







WESTERN RECORDER.

A. G. CAPERTON, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

DEPARTMENT OF THE WESTERN RECORDER. J. O. BURKHOODER, J. M. PHELPS, J. A. GARDNER, REV. W. A. J. PORTER.

Address all letters for the Western Recorder to this paper, and all letters about books, publications, job printing, etc., to A. G. Caperton & Co.

LOUISVILLE: THURSDAY, JUNE 2, 1881.

When writing to any one residing in this paper, please state that you are writing to the Western Recorder.

Faith and Instrumentality.

That is a somewhat remarkable declaration of Paul in Ephesians 2:8: "By grace are ye saved through faith; and that not of yourselves, it is the gift of God." To-day, as during the ages, the controversy in the realm of theology gathers about the fundamental question of the essential condition of human salvation; for the real point at issue in the field of polemical theology is obscured by the cloud of dust raised by skirmishing parties that are contending over side issues, questions of relatively minor importance.

Theology is not a loose, disjointed mass of truth, thrown into the Bible in fragmentary form. Like philosophy, it is truth—truth in the highest form—built into a solid, symmetrical system. Between all of its truths there is interrelation and interdependence. Like the several links in the chain, each one is essential to the completeness of the whole. And it is not for the defense of any particular link in the chain that the ministry and the churches are "set"—it is for the preservation, intact and entire, of the chain of theological truth.

And right at this point our Padohopic friends seem unable to comprehend the attitude of the Baptist denomination. They seem to think that the end and aim of the Baptist churches is to vindicate and establish the doctrine of believer's baptism as the only baptism known to the gospel, and immersion as the only form. Hence the charge of ritualism is thrown in our teeth—we fiercely contend for the mere externals of the faith, to the neglect of the weightier matters. But the warmth of our advocacy of the ordinances as they were delivered, is because faith itself is endangered—the foundations of the Christian structure imperiled. Let us try to illustrate this point.

Faith, it is readily admitted by theologians, is essential to salvation. And this, not simply the cold belief in Christ as the historic owner of the gospel, but his apprehension as a personal Savior; not merely the consent of the intellect to the truth of the inspired utterance, but the assent—the faith of the heart—i. e., the submission of the heart to the reign of Christ, the reception of Christ within its sanctuary. Coming to Christ, receiving Christ, believing in Christ, of which the gospel makes so much, all signify the same thing, lead to the same end. This is clear from the declaration of John: "He came unto his own and his own received him not; but unto as many as received him to them gave he power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on his name." A careful observance of the passages italicized will show that receiving Christ and believing on him give the same. Faith, be it observed too, according to the teachings of this passage, is the door by which we enter the family of God. To those who received him, Christ gave power—right, privilege—to become the sons of God. Faith then is the grand, the only essential condition to adoption into the divine family. This constitutes man heir of God—joint heir with Jesus Christ to the inheritance beyond.

having faith in the Lord Jesus as slain for sin without believing that he rose again for our justification. Hence the fact that the Christian hope is represented as being uprooted from the fact of the resurrection, as its strong foundation stone, "begotten unto a hope which lives," says Paul, "by the resurrection of Jesus Christ." The resurrection thus only is emphasized because, if of necessity, presupposes the death. He who builds upon the resurrection must build upon the death, as a previous fact. The death and resurrection of Christ, then, constitute the two great pillars in truth's temple, and these two have their two representative symbols—the Supper revealing the broken body and blood of our Lord, baptism revealing a rising Savior. These two ordinances, therefore, are simple yet grand pictorial representations of the two great doctrines that lie at the heart of the Christian scheme. The death of Christ is the truth; the Supper is its foreshadowing symbol. The burial and resurrection is the truth; baptism—immersion and emergence—is its appropriate symbol. And as there is danger that the truth itself be forgotten, if its image and representative symbol be lost, we contend for the ordinances just as delivered.

But it must ever be remembered that the ordinances are simply the vehicles in which truth rides forth. Christ, in his eternally redemptive work, is the Truth. Hence it is Christ that must be seen, and he only, even as upon the Holy Mount. It is not faith in the Supper nor in baptism that saves; it is faith in Christ, whom they evidently set forth, crucified and risen.

Power and Instrumentality.

The great conflict of the present age is that which is waged between power and instrumentality—intelligence and law. The tendency of the materialistic thought, as revealed in our current scientific literature, is to regard infinite Intelligence from the throne, and invest matter with self-moving energy. The fact that this is the atheistic philosophy of olden times dressed in a new and, perhaps, more attractive garb, renders it none the less dangerous.

It will readily be admitted that there is power, force, in matter. But we have to be most careful that we use the term power intelligently. We speak, sometimes, of the power of wealth, the power of social influence, the power of law, and of government. But does not every one see that the term is used in such connection only in an accommodative sense? Wealth is a grand instrumentality for building cities, railroads and steamships. But it is so only as used by personal intelligence standing behind it. Government is a grand mean for the breaking down of tyrannies, despotisms; shivering into fragments decaying civilizations, and for the upbuilding of better and purer types in their stead. But it is so only when a living person stands behind and so uses it. The power is back of the instrumentality—resides in mind. There is power in water for the development of life. In the soil, beneath us and in the atmosphere about us are present those elements and forces that cause the trees and grasses to grow—say, that unfold every form of life and beauty. But that they are so is a result of their combination and recombination according to the laws of a chemistry of which man is ignorant. The mere chemical theorist knows that you can take two substances or elements and so combine them as to give a third unlike either of the original. But it is only the practical expert that knows in what proportion to combine them to bring about the desired result. We know that of carbon, hydrogen, nitrogen, and oxygen, all living beings are essentially composed. But it requires an intelligence apart from these, and superior to that of man, to so combine these that life is produced.

There is very great danger, at the present stage of scientific thought, that men fall into the vulgar error of investing matter with vast power, while intelligent, ruling spirit is entirely lost sight of. The declaration of Professor Tyndall that in matter is found the promise and potency of every form of life—whatever those high-sounding words may mean—has not perished from the memory of the race. Matter, we are accustomed to say, is requisite to the moving of

matter. Horses bear burdens, draw loads. The lever, the pulley, the wheel and the screw, within a certain range, are essential to the production of motion. But does not mind stand behind these mechanical appliances? Did it not direct in their construction, and does it not direct in their movements? Power belongs to mind—instrumentality to mechanism.

Take, as an illustration, the body. As matter, it is under the dominion of mind. It reposes or moves as the mind wills. This serves to illustrate the relation that the Eternal God sustains to the material universe. In a sense, Plato's declaration that God is the soul of the world, is true. He is its animating life. As the soul animates the body, so the mind rules its matter; so God rules and directs the movement of every sun and planet and force throughout universal space. That, therefore, of which philosophers so learnedly and eloquently discourse as law, is simply God's will. He speaks, and it is done. "There can not be any clearer proof of the Deity," said Robert Hall, "than the existence of motion. This evidently is not essential to matter, because we see a great portion of the physical universe without it. Not being, therefore, an original state of matter, but only an incident, it must be an effect. But since matter, not being intelligent, can not be the cause of its own motion, that cause must be found outside itself. Whatever may be the nearest cause, or the number of secondary causes, we must, in order to arrive at the origin of these various phenomena, ascend to mind, terminate our inquiries in spirit; nor can we account for the beginning, much less for the continuance and extension of motion, unless we trace it to the will of that Being who is the cause of all causes—the great original Mover in the Universe." Power is the attribute of mind, instrumentally that of the body. Power is the attribute of Deity, instrumentally that of nature. "Once hath God spoken, twice have I heard this, that power belongeth unto God."

Editorial Correspondence. A TRIP TO MISSISSIPPI.

Our last letter, left us at French Camp, a little town in the Southwestern corner of Choctaw county. It is situated on the old "Notches Trace," about twenty miles North of Keesee. The "Trace" is an old military road opened, it is said, by Gen. Andrew Jackson during the Florida war. The town was located by a Frenchman by the name of Le Flore. Hence the name.

Several of the Christian denominations are represented here, but no one is very strong. The Baptists, we believe, have no house of their own. Here we met a few of our old pupils whom we instructed in antebellum days in the Institute at Broad Run. Having spoken to the brethren in the name of Jesus "and exhorted them that with full purpose of heart they should cleave unto the Lord," we started on our journey. Our note, Mrs. Mollie Carter, who lived on the whole company. We had known Mollie in her early girlhood and had instructed her in the Institute, but this was the first time we had seen her in the role of wife and matron. Suffice it to say, she was fully up to our highest expectations.

Supper over we drove on, in the clear light of the moon, to the home of our sister, Mrs. Coia. Here we met another sister, Mrs. M. S. Lindsey, the oldest member of our family. She had made a two days' journey overland to meet us. Our joy was now full. And here we note what change time has wrought in a period of forty years. What then were bushes only a few feet high have grown into trees from two to two and a half feet in diameter, with large spreading branches and quite large enough to make rails and boards. Old roads have been abandoned and new ones cut out, fields once productive have been worn out, and now so grown up in forests that one could scarcely tell that they had ever been under cultivation. In some places the farmers are now making rails out of timber grown on lands which a quarter of a century ago they cultivated. In this neighborhood we met the people at the Berea church on Thursday, the 11th, and spoke to them in the name of the dear Redeemer. This was the first time we had ever

seen our brother from Texas in the pulpit, the first time he had ever preached in Mississippi, his native State. It was but natural that he should be a desire to hear him, especially on the part of his kindred and the friends of his youth. It is enough for us to say that his public efforts did not fall a whit below the highest expectations of his friends.

On Friday, the 18th, we preached at Bethesda, in Montgomery county. Here we met our relatives and the friends of our early life, but we were disappointed in not meeting our old friend, H. W. Rutwood, the pastor. He lives remote from the church. Though considerably of our senior, we spent many pleasant days laboring together for the salvation of sinners in days past. Though denied the advantages of early culture, Bro. Rutwood has been a laborious and useful minister of the gospel, and now that he is far advanced in life he is held in affectionate remembrance by those for whom the vigor of his life has been spent.

On Saturday, the 14th, we preached at the Poplar Creek church, Montgomery county, within two miles of our old family homestead. This church has been organized and built up since we left the community thirty-four years ago. But few of the oldest members remain. The great majority have gone to the other world, some in other States have found a home, while a few still remain, the lonely representatives of a past generation.

The changes that have taken place on the old homestead and in the community were to us, exceedingly tantalizing, almost bewildering. When our father so died here more than forty years ago we were but children of the country, new and unsettled. The roads were hard earned early days, the undergrowth had been kept down, and you could see a deer half a mile. The woods then abounded with game of all kinds and with wild hogs, cattle and horses. Now, since the first have been stopped, the woods have become covered with thick forest, inasmuch that it is difficult to recognize what were once the most familiar places. Then, too, large fields have been opened, roads have been changed, trees felled, springs and branches dried up, and the whole face of nature changed. Even the dwelling, which in our boyhood we had helped to build, had been removed, the spring from which we had drawn many a pail of water had been allowed to sink, and the beautiful branch where, with pants rolled up, we had waded with such great delight, is dried up, and the old chestnut-tree, under which we had gathered bundles of nuts, had been cut down, and the old oak under whose friendly shade we used to play, is gone, the fence have been changed, the ground where once we made and gathered corn, cotton, potatoes, etc., has been sown to go back into forest, and the whole appearance is changed. The reader can imagine how bewildering and unattractive it is for one to go back, after so many years, to the home of his youth, and witness so many and such unexpected changes; but such is life. Truly, "we have here no abiding city, but we seek one which hath foundations, whose maker and builder is God."

On Sunday, the 16th, we reached Lodi, Sumner county, in time to preach to a large, waiting congregation. On our way to this church we passed the house where, thirty-five years ago, we were brought, as we trust, to a knowledge of the truth and the joy of salvation. Succeeding ages have marked the joyful associations of the past but time flies, and leaving the things that are past, we must press onward the work that is before us. At the close of the sermon at Lodi some eight or ten of our old pupils, whom we had instructed at the Institute at Grand, came forward to greet us, and introduced their husbands and little ones. What changes time works! Our next place of stopping was the home of our sister, Mrs. Lindsey. Here was another family meeting. On Monday, the 17th, taking leave of Mrs. L. and her children, and taking with our brother from Texas, whose society had been an unintercepted joy to us, we turned our car toward home. An account of our visit to Winona, and other places of interest to us, must be reserved for another letter.

The great need of our churches is pastors, settled pastors, men of God, who can be with the people all the time feeding them with knowledge and understanding. It is very difficult, if not impossible, to develop a church in all the religious activities of the day when the preacher can have access to them only once in thirty days. But we shall never get our churches generally supplied with settled pastors till the congregations are better supplied with homes for their ministers. When a church of average financial ability has a good, comfortable home for its minister, it can always command the services of one that would be acceptable. With a house to live in and from twenty to thirty acres of land, productive land, any preacher of energy and good sense can make at least half a living, and that, too, without detriment to his studies. No man can study all the while; and the time that preachers who serve from two to four churches, spend in traveling to and from their appointments, could be put in to much greater advantage in study at home, and in superintending a little farm. A small farm can be kept in good condition without much capital or labor, and on such a place an energetic preacher could grow his meat, and make milk and butter, feed for his horse, cow, pigs, etc., and in that way make it quite easy for his church to support himself and family.

All this seems to be plain and easy enough, but how are the churches to supply the homes? Easily enough. Rev. J. Pike Powers has suggested a plan to his church in Owenton, which the church has adopted, and which, it seems to us, is practicable for most any church. For some time the church in Owenton had been talking of building a parsonage, but had not been able to devise the means. Bro. Powers suggested to the church to buy a house and twenty acres of ground, on the pike, half a mile from the church; to borrow the money at a low rate of interest, and let the preacher pay the interest on the money, the insurance and the needed repairs on the property, after it should once be put in order, the church to pay the purchase money from time to time in installments. The church adopted the suggestion heartily, and purchased the property for \$2,500, and then voted \$500 for repairs. This will prove to be a wise arrangement and a good investment. The pastor of the church can always have a good, quiet, permanent home at a very reasonable rent, and without the trouble, expense and vexation of frequent removal. The church, too, will find it much easier to keep and sustain a pastor, while the pastor and his family will be much more comfortable and able, it may be, to accumulate something for old age. It is a subject and a plan well worthy the consideration of all our pastors and churches. It would be well to have the matter discussed in these columns. We should be pleased to hear from our brethren on the subject.

THE BAPTIST WORLD. MISSISSIPPI.—Rev. L. McLeod in the chair. Prayer by Dr. Weaver. On motion, Dr. Weaver was appointed to prepare a paper on "A higher, or a consecrated life," and present the same to this body June 15.

WALSH.—Congregations good. Two by baptism, one by letter. Church-stead.—Good congregations and Sunday-school. Prayers—meeting very interesting. Prayers added by letter. Church.—Good congregations and Sunday-school. Three added by baptism and one by letter. Friday.—Medium congregations. Good Sunday-school. Ep.—No congregation improving. Sunday-school smaller than usual. Good spiritual interest. Fort-Union.—Good Sunday-school, larger than usual. Good congregations. Two deaths last week. Gen.—Nothing of special interest. Meetings as usual.

MISSION SUNDAY-SCHOOLS. Robinson Hall.—Medium attendance. Good interest. Sewanville and Main.—Good interest. Good attendance. Olden.—Good attendance. Good attendance. At other places. All our Baptist churches, North and South, have full reports of the late Convention in Columbus.

While we regret it is said that there has been a net gain of 761,418 Baptists in the Southern States. In Richmond, Dr. Hawthorne has received 45 members, Dr. Hatcher 60, Dr. Pollard 100 conversions. The Baptist church at Mexico, Mo., gave Dr. Hatcher \$100, the other Sunday, for

State missions. So says the *Intelligencer*. Can't some of our Kentucky churches surprise Dr. Wanda? Dr. Wayland sails for home on May 25. Dr. McMillan, of the Baptist *Weekly*, called with his wife on the 14th for Europa. A. D. Gillette, D.D., of New York, is lying very low, and can not arrive long. The Moderator of the New York ministers' conference rebuked some of the members the other day who were always "punctilious" in their attendance at the meetings.

Our old friend and brother, Dan. Spencer C. Rogers, of Nashville, has taken unto himself a wife in the person of Mrs. M. F. Hayes, of Shelby county, Tenn. We extend congratulations. The pastor of the Central church Nashville, has baptized 10, as a partial result of the meeting conducted there by Rev. W. E. Williams of Glasgow, Ky. The Baptist *Intelligencer* estimates that Pastor Hattie, of Columbus, Miss., will soon set up a house to live in. The Indiana will conduct a large and successful one. Congregations are large, and conversions are frequent.

Rev. S. M. Provenzo, of Brownsville, is to preach the Baccalaureate Sermon this year at Jackson, Tenn., before the Southwestern Baptist University. During the late session of the Southern Baptist Convention Rev. Dr. Tupper, the Secretary of our Foreign Mission Board, received about \$1,700. There is talk of removing Calvary Baptist church, Augusta, Ga., to a central and convenient locality. Rev. W. M. Brice preaches at Cleveland and Athens, Tenn. He is a good man, and a good preacher, and he has a good field.—*Baptist News*.

Bro. Clough writes to Dr. G. J. Johnson that he had been baptized 1,000 during a late missionary tour in the Territory. Dr. F. F. and Mrs. Smith, of Boston, were on a visit to this mission. The author of the "Lost Star Mission" poem—baptized 96, March 18, a native preacher interpreting for him. Dr. Mitchell, the associate editor of the *Baptist Weekly*, has gone to Europe for a trip of three months' recreation. The *Biblical Recorder* is striking many blows for prohibition in North Carolina. The *Standard* publishes a very much.—*Baptist News*.

Dr. Robinson, President of Brown University, is to deliver the next course of lectures on preaching at Yale Theological Seminary. Prof. H. H. Harris, Junior editor of the *Republic Herald*, is 54 years old. Time has certainly passed quietly with the excellent brother. *Standard Light*. Dr. Boyce says distinctly that he is not a Landmarker of Dr. Gravel's sort. He ought to know.—*Baptist Record*.

Sen. Hawthorne was quite sick for several days.—Nothing of special interest. Baptist Convention, but was convalesced at latest accounts. It is a pretty good sign that the devil is not far off when a brother goes about depreciating the work of God, and all hallides of a personal deity of the world.—*Standard Light*.

Three religious papers are now published in Japan, and another is about to be started.—*Times Baptist Herald*. Wonder if either of them belong to the anti-missionary Baptist *Standard Light*. It is understood that Rev. W. A. Jerrill has resigned the pastorate of the church at Westchester, and that the trouble in the church has been healed. He is to become a missionary in Northwestern Texas.

Dr. Boyce has been in Texas, and has returned within four years from 10 to one hundred, with a stone house of worship, besides a mission house worth \$10,000 in which a large Sunday-school is held. The singing in the Baptist and Methodist churches in Columbus, Miss., is led by an organ accompanied with a correct, and good music it is, too. Rev. Dr. G. W. Griffin, of the Southwestern Baptist University, at Jackson, Tenn., has accepted the call to Johnson. He will preach at the church and also have charge of the high school. Speaking of the Convention at Columbus, the *Baptist Record* says: "If our efforts shall correspond with the speeches and plans made the next year will be a good one for the cause of the truth." The work of the Indiana State University, is to preach the sermon at the dedication of the audience-room of the Baptist church at Aurora, June 12.

The following is an outline of a speech by Dr. MacArthur, of New York, on the State of the Church. 1. The Work of State Missions in the order of Christ's Commission to his disciples. 2. The importance of State Mission Work in strengthening weak churches for the sake of their influence in their own communities. 3. The influence of these churches on the young and old women who come to the city churches. At the last meeting of the Philadelphia Baptist Ministers' Conference it was voted "That, while honestly in favor of all just measures restricting the traffic and manufacture of opium, it is the duty of the States to request the members of the Legislature to except, in any legislation they may adopt, the use of wine by churches in the Lord's Supper." Though the discussion upon the subject was very animated, the resolution was adopted with but three dissenting voices.—*National Baptist*.



The Family Circle.

BURIED WITH CHRIST IN BAPTISM.

By Rev. J. A. Hill. Baptized into the Father's death. O Christian soul! burst not so soon. That thou shalt ever rise again. Then attempt a second sin. All sin is heinous, and deadly. The flesh—no with the Lord is dead.

HELEN'S MARRIAGE.

By Jennie. There's not the smallest spark in my party. Without a heart to give, or word to send. When Helen is deflected, nor voice to make. When life will be bestowed, or death to take.

Helen sits leaning on her dressing table this lovely summer morning in a coquettish haze, which suits her mocking mood and sunny smile. Lucy stands beside her in riding hat with whip and gloves. Helen, don't refuse to ride with Captain Sullivan this morning. I'm sure coming up the avenue so gay and expectant as a knight of old.

He will find no lady-love here and the sooner he knows it, the better.

You do not even sympathize with his disappointment. Helen, this is unfeeling.

I can not possibly sympathize with cant; I will not pretend to do it. So you see the kindest thing is not to see him. Now you, rather than cloud a bright, handsome face, would allow him to deceive himself.

I hope I would not be so selfish, but it sounds cruel to call his professions of regard cant.

And there is just as much cant in love as in religion. I thoroughly despise it. Genuine love is a holy thing. I could fall on my knees before it. The thought of inspiring it brings a blush to my cheek and tears to my eyes; but which of my professed adorers knows the ring of the true metal? Their motives are as various as the shapes of their noses.

One wishes to obtain my father's inheritance, another his money, still another merely likes to be in the fashion—some covet anything out of their reach, some would rather outwit a rival than win any woman's heart, however worth the possessing; but not one of them can say I am more than deeply polite to him.

Yes! I think Mr. Drummond might.

Poor little Mr. Drummond! Little in more senses than one, he was my first and only love. I distinguished him to show the others how I appreciate sentiment. When a man takes to sighing, I like to see him make a business of it.

Lovers from far and near were being at Helen Montmarie's shrine, "trophies" touched their guitars under her windows, poets conquered her taste in her praise, conquered her taste in her praise, conquered her taste in her praise.

The first rule which the summer should lead us to observe is that of doing everything deliberately. Locomotion should be reduced to a minimum. Happy is he who from all the fret and turmoil of life has learned the lesson of taking the shady side of the street any more, of seeking solitude where both sides are shady.

Thrice happy is he who, when he advances in the morning to his daily work, can maintain a certain deliberation, keeping guard over his pace and ever for a moment forgetting that there is a warm and cool way of doing everything.

A little care makes a deal of difference. Whoever starts out furiously may get himself into a fever for the day beyond the curative power of his pills, or of fana. There is a method for the season if we can only maintain it. The whole matter amounts to no more than that we must take good care of ourselves and be simply sensible.

Remember not against us former injuries; let thy tender mercies speedily prevent us. We are brought very low.

The French sisters in the province of Louisiana cherished with great tenacity the customs of their

great tenacity the customs of their many France. In the lapse of years, their descendants yielded slowly to American ideas, consequently, a "marriage de convenience" was quite remarkable in their eyes and if Mr. Montmarie had felt anxious of the junior's principles, he would have had no objection in arranging with the senior, Fred Errendorf, and their children, exporting Helen's assent as a matter of course, but he much distrusted the objects of continental training.

Helen's maternal instincts had not deceived her, but the "ring of the true metal" she had failed to detect in her daughter Fred Errendorf possessed, and one proof of it was that he never flattered her, though when he knew it was expected he did what he considered a gentleman's duty under the circumstances. Love is both a taskmaster and a sanctifier, and the task Helen had undertaken, with the self-confidence of a novice, was well under way without her knowledge. She accomplished another task she had not undertaken, however—she fell unobtrusively in love with her convert. Onwardly, he was certainly a convert to the church-going, Sabbath-keeping cause, and from being a neighbor, and from being whatever Helen does is right—let us hope for the transition to loving the right that Helen does, because it is right. Neither Hartly or his father are well pleased at the turn affairs are taking. But where is Emile all this time? and does Clara entirely lose sight of the interests she used to watch so carefully? Emile is traveling in Syria. He had his own secret to guard, and having long ago found out some that belonged to other people, he parted with Hartly after a few months' sojourn together in Europe, the former to come back home, while the elder brother explores the East. Hon. H. M. Stanley and wife are living in Washington City, the affairs of the nation suggesting the former, the latter often writing for her quiet country home, but failing in no demand which her position makes.

When Hartly left the house after his interview with Lucy we have reported, he bent his steps towards Val Rosa, as the Errendorf place was called, scarcely caring where he went, only wishing for some diversion of his gloomy thoughts. Christine was well content to soothe his melancholy; a dust for the piano and violin lay ready on the instrument. First they practiced that, then she challenged him to a game of chess, then dinner was announced and he must stay. If Fred was no flatterer except on compulsion, Christine had made herself an accomplished artist in that line. The charm worked well. Mrs. Errendorf's busy schemes were partially laid aside to see how this new venture would succeed, for the "brilliant match" was still in the future. Hartly found his steps again taking the same direction. Soon he spent more time there than at home. Helen was becoming estranged, and Lucy, he must not trust himself with her. Poor Lucy! she was very unhappy; it would not do to recall Hartly to her side, but to see him marry Christine!

[To be continued.]

Rate for the Summer. The first rule which the summer should lead us to observe is that of doing everything deliberately. Locomotion should be reduced to a minimum. Happy is he who from all the fret and turmoil of life has learned the lesson of taking the shady side of the street any more, of seeking solitude where both sides are shady.

Thrice happy is he who, when he advances in the morning to his daily work, can maintain a certain deliberation, keeping guard over his pace and ever for a moment forgetting that there is a warm and cool way of doing everything.

A little care makes a deal of difference. Whoever starts out furiously may get himself into a fever for the day beyond the curative power of his pills, or of fana. There is a method for the season if we can only maintain it. The whole matter amounts to no more than that we must take good care of ourselves and be simply sensible.

Remember not against us former injuries; let thy tender mercies speedily prevent us. We are brought very low.

The French sisters in the province of Louisiana cherished with great tenacity the customs of their many France. In the lapse of years, their descendants yielded slowly to American ideas, consequently, a "marriage de convenience" was quite remarkable in their eyes and if Mr. Montmarie had felt anxious of the junior's principles, he would have had no objection in arranging with the senior, Fred Errendorf, and their children, exporting Helen's assent as a matter of course, but he much distrusted the objects of continental training.

Helen's maternal instincts had not deceived her, but the "ring of the true metal" she had failed to detect in her daughter Fred Errendorf possessed, and one proof of it was that he never flattered her, though when he knew it was expected he did what he considered a gentleman's duty under the circumstances. Love is both a taskmaster and a sanctifier, and the task Helen had undertaken, with the self-confidence of a novice, was well under way without her knowledge. She accomplished another task she had not undertaken, however—she fell unobtrusively in love with her convert. Onwardly, he was certainly a convert to the church-going, Sabbath-keeping cause, and from being a neighbor, and from being whatever Helen does is right—let us hope for the transition to loving the right that Helen does, because it is right. Neither Hartly or his father are well pleased at the turn affairs are taking. But where is Emile all this time? and does Clara entirely lose sight of the interests she used to watch so carefully? Emile is traveling in Syria. He had his own secret to guard, and having long ago found out some that belonged to other people, he parted with Hartly after a few months' sojourn together in Europe, the former to come back home, while the elder brother explores the East. Hon. H. M. Stanley and wife are living in Washington City, the affairs of the nation suggesting the former, the latter often writing for her quiet country home, but failing in no demand which her position makes.

When Hartly left the house after his interview with Lucy we have reported, he bent his steps towards Val Rosa, as the Errendorf place was called, scarcely caring where he went, only wishing for some diversion of his gloomy thoughts. Christine was well content to soothe his melancholy; a dust for the piano and violin lay ready on the instrument. First they practiced that, then she challenged him to a game of chess, then dinner was announced and he must stay. If Fred was no flatterer except on compulsion, Christine had made herself an accomplished artist in that line. The charm worked well. Mrs. Errendorf's busy schemes were partially laid aside to see how this new venture would succeed, for the "brilliant match" was still in the future. Hartly found his steps again taking the same direction. Soon he spent more time there than at home. Helen was becoming estranged, and Lucy, he must not trust himself with her. Poor Lucy! she was very unhappy; it would not do to recall Hartly to her side, but to see him marry Christine!

[To be continued.]

Rate for the Summer. The first rule which the summer should lead us to observe is that of doing everything deliberately. Locomotion should be reduced to a minimum. Happy is he who from all the fret and turmoil of life has learned the lesson of taking the shady side of the street any more, of seeking solitude where both sides are shady.

Thrice happy is he who, when he advances in the morning to his daily work, can maintain a certain deliberation, keeping guard over his pace and ever for a moment forgetting that there is a warm and cool way of doing everything.

A little care makes a deal of difference. Whoever starts out furiously may get himself into a fever for the day beyond the curative power of his pills, or of fana. There is a method for the season if we can only maintain it. The whole matter amounts to no more than that we must take good care of ourselves and be simply sensible.

Remember not against us former injuries; let thy tender mercies speedily prevent us. We are brought very low.

The French sisters in the province of Louisiana cherished with great tenacity the customs of their many France. In the lapse of years, their descendants yielded slowly to American ideas, consequently, a "marriage de convenience" was quite remarkable in their eyes and if Mr. Montmarie had felt anxious of the junior's principles, he would have had no objection in arranging with the senior, Fred Errendorf, and their children, exporting Helen's assent as a matter of course, but he much distrusted the objects of continental training.

An exchange says: "Dr. Boyd was once asked why it was that he consented to the marriage of his daughter to a Presbyterian." "Well," he replied, "as far as I have been able to discover, Cupid never studied theology."

As a match for this take the following: An old doctor of divinity well known to many of our readers, and who was specially severe on young theologues who broke their engagements with young ladies, was approached by a young preacher for whom he had no special fondness, requesting the hand of his daughter. The old gentleman was a little embarrassed, but he soon rallied, and said: "Mr. —, are you and my daughter — engaged?" "Yes, sir," replied the young gentleman. "Then, I suppose we will have to make the best of a bad bargain," and bowed his head in acquiescence.

A Resolute Boy. A correspondent sends us an incident connected with a boy of fourteen who came from a rural village to the city, invited by friends who are living in luxury, to spend his vacation with them. His firmness in declining to partake of what had brought a dark shadow upon his father's home, may excite the smile of some who believe only in self-indulgence, but in all circumstances it displayed a moral heroism which is worthy of all admiration, and which should be an example to all boys who read it. It was a recent occurrence.

This lad's home afforded the luxury of country life, but a dark cloud rested over the household. His father had destroyed all true domestic happiness by the use of the wine cup. No one had instructed the lad as to his course of action while in the city. At his first dinner with his friends the customary wines were on the table. When asked to partake, with one hand on the glass, he gave so decided a reply that no one could mistake his meaning. Not satisfied, his uncle, with his own hand, presented the glass, but received the reply, "No, uncle, I can not." "But take some of this; it is only champagne; it will not hurt you." The boy politely thanked his uncle for his kind intentions, but steadily refused. As long as he was in the city, and even when pressed by still stronger temptation at a party which was given on his account, at which wine was freely furnished, he remembered his own and home and remained firm in his resolution not to touch the destroying cup.

Wine can do no good to any boy. To partake of it may lead him directly into the path of destruction. It is better to stop before beginning.

As Understanding Dog. Out in Arkansas they have remarkable dogs. Capt. Pritchard, of Little Rock, has one named Bruno that he thinks a world of. One day, when Capt. P. went to Memphis accompanied by Bruno, the two were separated. The master took the steamer home without Bruno. He mourned the loss of his dog almost as much as if he had lost a child. But that evening, as he sat in his room, there came a scratching at the door, and when it was opened Bruno walked in, wagging his tail with the most frantic and evident efforts to wag it off. How he got home was a nine-days' wonder. Capt. Pritchard said a conductor of the Memphis and Little Rock Railroad a day or two after, who said, "Did your dog come home?" "Yes. What do you know about it?" "He rode over from Memphis with that. That's all."

"Who put him on the train?" "I want to thank him." "He got on himself, went into a passenger-car, sat down, and when the train would stop at any station would shrink out of the seats. He did not get to get off at any station until Little Rock was reached. When the brakeman opened the door and shouted 'Little Rock,' out popped Bruno and made straight for home."

Say Good Morning. Don't forget to say "good morning!" Say it to your parents, your brothers and sisters, your schoolmates, your teachers—and say it cheerfully, and with a smile; it will do you good, and will do your friends good. There's a kind of inspiration in every "good morning" heartily spoken, that helps to make hope fresher and work lighter. It seems really to make the morning good, and to be a prophecy of a good day to come after it. And if this be true of the "good morning," it is so also of all kind, heartsome greetings, they clear the discouraged, rest the tired one, and somehow make the wheels of life run more smoothly.

My Good Morning. I suppose, Rev. Editor, you are often struck as I am, with the singular inability of our brethren of other denominations to understand the principles of the Baptist churches. In a very able paper by Rev. Dr. Bennerman, of Scotland, at the recent meeting of the Presbyterian Alliance, and published in their Proceedings, may be found the following statement of the difference between

Our Little Folks. LITTLE POES OF LITTLE BOYS. "By-and-by" is a very bad boy; When his cat is gone and forever. For they have traced with "By-and-by" Some one to the house of "Never."

"To-day" is a name little regard; A boy that is half of a man; So his on a plucky war series; That the world has known and honored—"I Can," "No Use in Trying"—"I Can't," "I Can," "Keep trying until you succeed; But if you should meet "I Forget" by the way, He's a cheat and you'd better take heed.

"Don't care" and "No Matter," boys, they're a pair, And whenever you see the poor dolls, Say, "You do care," and would be "Great Matter." If our lives should be spoiled by small faults, —Hesper's Young People.

A Mother's Love. The following story of a reckless young man suggests a possible comfort in the cases of other erring loved ones: A lady in Baltimore had a wayward son whose reckless conduct cost her many tears. There were many things in her life to make her happy; but her anxiety for her headstrong boy saddened all her enjoyment and disturbed her peace.

He grew more indifferent to her love, and finally left his home for a life of adventure in the West. But happiness did not come to him in his wild career, nor riches from his eager search in the mines. For a time the new freedom gratified him; but his restless spirit could not be contented even with that.

By some means his mother kept track of his wanderings, and was able to send him messages of love; but they brought few or no replies. At one of Mr. Moody's meetings in Baltimore she heard Rev. Robert Lowery's touching poem and tune that has been so often sung, and the words exactly uttered her own feelings.

"Where is my wandering boy to night? The boy of my tenderest care, The boy that was once my joy and light, The child of my love and my prayer?"

"Bring me my wand'ring boy to-night, He waits for him where he will, But bring him to me with all his blight, And tell him I love him still."

"Where is my boy to night? He waits for him where he knows, O, where is he, my heart's delight?"

The weeping woman copied the verses and sent them to her son in a letter. No word from him ever reached her in return. At last she lost all trace of him, not even knowing that he had received her message. Then after weary waiting, tidings came, bitter tidings strangely mingled with consolation.

"Her wandering boy" had fallen a victim to his restless passion. In some daring expedition on one of the Rocky Mountain trails he had become separated from his party and was lost. His body was found in a cave, where he had died of hunger and exhaustion. By his side was an unfinished letter to his mother. In it he craved for forgiveness, as he had already asked the forgiveness of Heaven. He had received the poem she sent him, he said, and it had melted his heart and led him to repentance.—Youth's Companion.

A Strange Statement. I suppose, Rev. Editor, you are often struck as I am, with the singular inability of our brethren of other denominations to understand the principles of the Baptist churches. In a very able paper by Rev. Dr. Bennerman, of Scotland, at the recent meeting of the Presbyterian Alliance, and published in their Proceedings, may be found the following statement of the difference between

the "strict" and "free" communion Baptists. He is speaking of the discussion between Faller and Hall and says, p. 508, that the question was: "Simply that which divides the 'strict' communion Baptists from those of the denomination who advocate 'free' or 'mixed' communion, the former party excluding from the Lord's Table all Christians not baptized by immersion at full age, and the latter admitting Christians baptized in infancy."—H. G. W., in National Baptist.

A Resolute Boy. A correspondent sends us an incident connected with a boy of fourteen who came from a rural village to the city, invited by friends who are living in luxury, to spend his vacation with them. His firmness in declining to partake of what had brought a dark shadow upon his father's home, may excite the smile of some who believe only in self-indulgence, but in all circumstances it displayed a moral heroism which is worthy of all admiration, and which should be an example to all boys who read it. It was a recent occurrence.

This lad's home afforded the luxury of country life, but a dark cloud rested over the household. His father had destroyed all true domestic happiness by the use of the wine cup. No one had instructed the lad as to his course of action while in the city. At his first dinner with his friends the customary wines were on the table. When asked to partake, with one hand on the glass, he gave so decided a reply that no one could mistake his meaning. Not satisfied, his uncle, with his own hand, presented the glass, but received the reply, "No, uncle, I can not." "But take some of this; it is only champagne; it will not hurt you." The boy politely thanked his uncle for his kind intentions, but steadily refused. As long as he was in the city, and even when pressed by still stronger temptation at a party which was given on his account, at which wine was freely furnished, he remembered his own and home and remained firm in his resolution not to touch the destroying cup.

Wine can do no good to any boy. To partake of it may lead him directly into the path of destruction. It is better to stop before beginning.

As Understanding Dog. Out in Arkansas they have remarkable dogs. Capt. Pritchard, of Little Rock, has one named Bruno that he thinks a world of. One day, when Capt. P. went to Memphis accompanied by Bruno, the two were separated. The master took the steamer home without Bruno. He mourned the loss of his dog almost as much as if he had lost a child. But that evening, as he sat in his room, there came a scratching at the door, and when it was opened Bruno walked in, wagging his tail with the most frantic and evident efforts to wag it off. How he got home was a nine-days' wonder. Capt. Pritchard said a conductor of the Memphis and Little Rock Railroad a day or two after, who said, "Did your dog come home?" "Yes. What do you know about it?" "He rode over from Memphis with that. That's all."

"Who put him on the train?" "I want to thank him." "He got on himself, went into a passenger-car, sat down, and when the train would stop at any station would shrink out of the seats. He did not get to get off at any station until Little Rock was reached. When the brakeman opened the door and shouted 'Little Rock,' out popped Bruno and made straight for home."

Say Good Morning. Don't forget to say "good morning!" Say it to your parents, your brothers and sisters, your schoolmates, your teachers—and say it cheerfully, and with a smile; it will do you good, and will do your friends good. There's a kind of inspiration in every "good morning" heartily spoken, that helps to make hope fresher and work lighter. It seems really to make the morning good, and to be a prophecy of a good day to come after it. And if this be true of the "good morning," it is so also of all kind, heartsome greetings, they clear the discouraged, rest the tired one, and somehow make the wheels of life run more smoothly.

My Good Morning. I suppose, Rev. Editor, you are often struck as I am, with the singular inability of our brethren of other denominations to understand the principles of the Baptist churches. In a very able paper by Rev. Dr. Bennerman, of Scotland, at the recent meeting of the Presbyterian Alliance, and published in their Proceedings, may be found the following statement of the difference between

Our Little Folks. LITTLE POES OF LITTLE BOYS. "By-and-by" is a very bad boy; When his cat is gone and forever. For they have traced with "By-and-by" Some one to the house of "Never."

"To-day" is a name little regard; A boy that is half of a man; So his on a plucky war series; That the world has known and honored—"I Can," "No Use in Trying"—"I Can't," "I Can," "Keep trying until you succeed; But if you should meet "I Forget" by the way, He's a cheat and you'd better take heed.

"Don't care" and "No Matter," boys, they're a pair, And whenever you see the poor dolls, Say, "You do care," and would be "Great Matter." If our lives should be spoiled by small faults, —Hesper's Young People.

A Mother's Love. The following story of a reckless young man suggests a possible comfort in the cases of other erring loved ones: A lady in Baltimore had a wayward son whose reckless conduct cost her many tears. There were many things in her life to make her happy; but her anxiety for her headstrong boy saddened all her enjoyment and disturbed her peace.

He grew more indifferent to her love, and finally left his home for a life of adventure in the West. But happiness did not come to him in his wild career, nor riches from his eager search in the mines. For a time the new freedom gratified him; but his restless spirit could not be contented even with that.

By some means his mother kept track of his wanderings, and was able to send him messages of love; but they brought few or no replies. At one of Mr. Moody's meetings in Baltimore she heard Rev. Robert Lowery's touching poem and tune that has been so often sung, and the words exactly uttered her own feelings.

"Where is my wandering boy to night? The boy of my tenderest care, The boy that was once my joy and light, The child of my love and my prayer?"

"Bring me my wand'ring boy to-night, He waits for him where he will, But bring him to me with all his blight, And tell him I love him still."

"Where is my boy to night? He waits for him where he knows, O, where is he, my heart's delight?"

The weeping woman copied the verses and sent them to her son in a letter. No word from him ever reached her in return. At last she lost all trace of him, not even knowing that he had received her message. Then after weary waiting, tidings came, bitter tidings strangely mingled with consolation.

"Her wandering boy" had fallen a victim to his restless passion. In some daring expedition on one of the Rocky Mountain trails he had become separated from his party and was lost. His body was found in a cave, where he had died of hunger and exhaustion. By his side was an unfinished letter to his mother. In it he craved for forgiveness, as he had already asked the forgiveness of Heaven. He had received the poem she sent him, he said, and it had melted his heart and led him to repentance.—Youth's Companion.

A Strange Statement. I suppose, Rev. Editor, you are often struck as I am, with the singular inability of our brethren of other denominations to understand the principles of the Baptist churches. In a very able paper by Rev. Dr. Bennerman, of Scotland, at the recent meeting of the Presbyterian Alliance, and published in their Proceedings, may be found the following statement of the difference between

CARPETS, &c. LARGEST SALE OF THE SEASON! TO COMMEMORATE MONDAY MORNING, APRIL 20, OF DRY GOODS AND CARPETS.

Body Brussels Carpets, Imperial Three-ply Carpets, Tapestry Brussels Carpets, Extra Super Two-ply Carpets, Single and Double-chain Carpets, Oil-cloth, Cocos and Napier Matting. 500 Rolls Straw Matting in White, Red and Fancy Checks. 300 pieces Crotonette at 15, 20 and 25c. Lace Curtains, in Eora and White, at \$1 75, \$3 to \$9. 200 pieces Dress Goods in all the choicest Colors, Plaids and Stripes. 1,500 pieces Silks, Satins and Surbats. OUR DRESS-TRIMMING DEPARTMENT is now complete with many new and beautiful designs in Plain and Fancy Buttons, Passementeries, Corda, Tassels, and Jet Ornaments. An elegant line of Embroideries from 2c to \$1 45 per yard. 250 pieces Lace in Black, White and Cream, in Spanish, Chantilly, Vermeil, Tuscan, Mircourt and Alencon, for Dress-trimming and Neckwear. A large line of Spring Wraps just opened. Novelties in Lace and Mull Ties and Fichus. Sarah, Mervilleux and Satin Ribbons, in Plain Colors, Stripes and Plaids. Linon and Fancy Embroidered Collars. Parasols and Sun Umbrellas. Kid, Lisle and Lace Gloves in all the New Spring Shades.

J. BACON & SONS, 163 and 165 East Market Street Above Preston, LOUISVILLE, KY.

MAIL ORDER DEPARTMENT.

Samples and Prices sent by mail of all kinds of merchandise, with exception of Carpets, free of charge. We have a regular department under the supervision of one of the firm for this branch of our business, and will insure those intrusting their orders to us that they may depend on having them filled with the same promptness, care, and at the same prices as if under their own supervision. Every special care given to all mail orders.

J. BACON & SONS.

THE LOUISVILLE BUSINESS COLLEGE, 163 and 165 East Market Street, Louisville, Ky.

SABBATH SONGS & SPIRITUAL HYMNS. Published Semi-monthly at Cincinnati, Ohio—A Live Paper for Thinking Men and Women.

THE FARMING WORLD. Published Semi-monthly at Cincinnati, Ohio—A Live Paper for Thinking Men and Women.

THE FARMING WORLD PUBLISHING CO., CINCINNATI, OHIO.

A. C. CAPERTON & CO.

ARE PREPARED TO FURNISH FAMILY, CHURCH and S. S. SUPPLIES, INCLUDING Bible Dictionaries, Bible Maps, Helps on the International Lessons, Sunday-school Quarters, Collection Envelopes; Reward and Verse Cards, Communion Sets, Baptismal Suits, Sunday-school and Church Records, Hymn Books, Sunday-school Song Books, Tracts & Miscellaneous Books.

OUR PICTORIAL FAMILY BIBLES are the best and cheapest in the world, the only Bible containing Oxborn's Complete Concordance; has the largest number of interesting helps and aids to the study of the Bible; the whole embellished with 2,000 engravings. Prices from \$4 to \$20.

THE OXFORD TEACHERS' BIBLES in great variety. Rev. C. H. Spurgeon says: "I can unreservedly recommend the Oxford Bible for Teachers. They are as good as any we ever expect to see. The 'helps' constitute a library of scriptural information." Prices range from \$5.00 to \$25.

"BAPTIST SONGS," the best, cheapest, and most popular collection of Songs ever published for any of Baptist churches. Contains about 200 of the old favorite Songs, and about forty of the latest and best. Price, per single copy, 25 cents; per dozen, \$2.00; per hundred, \$20.

A. C. CAPERTON & CO. 149 Fourth Avenue, Louisville, Ky.



WESTERN RECORDED.

A large, valuable weekly, published at St. Louis, Mo., by W. A. G. FERRIS... Contains the latest news from the West...

News in General.

There were fifty 18,000 people at the circus last night... The Galveston and Pacific Railroad Company has organized a route of road from Galveston to Victoria, San Antonio and Chicago.

Three weeks earlier than our first... The Galveston and Pacific Railroad Company has organized a route of road from Galveston to Victoria, San Antonio and Chicago.

Manufactured tobacco... Vices - chewing, 70000 per cent... FISH - A quote below, cranial, at 100...

1881. SPRING AND SUMMER ANNOUNCEMENT. We are showing the most complete stock of Clothing, Hats, Caps & Gents Furnishing Goods...

earth and God's name would seem to be waking in the sleep of ages... With the spirit of Christ completely controlling the hearts, minds, energies and possessions of our people in this Commonwealth also, consequences would be realized of which the most sanguine Baptist never dreamed.

Conclusion, some of the means necessary to the attainment of such an end. Great spiritual attainment is essentially a personal work. No man can love and serve God for another.

John Barlow, a well-known saloon-keeper at Indianapolis, on the 30th shot his wife, wounded his father-in-law, Wm. Hand, and killed himself.

The New San Antonio special says: Some weeks ago Lieut. Fuller, with his Seventh company, crossed into Mexico in pursuit of the band of Lipase, which murdered the McLevra family.

It is the purpose of business men who are connected with the Louisville Fair Association, first, to make satisfactory arrangements about fair grounds, if this be practicable, and second, to hold the Louisville Fair at the same time as will avoid any conflict with other fairs.

Wouldn't it be a good idea for the press to begin advocating either the removal of the Capital or the complete removal of the city to some other place in twenty days, or they will be forced to do so.

One of the most disastrous fires that has visited Frankfort, Ky., since 1871, when a whole block was destroyed, began in the night of the 29th inst. at the stable of the C. C. Church, fronting on Ann street and running through Lewis street.

The Royal Commission that the natives would not submit to Boer rule. Gen. Wood said the Commission was convinced that the natives wanted British rule, and that further evidence on this point was unnecessary.

ITALY - The Cabinet has been definitively formed by Depretis, to be continued on an announced May 16, with the exception of Mancini, who declines the Ministry of Foreign Affairs on account of the state of his health.

On Sunday, and on the auspices of the Mower Post, Grand Army of the Republic, the graves of the Union soldiers at the National cemetery, Chalmita, were decorated.

Protesters anticipate Indian trouble. The North Chynenne have notified Agent Miller that they must be permitted to appear in person within twenty days, or they will be forcibly taken to the country allotted them.

It is the purpose of business men who are connected with the Louisville Fair Association, first, to make satisfactory arrangements about fair grounds, if this be practicable, and second, to hold the Louisville Fair at the same time as will avoid any conflict with other fairs.

AFRICA - The Boers - A dispatch from Durban says the feeling among loyalists throughout the Transvaal is growing daily more bitter.

ISLAND - During an eruption at Micholowood, May 17, an immense crowd stoned the agent of the estate. The police and military charged the people several times, and many people and several soldiers were injured.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE MARKETS. WHEAT - A quote below, at 100... RICE - A quote below, at 100... COTTON - A quote below, at 100...

WHEAT - A quote below, at 100... RICE - A quote below, at 100... COTTON - A quote below, at 100... SUGAR - A quote below, at 100...

WHEAT - A quote below, at 100... RICE - A quote below, at 100... COTTON - A quote below, at 100... SUGAR - A quote below, at 100...

WHEAT - A quote below, at 100... RICE - A quote below, at 100... COTTON - A quote below, at 100... SUGAR - A quote below, at 100...

HOLMAN'S PADS. Illustration of a man's back. Holman's Pad for Rheumatism, Sciatica, Neuralgia, etc.

HOLMAN PAD CO. For sale by all druggists. Illustration of a man's back.

KIDNEY WORT THE GREAT CURE. Illustration of a man's back. Rheumatism, LIVES AND BOWELS.

KIDNEY WORT. Illustration of a man's back. Active Agents, Testimony of J. W. Moore.

NEW RICH BLOOD! Illustration of a man's back. Agents Wanted, Household Articles.

AGENTS WANTED. Illustration of a man's back. Household Articles.

MAMMOTH CLOTHING, HAT AND CAP HOUSE, TOWER PALACE. 150 & 152 W. Market St., bet. Fourth & Fifth, Louisville, Ky.

DICKINSON FURNITURE MANUFACTURING COMPANY. No. 78 and 80 Sixth Street, and Main St. bet. Fifth and Sixth Streets, Louisville, Ky.

DICKINSON FURNITURE MANUFACTURING CO. No. 78 and 80 Sixth Street, and Main Street, bet. Fifth and Sixth Streets, Louisville, Ky.

The Famous Marchal & Smith Organs. Twenty years without one disatisfied purchaser.

GOLD PENS REPAIRED FOR FIFTY CTS. The New Sunday School Song Book HEART & VOICE.

J. M. & L. R. Louisville & Indianapolis Short-Line. The quick and easy route to St. Louis & the West. Chicago & N. West.