

THE FREE WILL BAPTIST

M. Barfield, - - - - - Manager
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WEDNESDAY, Dec. 4, 1895.

PUB'S ANNOUNCEMENT.

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The following statement of the legal requirements may properly be noticed in this connection. (1.) Any person who takes a paper regularly from the postoffice—whether directed to his name or another's, or whether he has subscribed or not—is responsible for the payment. (2.) If a person orders his paper discontinued, he must pay all arrearages or the publisher may continue to send it until payment is made, and collect the whole amount, whether the paper has been taken from the office or not.

HOME MISSIONARIES.

There never has been a time in the history of the Brotherhood when our people have manifested such an aggressive spirit in mission work as is seen at this time. A number of the State Mission Boards are ranging to put good evangelists in the field and maintain them, while they devote all their time and energies to preaching the Word and building up the church. This same aggressive movement is also seen in not a few of the cities, where we are endeavoring to plant, and build up and maintain churches. Some of these are under the control of the General Mission Board, while others are controlled and sustained by the State Boards. These are indications that are truly encouraging, and indicate that we are readily approaching a period of great missionary activity, when hundreds of earnest and competent men will be needed to carry on the work in the great fields opening up to us.

But much depends upon the kind of ministers we put in these mission fields. They must be men who understand the New Testament doctrine and have the ability to teach it so that others can also understand it. To send into the mission field a preacher who does not have a clear understanding of the doctrine, and has not the ability of properly instructing others, is to simply waste the Lord's money to no purpose. This is a matter that must not be overlooked.

However, we want to call special attention to another feature of great importance. Our missionaries, whether employed by the General Board, or by the State Boards, must be men who can be trusted. They are on the outskirts of the Brotherhood engaged largely in picket-duty, and unless they are wide awake to the real interests of the church the enemies to our principles may find their way into our camp through them. They should be picked men, and men about whom no doubts are entertained. Such, and such alone, should be entrusted with the building up of churches in new localities, and especially in the cities.

Furthermore, these men are wholly supported by the church, and for that reason the church has a special right to demand that they work wholly in harmony with the well-established principles. A man who accepts his support from the Brotherhood has no honest right, while engaged in the mission field, to teach or practice that which he knows the Brotherhood demands of him, he should have manhood enough about him to

resign. But for him to ask the church to support him, while he spends his time teaching doctrine and principles, contrary to those accepted by the church, is deception. It is not an honorable way of doing, even in worldly matters, much less in spiritual matters.

The church has a right to say what kind of men she is willing to support at these mission stations, and no honorable man, who gives the matter serious thought, will deceive the church by accepting an appointment at one of these important outposts, when he knows he is not wholly in sympathy with her work and does not propose to work in harmony with her regulations. There is high honor at stake here,—honor that should be gauged by principles higher than those of the world, and every missionary ought to duly respect it. We want missionaries, and should employ them by the hundreds, but they must be as trustworthy as Gideon's three hundred tried soldiers. They not only want to be honest with the church, but also with their God, their families and with themselves.

It is no small matter for a soldier in the army to serve on picket-duty in the enemy's country. It is still more important to be placed in charge of a field on the borders of the Brotherhood where the interest of the church must be guarded and the salvation of souls secured. Here it is that the true doctrine must be preached, and the principles of the church properly maintained. Especially is this true respecting the missions we have opened up in the different cities in the United States. If there is any place in the world where the man of God should give no uncertain sound in his preaching it is in the cities, the great centers of evil. At these points we must place our most trustworthy missionaries,—men who understand the Gospel, can teach it, know how to conduct city work and are willing to carry out the adopted and settled principles of the Brotherhood.—J. H. M., in Gospel Messenger.

FROM BEAUFORT.

Dear Editor:

Allow me a few lines in the BAPTIST. I arrived home Monday night from Conference. Took the cars at Morehead City Saturday morning before the third Lord's day, to attend the Q. M. at Friendship, Jones county. Was met at Cove by Bro. J. W. Mallard, and taken to the church in due time, at 11 o'clock, where we met a large number of our brethren and sisters, many of our young members, as well as old ones. We had a very good meeting. Received one in the church, Friendship is one of our banner churches. We left Monday in company with Eld. Geo. Harrison, to join Elds. Daugherty and Brittain, at Dover in a protracted meeting, where we had a fine meeting, with four additions to the church. They are preparing to build a church, May God bless them.

We left Dover Friday morning after baptism, on our way to Jacksonville. Went home with Eld Brittain, stayed all night. Took the cars at Pollockville for Jacksonville, arrived at 11 o'clock; was met at the train by Bro. Lewis. Every where we met a hearty reception. We preached Saturday night, Sunday and Sunday night; had a good meeting, received one Sunday night. Monday we took the cars for Newbern, and Monday night took the A. & N. C. train for home. Arrived and found all well, for which we

thank God.

Thus ended a very pleasant trip, and I hope one on which much good was done.

Brethren we have a great deal of work before us. Let us go at it with a will. Let's try to make Mother Conference proud of us. Will you try to do your best this year?

We have near 5,000 members. Why not assess ourselves 50 each to send to our next Conference as a sinking fund. Let us hear from you through the BAPTIST, and save all the Sunday eggs for the Lord. Let us put our shoulders to the wheel, every one as a unit, and God will bless us. May we be spared to ever be found vigilant for Christ, our Master.

We preached at home Thanks-giving day. Pray for us.

Your true Bro. in Christ,
W. W. Lewis.

JUDGMENT.

BY HOWARD MILLER.

Inwrought in each life is some weak spot especially susceptible to temptation and surrender. It is different in each case, and constitutes the besetting sin that so readily compasses our failure. When we see one who has gone wrong we are very apt to judge him by our own standard and thus do him a grievous injustice.

It requires a wise person to competently decide on hearing the evidence, pro and con, and no person living can do it intelligently on the indirect presentation of but one side. Yet how common it is for us to render an opinion affecting the moral character of people on a mere rumor that comes to our ears and which often has in it not a single element of truth. No earthly judge would be tolerated on the bench if he were to decide his cases without a hearing, yet there are so many of us who do that not only without a hearing but without even a knowledge of either the facts or the person. A story comes to our ears of some person we know indirectly, and waited on an evil breeze that has lent color to the report we give an opinion that is most unjust, cruel and dishonest. Judged by the same standards and the same methods not one of us should see salvation.

Standing on the shore and seeing a vessel sail by we are not justified in pronouncing its captain an inefficient sailor because the vessel is in bad shape. It all depends on the storms that he has met with that would have sent the craft to the bottom under our command, and it is important to know whether it has engaged in the coast trade, or if it is returning from a protracted Arctic trip. It would be the ildest criticism without knowledge. Yet how much greater the responsibility in case of a human ship on life's sea?

While we all admit this it is to be feared that too many of us are prone to judgment, without knowledge. We are prejudiced, that is we pre-judge. If in the expression of an opinion, usually adverse, concerning something of which we have not accurate knowledge, a friend would say, "Ah, I see you are prejudiced," the chances are that we would deny the imputation, yet that is just what we are, and the meaning of the word is to pre-judge, to decide without hearing the evidence, to set up as a judge without knowledge. So, whenever we are tempted to express an opinion, adverse in its character, let us first consider our right to judge at all, even with full familiarity with the facts, and even then with care and qualification.

We are all creatures of environment. Born in Turkey we would be Turks with all the characteristics of the race. To a very large extent this matter of environment, in things moral as well as material, is wholly beyond our control. We are what we are because we cannot help it. If in spite of all these hindering causes we rise superior to our surroundings, in the event of a stumble we are entitled to aid, not railing, to help, not hindrance.

We are all poor creatures at best, but there are some things that we can do. One of them is to keep our minds as resolutely shut when it comes to the expression of opinion affecting the credit and character of people we are not perfectly sure of, and even then, with an absolute knowledge of intentional error on the part of others it is a matter of grave study when, where, and how it shall be told to those interested in knowing.

Lewisburg, Pa.

WASHING FEET.

BY JOSEPH PAINESTOCK.

The washing of feet was practiced in early times. People in those days wore sandals. Their feet became soiled, and, therefore, in entertaining strangers, they would wash their feet as an act of kindness and cleanliness. From this there are arguments adduced to make people believe that Christ washing his disciples' feet was for much the same purpose. Christ's washing of feet was altogether different. It was done in a religious assembly, and instituted as a religious rite, in connection with the Lord's Supper. Peter, at first, refused to have his feet washed. Christ said to him, "If I wash thee not, thou hast no part with me." That he still refused, his soul would have been lost, but he consented to have his feet washed, and was saved. It could not have been the intention to wash the dirt from his feet, for we see that the disciples ate bread before that with unwashed hands, and there is no evidence that Christ found any fault with them for doing so.

After Christ had washed the disciples' feet he told them that he had given them an example that they also ought to wash one another's feet and to do as he had done to them. Some may say it is more befitting children than men to wash feet. Christ said, Luke 13:17, "Whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of God as a little child, shall in no wise enter therein." So we see that feet-washing brings us members as low and as near little children as anything practiced in the church. The disciples, waiting on the way, disputed who should be the greatest in Christ's kingdom. Feet-washing surely showed that there was to be no "big I" or "little you" in his kingdom.

I appeal to you, who have set aside feet-washing, that since Peter could not have been saved, had he not consented to have have his feet washed, can you honestly and sincerely believe that you will be preferred before Peter? Do you honestly and sincerely believe that Christ, the holy and righteous Law-giver, would require more of Peter than of the rest of his followers? It would be very wrong for you to think that way.

Fruitdale, Ala.

There are many people who never know anything until they run against it, and then they know too much.

LOVE STRONGER THAN DEATH.

That was a touching story told by Mr. Disraeli when announcing the death of the Princess Alice in Parliament. She had been cautioned by the physician not to enliven the breath of her little boy, who was ill with diphtheria. The little fellow was tossing in his bed in the delirium of fever. The princess stood by the side of her child and laid her hand on his brow, and began to caress him. The touch cooled the fevered brain and brought the wandering soul back from its wild delirium to nestle for a moment in the lap of a mother's love. Then throwing his arms around her neck he whispered, "Mamma, kiss me." The instinct of a mother's love is stronger than science, and she pressed her lips to those of her child. And yet there is not a woman in all the wide world but would say she would not have had a mother's heart if she had not kissed her bairn. And so it will be to the end of time. The mother will kiss her child, the wife her husband, and the lover his sweetheart, though death in a thousand forms lie concealed beneath the vermilion coloring of the pouting lips.

FROM SOUTH CAROLINA.

Dear Editor:

Allow me space in your paper to say a few words, as I hope the brethren and sisters will be pleased to hear from the glorious meeting that was held at Newfound church, Georgetown county, S. C., by Revs. J. J. Baggett and T. H. Harrison, one of the twin preachers, commencing Friday before the third Sunday in Oct., and closing the fourth Sunday, with eight additions to the church.

EDGAR WILSON.

APPOINTMENTS.

Elder W. H. Frost will fill the following appointments: Saratoga, Wilson county, Dec. 9th, 7 p. m.
Howell Swamp, Greene Co., 10th, 7 p. m.
Free Union, 11th, 7 p. m.
Friendship, 12th, 7 p. m.
Marlsboro, Pitt county, 13th, 7 p. m.
Piney Grove, 14th, 7 p. m.
Reedy Branch, 15th, 11 a. m.
Hickory Grove, 16th, 7 p. m.
Corinth, 18th, 7 p. m.

"Penny wise and Pound foolish" are those who think it economy to use cheap rosin and soda soaps, or wash ing powders of any kind, instead of the good old Dobbins' Electric Soap; for sale by all grocers since 1869, and used during all that time by millions of intelligent economical women who know its merits, and therefore use it. All who use it praise it as the best, cheapest, and most economical soap made, but if you will try it, even just once, it will tell a much stronger tale of its merits itself. Ask your grocers for Dobbins' Electric Soap, take nothing else.

Unscrupulous men make cheap imitations of the best articles; other unscrupulous men seek to palm them off on their customers as the genuine for the sake of the additional profit made by the deceit. There are lots of imitations of Dobbins' Electric Soap. Every one of them will ruin and rot clothes. See that our name is on every wrapper Dobbins Soap Mfg. Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

Rev. Dr. Parker

Is the beloved pastor of the Universalist church at Fargo, N. D., and has also been a pastor in Providence, R. I., New York City and Troy, N. Y. He says: "I regard Hood's Sarsaparilla the best blood purifier, and I have good reason for this opinion. I am now 80 years of age. Forty years ago I was afflicted with rheumatism in my back and limbs, so badly that it was impossible for me to get my usual sleep at night. I had just partially recovered from the grip, which reduced my weight to 110 lbs. My appetite was poor and I felt languid and weak. In fact I was in a very dispirited condition. Having heard and read so much about the wonderful cures produced by Hood's Sarsaparilla, I resolved to give it a trial. I followed the directions, and before the fifth bottle was finished my appetite was restored, and I felt



Invigorated and Strong. My rheumatism difficulty had entirely disappeared. I cannot but think highly of Hood's Sarsaparilla." Rev. J. N. PARKER.

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THE FREE WILL BAPTIST

AYDEN, - - - N. C.
WEDNESDAY, Dec. 4, 1895.

NEWS SUMMARY.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

—Xmas three weeks off to-day.

—Court in Greenville this week.

Go to Cobb's for Flour, Salt and Meat, etc.

—300 Pair of Shoes at and below cost at T. R. Lee's.

—Get your Shoes at Cobb's and save 15 per cent.

—T. R. Lee has the cheapest Goods in town.

—Go to Cobb's and get a cheap suit of clothes.

—Mr. J. S. Sugg, of Greenville, was here yesterday.

—Look for Cobb's closing out sales. They must go.

—There was a fire in Snow Hill Monday, consuming several buildings.

—Miss Alice Tripp, of Re-dalia, spent to-day visiting friends near Graingers.

—If you want the worth of your money in goods, go to T. R. Lee's for the next 30 days.

—Wanted 10,000 bushels Cotton Seed at 14cts per bushel. J. H. Cobb, Ayden, N. C.

—Complaints of subscribers not receiving their paper, are almost continuous. Who is at fault?

—Misses Philia Cox and Annie Stocks, of Winterville, were the guests of Mrs. J. R. Smith last Sunday.

—Miss Sarah Tripp, with a glow of sunshine and beauty, returned home Thursday from a visit near Graingers.

Col Keith arrived last night from Hothood, and is still paying the highest prices for cotton and peanuts.

—J. R. Smith & Bro. will sell you what you want as cheap as any body in Ayden. Their stock is large and prices low down.

—Our Institute itemizer failed to send in his items this week. We judge from his punctuality of the past, that he must be sick.

—We learn that a little child of Mr. Chas. Cannon, of Littlefield, was so inflicted by fire, that it died in a short time after ward.

—When completed, Mr. J. H. Cobb will be the possessor of the largest and fanciest structure in town. Ayden is bound to come.

—Mr. Spencer Harris, the oldest citizen in Ayden, died the 2nd inst. He was near 90 years old, and was never married. We can say that another good, generous and law abiding citizen is gone. His remains were interred at his old homestead, near Spring Branch. The funeral services were conducted by Elder T. F. Harrison.

—In order to make a change in my business on Jan. 1st, '96, I shall from now until then, offer my Clothing, Hats and Caps, Boots, Shoes and Dry Goods, at greatly reduced prices. Call and see me, and see that I mean all I say. They must go. Thanking my patrons for past favors and soliciting the same in the future. Yours to please, J. H. Cobb.

—Patronize the man that advertises. You do not visit your neighbor unless asked to, and do not attend a wedding or anything of the kind without an invitation. Then why intrude upon the privacy of a storekeeper without an invitation? Buy of the live, go ahead business man who not only invites you to come in and see him, but educates and keeps posted on what is popular among the people in his line of business.

JAMESVILLE AND DARDENS ITEMS.

Nov. 29th, '95.

The Albemarle Union will be postponed until the 5th Sunday in March.

Mr. Gray Rogers, of Jamesville, died recently. He was an old citizen of this place.

There is quite a change in the weather, and we have drawn on our overcoats.

Elder J. R. McCaskey returned home Monday from Columbia, where he went to fill his appointment.

Mr. G. T. Barden and H. L. Gurkin are on a pleasure trip to Ringwood. We wish them a pleasant time.

Elder M. W. Ange will fill Elder Gurkin's appointment at Christian Hope on next Lord's day.

Mr. Louis Vennington and friend, Mr. Walker, of Columbia, were the guest of Mr. and Mrs. O. C. Fagan Sunday last.

Mrs. Fannie Jenkins of Bethel, and Miss Etta Hearn, of Scotland Neck, have been guests of Mrs. T. H. Gurkin this week.

W. W. Garkin and wife, while out driving on Tuesday evening of last week, his horse became frightened throwing Mrs. Gurkin from the buggy.

Some very severe blows were inflicted, but not serious. She is mending slowly.

STATE NEWS.

From Our Exchanges.

There are fourteen prisoners in Cleveland county jail.

The Wadesboro silk mill is to be equipped with new machinery and the product increased 25 per cent.

The Beaufort Herald says a 24-pound wild cat has been killed by the Corbett brothers of Carteret county.

In Wilks county, Clarence Parks, colored, is charged with killing his brother Frank and placing him on the railroad track. He is in jail.

Pink Rierson, 12 years old, near Walnut Cove Saturday, accidentally shot and killed a colored woman while he was returning from hunting.

The World says the local agent at Salisbury for the Standard Oil Co., has received instructions to sell oil hereafter by weight instead of by measure.

Messrs. Rothrock Bros. killed three hogs last week which weighed 1,123 pounds. Bill Everhart also killed one that weighed 428, says the Lexington Dispatch.

Two buildings burned last Thursday before day, and two colored children were burned to death in one of them. The loss was about \$2,500 with no insurance.

Cabe Thomas, colored, was convicted at Pamlico court of murdering his wife and sentenced to be hanged Dec 29th. An appeal was taken to the Supreme Court.

Allegheny Star: James Hurley, of Ashe county, committed suicide some time ago, so we are informed, by shooting himself with a pistol. He had only been out of the asylum about one year.

Mr. Edward E. Cox, lost his dwelling by fire Nov. 14th. There was no insurance. It is the second time he has lost his dwelling by fire inside of five years.

Pin and Bracket Company, at North Wilkesboro, was burned by an accidental fire

Tuesday week. Loss estimated at from \$2,500 to \$3,000 and no insurance.

While A. M. Benson, who lives near Benson, was hauling straw Saturday, his mule became frightened and ran away with him, throwing him against a tree and inflicting a serious wound on his head.

The grand jury of Rowan Superior Court returned a bill of murder against Bob. Boyden, the negro who set fire to the calaboose at Salisbury last week. Boyden escaped and has not been captured.

The three or four-year old child of Peggy Bunting, colored, of Riverdale, was drowned Nov. 19th by falling in a well. The well had carelessly been allowed to go without curbing or any protection around it.

The first snow of this season came Wednesday of last week. It was only a "wind snow" here, but it was a snow all the same. The Blue Ridge in the distance was covered with the beautiful white flakes, says the Wilkesboro Chronicle.

Thomas Belton, father of the girl who was shot by the negro, Bob Scales, in Rockingham county, is still with the officers hunting the fiend. The girls is not expected to live. Physicians are afraid to probe for the ball.

Charlotte Observer, Friday: Mr. E. A. Smith, of the Charlotte Supply company, and Miss Mary Lamb were married Wednesday at the church at Fletcher, near Asheville, a uncle of the bride performing the ceremony.

An incendiary fire destroyed the barn and contents belonging to W. H. Conduit, in Columbus county, Sunday night. A short time ago some one went to his house and cut his grapevine and threw the axe in the well.

A snuff salesman named Webb was held up by two women in Wilkes county, Friday, who mistook him for a revenue officer. The woman were the wives of moonshiners and had already leveled their rifles at the drummer's head.

The Elkin Times says Hurley an Ashe county man, 26 years of age, committed suicide a few days ago by shooting himself in the abdomen with a pistol. His mind was affected, and he had been out of the asylum only about a year.

Marshall Republican: At 11 o'clock Tuesday night the property of W. B. Ramsey, owner of Marshall, was found to be on fire. The property comprised a wheat and corn mill, saw mill, planing and shingle machines. The flames left nothing but smoldering ruins. The entire loss is estimated at \$6,000, as there was no insurance to cover damages.

Last Wednesday morning a little 4 year old child of Anna Corpening, colored, was so badly burned that it died Wednesday night. The mother had gone out of the house and left the child in the room with another child, a d while she was gone it's clothing caught and burned entirely off before any one came to its relief, says the Lenoir Topics.

Wadesboro Messenger: Washington McLendon, colored, who lives in the Brown creek neighborhood, is the father of 25 children, 22 boys and three girls. In naming them an old Wash drew heavily on the Bible, giving

nearly all of them scriptural names. There is in the family an Adam, Eve, Noah, Enoch, Matthew, Sarah, Job, Daniel, Isaiah etc.

News has been received in Mt. Airy of the assaulting of the three and one half years old daughter of W. R. Marsh, of Eldora township. Fury county recently, by Will McCarter, a sixteen year old white boy. The child report the case, was examined and found to be terribly abused. McCarter is in jail. He has a bad character, says the Winston Sentinel.

Ashboro Courier: The Empire Mining Co., chartered in May with a capital stock of \$600,000, has purchased and consolidated the Henry, Pierce and two Laughlin mines in this county and will develop extensively. The company proposes to equip and operate 100 to 200 tons free mining plant within a short time and later on a cylinder plant for sulphurets.

Oxford Ledger: Rev. Starvation Bill Royster's grandmother who lives just outside the corporate limits of Oxford, says she is 100 years old, and is now enjoying her third set of teeth. She is a well preserved old colored woman. Our townsman Mr. R. T. Smith, examined her present set of teeth and says they are as sound as a dollar, and she eats any thing she wants to.

Raleigh Press-Visitor: Mr. Hartwell Scarborough, the 18 year-old son of Lion John C. Scarborough, State Superintendent of Public Instruction, was shot in the left hand and side while out hunting this morning by Charles Sledge, a colored. The accident occurred near Wyatt's tan yard, a few miles from the city, and was purely accidental. Mr. Sledge roughed up a close call for life.

WIND, RAIN AND SNOW.

Terrific Storm in the Northwest—Great Destruction of Property.

Detroit, Mich., Nov. 26—A hurricane struck this city this morning, and beyond carrying down telephone and telegraph wires and a couple of electric light towers, and destroying numberless shade trees, little damage was inflicted.

Grand Haven, Mich., Nov. 26.—Only in one previous year has winter set in as early as this year. It snowed furiously all last night and there are drifts six feet high in the main streets today. Trains on all the railroads are in bad shape and country roads are completely blizzarded. Already there is slush ice in the main channel of Grand river, a record unprecedented.

Muskegon, Mich., Nov. 26.—The heaviest November snow storm that has visited this section raged last night. Twelve inches fell in eight hours. Street car traffic is suspended and railroad trains are from six to twelve hours late.

Toledo, O., Nov. 26.—Reports from the oil fields south of this city say that damage amounting to over \$100,000 was done to oil property by the storm last night and this morning. Not a derrick is standing and boiler houses and engines were dismantled. This city suffered less from the storm than was expected. The only serious damage so far reported is the unroofing of Franklin school on the east side. The wires to the south of Toledo are all down and nothing can be heard from points where it is said the wind wrought great havoc. A telephone message from Fremont says that not a derrick is left

standing in the Sandusky county oil fields.

Cincinnati, O., Nov. 26—A terrific wind storm swept over this section last night, doing considerable damage to property. Trees were uprooted, buildings unroofed or wrecked, telegraph poles and wires blown down and several boats in the river were torn from their moorings and set adrift. The watchmen and crews of packets and towboats were all aboard and consternation reigned among them. None of the boats had steam up and they were therefore left to the mercy of the waves after the lines had parted. A \$4,000 barge was sunk at the marine dry dock. Nearly a hundred empty barges were set adrift from the Queen City landing at the foot of Washington street. The damage in the river here will amount to \$10,000.

Goletsh Lunschlager, aged 58 married, living at 1042 Plate street, was frightened to death by the storm. He was awakened by the heavy wind and feeling the house shake, left his bed and walked the floor constantly during the storm, wringing his hands and praying for deliverance. After the storm, Lunschlager became somewhat quiet but every nerve in his body quivered from the effect of the awful fright. Shortly after daylight reaction had fully set in and he was so prostrated that he was forced to lie down. From that moment he sank rapidly and was a corpse in a short time.

Did you ever go within a mile of a soap factory? If so you know what material they make out of. Dubois Electric Soap factory is as free from odor as a chair factory. Try it once. Ask your grocer for it. Take no imitation.

The Record of remarkable cures effected enables us truthfully to say that Hood's Sarsaparilla is the only true blood purifier prominently in the public eye today.

Hood's Pills are the best family cathartic and liver medicine. Harmless, reliable, sure.

\$100 REWARD \$100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers, that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

Address, F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

FREE TO ALL. Our New Illustrated Catalogue of Pure, Genuine, Hall's Catarrh Cure, is sent free to all who will send for it. Most complete list of testimonials. Catalogue published.

ADROPSY FREE. Cures all cases of Dropsy, whether it be of the lungs, liver, or kidneys. It is a powerful diuretic and cathartic, and will cure all cases of Dropsy in 10 days at least. A full list of testimonials is sent free to all who will send for it. Price 25c per bottle. Dr. J. C. Green, 25c, Atlanta, Ga.

SNOW HILL, N. C., Dec. 2nd, '95.

We and each of us take great pleasure in thanking the Va. Fire and Marine Insurance Co., and N. C. House Insurance Co., through their well known agent Mr. W. J. Jordan, General Insurance Agent of Snow Hill, N. C., for their promptness in settling our loss within two weeks from time of fire to our full satisfaction; and while we knew full well the Companies would pay our losses in due time according to their policies, still we thank especially Mr. W. J. Jordan in getting them to pay us in this time of need. We don't wonder at Mr. Jordan's business getting so large, because the people well knows he represents none but the best, as his agency has never failed to pay a loss.

Respectfully submitted, Frank Grady, Hugo, N. C. W. L. Churchill, Hook'n, " W. P. Aswell, Shine, " W. T. Cenden, Appletree, " J. E. Bunn, Snow Hill, "

Chas. C. Gibbs

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My Book-keeper, Mr. J. B. WILLIAMS, will be in my office when I am away. Thanking my friends and the public generally, I am, Yours truly,
W. Jas. Jordan,
DIST. INSURANCE AGENT,
SNOW HILL, N. C.

ADMN'S NOTICE.

Having qualified before the Clerk of the superior court of Greene Co., as administrator of the estate of Thomas J. Jones, deceased, I hereby give notice to all persons having claims against the said estate to exhibit the same duly authenticated to me on or before the 13th day of Sept. 1896, or this notice will be pleaded in bar of their recovery. Persons indebted to said deceased, are requested to make immediate payment me.

CORNELIUS DAVIS, Adm'r of THOS. J. JONES.
Sept. 14, '95.

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DONALD KENNEDY

Of Roxbury, Mass., says

"Don't write to me when taking the first bottle of my Medical Discovery. I know how it makes you feel, but it is all right. There are certain cases where the Discovery takes hold slowly, but it is the disease spot in you it has taken hold of, and that's what you want. The Discovery has a reach warrant for every humor, from leucorrhoea to scrofula, inside and outside, and of course it makes a disturbance in your morbid body, but the light is short, you are better by the second bottle. If not, then let me about it, and I will advise. I will, however, in the future, as in the past, answer any letter from a nursing mother. Sincerely yours,
DONALD KENNEDY,
ROXBURY, MASS.

The summer boarders who had lingered latest at a certain mountain inn, were packing their trunks for departure. With the bright leaves and the first frosts, although the landscape was lovely and the air exhilarating, the matrons and maidens felt themselves beckoned to town, and already one and another was laying aside the holiday feeling, and beginning to think of all she would have to do when she took up the old routine again.

"I shall beglad to the last day of my life that I came here this year," said Mrs. Frahl, a pale, tired looking woman, to her friend Mrs. Tilbert. "I have learned something from Miss Huldah that neither sermons nor Sunday schools ever taught me, and I think, or at least I hope, that I may get more good from my Bible in days to come. I've been so weary and worried all my life—you know nothing about trouble and care, Mrs. Tilbert, with your devoted husband and lovely children, and plenty to do within the way of money, you ought to be cheerful of course, but Huldah Brown is worse off than I am, and her religion helps her."

"It ought to help us all," replied Mrs. Tilbert, gently. "It's very well to say that it ought," was the answer; "but we both know that it does not help every one as it helps her. Look at her now."

Both ladies glanced from the window to see Miss Huldah making her way slowly by the aid of her crutch to a garden seat under a great golden maple. Trooping around her were nearly all the children in the house, some frolicking in front, others dancing by her side, one carrying a hassock for her feet, another a pillow to make an easier rest for her back. Presently she was established in her favorite place, and the children arranging themselves about her in various attitudes, she began telling them a story.

"Huldah is poor and plain and lame. She has no specially shining qualities, and nobody never heard of her outside a very narrow circle," said Mrs. Frahl; "but she has simply been an angelic presence in this hotel all summer. Think of the quiet, peaceful Sunday afternoons we've had because she chose to hold a Bible class for these young people out there on the hill—class which drew into it not the children only, but the gay girls and the young fellows from college. Think of our Sunday evenings, when we've gathered in the dining room, and had such charming hours of praise all because Miss Huldah set things in proper frame, knew whom to enlist, who could sing, who could play, and which were the hymns that everybody knew. Think of how ready she has been to make strangers acquainted with one another, and to set shy people at ease. Think of the books she has lent, and the old ladies she has amused. Why, she hasn't seemed to think once of herself all these weeks!"

"There is a charm of manner about the little woman," Mrs. Tilbert assented thoughtfully. "But why may

we not attribute it all to natural amiability? Why do you set the whole credit down to religion, as if hers were a more pronounced affair than that of others?"

"I peeped over her shoulder yesterday, when she had her 'Every-day' text book in her hand, this was the verse: 'In the multitude of thoughts within me thy comforts delight my soul.'"

"Miss Huldah," I said timidly, for I've always been tongue-tied, so far as my inner life is concerned, though you won't think so this morning, I'm afraid, tell me, do you find God's comforts a constant delight?"

"She paused a moment, then her face lighted, and that rare smile came into her eyes. 'I haven't words to describe the peace and joy,' she said. 'The sense of my dependence never leaves me, but the strong arm never fails me either. You have seen a little child lying softly in the hollow of the father's arm—that's the way I feel since I've just let myself go, and have learned to give myself up to him, doing his will so far as I see it, and never resting it even in thought.'"

"We talked a little longer, and she quoted that stanza which we all know:

"In a service which thy love appoints,
There are no bounds for me."

"I ventured to ask, 'Miss Huldah, do you never feel anxious about the future? Are you never afraid of what may happen in days to come?'" "Why no," she answered, laughing. "There are no 'ifs' and 'may's' in my heavenly Father's pledges. I just accept what he promises, and 'he that believeth hath everlasting life,' you remember. It's just 'glory begun below,' you see."

"Somebody called the dear little woman away, and I watched her white gown and the tall crutch as she walked down the broad path between the lilies. I made up my mind that her religion was the right kind, since it kept her from needless worry, and made her strong when others would be weak, and sweet when some would be bitter. I made up my mind to ask God's help to let his comforts delight me too, and I hope I'll have grace given not to fret so much if my dividend fails, nor to be so disappointed that my boy prefers business to college, nor so vexed that Edith is going to marry a poor man when another who had a fortune wooed her with so much ardor. The fact is Mrs. Tilbert, my religion has never done much for me in my every-day life. It hasn't had a fair chance. I've been such a worrying soul. But," and the worn face grew younger in the smile which illuminated it, "I'm just going hereafter to believe that the Lord knew what he was about when he said, 'Take no thought for the morrow, your Father knoweth what things ye have need of before ye ask him.'"

Dear friends, are there not more of us who need an every-day religion, in which no "ifs" nor "may's" disturb the even tenor of our faith?—Congregationalist.

THE RAT WITH A CONSCIENCE.

"Mamma, mamma!" called little Henry from his bed upstairs to his mother, who was reading to father in the

hall below, "please come and stay with me." This was an unusual request, as Henry had, since his fifth birthday, three months before, talked or sung himself to sleep, contented with the thought that mother and father were within calling distance.

"No, my darling," said mamma; "I cannot come up. But father and mother will be right here." But this assurance did not satisfy, and again the request came, this time more urgent than before. "Please, mamma, come. I'm afraid to stay by myself."

The tone indicated distress, which must not be despised, but recognized, and reasonably dealt with. "Go to sleep, my little boy," said father; "Jesus will take care of you. You know he watches over all the children while they sleep."

This seemed to have the desired effect, and for a few minutes all was quiet upstairs. But the composure was only outward; the trouble within had not been allayed. The little heart was not yet satisfied, for the silence was soon broken by a plaintive voice, which asked, "Papa, does Jesus take care of bad boys?" What prompted this question? Why should he ask it to-night, when all day long he had been cheerful, patient, and obedient? Neither mother nor father could remember any word or act of the day to make specially appropriate to-night this implied classification of himself with bad boys. But the question must be answered without waiting to inquire why it should be asked at this particular time. To endeavor to use it as a lever to pry open the heart of the child would be to take an unfair advantage, and might lead him next time to keep his thoughts and fears to himself.

These reflections were the rapid work of a moment, for delay in the answer might suggest doubt of its truth. So, without attempting to follow the lead of his question, I promptly replied, "Yes, Henry; Jesus takes care of bad boys, too. He loves them, and is sorry they are bad; and if they are sorry, and want to be good, he'll help them to do right."

A few moments of silence, and then "I want to begood" came from the little room upstairs. There were no more calls for mother, and ten minutes later, when I had occasion to go up for something, he was sleeping the quiet sleep of the just.

Next morning, as we finished breakfast, Henry asked, "Mamma, may I have the rest of my candy now?" Some one had given him four chocolate drops the day before, two of which he was allowed to eat after dinner, the remaining two being put away in the sideboard to be eaten next day.

As I rose to get them for him, Henry said, in that quizzical tone which in the fulness of its suggestiveness is an inevitable characteristic of childhood, "I 'spec' the rats have been eating my candy." As I took up the saucer which held them, I noticed on each of the chocolate-drops, the prints of two little teeth, which had just scraped the brown surface, and left their marks on the creamy white within. They were not rat's teeth, but evidently those of a little human sinner.

"Yes," and I, as I stooped to kiss the sinner on the cheek, "and here's the rat that did it. This is the rat that ate the malt that lay in the house that Jack built." This led to a frank confession that late in the afternoon he had climbed on a chair and taken out the candy "just to see if it tasted like the other."

My silent questions of the night before were answered, though I did not tell him that I had either asked those questions or found their answer.

As I thought on the whole occurrence, familiar sayings of two great interpreters of human motives came to my mind: "Conscience does make cowards of us all," and—

"Then at the balance let's be mute;
We never can adjust it.
What's done we partly may compute,
But know not what's resisted."

S. S. Times.

THE OLD AND NEW DISPENSATIONS.

BY REV. J. W. BRIER, SR.

The old dispensation of Jehovah had a prestige. It could boast of a great antiquity, of a long line of inspired prophets and lawgivers, of kings and conquerors, of poets and historians, of savants and legislators, of an imposing ritual and sanitary laws; it could boast of its Hermon and Lebanon, of Galilee and the Jordan, of Jerusalem and its Temple; it could boast of the overshadowing wings of the Almighty, throughout all its generations, and it could further boast that even Jesus himself submitted to the sanctions of its laws and taught in its streets, and crowned the whole with his death for the world's redemption. And yet it bore no glory or joy to the nations, did no aggressive work made no converts. It is true that its prophecies sang from the Mount of Inspiration of the better day to come, when the "sword should be beaten into the ploughshare and the spear into the pruninghook, and when nations should learn war no more;" when the gentiles should come to its light, and kings to the brightness of its rising, "and when the isles should wait for its law." But all these, were to be realized farther down in the dispensation of the Spirit. When Jesus cried out in death, "It is finished," then its sacred altars toppled and fell and its light went out. Now it stands lonely, far back in the wastes of time.

Dear old dispensation of the past, mother of all, what honors and glory once found thy frontlets! But thy kurels are now withered and dead. Time, in its flight, has led thee far back to the deserts of dying ages, and the cruel grab and tug-tramplery with sacrilegious feet thy soil and thy heritage.

The new dispensation of grace and truth came in without show or ostentation, on the sound of a trumpet, without a name, fame or prestige. It offered no rewards to a sinful world for its adherence and approval other than the cross and the crown. Self-loathing, self-abnegation, faith, courage, zeal, humility and love were some of its prime virtues. It carried with it, from its founder and Lord, the royal commission, to disciple the nations. Its encouragement and stimulus was all found in one brief sentence, "Lo! I am with you, even unto the end." It went out from Jesus alone, without purp, or scrip, enemies were numerous, strong and violent, but they failed to retard its movements, for it

swept on in its victorious career until, in one brief century, its adherents numbered thousands in every province and city of the then civilized world. Its rapid advance and spread was itself a miracle.

The question of the present hour is this, What was the secret, and hidden element of its power? There was nothing fascinating in the personality of its evangelists; nothing pleasing to the carnal mind in its teachings. It assailed idol-worship everywhere, and gave no sanction to the corrupt customs of society. The real secret of the divine success of dispensation of grace consisted of just one thing, and that was, the actual and perpetual presence of the Holy Spirit in the heart of every true believer and in all assemblies of the saints. This carried everything else with it—conviction for sin, repentance unto life, faith, pardon, regeneration, entire consecration and the gifts.

The Holy Ghost, as a divine personality, sustained the same religion to the new dispensation that Jehovah did to the old. He was Christ's substitute to the whole church. What Christ was in his human personality to a local assembly, he was to the whole body of believers the world over. Christ in his flesh was to his immediate disciples an object of sight, but the Holy Ghost was the all prevalent invisible God, perpetually revealing himself to the spiritual consciousness of every true believer, up to the measure of his faith. He was to the early part of this dispensation the pillar of cloud by day and the pillar of fire by night. He dwelt in it sanctified it supererogated all its interests, dictated its policy, empowered it for work, held even the greatest of its apostles subject to his own dictation; in a word, he was a very present help to the whole church in every exigency. He it was that convinced the world of sin, of righteousness and of judgment. He it was that brought the obstinate sinner to repentance and submission. He it was that led, with gentle hand, the weeping mourner to the blood that cleanseth. He it was that witnessed to the adoption of the penitent believer, and he it was that washed the Church, and presented it to God without spot or wrinkle, and gave gifts to men. His presence and all controlling power is our present crying want. He, in prison, is infinitely more to the Church than all our methods, expedients and devices. "Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly dove, with all thy quickening power, kindle a flame of heavenly love in these cold hearts of ours."

FROM BETHANY.

We the members composing the church at Bethany, met Saturday before the 3rd Sunday in Nov. It being time for our Q. M., Elder T. F. Harrison, our pastor, was with us and preached a very good sermon, after which we assembled in conference and transacted the business of the church in love and union.

Saturday night we met again for service; Elder W. C. Vause was with us Saturday night, Sunday and Sunday night, to the delight of many as he held the pastoral care of this church for 3 years. We, as a Christian people, are more than glad to have our old shepherd with us once more. Come again brother. Saturday night we held communion service and had a short sermon. Sunday

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morning, Elder Harrison preached a very good sermon on, "The Resurrection of Christ."

Elder Vause preached for us Sunday night. Elder J. T. Butler was with us Sunday and Sunday night. We are glad to have the good brethren with us. Come again.

Thus closed a very good meeting that will long be remembered by many. May we all try to do a noble work for the Master this year; and may we ever let duty come before pleasure, and may it be our greatest pleasure to work for our Blessed Redeemer.

Yours in Christ,
MOLLIE DAIL.
OBITUARY.

Monday, Nov. 4th, 1895, the icy fingers of death entered the home of Mr. Levi Tagwell and took from their presence Lucy, their daughter, age 17 years. Her sufferings were great. Her disease was typhoid fever of which she suffered two weeks.

Sister Lucy united with the church at Howell Swamp, Greene county, one year and one month ago, and lived a consistent member of the Free Will Baptist church until God saw fit to call her home.

Her seat was never vacant when the people of God met for public worship. She leaves a father, mother, one sister, seven brothers, and a host of friends, and relatives to mourn their loss.

She was a bright and shining star to all around her, and was loved by all who knew her, both old and young, of good disposition in every respect, and no doubt would have made a noble, Christian woman.

We feel very sad, indeed, when we realize her death. Just in the prime of youth, the buds just putting forth into the full-blown rose of womanhood, like the flower of early spring, promising and fair, bowing to the divine will of our heavenly Father.

The funeral was preached by Eld. F. McLawhon, and the remains taken to the family grave-yard and entered there to await the resurrection morn, to hear the call of Christ saying, come ye blessed to my right.

The bereaved family have our heart felt sympathy.

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