

ALABAMA BAPTIST.

ORGAN OF THE BAPTIST STATE CONVENTION.

VOL. 22.

"SPEAKING THE TRUTH IN LOVE."

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ALABAMA BAPTIST.

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a wide circulation in Alabama among the
"good white Baptists."

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ery, Ala., as second class mail matter.

For the Alabama Baptist. Conscious Salvation.

The new born soul comes there-
by into consciously new relations
with God, as the new born babe
with its surroundings. The con-
sciousness may be feeble or strong,
but it is always real. God is real-
ized as a Father, Jesus as a Savior,
not objectively alone or chiefly, but
subjectively. This consciousness
abides, carrying along with it a
sense of forgiveness and acceptance
with God, as saith the Apostle,
there is "no more conscience of sins."
"We know that if the earthly house
of this tabernacle were dissolved,
we have a building of God, a house
not made with hands, eternal in
the heavens, a heart knowledge
rather than head knowledge. We are
conscious, according to the best
metaphysics, not only of our
mental states, but of all the objects
around us; and we never go behind
consciousness in either case, that
satisfies as to mental states or mat-
terial facts. There is no more reason
to doubt consciousness in relation
to God and salvation than in other
things. I am conscious that I love
my friend, that I love the "breth-
ren," if it be so, that I love God.

Ripe Christians enjoy a pro-
founder consciousness of the hold
on their affections of heavenly
things. When Miller predicted
the end of the world, in 1843, a
lady just apprized of the fact a few
days before became alarmed, and
hastened to see a venerable Chris-
tian man in repute for his knowl-
edge of the Scriptures and his
breadth of understanding, to ask
him if he thought there was reason
to believe Miller. He replied, "No,
my sister, I think not; but I don't
see that it would make any differ-
ence." This good man was ready
to meet his Lord, in the serene
consciousness of salvation. I once
conversed with a venerable minister
on the verge of a hundred years of
age. Among other things I said
to him, "We may all be near our
end, but you know that you are."
"Yes," he said, with animation
that made his face and form radiant,
"I shall soon step upon the other
shore!" A child, unexpectedly pre-
sented with a great life-like toy,
a veritable counterfeit of real human-
ity, would not have been more ex-
cited. Bunyan in prison used to
exclaim, "O the general assem-
bly and church of the first born,
the innumerable company of angels,
the just made perfect, Jesus the
Mediator, and God the Father of
all!"

Every degree of conscious sal-
vation, I apprehend, is enjoyed, from
the feeblest heart-movings towards
God to the rapture of spiritual fer-
vor. For the "little ones" the Sa-
vior was won't to manifest peculiar
tenderness, as parents for the scarce-
ly-breathing infant; and not less
now amid the acclaim of angels
'round the Throne.

Dr. Briggs imagines the joy of
erring saints, feeble here on earth,
will be so when they pass into the
spirit world; that death will work
no sudden change; but he forgets
that the body, the medium of tempta-
tion, will be left behind, and the
regenerated spirit always strug-
gling with infirmity and aspiring
after holiness, will be clogged and
depressed no more by "the body of
this death."

Some premillennialists imagine
the glory of Christ's appearing will
so impress men as to work wonders
in bringing them to God. But
wonders have been tried—tried, I
may say, to the utmost—infective-
ly, for the most part. Men are
not frightened into religion, but
their consciences persuaded. The

resurrected from the dead will not
persuade those whom the law, the
prophets, and the gospel of Christ
cannot persuade. Hence these
warra expressions in a time when
appeals to hopes and fears and ob-
jective religion are so much in the
ascendant. E. B. T.

For the Alabama Baptist. That Foreign Mission Debt.

Secretary Willingham has pub-
lished a statement to the effect that
to pay the debt of the Board and
meet current expenses to April 30,
will require seventy-three thousand
dollars.

We need waste no time asking
petulantly why we are in debt. A
man called to put out a fire does
not stop to ask an explanation as to
how the house came to be on fire.
Let us put out the fire and then
discuss at our leisure why there
was a fire, and devise as many plans
as we can to prevent another.

We have noticed with astonish-
ment the magnificent effort which
Secretary Willingham is making to
raise this money. His leadership
is heroic and inspiring. Who can
fail to respond to appeals so stir-
ring, or to catch the spirit of an ex-
ample so courageous and magnetic?
The large city churches are coming
to the rescue. They ought to, cer-
tainly, but not less certainly ought
the town and country churches. It
is the remoteness, the indifference,
and the stinginess of poor folks
that retards the progress of the gos-
pel. Most of God's people are poor,
most of his churches are weak
financially. But he did have some
churches of this description once
whose "deep poverty abounded
unto the riches of their liberality."

What we need now for the next
six weeks is a pull all together,
every church, however weak, do-
ing its part: concert of action, con-
centration of energy.

In a great factory in Manchester
they suddenly stopped all the
machinery one day, and a spectator,
inquiring the reason, was told "the
looms have all got the same lick
and they would knock this great
building to pieces down to its founda-
tion." That was concert of action.

Napoleon's tactics were very
simple; it was to concentrate his
forces vehemently on one point.

Now for the next six weeks let
us make the payment of the debts
of our boards a special object; let
us move, all together, and to this
point. Let everybody help. Time
yet remains for every pastor, for
every church, to make the effort.

W. M. HARRIS.
Greenville, Ala.

For the Alabama Baptist. From Huntsville.

The ladies missionary society of
the First Baptist church held their
first meeting in the lecture room of
the new church, Wednesday after-
noon, March 13. With a desire on
the part of pastor and people that
every department of work should
take on new life since entering
their new church, there was much
interest and enthusiasm exhibited
at this meeting, and a general re-
organization effected. Heretofore
this society has held its meetings
in connection with another society
of the church, but now its meetings
will be separate and distinct, and
especially characterized by mission
study. We not only desire to give
as God has prospered us, but we
aim to become thoroughly acquaint-
ed with the work of our boards,
the fields and labors of our devoted
missionaries. Mrs. M. B. Neece is
president of this society, Miss Liz-
zie March, vice-president, Miss
Lelia Usher, secretary, and Mrs. A.
Harris, treasurer. We hope by our
next meeting on the first Wednes-
day in April to have every lady,
young and old, enlisted in this
work, praying and acting as never
before, for the coming of His king-
dom.

Our pastor, Rev. Oscar Hay-
wood, delivered a splendid lecture
Wednesday night to his people, on
Baptists and mission work, which
we are sure will awaken an inter-
est on the part of a few who,
through prejudice and lack of in-
formation, have at times exhibited
such an indifference and turned a
deaf ear to the entreaties of those
whose hearts are afire with mission
zeal. Trusting in him who never
withholds any good thing from his
children, we hope by prayer and
faith to carry on his work, giving
with liberal hearts and unselfish
hands, as we remain at home in
ease, to sustain those whom he has
sent, and whose lives are becoming
luminous as they so heroically make
sacrifices, endure untold hardships
and suffer much persecution, to tell
the glad news of salvation, and
carry the light into benighted re-
gions. There is a love which know-
s no fear, "perfect love casteth out
fear," and "The Lord also will
be a refuge for the oppressed, a
refuge in times of trouble." W. C. N.

"Madam," begged the tramp, "I
am a man who has seen better days
—"
"Then you must be mighty
hard to suit in the matter of weath-
er," replied the woman of the
house, shutting the door in his face.
—Chicago Tribune.

For the Alabama Baptist. My Work in Alabama.

No. 3—At Eufaula.
T. H. STOUT.

On the 30th of December, 1884,
we made our headquarters in the
city of Eufaula; being under con-
tract to preach to several churches
contiguous; still having charge of
Newton church. Soon after mov-
ing to Eufaula, Rev. G. A. Nun-
ally, D. D., of Georgia, became
pastor of the church there. During
the five years I lived in Eufaula
the church enjoyed the pastoral
labors of Drs. Nunally, W. L. Pick-
ard, and J. C. Hiden. My rela-
tionship with these brethren was
most pleasant and confidential. I
shall always love them, and shall
ever look back to our association in
Eufaula with peculiar pleasure.
Acting on the advice of one of my
earliest pastors, I have always con-
sidered myself with the church
where I resided; so my mem-
bership has been in more than twenty-
five different Baptist churches. We
were members of the Eufaula
church for about five years, and en-
joyed the companionship of breth-
ren B. B. Davis, Jno. G. Walker, Dr.
Robertson, Dr. Holt, E. T. Long,
C. Rhodes, J. A. B. Besson, W. N.
and Jerry Reeves, Geo. B. Davis,
the Jordans, the Shorters, G. L.
Comer, West and other brethren
and their families.

While living in Eufaula, from
1885 to 1890, I served Newton
Prospect, Center Ridge, Bethlehem,
Shiloh and Union in Alabama, and
Cotton Hill, Enon and Elim in
Georgia. To all of these churches
I went in my buggy. The nearest
church, Cotton Hill, was about 12
miles away; the others were 20, 30,
and 50 miles. I enjoyed serving all
these churches; though the distance
to most of them was a day's ride, I
had good time for meditation, and
was happy in the consciousness of
being in the Master's work. More
than half the time I was away
from home; but many happy hours
I spent with dear brethren and their
families at their homes. The first
year I served Prospect church, old
Bro. "Tommie" Green was stricken
with paralysis. He was the
oldest deacon of the church, and
one of the best men I ever knew.

For sometime he was not expected
to live, but finally he began to im-
prove, and is still living, or was a
short time back. Many happy hours
I spent with him.

At Bethlehem we ordained breth-
ren G. W. Little and Jas. M.
Holt, as deacons, and started
all conveniences for church and
Sunday-school worship. The main
auditorium has a seating capacity
of 350, with Sunday-school room
seating 200 more. Can be readily
thrown into one by rolling shutters
dividing the two. The rostrum,
with baptistry, and robing rooms
on the side, and a well arranged
organ recess and choir located on
the left of the speaker. The floor
is doweled, with radiating seats,
making the interior effect of the au-
ditorium very attractive. The ceil-
ing of the auditorium is very hand-
some and neatly executed in panel-
ing of the natural pine. Altogether,
with the large stained glass windows

Description of the new Baptist
church at Dothan, from the plans
of Bruce & Morgan, Architects,
Atlanta, Ga.

Cost of lot..... \$475.00
Of building..... 11,350.00
Of Pews..... 450.00
Of Chairs..... 94.00
Of Carpets..... 231.00

Total..... \$12,717.87

It is sufficient now to call atten-
tion to the architect's minute de-
scription of the building.

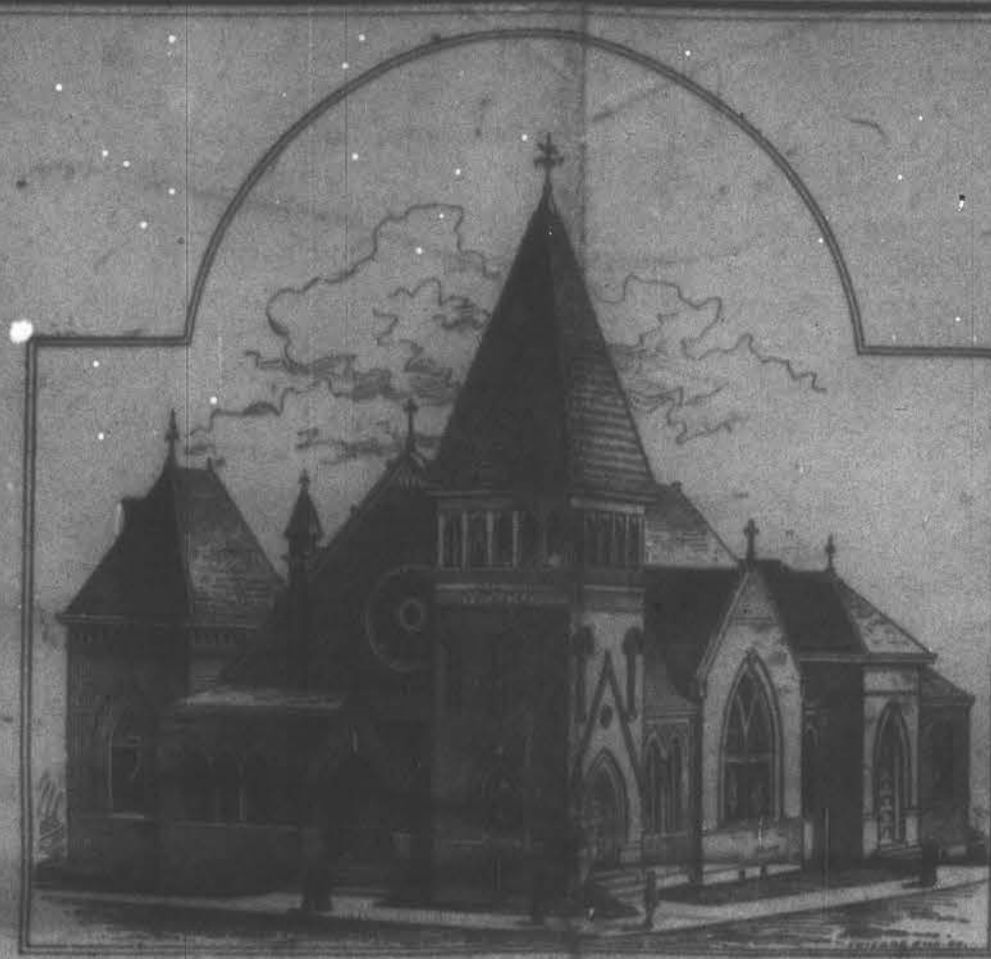
The Center Ridge church was
the most active and efficient of
the churches I preached for while
living at Eufaula. They kept up an
excellent "evergreen" Sunday-
school; they also had prayer meet-
ings a good part of the time at the
village of Mt. Andrew, some two
miles from the church. They man-
aged their finances with much
common sense, and so with more
ease, than any church I had ever
preached for up to that time. The
church appointed a number of
brethren to assist the deacons; and
they and the deacons constituted a
committee on finance. This com-
mittee took the roll of the church,
and suggested the amounts each
should pay; this report was read
out in conference, and was then
subject to correction. After the
report was adopted by the church,
each one was expected to pay the
amount apportioned to him. Cen-
ter Ridge church is one of the very
few churches for which I have
preached that paid me up all they
owed me to the last dollar.

During the five years I lived in
Eufaula, I baptized at
Newton, Ala. 12
Prospect 19
Shiloh 37
Union 8
Bethlehem 12
Center Ridge 11
Arm of Eufaula church 1
Total in Alabama 100
Enon, Ga. 60
Elim 46
Cotton Hill 3
Total in Georgia 116
Total in four years 218
I preached during 1885, 170 ser-
mons; 1886, 144 sermons; 1887, 160
sermons; 1888, 160 sermons; 1889,
171 sermons. Total sermons in five
years, 814. I also married twenty-
four couples. The five years spent
in Eufaula were very pleasant, and
I trust profitable.

Eufaula is a healthy and beautiful
city of some five or six thousand;
situated on a high bluff of the Chat-
tahoocchee river, and sometimes
called therefore, the "bluff city."
The people are refined, intelligent,
social and hospitable. Most of the
time we lived in Eufaula we were
in the house with Mrs. Mollie
Singer, a daughter of Hon. Samuel
Walton, of Stewart county, Ga., a
dearly beloved and highly respected
brother. I had baptized sister Mollie
while pastor of the church at
Lumpkin, Ga. She and her fam-
ily are held in remembrance among
my dearest friends.

Every step we take with God
makes our Bible bigger.

We never worry except when we
forget that God is good.



NEW BAPTIST CHURCH AT DOTHAN, (HENRY CO.) ALA.

We gave an account of the ded-
ication of Dothan Baptist church a
few months since. It was then ex-
pected to print the picture and
written description at an early day,
but there has been delay, the cause
of which need not be mentioned.
The report of the building com-
mittee, which was dated Nov. 5th, 1894,
says that it was appointed "about
two years ago" for the purpose of
erecting the church. So we have
the information that about two
years were required to build the
elegant edifice that now graces the
thriving town of Dothan, in South-
east Alabama. There is no esti-
mating the amount of work done
and earnest prayers offered by Pas-
tor Burr and his devoted people for
the accomplishment of the object
which was so dear to them. The
Building Committee gives these
figures as to cost:

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Lumpkin, Ga. She and her fam-
ily are held in remembrance among
my dearest friends.

For the Alabama Baptist. Pay Your Debts.

I learn through the Foreign Mis-
sion Journal, that our Southern
Baptists are in debt and that it will
take 7 cts per member to pay that
debt. Since learning this, I pre-
sented the matter to my church at
Cowarts, proposing that we make
it 10 cents. All responded readily.
So we will have our part in the
hands of Bro. Willingham in time.
I have two other churches in Ala-
bama; I will see what I can do with
them soon. We have a Ladies Aid
Society here; they are doing well,
and will do better now—the winter
has been so hard. Mrs. M. F.
White organized the society here
and is president thereof. Mrs.
Ann Kirkland is secretary. Re-
member, they will pay their money
over at the close of the year; our
people were taught that custom by
the first preachers of this country,
and it seems right to them yet.
And besides, they are all farmers,
and have little money at any other
time of the year.

As to the debt, how many pas-
tors have offered their churches an
opportunity of helping to pay that
debt? Now, brethren, let us try to
get our people out of this debt. It
is one of the most embarrassing
positions a person or persons can
get into, i. e. honest people, and
Baptists are honest if they are
Baptists indeed, otherwise they are
not Baptists and are unworthy the
name.

When we have sent up the
amount necessary to make a final
settlement of the debt, how good
we will feel! We can contribute
so much more cheerfully.

SOME THINGS ABOUT COWARTS

CHURCH.

It was organized by the present
pastor nearly eight years ago. It
has grown gradually ever since.
Some move away, some die, and
now and then one has to be ex-
cluded, but we always have a re-
spectable membership. There never
has been a serious trouble in this
church. The reason is we enforce
as nearly as possible a Scriptural

From the Texas Baptist Standard. Father, Come Home!

Man's Sphere—Home Ministry Remarks.
BY PRESIDENT J. R. GAMBLELL.

(Concluded from last week.)

Of the saloon, I will say but lit-
tle. It is the enemy of all good.
Once a husband and father falls
into its direful spell, desolation
enters the home never to depart,
except in very rare instances. It is
the home's greatest enemy.

What about the clubs and secret
orders? There be men, not a few,
but many, who will join anything
almost. They are regular "joiners."
They are "Masons," "Odd Fel-
lows," "Woodmen of the World,"
"Pythians," "Grangers," and pres-
ently much everything else. Every
town and city is infected with all
sorts of clubs and orders. They
have a strange fascination for some
people. Many white men rival the
negroes in "joining." The result is
these men have but little time for
home. I have in mind now a brother
who married a lovely woman to
whom he was greatly devoted. Af-
ter awhile a "joining" craze struck
him and he was out every night in
the week at some sort of a meeting.
He was so pressed with his duties
as a member of everything, that he
forgot his duty to the woman who
left a lovely home circle to make
him a home. She was left evening
after evening by herself, till at last
she became a "jinner" too, and was
out attending the woman's club.

Why not? I say nothing about the
morality of any of these orders, but
I speak as one who has received
mercy, not becoming a victim to
the "joining" craze, and I give my
judgment that for the most part
they are a great vanity and a seri-
ous snare to many. They require
time and money which belong to
the families represented in them.

Two young people stood before
me this week and plighted their
vows. I pronounced them one.
They said, "give us some advice;
we want to start right and keep
right." It was not much one need-
ed to say under the circumstances,
not much they could receive, but a
few things might come in well. I
said, "Be careful not to let your
lives be too commonplace. Keep
up your love making to the end.
Remember that you are one, and
both of you are the one. All you
make belongs to both of you, not
apart, but together. Do not spend
money on your separate pleasures,
but for your common comforts.
And so do not get used to being
separated. Begin religion in your
home, and live that way."

All that is commonplace, but it
is important. If the streams that
are running away from our homes
into secret orders, clubs, etc., were
turned into the homes, there would
be a fullness of comfort, of peace,
and joy, that would renew the life
of the nation in a single decade. I
know what I'm doing. I am pok-
ing into a hornet's nest, and the
hornets will be out after me, but
for all that, I am telling the truth.
There are many lean homes for no
other reason than that the natural
providers waste what would re-
plenish their homes with comfort,
in contemptible social fade outside
of and disconnected from their fam-
ilies. I maintain that when a man
takes a woman to make a home for
her he ought not only to enable her
to do it, but she ought to cheer her
after she has done her best by his
presence and manifest appreciation.

There are lots of men, or bipeds, at
least, who are in their habits more
like stray cats than respectable
men. They prow around all the
public places of a city like dogs
hunting for something to eat, and
at late hours go back to what ought
to be a home simply to sleep. And
these are the gentry who are com-
petent to instruct women how to
keep in their sphere. O man, have
you forgotten the dear girl you loved,
wooded and won, and how you
vowed to love her and cherish her
till death? That same girl has given
much of her life and her strength
to you and to your children. Her
woman's heart yearns for an assur-
ance that you really love her as
you used to say you did. She
wants you at home at night. She
wants to see you with the children.
She wants the children to believe
you are the greatest man in the
world. She wants that feeling
back in her own heart. She wants
not so much what you throw away
in other institutions, but she wants
to feel that you think the home she
has made the best she could out of
what you gave her, is in your mind
and heart the finest place in the
world. She is tired, tired of strug-
gling against outside attractions,
which her honest heart tells her
ought not to attract like home. She
is tired of making excuses to
herself and her children and friends.
She is tired trying to do impossi-
ble things with the diminished re-
venues of her home. She sees the
big boys drifting away, and she is
tired of suspense. She wants a re-
st of the early days of married
life when you came early with a
smile, and often with a love token
in your hand. Dear heart, she de-
serves a good husband. How true
she has been, how patient, how
trustful. And then how it pays to
enrich home and cheer wife and the
children.

Men and brethren, look how
long a letter I have written with
their aims.

mine own hand. It is a great mat-
ter I am writing about. If this
government lasts, the forces to sus-
tain it must be generated in the
home. And American homes can
never be what God wants them to
be, unless the men put in the mak-
ing of them their authority, their
presence and their earnings.

For the Alabama Baptist. Prosperity and Protection.

This article has nothing to do
with the tariff discussion.

Two men and two angels, kin-
dred spirits, interested in a com-
mon cause, were talking about the
welfare of Israel. And one angel
said, "Jerusalem shall be inhabited
as villages without walls, by reason
of the multitude of men and
cattle therein. For I, saith the
Lord, will be unto her a wall of
fire round about, and I will be the
glory in the midst of her."

The prophecy of a boundless
population and abundant property
is such prosperity as we have been
hoping for in the South even dur-
ing the times of deepest depression.
We want to see our fields and for-
ests teeming with living, intelli-
gent people, transforming the fea-
tures of the landscapes till they
smile with fertility and beauty.
We want to see our cities growing
in splendor and magnificence,
which indicate that our people have
secured the treasures of the mines
which our Father hid in the hills
for them to find.

This abundance of property is es-
sential to comfort and necessary to
worship. It must be had to keep
the multitudes from fainting by the
way. It must be had to carry on
the kingdom of God. We do not
need any cattle to burn on an altar.
But we need large means to feed
the flames of human life, while hu-
man lips proclaim to perishing peo-
ple "the glorious gospel of the
blessed God."

If we will have this great pros-
perity, we must have this grand
protection, and we must commit
ourselves to it. We must fully
trust in this external defence, which
is personal and marvelous. It seems
to be better than the ancient had.
Not the angel of the Lord, but Je-
hovah himself, not "chariots of fire
and horses of fire," but he who
dwells in the burning bush is a
wall of fire round about his people.
And we commit ourselves to him
when we cease to trust in the prop-
erty we get, whether little or great.
And the more we have the more
we need this admonition. "Charge
them that are rich in this present
world, that they be not high-mind-
ed, nor have their hope set on the
uncertainty of riches, but on God,
who giveth us all things richly to
enjoy; that they do good, that they
be rich in good works, that they
be ready to distribute, willing to
communicate; laying up in store
for themselves a good foundation
against the time to come, that they
may lay hold upon life which is
life indeed."

If we will have the greatest pros-
perity, we must have the glory of
the indwelling God. If we will
have him for an internal defence,
we must be a people whose God is
the Lord. That life and property
may be secure in our communities
and along our lines of travel, we
must awaken men to the conscious-
ness that the omnipotent eye is upon
them and the omnipotent hand is
sure to arrest them.

If we will have our people attain
the highest happiness, we must
teach them to find this not in any
creature, but in the Creator, and to
take him for what he is, "the glory
in the midst of" us. We have
gloried in our conservative Chris-
tianity. We shall make it more
glorious by giving it to all of our
fellow citizens. This our Home
Mission Board aims to do. Come
and help. s. c. c.

Anniston, Ala.

On Sanctification.

Bro. A. C. Burroughs, of Uvalde,
Texas, relates that a Methodist
"sanctificationist," after having
been denied the use of the Method-
ist meeting house, applied to the
Baptists for the use of their house,
in which to hold a fifteen days'
meeting. They refused him the re-
quest. Bro. Burroughs asks if the
Baptists are right in this?

Yes; they should have promptly
refused him the use of their house
if he had only asked for it for fif-
teen minutes. Doubtless there are
some weak, inoffensive people who
have been deluded by this so-called
holiness movement. But most of
the self-styled preachers engaged in
it are worthless, and some of them
worse than merely worthless
adventurers. They are not worth
minutions to the people among
whom they go, but they also delude
weak and ill-taught church mem-
bers and cause divisions and dis-
order in peaceable and happy
churches, as well as disorganize
society. A respectable secular pa-
per recently said, in substance:
"These holiness preachers have
broken up the peace of hundreds of
families, and driven not a few in-
nocent, excitable persons violently
insane, among the illiterate people
inhabiting the mountains of East
Tennessee, North Carolina and
Virginia." No Baptist church
should encourage them in any way,
lest they should be partakers of
their aims.

All regenerated men and women
are sanctified and made holy into

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

A Rich Woman.

"Call me a rich woman? and my John with such a small salary, and I always having to rack my brains to study out all sorts of twisting ways and turning ways to make it sufficient to keep us just as decent folks? Call me rich?" and the little spare bustling woman, who could not afford to lose a minute of time, plying her needle, busily sewing some buttons on the little boy's jacket.

"Yes, Mrs. Brown, you are a rich woman." And Mrs. Proctor, in her fine, well-fitting gown, leaned her head back on the chair rest. "Excuse me," she added, "for I am weary to-day," then the speaker smiled in an ironical way, saying, "Weary doing nothing."

"Oh, dear me," said Mrs. Brown. "I should think you would be glad you had nothing to do, and that you could have your night's rest. I have not had a real good sleep since child. He is not like my other children; and the rules I followed out with them I cannot apply to him at all. I got my other children in the habit of going to sleep by themselves. I put them on the bed at just such a time every day, and came out of the room, and I never heard a whimper from them; but this baby keeps up such a pathetic little cry that I cannot bear to hear it, and I rock him to sleep, and even then I must put him down very gently or he will open his big blue eyes and look into my face with a protest against leaving my arms."

"Clasp him to your heart and thank God that you have a baby that loves to be in your arms and cuddle up to you. These empty arms ache because there is no baby to cuddle. Do you know, my friend, that I call you a rich woman because you have so much to love in your life and so much of love's labor to do every day? I was thinking to-day that if I died I should not be missed. I am not really necessary to anybody. Once I was, but those that depended on my love and care have passed away, or grown up, and do not need to rely on me now. I have every comfort, and am independent sufficient to procure

ELECTROPOISE.

THE GREATEST CURATIVE AGENT KNOWN.

OPIUM HABIT CURED.

Six weeks' use of the Electro-poise cured a friend of the opium habit. It also benefited me a great deal. I suffered with kidney trouble.—Rev. W. Bruce, Hopkinsville, Ky.

From the editorial columns of the Western Recorder.—If there is any truth in men and women, it does indeed benefit in hundreds of cases of all kinds of sickness. A friend who had suffered long with nervous prostration wrote that it had cured her. A gentleman in the city, who, a year ago, seemed to have only a few days of life left him by consumption, has greatly improved, has been able to go on uninterrupted with his business. Two other personal friends said nothing had ever done so much for their rheumatism. Nothing has ever received so many testimonials from trustworthy persons.

"One night's use of the Electro-poise gave me relief from brain congestion and vertigo. I have been a well man ever since."—Rev. George H. Means, Covington, Ky.

WHAT TENNESSEE MINISTERS

Say About the Electro-poise.
Rev. W. P. D. Clark, Nashville: "The Electro-poise cured my son of acute mania, caused by nervous prostration, superinduced by overwork."

Rev. A. Owen, D.D., Nashville: "I have proved by experience that the Electro-poise is a speedy and effective remedy for rheumatism and neuralgic pains."

Rev. M. W. Millard, Nashville, used Electro-poise for St. Anthony's fire and piles and says: "Since I began the use of the Electro-poise the disease has disappeared."

Rev. T. J. Pentecost, Nashville: "The longer I use the Electro-poise, the more I value it."

Rev. F. B. Webb, Columbia: "I used the Electro-poise successfully in what seemed to be the beginning of grippe, and I certainly believe in it."

WHAT ALABAMA MINISTERS

Say About the Electro-poise.
Rev. James A. Heard, D.D., Florence: "I am a walking advertisement of the Electro-poise."

Rev. L. A. Darsey, Lafayette: "Every family ought to have an Electro-poise."

Rev. T. J. Beard, D.D., Birmingham: "I take pleasure in saying the Electro-poise gave me permanent relief from neuralgia of the stomach and bowels."

Rev. W. C. Hearn, D.D., Talladega: "My wife and I use the Electro-poise with good results."

If you will send your name, or that of some friend, we will send you copies of letters from the above parties, and from hundreds of others—people who know from every section of this and other states—testifying to the curative powers of the Electro-poise.

Four months rent \$10. DuBois & Webb, Chamber of Commerce, Nashville, Tenn.

whatever I need without a worry or thought for the morrow. But love and dependence such as you have, have gone out of my life.

"Oh, I should be so glad to be tired in body because of needed daily ministrations to husband and little ones! I should be so happy to feel when night came that I had been a necessity to some living person. I was so rich when I was situated just as you are, with a small income, a good, loving husband and four little ones to call 'mother, mother!' a hundred times a day. Oh, for a mothering time once more! But I did not realize what richness came into my life then. Young mothers seldom do."

"You get nervously tired a great many times; the flesh is weak when the spirit is willing, but do try to value these treasures of your life, these precious trusts the good Lord has given you. See all the sunshine of the way, keep out of the shadows, pick the beautiful flowers by the wayside, sing as you journey along with husband and the little ones. I missed so many of the beauties along the way, so many of the hopes of rest I might have enjoyed. Excuse me for this plain talk. I must be going. I felt so burdened with the poverty of loneliness to-day that I came over to see my rich neighbor."

After Mrs. Proctor had gone, Mrs. Brown sat in deep thought. She had been irritated that morning with the children getting them off to school; had said censuring words to John because he did not seem to be as successful as some other men in gaining a good financial position. She had turned their poverty over and over in her mind while sewing on the little boy's jacket, and just at that moment she was at her worst Mrs. Proctor had come in—Mrs. Proctor whose money and position and time she had often coveted. And this neighbor, who had nothing to hinder her in her daily rounds, had come in weary because she had no such cares as hers, and called her a rich woman!

What if John should die, or the children go away, and she could not spread the bread and butter and jelly for them any more? She often told them they bothered her too much asking for bread and butter so often, but now she would be thankful she had bread and butter to give them.

What of those mothers who had no bread and butter to give when the little ones were hungry? How could she bear to send hers away because she could not give any! And of those other mothers who had no little ones to ask for bread and butter! It was almost time for school to be out, and the loving mother got up and cut the large slices of bread and buttered them well and put them on a plate on the table. "The children won't have to ask to-day," she said to herself; "they'll find I thought of their needs without being asked. School is a hungry place."

The children never seemed so loving, so sweet, as they did that day when they came in from school. Everything was pleasant. Usually the mother found many things to fret about. Sometimes Mary threw her hat down, Johnnie daubed his jacket with his bread and butter. Nellie lost her words which she had copied from the board in her composition book to learn that night. She had never seen such troublesome children, and then words would follow that kept up a state of agitation on both sides. But the mother did not see anything to fret over that day, and when John came home with a frown on his brow and a discouraged tone in his voice because he was not as much of a financial success as he wished to be for wife and children's sake, it was the wife who spoke loving, encouraging words, and smoothed the furrows out of his brow and the turbulent thought from his heart.

After the household were all asleep that night Mrs. Brown wrote this note to her neighbor:

DEAR MRS. PROCTOR.—Don't ever feel again that you are not a necessity to any one. I cannot begin to tell you what you have been to me to-day. I was poor, but you came in and showed me that I was rich. The good Lord sent you on this mission for him, and now I trust that you have shown me that I am a rich woman, that I shall live my life of love better and more for his glory. A wealth of love is mine indeed, and I thank my Heavenly Father for giving it to me in such an overflowing measure.—The Christian Worker.

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CREAM BAKING POWDER

MOST PERFECT MADE.

A pure Grape Cream of Tartar Powder. Free from Ammonia, Alum or any other adulterant. 4 YEARS THE STANDARD.

The Widow and the Judge.

Some time about the commencement of the year 1871, a train, was passing over the Northwestern railroad between Oskaloosa and Madison. In two of the seats facing each other, sat three lawyers engaged at cards.

Their fourth player had just left the carriage and they needed another one to take his place. "Come, Judge, take a hand," they said to a grave magistrate who sat looking on, but who indicated no approval of their play. He shook his head, finally with a flushed countenance, took a seat with them and the playing went on.

A venerable woman, gray and bent with years, sat and watched the Judge from her seat near the end of the carriage. After the game had progressed awhile, she arose and with trembling hand and almost overcome with emotion approached the group, and fixing her eyes intently on the Judge she said in a tremulous voice: "Do you know me, Judge?"

"No, mother, I don't remember you," said the Judge, pleasantly. "Where have we met?"

"My name is Smith," she said, "I was with my poor boy three days, and off on, in the court room at Oskaloosa, when he was tried—for robbing somebody, and you are the same man that sent him to the prison for ten years, and so on, and so on."

All faces were now absorbed and the passengers began to gather around and stand up all over the car to listen to and see what was going on. She did not give the Judge time to answer her, but, becoming more and more excited, she went on:

"He was a good boy if you did send him to jail. He helped us clear the farm, and when father took sick and died he did all the work and we were getting along right smart. He was a steady boy until he got to card-playin' and drinkin', and then somehow he didn't like to work after that, and stayed out often till mornin' and he'd sleep so late, and I couldn't wake him when I knowed he'd been out so late the night before. And the farm kinder run down, and then we lost the team: one of them got killed when he'd been to town one awful cold night. He stayed late, and I suppose they had got standin' out and got skinned and broke loose, and run most home, but ran up again a fence and a stake ran into one of 'em, and when we found it next mornin' it was dead, and the other was standin' under the shed. And so after 'while he coaxed me to let him sell the farm and buy a house and lot in the village, and he'd work at carpenter work. And so I did, as we couldn't do nothin on the farm. But he grew worse, and after awhile he couldn't get any work, and wouldn't do anything but gamble and drink all the time. I used to do everything I could to get him to quit and be a good, industrious boy again, but he used to get mad after awhile, and once he struck me, and in the morning I found he had taken what little money there was left on the farm and run off. After that time I got along as well as I could, cleaning houses for folks and washin', but I didn't hear nothing of him for four or five years; but when he got arrested and was taken up to Oskaloosa for trial, he writ to me."

By this time there was not a dry eye in the car and the cards had disappeared. The old lady herself was weeping silently and speaking in snatches. But recovering herself she went on.

"But what could I do? I sold the house and lot to get money to hire a lawyer, and I believe he is here somewhere," looking around. "Oh yes; there he is, Mr. —" pointing to lawyer—who had not taken part in the play. "And this is the man, I am sure, who argued against him," pointing to Mr. —, the district attorney. "And you, Judge," sent him to prison for ten years; 'spose it was right, for the poor boy told me he really did rob the bank, but he must have been drunk, for they had all been playing keards most all night and drinkin'."

But, oh, dear! it seems to me kinder as though if he hadn't got to playin' keards he might 'a been alive yet. But when I used to tell him it was wrong and bad to play, he used to say, 'Why, mother, everybody plays now. I never bet only for the candy or cigars, or something like that.' And when we heard that the young folks played keards down to Mr. Calver's donation party, and that Squire Ring was goin' to get a billiard table for his folks to play on at home, I could do nothing with him. We used to think it was awful to do that when I was young, but it just seems to me as if everybody was goin' wrong nowadays into something or other. But maybe it isn't right for me to talk to you, Judge, in this way, but it just seemed to me the very sight of them keards would kill me, Judge. I thought if you only knew how I felt you would not play on so; and then to think, right here before these young folks! Maybe, Judge, you don't know how young folks, especially boys, look up to such as you; and then I can't help thinking that maybe if them that ought to know better than to do so, and as them that are better learnt and all that, wouldn't set such examples, my Tom would be alive and taking care of his poor old mother; but now there ain't any of my family left but me and my poor granchild, my darter's little girl, and we are going to stop with my brother in Illinois."

Tongue of man or angel never preached a more eloquent sermon than that gray, withered old lady, trembling with old age, ex-

citement and fear that she was doing wrong. I can't recall half she said, as she poor, beggared widow, stood before the noble-looking men and pleaded the cause of the rising generation. The look they bore as she poured forth her sorrowful tale was indescribable. To say that they looked like criminals at the bar would be a faint description. I can imagine how they felt. The old lady tottered to her seat and taking her grandchild in her lap hid her face on her neck. The little one stroked her gray hair with one hand, and said: "Don't cry, grandma; don't cry, grandma." Eyes unused to weeping were red for many a mile on that journey. And I can hardly believe that any one who witnessed that scene ever touched a card again. It is but just to say that when the passengers came to themselves they generously responded to the judge, who sat in hand, silently passed through her little audience.—Selected.

Views of Heaven.

A leading divine says: "When I was a boy I thought of heaven as a great shining city, with vast walls and domes and spires, and with nobody in it except white angels, who were strangers to me. By and by my little brother died, and I thought of a great city with walls and domes and spires, and a flood of light came over me, and I thought of the residents of the Celestial City. And now so many of my acquaintances have gone there, that it sometimes seems to me that I know more in heaven than I do on earth."

Sunny People.

There's a certain little old lady who lives in a little old house, with very little in it to make her comfortable. She is rather deaf, and she cannot see very well either. Her hands and feet are all out of shape and full of pain because of her rheumatism. But, in spite of all this, you would find her full of sunshine, and as cheery as a robin in June, and it would do you good to see her. I found out one day what keeps her so cheerful.

"When I was a child," she said, "my mother taught me every morning before I got out of bed to thank God for every good thing that I could think of that he had given me—for a comfortable bed, for each article of clothing, for my breakfast, for a pleasant home, for my friends, and for all my blessings, calling each by name; and so I begin every day with my heart full of praise to God for all he has done and is doing for me."

Here is the secret, then, of a happy life, this having one's heart full of praise; and when we do this dear little old lady does—that is, count our blessings every day, in a spirit of thanksgiving for them—we shall find many a reason why we should praise God.—Selected.

How ready some people are to sell their souls for spot cash.

THE HOLY LAND ART PORTFOLIOS

"Earthly Footsteps of The Man of Galilee,"

Truthfully Reflect in Narrative and Picture the Scenes of Toils, Temptations and Triumphs of Our Savior and his Apostles.

(FROM BETHLEHEM TO DAMASCUS, 1894.)

Descriptive Text By BISHOP JOHN H. VINCENT, D. D., LL. D., and REV. JAMES W. LEE, D. D.

Photographs (secured last year) by ROBERT E. M. BAIN.

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We must have a few days time after receiving your order.

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The Alabama Baptist and Other Good Papers.

We will club the ALABAMA BAPTIST and the following excellent papers at the prices given: With the Scientific American, which is useful in the shop and to every one of mechanical turn, for \$4.00.

With the Southern Cultivator, which every farmer ought to read, for \$2.00.

With Home and Farm, which every farmer and his wife ought to have, for \$1.75.

With The Fancier (printed at Atlanta) which is specially devoted to Fowls, for \$1.50.

Here is your opportunity for profitable reading at small cost. Open alike to old subscribers and renewals.

A New Form of Treatment for Insanity.

A physician, in treating an insane patient, found it admirable to make use of subcutaneous injections of salt. The patient had absolutely refused all nourishment, and the salt was given as an experiment in nutrition, this treatment having been made use of some time previously. To the doctor's surprise, some of the worst symptoms of insanity disappeared. Further trials convinced the physician of the value of this discovery, and, according to all indications, there is in this course the germ of a discovery that will entirely revolutionize the treatment of the insane. We are told that the human body consists of about a dozen elements. When these are present in too great quantity or are lacking, we are ill. The great art is to decide just what element needs regulating; when this is done, we are restored to health.

Scholars may quote Plato in their studies, but the hearts of millions shall quote the Bible at their daily toil, and draw strength from its inspiration, as the meadows draw it from the brook.—Conway.

If God putteth no grievous cross upon you, let your brethren's cross be your cross; which is a certain token of true brotherly love.—Bradford.

The man who is always prompt in business and tardy at church loves the Lord less than the world.

Because the multitude is with us is no sign that we are right. The crowd went against the Savior.

White spots upon varnished furniture will disappear if a hot plate be held over them.

You are content to give an excuse for your neglect of duty because you have no reason to offer.

Scratch my Back

Is the cry of thousands afflicted with distressing irritations of the skin and who live in ignorance of the fact that a warm bath with



and a single application of CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, will afford instant relief, permit rest and sleep, and point to a speedy cure when physicians and all else fail.

Sold throughout the world. British depot, 7, New Bond St., London, E.C.4. U.S. depot, 24 South 4th St., New Orleans, La. Sole Proprietors, U.S.A., J. C. BROWN & CO., NEW ORLEANS, LA.

Two uses for eggs are not generally known or appreciated. A fresh egg beaten, and thickened with sugar, freely eaten, will relieve hoarseness; and the skin of a boiled egg wet, and applied to a boil, will draw out the soreness.

Wall paper that has become bruised or torn off in small patches, and cannot be matched, may be repaired with ordinary children's paints. Mix the colors till you get as nearly as possible the desired shade, and lightly touch up the broken places, and at the distance of a foot or two the disfigurement will be quite unnoticed.

CHILDREN WHO SUFFER

from scrofulous, skin or scalp diseases, ought to be given Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, for purifying the blood. For children who are puny, pale or weak, the "Discovery" is a tonic which builds up both flesh and strength.

What is said of it for children applies equally to adults. As an appetizing, restorative tonic, it sets at work all the processes of digestion and nutrition, rouses every organ into natural action, and brings back health and strength. In recovering from "grippe," or in convalescence from pneumonia, fevers, and other wasting diseases, it speedily and surely invigorates and builds up the whole system.

For all diseases caused by a torpid liver or impure blood, as Dyspepsia and Biliousness, if it doesn't benefit or cure in every case, the money is returned.

Birmingham, Sheffield and Tennessee River R'y Company.

E. A. HOPKINS, Receiver.

Time Table No. 21. In Effect Monday, December 3, 1894, at 6 a. m.

So. Bound.	First Class	No. 1.	STATIONS.	No. 2.	No. Bound	First Class
9:10 am	Ar.	Sheffield	Ar.	6:10 pm	Ar.	Sheffield
9:22 am	M.	& C. Junction	Ar.	5:58 pm	M.	& C. Junction
9:34 am	Ar.	Spring Valley	Ar.	5:46 pm	Ar.	Spring Valley
9:46 am	Ar.	Passing Place	Ar.	5:34 pm	Ar.	Passing Place
9:58 am	Ar.	Littleville	Ar.	5:22 pm	Ar.	Littleville
10:10 am	Ar.	Good Springs	Ar.	5:10 pm	Ar.	Good Springs
10:22 am	Ar.	Russellville	Ar.	4:58 pm	Ar.	Russellville
10:34 am	Ar.	Darlington	Ar.	4:46 pm	Ar.	Darlington
10:46 am	Ar.	Spring Pine	Ar.	4:34 pm	Ar.	Spring Pine
10:58 am	Ar.	Phil Campbell	Ar.	4:22 pm	Ar.	Phil Campbell
11:10 am	Ar.	Bear Creek	Ar.	4:10 pm	Ar.	Bear Creek
11:22 am	Ar.	Haleville	Ar.	3:58 pm	Ar.	Haleville
11:34 am	Ar.	Delmar	Ar.	3:46 pm	Ar.	Delmar
11:46 am	Ar.	Natural Bridge	Ar.	3:34 pm	Ar.	Natural Bridge
11:58 am	Ar.	Lynn	Ar.	3:22 pm	Ar.	Lynn
12:10 pm	Ar.	Nauvoo	Ar.	3:10 pm	Ar.	Nauvoo
12:22 pm	Ar.	Oakland	Ar.	2:58 pm	Ar.	Oakland
12:34 pm	Ar.	Sarasogast	Ar.	2:46 pm	Ar.	Sarasogast
12:46 pm	Ar.	Anniston	Ar.	2:34 pm	Ar.	Anniston
1:00 pm	Ar.	Jasper	Ar.	2:22 pm	Ar.	Jasper
2:00 pm	Ar.	Birmingham	Ar.	12:20 pm	Ar.	Birmingham

*Passenger, Daily except Sunday.

*Flag Stations for freight trains only.

P. CAMPBELL, O. K. CAMERON, Gen. Manager, Train Dispatcher.

Southern Railway Company.

Time Table—In Effect May 20, 1894.

Read down.	Stations.	Read up.
4:00 pm	Lv. Mobile	12:30 pm
5:22 pm	Mt. Vernon	11:10 am
6:35 pm	Jackson	9:57 am
8:10 pm	Thomasville	8:47 am
10:30 pm	Ar. Selma	6:00 pm
10:40 pm	Lv. Selma	5:30 am
12:52 am	Calera	3:02 am
2:29 am	Talladega	12:05 am
3:22 am	Anniston	12:05 am
4:47 am	Jacksonville	11:38 pm
4:14 am	Piedmont	11:10 pm
5:40 am	Ar. Rome	9:35 pm
8:00 am	Cleveland	7:10 pm
10:25 am	Knoxville	4:48 pm
2:12 pm	Bristol	1:00 pm
7:22 pm	Roanoke	7:50 am
4:02 am	Washington	12:10 am
5:40 am	Baltimore	11:00 pm
7:53 am	Philadelphia	8:23 pm
10:55 am	Ar. New York	6:00 pm

Pullman Sleeper between Mobile and Cleveland. Solid Vestibule train between Chattanooga and Washington carrying Pullman Vestibule Sleeper to and from Washington and New York without change. For tickets and Sleeper reservations, apply to any agent of the Company.

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