turning the house of death into a milliner's shop, and breaking up the hours that should be sacred to solace and grief by talk about dress, is exceedingly unpleasant to the bereaved. Besides, what is the significance of a mourning dress? It is worn to express grief; but it is necessary to parade our grief before the world! And is grief the only feeling of the Christian over the grave of the departed? Yet we put nothing upon our garments to signify Christian faith, hope and consolation. We only a dreary waste of black, expressive of unmitigated, hopeless, inconsolable sorrow. For this reason it would seem that if we are to wear any peculiar costume to signify that we have been bereaved, unmitigated black is most inappropriate, and fails entirely to express the emotions with which the Christian contemplates the death of a friend. Custom requires of a man only the wearing of a "weave of crabs" about the waist; why should not a similar emblem of sorrow answer every purpose in the dress of a woman? A band of crabs, perhaps, across the bosom, a cloud of black lace resting upon and half covering the more cheerful colors of the trimming? "Deep mourning," as it is called, does not express the Christian view of faith. It is in fact too dismal and hopeless for any form that has ever been taken by the religious element. It is of evil tendency by continually reminding the mourner of his sorrow, and never suggesting hope or consolation. Why then should it be worn? The heart does not need to aggravate its grief by continual mementos of it, and the truly bereaved never desire to make an ostentatious display of their sorrow; on what account, then, can the wearing of mourning be justified?—Springfield Republican.

The Texas Baptist Standard waxes warm at the idea suggested by Rev. Fred D. Hale, of Owensboro, Ky., that if we are to have a "young people's movement" in the South, it should be distinctly and distinctly Southern. The Standard then proceeds to berate Southern Baptists for "blindly following self-constituted bosses."

The index is against "bosses" of the kind spoken of, whether from the North or South. But if we must have one, let him be a Southern boss by all means. We have had enough of the other sort already, and they have been "self-constituted."—Christian Index.

Rev. E. W. Longfellow, at the North Dakota Convention, read a paper on systematic giving. In substance, he said: "Systematic giving is giving according to some predetermined plan. It is giving cheerfully, prayerfully and proportionately. It includes at least three things: (1) Careful forethought regarding the grounds of obligation for one's giving; (2) painstaking and prayerful study of the objects to which one gives; (3) the giving of a fixed proportion of one's income. It is one of the most important of all Christian duties. It is clearly taught in the word of God. Systematic giving is common sense. It has taught us its value by its results. We want more systematic giving for the sake of perishing souls."

Pastoral Calls—"A Mere Traveesty."

A writer in the Living Church tells of a clergyman whose people complained that he did not "drop in oftener in a social way." On being informed of this he entered the following Monday morning upon a course of house to house visitation. It is true this was washing, but he did not mind it. He promptly adapted himself to circumstances. Entering a house, he began talking about soap, and ammonia, and pickup dinners, and tired laundresses. It was delightful. On Tuesday he resumed his rounds. Now he discoursed on beeswax, smoothing irons, shirt fronts, the consumption of fuel and the everlasting raking at the fire. He grew in favor. On Wednesday he continued ringing bells and rapping at doors. He threw out wise suggestions about the work basket and spoke of stocking darning. He showed a charming familiarity with needles, scissors and thimbles. He made

A DEEP AND LASTING IMPRESSION.

On Thursday, nothing daunted, and moved by a noble ambition to elevate the flock, he spent the entire day commenting upon pleasures derived from formal calls, evening parties and dramatic entertainments. It tired him, but he would not give up. Friday found him taking up the merits of furniture polish, the advantages of salt over tea leaves for cleaning carpets, describing different methods of dusting and the wholesome effects of exposing mattresses to the sunlight. He kept growing in favor. On Saturday morning he hurried through breakfast, and, after consulting the list of names, he informed his wife that he would not return home until late in the evening, and again renewed his pilgrimage. Some families who did not keep cooks were at work in their kitchen. He insisted upon going there so as not to disturb their plans. He fascinated them by his knowledge of culinary science. He discussed the relative merits of baking powders, told how to make ice cream without eggs, brown bread without yeast, and delicious jelly from dried apples. He expressed a hope that his never fried fish without flouring. He admonished hot lemon pie. By the urgent invitation of a newly married experimentalist he consented to eat a piece, and suffered for two days afterwards in consequence. On Sabbath morning the church was filled with people, but

INSTEAD OF PREACHING A SERMON, THE MINISTER MADE THIS STATEMENT:

"With a desire to conciliate those of my brethren who never, in health or sickness (and I have been in both conditions), think it necessary or polite to call upon me, I have spent the entire week in the parish. Out of 200 families I have found just nineteen persons ailing. Two complained of ulcerated teeth, one was suffering from a stiff neck, one was nursing a too with an ingrowing nail, and three had sick headaches, five were doctoring for neuralgia, two had asthma, one was laid up with a broken leg, and four had colds in their heads. Under the circumstances I have had no time left for study or the preparation of a sermon. Of course you do not expect it. Let us pray."

Of course this is somewhat overdrawn, but, nevertheless, it is a capital "take off" on a practice which is erroneously styled "pastoral work." As such it is a mere travesty. There is a wide difference between a pastoral call and a social call. In the former the subject of personal religion is the paramount topic of conversation. Once upon a time a pastor made a regular pastoral call upon the family that had complained that he did not call upon them enough, and he said he never afterwards heard a complaint from that family. The truth is a good many people do not want a call of this character. No wonder that many self-respecting ministers have a feeling bordering on contempt for such a demand upon their time. Social calling is a matter which society regulates, and in respect of such calling the obligations resting upon a minister and his people are mutual and reciprocal.—The Baptist, London.

In answer to the criticism that there were no self-supporting, self-governing churches in India, Dr. Duncan, Foreign Secretary of our Northern Board, replies:

"I have read carefully the article in the Churchman. I take it for granted that the reference is exclusively to India proper, not including Burma. Of course, you know the history of our work in Burma. So far as we are concerned, Dr. Oust's criticisms would be wholly untrue if applied to our work there, where we have hundreds of churches self-supporting and self-governing. In India proper, it is not so. But we have

but two churches that are self-supporting and self-governing.

The church at Nellore is independent, self-supporting, and manages its own affairs as truly as does the First church in Philadelphia. That we have no more churches of this type is partly due to the extreme poverty of the classes from which our converts are mainly drawn. Then the fact must be taken into account that the principal acquisitions to the church in India are comparatively of recent origin. Up to 1878, we had but 6,000 converts and only six churches, as centers of missionary work. The expansion of our Telugu mission—our principal work in India—dates from '78. Sufficient time, therefore, has not elapsed for our mission to become as highly developed as the work in Burma. With our present facilities for educating a native ministry, and with the large number of Christian boys now in our training schools, we may hope in the next few years to multiply the number of self-governing and self-supporting churches.

In Assam—which represents our work for all northern India—we have seventeen self-supporting and self-governing churches, and it may be said with truth that the native preachers and the associations of native preachers, as a general rule, manage their affairs with order and dignity.

Satanic Devices.

Satan carries on his biggest business in the dress of an angel. The church is ever ready to adopt his shining devices. They seem so fitting to secure proper ends. The elect are almost deceived by his devices. The feeblest saints fall into his trap by the scores. The worldly Christians are the pressing advocates of Satan's satanic ways.

Satan's ways are never to do evil outright, but to do evil under the guise of good. His master device is not to destroy the church organization, but to pervert it; this is his wildest scheme. He will be happy to let the machinery of the church remain in perfect order if he can direct its aims. One of his wily schemes is to turn the church into an entertainment monger. If he can do this, his happiness is complete. His first step is to turn the service of praise into an entertaining musical. Then the whole occasion of worship pitched on the low designs of an entertainment, and his end is gained. The first note of the entertainment programme is the entering of wide, wasted waters. To one ignorant of Satan's devices his success along this line is marvelous. No more dire apostasy is to be found anywhere than in those churches given over to the entertainment business.

The fashion these days is to widen the church to take in all forms of secular and worldly things; to widen so as to take in Satan also, for he never stays out when the world comes in. The fact that the entertainment business in the church seems so innocent and such a little thing, and is so much the custom, does not lessen its destructive forces, for it is just the things which seem so small and innocent with which Satan does his deadliest and most delusive work. There are few churches which have escaped this snare. In nearly every church the whole or part of its worship has been debauched to the ends of entertainment. In fact, the current that way is so strong that it is almost irresistible. The pastor who stands against it is usually swept away with an avalanche or voted to be an idiot or an old fogey. Nashville Advocate.

Talked Too Much.

The story is told of a parrot which was left by her mistress on a perch in the yard for an hour's sunning. In a spirit of mischief Polly began hissing the dog which was stretched on the grass near by. The poor pup felt in duty bound to obey the command, and because there was nothing else in sight he snatched the defenseless parrot from her perch and well nigh robed her of feathers and of life. When the good woman came out she was horrified to find her favorite pet in such a plight. In grief she asked Polly what was the matter, and the bird replied in subdued penitence, "Oh, I talked too much." An oft open mouth is the broad road to a good many troubles for people as well as for parrots. If speech is silver, for once at least we are in favor of repeal; let us by all means guard the supply of gold. The divine art of speech making has its perils. No gift of God offers more of good when well used; but like all great gifts its benefits are matched by equally great dangers.—Central Baptist.

We know a brother who talks a good deal. He visited an association where he had the most of the talking to do. An old brother who was present said he liked the visiting brother pretty well. "But he talks too much with his mouth."

Awarded Highest Honors World's Fair.

DR. PRICE'S Cream Baking Powder

The only Pure Cream of Tartar Powder.—No Ammonia; No Alum.
Used in Millions of Homes—40 Years the Standard.

Wrecks.

REV. GEORGE C. LORIMER, D. D.

They are everywhere on the ocean of life. Dismasted, without spars and rudder, unmanageable and unsightly, they drift on, with mind and soul like the stricken crew described by Coleridge in the terrible lines:

"The many men so beautiful!
And they all dead did lie,
Lived on; and so did I."

Such disabled vessels, coffins merely of what was once life, radiant with youthful hope and beauty, are all about us. They are borne on the currents of evil, driven by the gusts of passion, and cross our path in the day, collide with us in the night, and are a constant peril to the unsuspecting and unguarded.

Manifold are the forces that are multiplying them. Low theatres and lower saloons, gambling resorts and race courses, fashionable society with its gilded vices, and teeming slums with their undisguised dissipation, all take a hand in disfiguring what God has made, and in destroying what was designed originally to be a sublime cartoon of his moral majesty. The prophet Joel pronounces a curse on those who have "cast lots for God's people, and have given a boy for a harlot, and sold a girl for wine that they might drink."

This bartering of humanity, of human hope, human purity, and human dignity for lust, for the gratification of appetite, whether engaged in directly by those who purvey to villainy for hire, or indirectly by those who would protect the rascally dealers from the indignation of justice,—must in the long run bring down heaven's vengeance. Wrecks, wrecks, wrecks, alas, everywhere, in the streets, in high places and low, in business, profession, and toil, everywhere, crowding our way, dashing even against church and home; and wrecks also on every side, deceiving by false lights, deceiving, and then falling on the helpless, like voracious vultures, to dabble in their blood while they devour their flesh!

Wrecks; how many of them I have seen in a comparatively brief life! Many went down at sea, when scarcely out of sight of land, though a few yet linger half-sunk, and making occasional frantic efforts to get out of the trough of the ocean, patch their sails, and once more strive for the shore. Alas! it is not likely they will ever succeed in bringing the battered hull into a restful haven.

I remember a man who had once struggled. My acquaintance with him was caused by my hearing that he had at one sitting swallowed an entire bottle of brandy with suicidal intent, and was near unto death. It was pitiable to see him, more to hear him. He told me that he had reformed more than once, had even assisted in meetings for the redemption of ruined men, and had derided the pious gentlemen who, on the platform talked so sagaciously about overcoming bad habits, when they had few, if any, susceptibilities to temptations. Almost fiercely he turned on me and said: "There is my son, a mere child. Now is the time to save him. I am too old."

One dark night, or early in the morning, as I was returning from a visitation of some London slums in the company of the superintendent of police, a wretched, ragged woman suddenly rushed out of the shadow of the narrow street into the gaslight, and implored us for money to spend on gin. I gently remonstrated with her as I gave her a trifling silver coin, and she replied: "Not drink gin! Why, sir, fair sirs, gin is everything, carriages, horses, palaces, lace, diamonds, servants; when I am very hungry, very cold and desolate, if I can only get gin I am soon housed, clothed, fed, arrayed with the finest, and honored with the best. True, I wake and shiver in my straw; but I am sustained by the expectation of more gin and of more oblivion. Gin, fair sirs, I live in Belgravia and mingle with the aristocracy when I am in gin."

Away she swept like a crazy thing through the mists of early dawning into darkness of strong drink to find her dreams once more. A wreck, a wreck, not drifting merely, but madly driving on a lee shore.

I have seen many kindred cases, and all suffering more or less from illusions. One ancient croone, toothless and yellow, who kept a lacer lodging-house in London, and who served as the original of a character drawn by Dickens in his last novel, I met years ago as the victim of opium. She had once been as other girls, but weakness and disappointment had led to the use of the deadly drug, and it had

womanhood, and left only a horrible living skeleton, abhorred and feared by all.

Victims of opium, victims of gambling, victims of pride, passion, lust, mostly ghosts, now, I have met in the days gone by, swiftly falling into the unseen, and leaving to posterity only the moral of their blighted lives, unhappily every day new emphasized by others soon to be ghosts like themselves.

What is the moral? Read it in the ship that returned whole and sound from a prosperous voyage. Read it in the happy homes where virtue reigns, and in the peace that follows saintly toil. Read it in the strength, the fullness, and the depth of a life nobly spent, and in the honor that attends those who honor themselves. And if you have acquired this lesson, then, from your own gratitude, that it has not sounded vainly in your soul, learn the duty of trying to save the young as they push out to sea, by so ordering society that it shall be increasingly easier to do right and harder to do wrong, and by leading them to the loving and strong arm of Jesus, who is able to keep them from falling, and able to preserve both faith and life from shipwrecks.—The Golden Rule.

Common People.

Some one remarked in the hearing of Abraham Lincoln, when he was president of the United States, that he was quite a common looking man. "Friend," he replied, gently, "the Lord loves common looking people best. That is why he has made so many of them." We read that the "common people" heard Jesus gladly. He made his teaching so plain and attractive to them that the uneducated masses fully understood, and appreciated it accordingly. Never, however, did the Savior speak of his brothers and sisters as common people. He knew not only what was in man generally, but what was in each individual. He does not think of men in masses and crowds, but as individuals, each having a precious soul with joys and sorrows all his own, and a most interesting and quite unique life history. "What God hath cleansed all not thou common." If there are any "common people," it is the thoughtless ones who use this phrase when speaking of others.—California Advocate.

For Revenue Only.

One of the latest and most ingenious devices proposed as a source of revenue is a tax upon all bachelors over a certain age. The proposal comes from a woman, and may be actuated by motives more personal than patriotic, but we esteem it worthy the consideration of the people. To fill the treasury and at the same time effect a great social reform is a masterpiece of statesmanship.

Why Not?

Why should we use foreign words when we have English words that answer every purpose? Why should we say "per capita" when we might just as well say "each" or "apiece"? Why should we say employee, which is simply the French equivalent of employed? Why should we not say the employed on the Lehigh Valley, or an employed, as well as to say and employee?—Ex.

The Rambler's experience leads him to state it as a rule almost without exception that it takes a man of real erudition and insight to be willing to talk about simple things in a simple way. On the other hand, there is a lack of culture, there is an irresistible tendency toward the longest words, the deepest problems, the loftiest aspirations, the most unintelligible theses and the subtlest propositions.—National Baptist.

REAL MERIT

Is the characteristic of Hood's Sarsaparilla, and it is manifested every day in the remarkable cures this medicine accomplishes. Druggists say: When we sell a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla to a new customer we are sure to see him back in a few weeks after more—proving that the good results from a trial bottle warrant continuing its use. This positive merit Hood's Sarsaparilla possesses by virtue of the Peculiar Combination, Proportion and Process used in its preparation, and by which all the remedial value of the ingredients used is retained. Hood's Sarsaparilla is this Peculiar to itself and absolutely unequalled in its power as a blood purifier, and as a tonic for building up the weak and