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BE YE SEPARATE.—CLOISTERS.

JEAN PAUL.

1. Christ did not call Satan a liar when he claimed ownership of all the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them. The whole world fell in wickedness. Hence, the injunction: be not conformed to this world!

2. The Savior prayed that God should keep us from the evil. But where is the boundary of the good? At what point does the domain of the evil commence? Who will show us any good? The Holy Spirit guides the children of God into all truth. More kindly disposed to frail fellow-men, I adhere to the expediency of the apostle: "If meat make my brother to offend, I will eat no flesh while the world standeth."

3. To those whose hearts are temples of God, disciplinary regulations are superfluous. Never less, being a member of a church, a true sense of honor dictates conscientious compliance with the vows of the church.

4. All diversions are sinful to a Christian which he cannot take in the name of God. Pray truly, earnestly pray, that the psalm which you intend to dance the theatrical performance which you wish to attend, the game of cards which you design to play, redound to God's glory and your soul's benefit. Pray, and before you will have come to "amen," all desire for the dance, theater, cards, will have disappeared.

5. I know a preacher who very fiercely, and rightly so, have gone against theaters and cards, who, nevertheless, largely quotes from Shakespeare in his sermons, and in order to amplify a truth, employs the idiomatic language of the card-table.

6. Should not worldly church members be excluded from the fold of Christ? When a patrician endangers the life of the body by blood-poison, amputation of the diseased limb is at once resorted to. Should pastors be less wise than surgeons?

1. Cloisters, monasteries and nunneries constitute an important element in the papal church. They originated in the mistaken conception that exemption from contact with the world, "worldly lusts," would thereby be exterminated.

2. True, the Christian requires occasional solitude—time for taking an invoice of our spiritual make-up. Our Master himself required it. Entire nights he spent solitarily in the quiet recesses of the mountain. But neither the Master nor his disciples require of us a life of hermitage or of seclusion in the dark cells of a cloister.

3. Our Creator certainly knows best the wants of his handiwork, and he declares: "It is not good that man should be alone." But in papal cloisters celibacy is a *sine qua non*.

4. In some isolated cases cloisters may have been the seats of erudition and the fine arts, but more frequently they have been hot-houses of corruption and debauchery. The best Bavarian beer is brewed in monasteries.

5. The multiplication of cloisters impoverishes society. All who enter as monks and nuns take upon themselves the vow of poverty. Their private fortune, great or small, is at once decided to the cloister. Often the parents of monks and nuns bequeath large sums of money to the various cloisters.

6. Strange that the occupants of cloisters should be required to wear even now the unsmooth and uncomfortable habiliments in vogue during the medieval ages, and be required to submit to the degrading avocation of professional begging!

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

ORIGIN OF THE FESTIVAL.

What reason could be given for choosing one day rather than another for the Christmas festival? The gospels, at ways meager in dates, were quite silent here. They gave no hint of the day or month of the Nativity. Oral tradition, we may be sure, was equally reticent or indifferent. There were, indeed, a few scattered suggestions of the date of Christ's birth floating here and there among the writings of the fathers; but these were all of late origin, manifestly unhistorical, and, above all, quite contradictory. Clement of Alexandria, said that many Christians regarded the 20th of May as the day of the Nativity, others preferred the 20th of April, but he favored the 19th of November. In the Eastern Church the 6th or 6th of January was celebrated as the death of Christ's baptism, and the Nativity was joined with this on no better ground than a forced interpretation of Ezekiel 4:3, as a prophesy of the Incarnation. Others, again, fixed upon the 21st of March as the day of Christ's birth. Between such varying and slightly supported assumptions there was little to choose. A historical date was clearly out of the question. Nothing was left for the church to do but to select some day on grounds of convenience and symbolic significance, and celebrate it by common consent as Christmas Day.

It would take too long for me to trace the many reasons which probably led to the choice of the 25th of December. It was doubtless connected by a process of deduction with the day which had al-

ready been generally accepted as the common date of the annunciation and of the creation of the world. Assuming that the world was made in the spring, because it was commanded to bring forth grass and herbs, and that it was made when light and darkness were equally divided, because "the evening and the morning were the first day," it was natural, though somewhat naive, to fix upon the vernal equinox (according to the Julian calendar, March 25th) as the exact date of the creation. He who could question the value of such a straightforward and Scriptural argument as this must have had more logic and less piety than belonged to the early Christians. And once having discovered by this easy method the very day on which the world came into being, and the glorious light sprang out of darkness, what more simple than to assume that it was the Sunday on which the power of the Almighty overshadowed Mary, and the Day-spring from on high began his entrance into the world? No hint could be plainer. Even the least imaginative of chronographers could reckon forward from this fixed point of the assumption nine months, and arrive at December 25th as the day of Nativity. And here another wonderful coincidence meets him. This is the day of the winter solstice, the day when the world's darkness begins to lessen, and the world's light to grow; the day which the ancient world had long celebrated as the birthday of the sun—*dies natalis solis invicti*; what more appropriate day could be found for the birth of the "Sun of Righteousness?" "Behold, my brethren," says St. Augustine, "another instance of the wonderful fulfillment of Scripture. St. John the Baptist is born on June 25th the summer solstice, when the sun begins to decline. The Lord Jesus is born on December 25th, the winter solstice, when the sun begins to ascend. And in this is fulfilled the saying, 'He must increase, but I must decrease.'"

The earliest mention of the 25th of December as Christmas Day is found in an ancient catalogue of church festivals about 354 A. D. And it is surprising to see with what alacrity the date was received and the Nativity celebrated throughout Christendom. It seems as if the world had been waiting for this festival of divine and human childhood, and was ready to welcome it at once with songs of joy. In the year 360 it was already celebrated in Rome by vast multitudes thronging the churches. Twenty years later, Antioch had taken it up with great popular enthusiasm. And in little more than fifty years from its earliest suggestion, the observance of December 25th as the day of the Nativity had become the universal practice of Christians. St. Chrysostom, in a Christmas sermon preached at Antioch, called it the fundamental feast, or the root from which all other Christian festivals grow.—*Vandyls, in Harper's.*

THE YEAR'S CHIEF FESTIVAL DAY.

It is pleasing to every Christian to witness the delight with which young and old hail the approach of Christmas. Even those who take an ascetic view of human life, or doubt the propriety of any special jubilation in connection with religion, look indulgently upon Christmas carols. Our Lord was eminently social—present at weddings; fond of visiting his personal friends; not averse to feasts—a contrast in these respects to John the Baptist. Nevertheless the deep undertone must have been felt by all with whom he mingled. It is inconceivable that coarseness or boisterous hilarity could prevail where he was. Yet the restraint was gentle, for the "common people heard him gladly." Mary and Martha loved him, and at the wedding-feast he was a welcome guest.

In its social aspect Christmas is a fresher and youth-renewer for the year. The parents, the grand-parents, and, in those households where the family tree bears the fruits of four seasons, the great-grand-parents, mingle in lively conversation, interchange of gifts, and sports more or less vigorous. The candles burn on the Christmas-tree, the door is opened, and the procession, including maids and men-servants, if there be any, enter, wait till their names are called off, and at last, leaving the tree stripped of all but candles, carry away their gifts. The tables groan, and, further on, those groan who have surrounded them.

What if there be no tree, and but few gifts, because all are poor, or find it hard to provide for the common wants of life? If there be love, the home-made mittens or scarf, the wooden napkin-ring or plain knife may give as much pleasure as the distributed fortunes in gold and silver in the mansions of the Astors or the Vanderbilts.

"Better is a dinner of herbs where love is than a stalled ox and hatred (or indifference) therewith." Better is a Christmas with few presents, but every eye bright with affection, than a great display and dullness of spirit. Riches are good, if one have many other things with them. But there are several things without which the means of luxury can not give happiness, any one of which is better than gold. Health is one; good name another. Friendship of the genuine sort is worth more than millions without it. "Love at home" is beyond

price, and a hope of heaven the best of all.

Let every Christian be cheerful at Christmas. A merry Christmas is a duty to the well. Those who lie on sick beds, those who mourn their recent death, those who look on the undivided presents and sadly feel that her for whom they were intended is gone, can they be merry? Not with the mirth of the unthinking; but if they will "look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are unseen"—if they will look and listen, they may fancy that they catch a glimpse of the loved and lost, and seem to hear a few notes of a strain as sweet as the song the angels sang "when Christ was born in Bethlehem." There is a secret of faith which can transform the very day on which, without faith, those who are gone would be most missed, into a sweet and gentle reminder of them. The one sad thought of Christmas is that so many will be glad without being grateful; so many carol who will not consecrate; so many spend the day in riotous living.

Christmas should blend the social and the spiritual—should be a holiday, but not an unholy day. No gravity such as pertains to the holy Sabbath aches to Christmas; its observance is not binding. It is a privilege, not a duty, to keep it; a tribute of love, not obedience to law. It is a day when Christian good cheer is intensified; when the body is summoned to share in the joys of the heart, and, set free from the self-denial of fast days and the abstinence of the Sabbath, may reach, but not pass, the verge of indignance.

May all our readers have a happy Christmas, and may those who cannot be happy try to be hopeful, and may those who have lost hope seek faith by asking their hearts whether it be possible that any whom Christ loves, and who wish to love him, should have cause for hopelessness?—*N. Y. Advocate.*

A VISIT TO BETHLEHEM.

It is but one hour's ride from the "Jaffa Gate" of Jerusalem to the arched gateway of the city of Christ's birth, Bethlehem, now called "Bait Lahm." It is beautifully situated on the side and summit of a long hill. Below it on the north, east and south, the hill slopes away in terraces, which are crowned with vineyards, gardens and orchards; while groves of fig, almond and olive trees are growing in luxuriance in the rich valleys beyond. The city is long and narrow, and surrounded by a wall. It has one broad, main street, from which little filthy lanes and alleys branch off on either side. The population is about 3,000, nearly all of whom are Arab Christians belonging to the Greek Church, or the Roman Catholic faith. The chief employment of the Bethlehemites is the manufacture of beads, crosses and other trinkets, which are sold to pilgrims and travelers. These trinkets are made of olive wood, ivory and mother-of-pearl.

The most conspicuous building, and in fact the great attraction of Bethlehem, is the "Church of the Nativity," a very ancient structure built over the reputed birthplace of our Savior. This venerable basilica was erected by the Empress Helena, mother of Constantine the Great, A. D. 327, and is doubtless the oldest church in the world. The main body of the building remains just as it was built fifteen hundred years ago. It is 120 feet long and 110 broad. The interior is divided into a nave and four aisles separated by four rows of noble Corinthian columns, each a single piece of marble two feet in diameter and sixteen feet high. These columns were taken according to tradition from the porch of the ancient temple at Jerusalem. The stone pavement of the floor of the church is deeply worn by the footsteps of innumerable pilgrims who in the long centuries past have visited the consecrated place.

Surrounding the venerable old church are three large convents, Greek, Latin and Armenian, forming a vast irregular pile of buildings, and giving to the whole the appearance of a military fortress rather than that of a religious institution. Each convent has its separate chapel and altars, where the monks officiate, but certain parts of the church are held in common as holy places. The rivalry between the different sects is very bitter. Sometimes it has been necessary to call in the Turkish (Moslem) soldiers to settle the quarrels of these followers of the Prince of Peace.

In the "Pilgrim's Room" of the Latin convent we spread our lunch and shared the hospitality of the monks. Then, with lighted tapers in our hands, we followed our guide down a long narrow winding stairway into a large natural cave beneath the church called the "Grotto of the Nativity." This spot has been honored as the birthplace of the world's Redeemer, ever since the beginning of the second century, and there is scarcely a doubt of its identity. The room is thirty-seven feet long, eleven feet wide, and nine feet high. It is lined and paved with marble, and illuminated by many beautiful gold and silver lamps, which are kept burning day and night. In one end of the grotto is a semi-circular recess, in the floor of which is a large

square encircled by a silver band. Around the square is the Latin inscription: "Hic de Virgine Maria Jesus Christus Natus Est" (Here of the Virgin Mary Jesus Christ was born.) About twenty feet from the square is another recess seven or eight feet square, in which is a block of marble hewn in the form of a manger. The original manger in which it is said Christ was laid (?) is said to be in the church of "Santa Maria Maggiore" at Rome.

Christmas, the greatest of all holy days in the Christian church, is celebrated with great pomp in Bethlehem. There, pilgrims from all Christian lands, with prayers and tears and thanksgiving, join in midnight mass and Christmas carols. It is a strange, weird sight to see the solemn processions, with flaring tapers, marching through the long aisles of the grand old church, and down into the Grotto of the Nativity. From Christmas eve to Christmas morn they gather by hundreds and by thousands around the place of Christ's birth as to the holiest of earth's shrines. With chantings and prostrations in the great church and subterranean chapels, they bow around the most sacred places and passionately kiss the cold stones.

Leaving the church and convents, we went out upon the terrace which overlooks the plain, and called up the holy associations of the place. Though "little among the thousands of Judah," Bethlehem is sacred and noted in both Old and New Testament history. To the northwest, and but a mile away, we could see the "Tomb of Rachel," Jacob's beloved wife, honored alike by the Jew, the Christian and the Mohammedan. In some of the fields just before us, Rah, the beautiful young Mabitess, gleaned after the reapers of Buz 3,000 years ago. Not far from this "City of David," a youth "ruddy and of a beautiful countenance," kept the flocks of his father, Jesse, before he was called to the throne of Israel. Near the gate of the city is the well of which David once said, in time of conflict, "O that one would give me drink of the water of the well of Bethlehem, which is by the gate." And, looking on a thousand years later, we'd other shepherds on the same fields watching by night, when suddenly a royal guard of honor appears in the midnight sky, singing the first Christmas carol of earth. Over yonder rocky path came the wise men from the East, their foot steps guided by a mysterious star to the manger cradle of the world's Redeemer.—*S. W. Brown, in Central Advocate.*

THE SONG ELEMENT IN THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

BISHOP F. D. HUNTINGTON.

The birth of our Lord can never be dissociated in the minds of his people from the angelic hymn that sounded through the sky over the pastures at Bethlehem. This voice of heavenly music, made so prominent in the brief and simple account of the scenes of the Nativity, is more than memorable; it has in it a significant instruction for the Christian disciple and the Christian Church. Undue honor has certainly not been paid to the remarkable place held by song in the whole history of the kingdom of God on earth, in the power of its faith, in its unceasing worship, in the whole body of its inspired Scriptures. How or what Adam and Eve sang in the days of their innocence, or just in what tone or accent the minor key came into their dust as they went out of Eden, we are not told, though Milton helps us in the imagination. No doubt the armies of Israel chanted that majestic strain which they lifted up every time the ordered hosts and laden camels moved forward with the glory of the tabernacle, on the march across the wilderness. The hymns of Miriam and Deborah must be only examples of a national hymnody or Hebrew anthology. Till one has read Ederlein's graphic and wonderful description of the temple-service at Jerusalem he can hardly be said to have a conception of what the harmonies and melodies of the Levitical worship were, in order, grandeur and beauty. What human mind can tell the story of the influence and power of the Psalms of David in all the ages of the faith, or intimate their present spiritual nature, or question that they will be the chosen and perpetual expression of all the moods and emotions of religious experience as long as the church stands? To separate the idea of song from that of prophecy, as it is presented to us in Isaiah or his fellows in "the goodly fellowship," is impossible. In all the Old Testament this rhythmic utterance is so intimately joined with the thought of God that even inanimate nature is continually represented as breaking out into it, in all its kingdoms and departments. It is as if a full revelation of the Creator in his relations to his works, and theirs to him, could not otherwise be made. Not only do the nations and tribes and assemblies of a conscious and grateful humanity sing, not only the inhabitants of the rock and the widow's heart and the captive, and the tongue of the dumb, but the lands and the seas and the heavens, the hills and the valleys sing. The waste places sing. The trees of the wood sing, as well as the fowls in the branches. The whole array of the universe

is an orchestra. All its sounds are a symphony. Surely this is more than a poetic device or the hyperbole of Oriental fancy. It meant something "for our learning."

Christianity begins with a song, and in the written gospel the last we hear of it is a song that never ends, ever "new." It is the eternal oratorio whose two-fold theme is "Moses and the Lamb." On the testimony of both the evangelic witness and the heathen Piny, a characteristic feature of the Eucharistic Feast from the beginning is the singing of a hymn. Prison walls and threatened death could not crush the song spirit out of the heart and the breath of Christ's apostles. What would our Christian worship soon become without it? What would Christ be divested of this gracious chorus? Hence its carols, hymns, an hymns, its *Gloria in Excelsis*, repeated ever since the original birth-night, and we all feel at once that something would be lost not only out of the joy and delight of the festival, but out of its spiritual character as a fruitful heritage of Christian generations, and a yearly tribute to the Son of God and Son of man.

Why is this? It points inward to a fact and a law in man's spiritual constitution. Gratitude to God for his gifts, and especially for his one unspeakable gift, is a more profound and more enduring religious sentiment than any other. Faith and love enter into it, and make a part of it. The voice of gratitude is praise, and the act of praise modulates itself naturally into song. In prayer we ask for what we want or wish; it may be only what we wish. While, therefore, the attitude of the soul in its petitions is devout and is both commanded of God and acceptable to him, yet it is quite possible for selfishness to intrude into it. The petitioner may be thinking more of himself than of him to whom he speaks. In thanksgiving the worshiper gets clear of self, has no ulterior object to gain, and in this blessed liberty rises into a higher air. Hence, the sincerity and purity of his spirit may be judged by the proportions of his askings and his thanksgivings. How is it with our ordinary private devotions? The question is a test of character. In most of the instructions for prayer that we meet with, the proportion is pretty nearly that of the ten who asked to the one who returned and gave thanks. If it be replied that, as singing is an act, dependent partly on physical and artistic endowments, not everybody is able to sing. St. Paul clears up that difficulty by explaining: "Singing and making melody in your heart to the Lord." And he says this, strikingly, in a condensed epistle, largely in itself as much an anthem as an argument, which deals only with the sublime verities of redemption, the laws and unity of the body of Christ, the grand doctrines of the faith, and the essential duties of the Christian life stated in a comprehensive form.

This leads to a practical principle, the recognition of a song-element in personal religion, which is to the other qualities of a Christian what music is to other sounds. Forms and sounds are signs of interior and invisible realities which are probably more real than themselves, such as face, features, gestures, tones, accents, all vocal modulations. Whenever the soul's life rises to its loftiest pitch in spontaneous freedom and gladness, then we find all other expression inadequate, and resort to measure, melody, and, if there is common praiseworthy, to harmony. For less exalted states a prosaic and unmusical communication will suffice. The meaning of this symbol seems to be that when the service of Christ is less reluctant or compulsory, less grudging or legal, when it comes most of loving free will, when we do right not because we fear we shall be punished if we do not, but because duty is our Lord's will, and, therefore, to be done heartily, gladly, with a springing motion and jubilant feet, there the service is highest, best, most true to him to whom it is offered. It is a festival service. Going to the very heart of it, what is the secret motive of that service? Christmas tells us that. The motive takes its color and quality from what Christ has done for us. Work your way down through all the superstructures and drapery, through systems and controversies, through ceremonies and councils and sermons to the very core and burning heart of the kingdom, and what is it that is there? We have the answer in three words, a trinity of evangelic benediction—love, deliverance, life. Jesus is born at Bethlehem to prove God's infinite and perfect love for his child, to deliver man from his ruin, to give him life, life more and more abundantly and forever; love where there was alienation and fear, rescue where there was helpless peril, life where the only sure and constant thing was dying and the dread of dying. This dying race gathers about his manger-cradle, follows him, listens to him, sees him stop the long funeral procession, and hears him say: "I am come that ye may have life. You may stop dying if you will, and live with me, by me, for me, in my heaven." Humanity itself is the young man carried out. Is it strange that this young man, living again, and sure of liv-

ing in eternal youth, should living, sing and make melody in his heart? Is it strange that when our religion came on the earth the voices of heaven, with its splendors, should break through the bars of space, giving to the church of all time the key-note of its life as well as of adoration? The great anthem, "Sing O heavens, and rejoice O earth," is between the Christian life here, already exultant in faith, and the Christian life there, without sin or pain—one life of one family in him who has abolished death and brought life and immortality to light.

All around us, in these eager enterprising and stirring days, are infinite and mighty forces. The world is wide awake; its movement is not languid; its zeal is not half-hearted; its carnal devotions are not dull; its ritual is not formal; its offerings are not scanty; its mirth sings its unholy songs. We are coming to the "Holy Night," the wonderful birthday. Look into the church. Will it not hold its own? Do its children move to their daily work and their solemn feasts as cheerfully, as heartily, as joyfully? Is the Christian army strong and swift? If we cannot honestly answer these searching questions as we would desire, we can, at least, among the rejoicing of the household and the table and the nursery, remember to pray for the bride of Christ, that she may come up from the wilderness of error, division and weakness "singing as in the days of her youth."—*N. Y. Independent.*

POSTSCRIPT.

It is said that Sullivan attracts as much attention in England as Gen. Grant did.

An exchange says: "Johann Most has been rightfully sentenced to a punishment of one year in the penitentiary for using in a public address language inciting to disorder, plunder and violence. Men of the class to which he belongs, most of whom have fled hither from Europe, ought to be convinced by this time that those who will indulge in public harangues, such as those uttered by him and his entire tribe of followers must expect the retribution in their merit. Such diatribes are not free speech, but crimes."

The Christian Standard: The New York Tribune, in one of its most impressive editorials, says: "More than thirty years ago, when the Rev. Dr. Bacon stood on a platform behind his church on New Haven Green and protested against the Kansas inquiry, declaring that no question which involved right and wrong ever could be settled until it was settled right, there were sneering indifference who treated his words with contempt, and angry carriage-makers anxious only for their profits in Southern trade, who wanted to close his mouth." Exactly! But just now when the Rev. Dr. Anybody stands on a platform behind his church in a city, and protests against the saloon inquiry and declares that this question, involving right and wrong so absolutely that Gladstone places the liquor-traffic as the greatest curse of England, and the London Times says: "We must somehow finish this business or it will finish us"—that this question can never be settled until it is settled right, the New York Tribune becomes the leader and mouth-piece of sneering indifference who treat his words with contempt, and angry beer-makers anxious only for their profits in her liquor trade.

An exchange says that the people of Baltimore, and notably the trustees of the cemetery, were greatly scandalized by a burial in that city of monuments the other day. Yet it was not the burial of a pauper, nor an Anarchist; nor was there any disorder during the ceremonies. The whole entombment was most elegant in all its appointments. The tomb was expensively prepared, the coffin was of genuine mahogany, the remains were decently shrouded in the finest silks. The tears of the mourners were wiped away with the softest of hanky-towels, and the religious ceremonies were of the most approved ritual. Moreover, the deceased had led, so far as is known, a innocent and elegant life; had never defrauded a human being; had never spoken ill of anybody; in short was added to no view. Where, then, is the scandal? "What's in a name?" The dear departed was called Fido, and had been the companion, confidant, and most intimate friend of a wealthy and fashionable young lady—one of that class called "belle," and she was a "raining" belle while weeping over Fido. "Ugh!" Disgusted, are you? Well, that foolish young lady is a legitimate product of a foolish, imbecile "society," which has thousands of pseudo-petting, cane-sucking, gaudy-wearing representatives in our land, who are ready to sacrifice everything to the capricious demands of senseless, conscienceless fashion.

The Western Advocate: It is hardly possible to overestimate the value to the cause of prohibition in the United States of the decision of the Supreme Court affirming the constitutionality of the prohibitory laws of Kansas. The friends of the liquor traffic counted with almost absolute certainty on a decision in their favor, while not a few friends of prohibition were almost as certain as their opponents that the decision would be in favor of the liquor dealers. Some had even gone so far as to think that the only hope for the prohibition cause is a change of the Federal constitution. It was regarded as a great misfortune, also, that, when this case came before the Supreme Court the State of Kansas was not represented, while the attorneys of the liquor men were ready, and made the most cogent argument in their power. The result has disappointed the friends of the dreadful trade and surprised a good many of its enemies. We never could see on what ground it could be decided that a State cannot prohibit a business which seatters ruin and death as the liquor trade does, and we hail this decision of the Supreme Court of the United States with delight. We feel happy enough to give an old-fashioned Methodist shout of "Glory to God!" The constitutionality of prohibitory laws may be considered settled, and what looked, to some very serious and thoughtful men, like the most formidable obstacle to legal prohibition has been removed. The way is clear. The next thing in order is the march to victory. Happy Kansas! May the joy spread over the whole land!



Texas Christian Advocate.

Old and Young.

A CHRISTMAS LEGEND.

Evil L. Ogden, in Christian Union. When the shoemaker of Antwerp came to die, and in fear and trembling faced the Lord most High, To the question stern and awful, "What hast thou For the King of earth and heaven done below?" "Lord," he answered, "others serve thee. I alone Have no talent, naught to offer at Thy throne; Only this one thing to Thee, Lord, and I tell: I have pleased the children, and they love me well." Then the awful hush that followed in the sky Suddenly was broken by a pi-ading cry; By the voices of the children that arose In the streets throughout the city, praying thus: "Dear Lord, we are lonely. The monks and the saints In the city abound. But since the shoemaker died not a man Can have any where found Who can play the games that the children love, And play them so well, Or tell us the tales of the olden time Heonily could tell. There is no one to sing us the merry old songs As he used to do, Or to whistle us toys, for the rest forgot how, (if they ever knew). Dear Lord, there are holy monks and to spare In the streets of the town; Take one of them up to heaven, and send The shoemaker down!" Came the sudden wondrous shining of the smile that lights the skies, As the King of heaven answered, "Laborer, in my vineyard, rise! Though thou didst it for the children, thou hast done it unto Me. While a child on earth is living, thou its living saint shalt be!" Still we find the little children; still their saint lives on the earth; And when comes the glorious evening of the Christ-child's holy birth, With strange power of speech and motion passes he from land to land, Scattering blessings for the children everywhere with eager hand. Where no other saint may enter he comes in without a word, And his coming and his presence mean the coming of the Lord!

THE CHRISTMAS DINNER BELL.

Sydney Dayre. Now listen for the Christmas bells that ring out, loud and clear, A welcome for the holidays, the best of all the year. From the smallest to the greatest they add their cheery song To swell the living chorus which gayly floats along. Oh, the merry Christmas bells! Oh, the cheery Christmas bells! There's nothing like the music of the merry Christmas bells. There's a tiny little tinkle when the moon is shining bright, When Santa Claus comes traveling with his reindeer prancing light, And they ring a hearty promise of the treasures to be found When the breakfast-bell shall waken happy youngsters-blessed sound! Oh, the merry midnight bell! Oh, the early morning bell! When the children rub their sleepy eyes and hurry down pell-mell. But a bell is ringing later, and the echo of its noise Is the jolliest in all the world to merry girls and boys. Does any music ever heard such wondrous visions bring Of everything d-lightful, as that jingle jingle jing? If you listen you will hear All its promise of good cheer, As it adds its eloq of greeting to this crowning of the year How it laughs amid its din, As it rimes the people in! How the children wait and wonder, all impatient to begin! And their bonny eyes are bright At the gay and cozy sight Of the dainties and the dainties and the sparkle and the light. Oh, of all the bells the bell With a tale of joy to tell! Oh, the jolly, jolly jingle of the Christmas dinner-bell!

CHRISTMAS.

Selected. Dainty little stockings Hanging in a row, Blue and gray, and scarlet, In the firelight's glow. Curly-pated sleepers, Satisfy tucked in bed; Dreams of wondrous toy-shops Dancing through each head. Mother stepping lightly, Plans with tender care, How to give each dreamer Just an equal share. Funny little stockings, Hanging in a row, Stuffed with sweet surprises, Down from top to toe—Skates, and balls, and trumpets, Dishes, tops, and drums, Books, and dolls, and candies, Nut, and sugar-plums. Little sleepers waking; Bless me, what a noise! Wish you merry Christmas, Happy girls and boys!

AN OLD CHRISTMAS TALE.

From the Russian of Jostrowski. It was very early in the morning when he awoke in the damp, cold cellar where he lived. His little coat was thin and he shivered in the frosty air. Sitting in one corner of the cellar on a box, he amused himself, for lack of anything else to do, by watching the white, steaming breath come from his mouth. He was very hungry. As the hours passed by he went again and again to the rough wooden bed on which his mother was lying. The straw on the rude couch was thin and hard and under her head was a bundle of

rags instead of a pillow. What fate had led her to this? She had come with her boy from another town and had suddenly fallen sick. A holiday was at hand and all but one of the other inhabitants of the cellar had gone out. In the farther corner sat an old woman, about eighty years of age, groaning under the torture of rheumatic pains. She had been a nurse once and had taken care of children, but now she was slowly dying. She moaned, and mumbled, and scolded at the little boy, till he feared to go near her. He had got a drink of water in the room above, but nowhere could he find even a crust to eat. He still went again and again to the bed on which his mother lay, to awaken her. He grew anxious as evening came on, for there was no light in the cellar. He touched his mother's face, and thought it strange that she did not move and was so cold. "How chilly it is here," he thought, as his little hand rested on the shoulder of the dead mother. Then he blew on his fingers to warm them, and fiddling his cap on the bed he stole softly out of the cellar on tip toe. He would have gone before, but he was afraid of the big dog that had sat on the steps of the next house all day and barked. But now the dog was not there, and the little fellow slipped out into the street. Ah! but what a city it was! He had never seen such a one before. The nights in the village from which he came were very dark; the whole street had only one lamp. The little low wooden stores were closed at night with rough board shutters. As soon as it began to grow dusk the street was deserted by all save the dogs, who howled and barked the whole night through. And there too it was warm and they gave him something to eat. But here—ah! if he only had a little crust of bread to drive away his hunger! Here everything was noise and confusion; so many lights and carriages. The breath of the horses came from their nostrils in frothy rings of mist, and their hoofs struck through the light snow and rang upon the stones of the pavement. The people hurried and pushed so, and ah! how he longed for something to eat, if only a tiny bit! Suddenly his fingers began to ache. He walked on. "Still no her street!" What a broad one! The crowd would surely trample him to death. How the people shouted and ran! And high! there was so much light; it was more glorious than day. "What is that?" he cried to himself. "Oh! what a large glass window! And behind it a room, and in the room a tree, which touches the ceiling! That is a Christmas tree, and it is covered with oranges and apples, and parcels wrapped in golden paper. Around the Christmas tree lie dolls and little horses. Children are running about in the room, dressed in beautiful, clean clothes; they laugh and play and eat and drink. There! a little girl is dancing with a boy, and oh! what a beautiful little girl! They have music in there; you can hear it through the glass." The poor little boy sees all this and talks to himself and laughs in glee. But now his little feet are aching, and his hands have become red; his fingers will not bend, and they hurt him when he tries to move them. He begins to weep bitterly and goes on further. "What is that over there? People are standing in crowds looking at something," he says to himself. "In a window are three dolls, dressed in red and gold clothes, like live people. A little old man sits on a chair and moves his arm as if he were playing a miniature bass viol; two others stand near and draw the bows across two tiny violins, keeping time with nods of their heads. They look at each other, and they talk, but you cannot hear them through the glass." The little boy thinks at first that they are alive. When it suddenly becomes clear to him that they are dolls he laughs aloud. He had never seen such dolls before. He had been almost crying, but when he sees the dolls his heart is gay for a moment. Suddenly it seems as if some one had hold of his ragged little coat; he turns around, and there stands beside him a great rough fellow, who strikes him on the head, tears of his cap, and gives him a kick. He falls down. The people shout and talk loudly, and the little boy is terribly frightened. He jumps up and is off on a run; he knows not where he is going; he flies round the corner, into a strange court, and hides behind a pile of wood. He thinks it is too dark to find him. He crouches low, and can scarcely breathe for fear. All of a sudden everything becomes light, so very light. His hands and feet no longer ache; a warm feeling steals over his little body, he feels as if he were lying by a stove. Now he shudders again—yes, he is falling asleep. How comfortable it is to sleep here. "I will sit awhile, and then go back to see the dolls," laughed the little boy. "Just as if alive." While the dolls are playing it seems as if his mother were singing a lullaby over him. "Mother, I am so sleepy," he murmurs. "It is so nice to sleep here."

"Come with me to the Christmas tree," said a voice above him. The boy thinks it is his mother calling him, but, no! it is not his mother. Some one bends over him and embraces him in the darkness. Oh! what a sight meets his eyes! What a beautiful Christmas tree! But no! it is not a Christmas tree; he had never seen such a one before, so bright and gleaming, and dolls about it. But no! these are boys and girls in gay clothes. They run to him, kiss him and lead him with them; he tries to run away, but his mother looks at him and smiles with joy. "Mo! mother! ah! how beautiful it is here, mo! her!" he cries. Again the children kiss him, and he tells them of the dolls in the window. "Who are you, boys? Who are you, girls?" he asks smiling and caressing them. "This is Christ's Christmas tree," they answer. "O! this day Christ has a Christmas tree for the children who have none on earth." And then the poor little beggar learned that the boys and girls had been children like himself. One had perished with cold, another died from a cruel beating, a third from hunger, a fourth because he had no nursing in sickness, which a little care would have driven away. All are here now, all like angels, with Christ, who holds out his arms towards them, and blesses them and their poor mothers; and the mothers stand at one side; they recognize their boys and girls; they run to them, they kiss them; they brush away the tears and beg them not to cry, for it is so beautiful, so beautiful. In the morning the servants of the large house found the little body of the frozen boy behind the pile of wood. A smile overspread his face, showing that though poor and neglected his last moments had been cheered with bright visions of a happier existence than had been his during his brief stay on earth. Let us in our own rejoicing at this Christmas time remember those whose surroundings are not so happy as our own.

SANTA CLAUS DOES NOT FORGET.

Bertie was a very good boy. He was kind, obedient, truthful and unselfish. He had, however, one great fault. He always forgot. No matter how important the errand, his answer always was, "I forgot." When he was sent with a note to the dress-maker, his mother would find the note in his pocket at night. If he was sent to the store in a great hurry, to get something for tea, he would return late, without the article, but with his usual answer. His father and mother talked the matter over, and decided that something must be done to make the little boy remember.

Christmas was near, and Bertie was busy making out a list of things which Santa Claus was to bring him. "Santa Claus may forget some of those things," said his mother. "He cannot," replied Bertie; "for I shall write sleds, and skates, and drum, and violin, and all the things on this paper. Then when Santa Claus goes to my stocking he will find the list. He can see it and put the things on as fast as he reads."

Christmas morning came, and Bertie was up at dawn to see what was in his stocking. His mother kept away from him as long as she could, for she knew what Santa Claus had done. Finally she heard him coming with slow steps to her room. Slowly he opened the door and came towards her. He held in his hand a list very much longer than the one he had made out. He put it in his mother's hand, while tears of disappointment fell from his eyes. "See what Santa Claus left for me; but I think he might have given me one thing besides."

His mother opened the roll. It was a list of all the errands Bertie had been asked to do for six months. At the end of all was written, in staring capitals, "I FORGOT."

Bertie wept for an hour. Then his mother told him they were all going to grandpa's. For the first time he would see a Christmas tree. Perhaps something might be growing there for him. It was very strange to Bertie, but on grandpa's tree he found everything he had written on his list. Was he cured of his bad habit? Not at all; but when his mother saw that he was particularly heedless, she would say, "Remember, Santa Claus does not forget."

"JUDE NOT." New York Advocate. It was Christmas eve, but the weekly prayer meeting was to be held as usual, and Mr. and Mrs. Heston allowed no trading thing to keep them at home. At the church door they were accosted by one of the brethren, who inquired: "How much are you going to give me toward the steel engravings we have purchased for our pastor's wife?"

"I think perhaps I ought not to give you anything this time." It cost Mr. Heston something to say this, for though he was not rich, he was a generous man; his name was rarely lacking from a subscription list. But he was not prepared for the storm of unkind words and unjust insinuations which his partially deafening to subscribe toward this gift called forth. I will not tell you what this solicitor said, for you would hardly believe the words could come from Christian lips. Mr. Heston went in to the prayer-meeting, but there was little joy in the service for him. He had not yet learned to rejoice in tribulation, to take all such burdens as something given him to bear for Christ, and his heart was sore. It had been one of his hard days. At ten in the morning there had been presented at his office a note for \$500, which his bookkeeper had neglected to enter among bills payable. Fortunately the money was in the bank and he had only to draw a check for it, but the circumstance annoyed him. Later in the day he

remembered that he had promised, on that date, to settle a claim against him for \$200, which a young man in a bank for whom he had gone as bondsman had stolen. Still later there came a heart-breaking letter from an old college chum who was out upon the frontier in charge of a poor, struggling church. It was an answer to a barrel of warm winter clothing and Christmas goodies which Mr. Heston sent his friend, thinking he might enjoy them, but never dreaming that he was reduced to utter extremity. As he folded the letter something very like tears glistened in his eyes, strong man that he was. He took out his hand book, added it up carefully, and then drew a check for \$25. He could not take the time to write a letter, and the sheet of paper accompanying the check contained only three words to his clerical friend: A MERRY CHRISTMAS! GOD PROSPER YOU. Phil. iv:19.

There were other things which made this day an ever-to-be-remembered one to Mr. Heston. He went home utterly weary. "James," his wife said as they sat around the cheerful supper table, "I happened in at old Mrs. McNeal's this afternoon, and I saw clearly that they would have no Christmas dinner unless I sent it to them, so I ordered a turkey and some groceries."

"That was right. You paid for them?" "No, I hadn't a cent left after paying for—"

She checked herself just in time. It was a silk umbrella for her husband's Christmas which had drained her purse. "They came to five dollars. I bought them at Kleig's. He doesn't seem to be doing much this year, and I told him I would send Mary around with the money this evening."

He took out his pocket-book, and handed the servant the required amount—his last dollar. A little later he went to prayer-meeting, and was accosted and misjudged, as I have said. He returned home, and came up to his mother's room, and kneeling beside me as he used to do when he was a boy, silently told me the whole story.

Silently I prayed our Father to take away the sting, and reaching for my Bible I pointed to a verse I had marked many years ago: "Blessed is the man to whom the Lord will not impute sin," and when he gave me his good-night kiss I saw that he was comforted. But I did wish I could whisper in the ear of the one who had thoughtlessly wronged him: "Thou art inexcusable. O man, whoever thou art, that judgest!"

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS. New York Advocate. As the days go by, bringing the Christmas holidays so rapidly, the question comes up, What shall I give this one and that this year? There are plenty of things that may be given, but we want something new, something that will surprise as well as please.

The stores show a few novelties, some of which our readers may like directions for making; and first among these we name a calendar. The materials are a sheet of Bristol board, ten inches by twelve, three yards of satin ribbon two inches wide, of three different shades of purple or crimson, a yard of each shade, and a half-yard of fine brass wire. On the left hand lower corner paint, in water colors, a bouquet of roses, passion flowers, or lilies, and make a pretty ornamental border around the entire edge of the board. On the right hand upper corner put a motto of some sort, spacing it irregularly and using quaint lettering; then an inch above and below the exact center of the board with a sharp knife cut two slits a little over two inches long; two inches to the right of the lower slit cut another, and still another two inches below that; two inches to the left of the upper middle slit cut a slit two inches long, and another two inches above that. On one of the ribbons write in gilt letters, at intervals of two-and-a-quarter inches apart, the days of the week, Sunday, Monday, etc.; put this ribbon through the slits at the left of the calendar. On another of the ribbons write the months of the year, January, February, etc., at the distances apart as above; put this through the opening in the middle of the board. On the third ribbon write figures from 1 to 31, and put this through the right-hand opening. The ends of the ribbons should be deeply fringed. Make two small holes in the upper edge of the calendar, and through them put the brass wire to hang the board by, and the calendar is done.

A pretty needle-book and button-bag is thus made. Cut from pasteboard the shape of a lady's No. 2 low shoe, what is known as a "Newport tie," but without heels. Cover this on both sides with silk, satin, or velvet, having first embroidered buttons on holes and set buttons on one side, as in a shoe. Cut another piece of pasteboard the size of the vamp of the shoe, cover it with material to match the rest, make leaves of flannel and fasten on to this piece; then sew the pieces for two inches, beginning at the toe, to the bottom of the shoe. Attach little ribbons to the top of the shoe, and to the piece containing the flannel leaves, and tie the needle-book to the shoe, making bows at the toe of the shoe and at the instep. Make a little bag of bright colored silk and sew it on to the shoe around the ankle. On this bag embroider a spray and the word "Buttons." Attach a spool, by ribbons sewed on, to the heel of the shoe, and your work is done. Another pretty little gift is thus made:

Take an ordinary three-legged stool, or have one made; gild the legs, or paint them some bright color. Make a bag of silk or satin ten inches deep including a wide hem at the top, to draw the bag together with, and have the bag wide enough to "fall on" to the footstool about about a third of its width. Tack the lower edge of the bag to the under side of the stool, so that the edge will be beside when the bag is drawn together. Run a ribbon into its sheath in the hem, and the work-bag is done.

For a whisk holder: Cut a pattern of iron or guff, and when you have got it exact from stuff pasteboard cut a form like the pattern. Cover this on one side with velvet and on the other with cambric. Sew on five lengths of tinsel cord to simulate the cords of the violin. Have them perfectly even and straight. Across the lower part of the violin sew an embroidered band an inch and a half in width, having it lined, and not fitting it closely to the violin. This is for the whisk. Cover the ends of the cords with bows of ribbon, and sew on under the bows at each end a narrow ribbon a little longer than the violin to hang it up by.

HOW IT BEGINS.

Morning Star. "Give me a half-penny and you may pitch one of these rings, and if it catches over a nail, I'll give you threepence." That seemed fair enough; so the boy handed him a half-penny and took the ring. He stepped back to the stake, tossed the ring and it caught on one of the nails.

"Will you take six rings to pitch again, or threepence?" "Threepence," was the answer, and the money was put in his hand. He stepped off, well satisfied with what he had done, and probably not having an idea that he had done wrong. A gentleman standing near him watched him, and now, before he had time to look about and rejoin his companions, laid his hand on his shoulder.

"My lad, this is your first lesson in gambling." "Gambling, sir?" "You asked your half-penny and won six half pence, did you not?" "Yes, I did."

"You did not earn them, and they were not given to you; you won them, just as gamblers win money. You have taken the first step in the path; that man has gone through it, and you can see the end. Now, I advise you to go and give his threepence back, and ask him for your half penny, and then stand square with the world, an honest boy." He had hung down his head, but raised it very quickly, and his bright, open look, as he said, "I'll do it," will not soon be forgotten. He ran back, and soon emerged from the ring, looking happier than ever. He touched his cap and bowed pleasantly, as he ran away to join his companions. This was an honest boy, and doubtless made an honorable man.

To Save Life

Frequently requires prompt action. An hour's delay waiting for the doctor may be attended with serious consequences, especially in cases of Croup, Pneumonia, and other throat and lung troubles. Hence, no family should be without a bottle of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, which has proved itself, in thousands of cases, the best Emergency Medicine ever discovered. It gives prompt relief and prepares the way for a thorough cure, which is certain to be effected by its continued use. S. J. Loring, M. D., Mr. Vernon, Ga., says: "I have found Ayer's Cherry Pectoral a perfect cure for Croup in all cases. I have known the worst cases relieved in a very short time by its use; and I advise all families to use it in sudden emergencies, for croup, croup, &c." A. J. Edson, M. D., Middleboro, Tenn., says: "I have used Ayer's Cherry Pectoral with the best effect in my practice. This wonderful preparation once saved my life. I had a constant cough, night sweats, was greatly reduced in flesh, and given up by my physician. One bottle and a half of the Pectoral cured me." "I cannot say enough in praise of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral," writes E. Bezdant, of Palestine, Texas, "believing as I do that, but for its use, I should long since have died."

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, PREPARED BY Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists. Price \$1; six bottles, \$5.

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Faith Cure Fairly Beaten.

Chaplain Hall writes the Following Remarkable Letter.

From the Albany, N. Y., Express. For many years my wife has been the victim of nervous dyspepsia, of the chronic, distressing and apparently incurable type from which so many of her sex suffer, languish and die. It was all the worse because the tendency to it was inherited. She had been under the systematic treatment of many of the best physicians in New York and Brooklyn and elsewhere for twenty years with only temporary relief. In fact, there were few, if any kinds of food that did not distress her, so diseased, sensitive and torpid were all the organs of digestion. The usual symptoms of dyspepsia, with its concomitant ailments, were all present—bad taste in the mouth, dull eyes, cold feet and hands, the sense of a load upon the stomach, tenderness on pressure, indigestion, giddiness, great weakness and prostration, and fugitive pains in the sides, chest and back. I have often risen in the night and administered stimulants merely for the sake of the slight and transient relief they gave.

Intermittent malarial fever set in, complicating the case and making every symptom more pronounced and intense. By this time the pneumogastric nerves had become very seriously involved, and she had chronic Gastritis, and also what I may be allowed to call chronic intermittent malarial fever all at once. For the latter the physicians prescribed the good, old-fashioned, sheet-anchor remedy, Quinine, gradually increasing the doses, until—incalculable as it may seem—she actually took THIRTY GRAINS A DAY FOR DAYS IN SUCCESSION. This could not last. The effect of the quinine was, if possible, almost as bad as the two-fold disease which was wearing away her strength and her life. Quinine poisoning was painfully evident, but the fever was there still. Almost every day there came on the characteristic chill and racking headache, followed by the usual weakness and collapse.

About this time I met socially my friend Mr. Norton, a member of the firm of Chauncey, Titus & Company, brokers, of Albany, who, on hearing from me these facts, said: "Why, I have been through almost the same thing, and have got over it." "What cured you?" I asked eagerly. "Kaskine," he said, "try it for your wife." I had seen Kaskine advertised, but had no more faith in it than I had in sawdust, for such a case as hers. Mrs. Hall had no higher opinion, yet on the strength of my friend's recommendation I got a bottle and began its use as directed.

Now recall what I have already said as to her then condition, and then read what follows: Under the Kaskine treatment all the dyspeptic symptoms showed INSTANT improvement, and the daily fever grew less and soon ceased altogether. Side by side these diseases vanished, as side by side they had tortured their victim for ten years—the dyspepsia alone having, as I have said, existed for twenty years. Her appetite improved from week to week until she could eat and digest the average food that any well person takes, without any suffering or inconvenience. With renewed assimilation of food came, of course, a steady increase in flesh, until she now looks like her original self.

She still takes Kaskine occasionally, but with no real need of it, for she is well. I consider this result a scientific miracle, and the "New Quinine" is entitled to the credit of it, for from the time she began with Kaskine she used no other medicine whatever.

If you think a recital of these facts calculated to do good you are welcome to make them public.

(Rev.) JAS. L. HALL, Chaplain Albany, N. Y., Penitentiary. P. S.—Sometimes letters of this kind are published without authority, and in case any one is inclined to question the genuineness of the above statement I will cheerfully reply to any communications addressed to me at the Penitentiary.

JAS. L. HALL. Other letters of a similar character from prominent individuals, which stamp Kaskine as a remedy of undoubted merit, will be sent on application. Price \$1.00, or six bottles, \$5.00. Sold by Druggists, or sent by mail on receipt of price.

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THE CHRIST OF HISTORY.

For nearly nineteen centuries a wonderfully clear idea of the personal Christ has pervaded the Christian mind. All Christian nations have paid homage to this conspicuous historic figure. How can this fact be accounted for, except on the ground that the personal Christ was just as real as Alexander, Caesar, Napoleon, or Washington?

Consider what early secular writers say by way of establishing the groundwork of the gospel story. The opinion prevails in some minds that none but Christian writers mention the occurrence of the crucifixion, but this is erroneous. The event and its attending circumstances have been stated by pagans. There is Mara, who, in writing in Syrian to his son Scorpion (A. D. 74), says: "For what benefit did the Athenians obtain by putting Socrates to death? or the Jews by the murder of their wise king? Socrates did not die because of Plato; nor yet the wise king because of the new laws which he enacted." There is Dionysius, the Areopagite, who, being at Heliopolis, in Egypt, at the time of our Lord's crucifixion, exclaimed, when he beheld the midday darkness: "Either the God of nature suffers, or the frame of the world will be dissolved." (Blunt's Lectures). There is Tacitus, the Roman historian (born A. D. 55), who, speaking of the Christians whom Nero had slaughtered, says: "The founder of that name was Christ, who suffered death in the reign of Tiberius, under his procurator, Pontius Pilate." Gibbon says that the most skeptical criticism is obliged to respect the truth of this testimony of Titus. But there is Josephus, the Jewish historian (A. D. 93), who also says: "Now there arose about this time Jesus, a wise man, if it be lawful to call him a man; for he was a doer of wonderful works, a teacher of such men as receive the truth with gladness. He carried away with him many of the Jews and also many of the Greeks. He was the Christ, and after Pilate, at the suggestion of the principal men among us, had condemned him to the cross, his first adherents did not forsake him. For he appeared to them alive again the third day; the divine prophets have foretold this and ten thousand other wonderful things concerning him. And the tribe of those called Christians, after him, is not extinct to this day." Conceding what skeptics claim, that these words of Josephus may have been enlarged or altered, it still remains true that they must have had foundation in fact.

There is much other profane testimony of highest value to the life and death of Christ which we cannot quote. Had the New Testament never been written, this truth would remain as clearly established as almost any other fact of two thousand years ago. Referring to the evidences from the writings of Juvenal, Suetonius, Piny, Tron, Adman, and others who wrote in the century immediately following the death of Christ, Canon Rawlinson says: "They declare these things to us, and establish, so firmly that no skeptic can even profess to doubt it, the historical character of (at least) that primary ground-work whereon the Christian story, as related by the evangelists, rests as on an immovable basis."

But there is a multitude of early Christian witnesses, some of them very eminent as authors, who make such abundant references to the New Testament, and to the leading facts which it records, that a tolerably full narrative of the life and death of Jesus can be put together from this source alone. Justin Martyr, one of the Platonic philosophers who examined into the evidences of Christianity and was led to renounce all for Christ, in the end sealing his testimony with his blood, and whose narrative coincides with the canonical gospels, alone gives enough Scripture truth to lay a solid foundation for the Christian faith. St. Barnabas, St. Clement, Ignatius, Polycarp, and others who wrote in the first century, all substantiate the truth beyond dispute that the facts of the New Testament history were unquestioned in their time.

Even the early adversaries of Christianity indirectly confirm what they attacked. Doddridge says that "an abridgement of the history of Christ may be found in Celsus," one of the Epicurean philosophers. Wescott cites the significant fact that the first quotation of a book of the New Testament as Scripture (Basilides'), the first commentary on an apostolic writing (Heraclion's), and the first known canon of the New Testament (Marcion's), all came from heretical authors.

The catacombs of Rome, and other places of Christian burial, are also full of evidences to gospel truth. These catacombs belong to the earliest times of Christianity. The fearful persecutions through which they passed compelled these primitive Christians to hide away in these secret caverns and gloomy galleries, deep below the earth's surface, the precious memorials of their dead. Here are several millions of Christian graves, confirming what Tacitus said of the Roman Christians, that they were "a vast multitude." Here we find the word "Martyr" very frequent upon the tombs, many phials which once contained blood, the emblem of martyrdom, innumerable inscriptions of Christian import, and numbers of pictures representing historical scenes from the Old and New Testaments, among them being the baptism of Christ, the raising of Lazarus, and Pilate washing his hands, all confirming the truth that the early Christians were fearfully persecuted, just as profane history records, and that they held just as

tenaciously to Bible truth as do the most orthodox Christians of to-day. It has been said that monumental evidence is stronger, though not richer than documentary. Behold the monuments of Christianity! The Lord's supper is a perpetual memorial of the Lord's death. The Lord's day, with its forms of faith and worship, is a standing monument of the Lord's resurrection. The Christian Church is an abiding and living monument of the Lord's triumph. Palestine to this day "is written all over with the names and relics of the places where the gospel scenes were laid. Of about thirty-six Syrian and Palestinian towns mentioned in the gospels, twenty-four have been identified, and probably five others." Thus the circumstantial evidence is as strong as the monumental. Judge Greenleaf observes that the New Testament mentions about thirty names of emperors, kings, high priests, rabbis, Roman and Jewish leaders, of whom all but Theudas and Barabbas are found in secular history; also nearly fifty countries or foreign cities—all accurately. It gives, he says, a vast amount of circumstantial evidence. Its witnesses, if false, expose themselves to detection by the variety and minuteness of their details. But they bear to be cross-examined. "Give Christianity a common law trial," says Chief Justice Gibbon, "submit the evidence, pro and con, to an impartial jury, under the direction of a competent court, and its verdict will assuredly be in its favor."—Michigan Advocate.

NO HARPOONS.

A sailor who had just returned from a whaling voyage was taken by a friend to hear an eloquent preacher. When they came out of church the friend said, "Jack, wasn't that a fine sermon?" "Yes, it was ship-shape; the water-lines were graceful; the masts raked just enough; the sails and rigging were all right; but I didn't see any harpoons. When a vessel goes on a whaling voyage, the main thing is to get whales. But they went onto me to you because you have a fine ship. You must gather them and harpoon them. Now, it seems to me that a preacher is a whiteman. He is sent, not to sail among the fish, but to catch them. Jesus said to his disciples, 'I will make you fishers of men.' How many such sermons as that would it take, do you think, to awaken a sinner as the thousands were awakened in the day of Pentecost, and to make them cry out, 'What must I do to be saved?'" "But, Jack, people nowadays don't want to be harpooned. They want to be interested intellectually in the truth. They like to listen to such expositions and illustrations as the doctor gave us this morning. Did you not see how attentive they were? Surely it is a grand thing to attract such an audience to hear the gospel."

"To hear about the gospel, you mean. I don't object to the doctor's expositions and illustrations. As I said before, they were all ship-shape. But the trouble was when he had sailed to the fishing-ground, and the whales were spouting around him, instead of manning his boats and trying to catch them, he made a polite bow and said, 'I am glad to see so many whales. I hope they admire my ship, and will come and spout around it again on their next voyage.' Do you think that the ship owner in New Bedford would send such a captain to Behring Strait a second time? Now read the report in Acts of Peter's first gospel sermon. He begins with an able exposition of the Old Testament prophecies in regard to the resurrection of Christ and the outpouring of the Spirit; and then, when he had gained the attention of the crowd, he charged home upon them with the words, 'Jesus, whom ye have crucified.' That was hurling a harpoon. And we are told that it was effectual. 'They were pricked in their heart,' and the gospel catch that day was three thousand souls. No, no, a fisherman wants a good ship and good boats; and then he wants sharp harpoons, and the skill and courage to hurl them at just the right time. The harpoons ought to be polished, too; the more highly polished the better. But, after all, the harpooning is the main thing. If the whiteman fails in that, his whole voyage and venture are a failure, and I can't help thinking that it is so in preaching."

Jack was an old-fashioned tar. He did not appreciate the modern improvements. In some parts of the country the idea of preaching to save sinners is obsolete. The aim and effort is to attract congregations. The successful preacher is not the man who is instrumental in bringing men to Christ, but in bringing them into the congregation, and thus making it strong socially and financially.

The temptation to labor for congregations rather than for conversions is very insidious. Elders and trustees often join with Satan in presenting it to the minister. "We must fill the pews and the treasury," they cry. "We must not repel the impenitent by pricking them in their hearts." But God sends his ambassadors, not to prophesy sweet things, but to cry, "Except ye repent ye shall all likewise perish." Brethren, don't go a-whaling without harpoons.—Interior.

THE CHILDREN OF THE CLERGY.

Some years ago an English writer spoke very regretfully of the loss the world had suffered on account of the celibacy of the Roman Catholic clergy. He instanced many Protestant clergymen's sons who were doing great and good work in England and on the Continent in science, literature, the learned

professions, and in commercial life, and advanced the idea if there had been such a class of men from the time of Gregory VII, who interdicted marriage of the clergy, the Dark Ages might not have been dark. The habits of virtue and morality, of personal purity and piety, of industry and temperance, of intellectual and spiritual growth, required of clergymen by the very nature of their calling, are such as fit them pre-eminently to become the fathers of sons and daughters sound in body, mind and morals. The comparative poverty of their gymnasiums as a class is far more in their children's favor than against it. The tools with which success is attained rather than the unearned fruits of success, are their heritage. They are trained to habits of self-denial, industry and economy.

The curious student of biography, with the hint above given, will be surprised to note the large number of ministers' sons who have been and are eminent in the higher walks of life. Among these are Fletcher, the dramatist; Colver, the poet; Lincoln, the naturalist; John and Charles Wesley, James Montgomery, Leonard Bacon, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Edward Everett, and James Russell Lowell. We will not prolong the list, but leave our readers the pleasure of extending it themselves.

Of ministers' daughters, whose names or whose writings are known wherever the English language is spoken, we have Mrs. Barbauld, Miss Hays, Mrs. Prentiss, Harriet Beecher Stowe. The two women more prominent than any others in forming the Association for the Advancement of Women were, one the daughter of Episcopal clergymen, the other of a Methodist. An eminent Baptist clergyman was asked the other day how it happened that his daughters were on the stage. "The answer to that question is very easy," said he; "they inherit a taste for public life, and not having religion enough to go into church work, they devote themselves to the drama."

It used to be said some years ago that ministers' children were usually worse than those of other men. Few intelligent people, whatever their sympathies, would now make such an assertion. Clergymen who place the church before the family, and cultivate other vineyards while leaving their own to run to weeds, can hardly wonder if their children go astray. The family was first organized after that church, and it is not safe to reverse this order. The children of clergymen have a right to feel that their home is sacred from all intrusion, as sacred as the homes of their juvenile friends and associates.—N. Y. Advocate.

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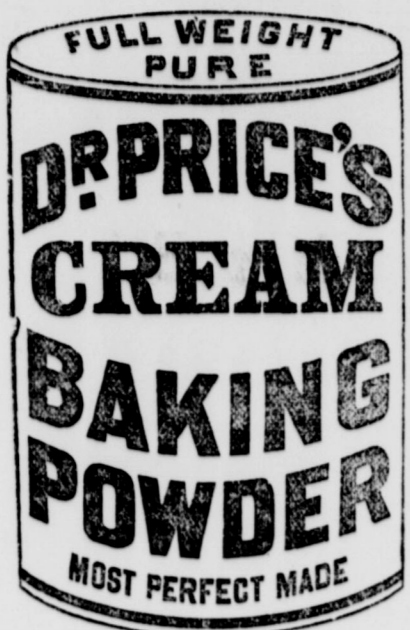












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Over the State.

Texas Incidents. The Masonic Grand Lodge passed a resolution to establish an orphan's home, \$25,000 of the \$50,000 needed is already in hand. The Grand Chapter of Royal Arch Masons, in session at Houston, installed officers for the coming year. The expiration of all liquor licenses expired at Cameron, and the new law will force a number of saloons out of business. E. H. Hill, constable for Lodiola, was accidentally shot and killed by a Mr. Peck, while the two were hunting. The North Texas Medical Association met in annual session at Galveston Dec. 13. The address of welcome on behalf of the city was delivered by Vaney Lewis, Esq., and was a masterpiece of eloquent oratory. A number of interesting papers were read by the members. A bout twenty members were in attendance. Gaspar Galano, an Italian storekeeper at Corpus Christi, was murdered in a secularly barbarous manner. His head was split open with a shovel, and he was then strangled with a leather strap. Object—robbery. Terry's Rangers will leave their reunion at Austin January 25. Rises in streams of Eastern Texas have given an impetus to sawmill work, as lumber logs can now be floated by the thousands. Montague county is excited about her coal business, prospects being regarded as most flattering. Chambers county has purchased a poor farm one mile from Liberty. Shows visited portions of Northwest Texas during the week past. Land Commissioner Hall is on a western trip to investigate as to necessities in land classifications. While feeding a paper-cutting machine in the State book-distributing office, Theodore Reimer had his hand cut smoothly off at the wrist. Henrietta had an election to decide the people's choice for postmaster, and it fell upon W. A. Spilner. The Most Worshipful Grand Lodge, A. F. and A. M., had its annual meeting at Houston the past week. The attendance was very large. The following grand officers were installed: Anson Rainey, of Waxahachie, grand master; W. S. Fly, of Gonzales, deputy grand master; A. S. Richardson, grand senior warden; G. W. Tyler, of Houston, grand junior warden; Henry Scherffels, of Houston, grand treasurer; T. W. Hudson, of Houston, grand secretary. Past Grand Master M. F. Mott was the installing officer. Wm. Roberts was assassinated by two men unknown while he was riding along the road with a couple of friends. M. M. Hain and H. P. Long, sergeants of Cortulla, had a difficulty, and Mr. Hain was shot, it is thought fatally. Fred Foster, a detective, was accidentally killed by the cars at Houston. B. J. Corn, living near Paris, was killed by his father-in-law. Hypocritism is a sort of homage vice pays to virtue. Drive out the vicious blood with Warner's Log Cabin Sarsaparilla, renew it with new and virtuous blood and there will be no hypocrisy in your strong and healthy nature. Best blood remedy and cheapest. 120 doses for \$1.00. All druggists sell it.

General News.

Miscellaneous. Kansas adventures are preparing for another Oklahoma invasion. California is now counted a first class beef market by the stockmen of New Mexico and Arizona. Mrs. Jno. Jacob Astor's funeral in New York the past week was attended by an immense concourse. Rich as she was, she went the same road to eternity pursued by the unnumbered pauper. Gen. Thomas Kirby Smith died at Philadelphia, age 1 sixty-seven years. The Chicago, Hannibal and Springfield railroad has been incorporated. Congressman Mills of Texas, says that a proper reduction of the tariff by this congress would greatly improve the condition of the country by next November. A measure for a loan of \$500,000 is being railroaded through the Mexican congress. The Tortuga Mining company has filed a libel suit for \$500,000 against James Gordon Bennett. Sands W. Hopkins, a youthful and eccentric millionaire of Kansas City, committed suicide. The Chamber of Commerce of Salt Lake City has issued a protest against the reduction of the tariff on lead or lead ores. A negro assaulted and robbed a Mrs. Hubards, near Keridian, Miss., and then cut out her tongue. She wrote his name on a piece of paper to secure his arrest. An immense balloon was observed sailing over Owensboro, Ky., last Saturday afternoon, at a great height. Afterwards it was found in an old swamp, about ten miles south of Owensboro. There were also discovered the emarried remains of a man who had evidently been emptied from the basket several yards from where the air ship had fallen. No papers or other evidence has been found to indicate who the unfortunate man can be.

They Should Post Themselves.

Our congressional members should fully post themselves as to the land-grant statutes in New Mexico. It appears to be the absorbing interest in the territory at this time. Many thousands of acres of land are kept away from the people, it is claimed, through fraudulent or justly forfeited private land-grants; and it is further claimed that the present governor of the territory is one of a large ring to defraud the people of the land in the interest of monopoly—a ring in which both political parties seem to be about equally divided. The Nagal Nugget (N. M.) puts the situation in this language: "The Nugget has noticed that some of the papers of New Mexico are calling for the organization of a new, or people's party. That a change of some kind should be made in the management of the political affairs of the territory will be readily conceded by all candid minds. We have no real politics in New Mexico. The leaders of the two parties have formed a ring and work, not for principle, but for 'revenue only.' If the Democrats are in power at Washington the leading Democratic party managers of New Mexico have protected the interests of their Republican ring friends, and vice versa. As a case in point: Gov. E. G. Ross is the appointee of the Democratic president at Washington; the land-grant ring of New Mexico is composed

State Sovereignty. The Hon. John Ireland publishes a forcible criticism of the decision in the drummer case, taking the position that a Federal circuit court has no jurisdiction of appeal cases from State courts, and that appeal from the Supreme Court of the United States. Judge Ireland closes his very able article with the following solid Democratic logic: "If you could have reached the merits over the jurisdictional question, it would not be difficult to demonstrate the error in the judgment. The Maryland case so much relied on was not a parallel case, and that the main case was one against a sovereign State, I think clear. I know that a derivative suit passes over the faces of centralists, and of men who have no real conception of our dual form of government, when they hear persons talk of the sovereignty of the States. I trust our posterity will never consent to the idea that because sovereignty in its broadest term and with reference to all governmental affairs is not claimed or conceded by statesmen, that therefore the State has yielded up their claim to sovereignty in all things. When that line comes, our destiny as a free republic will be sealed. Our States and State officials become mere automatons, and the citizen is forced to look to a central power for redress in all concerns in life, we will be no longer a republic, and a claim to such will be a mockery. One of the grave errors that the federal judiciary seems to be laboring under, is that they appear to regard themselves as representing a government unknown to, and foreign to the States; when, in fact, they are mere servants to the States, though selected and placed in power in a different mode from those of the States."

Come to the bride chamber, Death! Come to the mother, when she feels For the first time, her first-born's breath, And thou art terrible? The untimely death which annually carries off thousands of human beings in the prime of youth, is indeed terrible. The first approach of consumption is insidious, and the sufferer himself is the most unconscious of its approach. One of the most alarming symptoms of this dread disease is, in fact, the irregular pulse, which lurks in the heart of the victim, preventing him from taking timely steps to arrest the malady. That it can be arrested in its earlier stages is beyond question, and there are hundreds of well-authenticated cases where Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery has effected a complete cure.

The H. and T. C. Railroad. Mr. Chas. Dillingham, receiver of the H. and T. C. railroad, is invited to be present at the immigration convention, saying: "If I should find myself unable to be present, I desire to say that the Houston and Texas Central railway company will, in the future, as in the past, use every endeavor to bring immigrants to Texas, and will cheerfully and gladly co-operate to the best of its ability with the citizens of Texas in their efforts in this direction. Our experience teaches us, however, that it will take time, money and hard work on the part of the citizens, aided by the railroads, to turn the tide in this direction. Low fares alone will not do it. I am quite sure you will find all the railroads in this State willing and anxious to work with you for the common good." It is to be hoped the H. and T. C. will do better in the future than in the past, as its action in the past has been mostly with an eye single to the main chance.

Business Troubles. Henry Auther, Colorado county, assigned. George P. Stacey, books and stationery, Austin, assigned. Mrs. F. A. Brown, Terrell; attached. Geo. Tidwell, dry goods; and the Richardson Co., groceries, both of Sanger, attached. G. F. Crosby, hotel and saloon, Jefferson, attached. Ed. Colman, liquor dealer, Gainesville, attached.

A Trial by Jury. That great American jury, the people, have rendered an unanimous verdict in favor of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pills, the standard remedy for head and stomach disorders, biliousness, sick headache, dizziness, constipation and sluggish liver.

General News. Kansas adventures are preparing for another Oklahoma invasion. California is now counted a first class beef market by the stockmen of New Mexico and Arizona. Mrs. Jno. Jacob Astor's funeral in New York the past week was attended by an immense concourse. Rich as she was, she went the same road to eternity pursued by the unnumbered pauper. Gen. Thomas Kirby Smith died at Philadelphia, age 1 sixty-seven years. The Chicago, Hannibal and Springfield railroad has been incorporated. Congressman Mills of Texas, says that a proper reduction of the tariff by this congress would greatly improve the condition of the country by next November. A measure for a loan of \$500,000 is being railroaded through the Mexican congress. The Tortuga Mining company has filed a libel suit for \$500,000 against James Gordon Bennett. Sands W. Hopkins, a youthful and eccentric millionaire of Kansas City, committed suicide. The Chamber of Commerce of Salt Lake City has issued a protest against the reduction of the tariff on lead or lead ores. A negro assaulted and robbed a Mrs. Hubards, near Keridian, Miss., and then cut out her tongue. She wrote his name on a piece of paper to secure his arrest. An immense balloon was observed sailing over Owensboro, Ky., last Saturday afternoon, at a great height. Afterwards it was found in an old swamp, about ten miles south of Owensboro. There were also discovered the emarried remains of a man who had evidently been emptied from the basket several yards from where the air ship had fallen. No papers or other evidence has been found to indicate who the unfortunate man can be.

War on a Monopoly. United States Senator Cullom is the author of a bill to establish a postal telegraph system. Under its provisions the system is to be constructed by the engineer corps of the army, and turned over when complete to the postmaster-general. Four million dollars is to be appropriated for the work. This is the first in a war by the government upon the Western Union monopoly. It remains to be seen whether the wiles and money of Gould can avert the deserved doom of the syndicate possessing the power of this telegraphic monster.

Dr. Cheaney's professional announcement appears in this issue of ADVOCATE. He takes first rank in his profession.

Mr. Crain on Sugar. Congressman Crain, in an expression on the sugar tariff question, inclines to the belief that this country in five years will be exporting sugar, or at least will be supplying our people with all the sugar they use, for the successful experiments with the new process for converting sorghum into sugar, conducted under the auspices of the agricultural department, will result in the extensive cultivation of sorghum wherever it can be grown. "Indeed, I have seen," said Mr. Crain, "a letter from Mr. Cunningham, of Fort Bend county, Texas, to Commissioner Coleman, in which the writer says he contemplates planting a thousand acres in sorghum as he is satisfied from personal observation that the new sugar-making process is a success. In this connection I may add," he continued, "that I have been informed that Claus Spreckles, the celebrated Hawaiian sugar importer, is making preparations for the cultivation of beets and then manufacturing them into sugar in the State of California."

Disastrous Overflow. SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 15.—The steamship City of Sydney arrived this afternoon from Hong Kong and Yokohama. Chinese papers give the details of a disaster occasioned by the Yellow river overflowing its banks in the province of Honn, and describe it as one of the most appalling occurrences in loss of life and property recorded in recent times. The river broke its banks on the evening of September 28 southwest of the city of Ching Chow, and not only completely inundated that city but also ten other populous cities. The whole area is now a raging sea ten to thirty feet deep where it was once a densely populated and rich plain. The former bed of the Yellow river is now dry, and the present lake was the bed of the river centuries ago. The loss of life is incalculable, and the statement is made by missionaries that millions of Chinese are homeless and starving. Thomas Parsons, one of the American missionaries, writing from Honn province under date of October 28, says: "Newly gathered crops, houses and trees are all swept away, involving fearful loss of life. The country was covered with fine winter grain, which is gone, and implies completed destruction to next year's crop. 'Bread and butter' is the cry of thousands who are on the river banks. Benevolent people go into boats and throw bread among the masses here and there, but it is nothing compared with the requirements. The mass of people is still being increased by continual arrivals even more hungry than the last. There they sit, stunted, hungry and dejected, without a rag to wear or a morsel of food. Mat huts are being erected for them. What it will be in two months I cannot conceive. The misery is increased owing to the bitter cold weather."

Is There any Gain in it? Is there any gain in it? As a prudent man ask before he has a lot of any new enterprise, Taylor's Cherokee Remedy of sweet Gum and Mullein is a gain in it and the finest stimulant and purgative known. It cures coughs, colds and consumption.

Piles, Ulceration, Etc., Cured without a surgical operation or loss of time. My treatment is not used by any other physician in Texas. I have cured hundreds of cases since locating in Dallas, three years ago.

Dr. F. J. DICKEY, 804 Elm street.

Established 1870. ALFRED FREEMAN, expert dealer in FINE PIANOS AND ORGANS—wholesale and retail. State Agent, Henry F. Miller, and Chas. J. Wagner, Bartlett and Palace Organs; also Smith's American Organs and Pianos. Have furnished twelve organs to Dallas Churches. Five of the leading Musicians and Church Organists of Dallas use my organs. All interested in the sale or purchase of pianos or organs will find it to their advantage to address me. Prices and terms most liberal. 115 Travis St., DALLAS, TEX.

Not a Cyclone Exact: Mistress—"Why, Mary, I told you to make up my room an hour ago, and here it is in the middle of Dallas. —"Yes, mum, an' I did make it up; but the master came in to put on a clean collar, mum, an' he lost the button."

WILLIAMS RUPTURE COMPANY. Rupture Positively Cured. Terms. No cure, no pay, and no pay until cured.

Intelligent Readers will notice that Tut's Pills are not warranted to cure all classes of diseases, but only such as result from a disordered liver, viz: Vertigo, Headache, Dyspepsia, Fevers, Costiveness, Bilious Colic, Flatulence, etc.

Wm. Knabe & Co. Piano Fortes. Tone, Touch, Workmanship and Durability. WILLIAM KNABE & CO. BALTIMORE, 22 and 24 East Baltimore Street. NEW YORK, 142 FIFTH AVE. WASHINGTON, 317 MARKET SPACE.

15 Pounds gained in Three Weeks, and CURED OF CONSUMPTION. Messrs. Craddock & Co., 102 Race St., Philadelphia, Pa.

GENTLEMEN:—Please send me twelve bottles of Dr. H. JAMES' CANCER EXPELLER, one each of Pills and Ointment, for a friend of mine who is not expected to live; and as your medicine cured me of Consumption some three years ago, I want him to try them. I gained fifteen pounds while taking the first three bottles, and I know it is just the thing for him. Respectfully, J. V. HULL, Roscoeville, Anderson Co., Ky.

HAWKES' CRYSTALIZED LENSES. Persons suffering from weak eyes arising from nervous debility or over taxation, either in youth or middle age, will find great relief by using Hawkes' Crystalized Lenses. We do not claim that our glasses will restore all eyes to their normal strength, but thousands have had their sight improved by their use, and they are known to be the purest and most brilliant lenses in use.

ALL EYES FITTED And the Fit Guaranteed by Eisenlohr Bros. & Schneider, DALLAS, TEXAS.

T. W. TARRANT & CO., GALVESTON, And in every city and town in the South.

Prof. Swenson, while in the employ of the government, and operating with government funds, developed the diffusion process of making sugar. It now transpires that a patent has been issued to him, and the United States Attorney-General will endeavor to set it aside.

The Nagal (N. M.) Nugget says: "Leaving aside all questions of morality and religion, it is a fact that teachers everywhere have fully tested and proven that no child can be advanced rapidly and permanently in literary studies if his mind is distracted by attendance upon dances and parties."

Paris Patterns of Plain Goods and Push Panels to match at \$6.75, reduced from \$10.50. Paris Patterns, assorted in various styles of plain and fancy combinations, at \$10, reduced from \$15. A line of Combination Dress Patterns that have been marked from \$18 to \$21.50 are all marked to the uniform price of \$12.50 each, cut in two.

Twenty-five pieces of fine Camell Hair, 42 inches wide, at 65 cents a yard, reduced from \$1.25.

When at the counter looking at these, ask the salesman to show you the balance of reduced goods. They may please you better than those mentioned.

Remnants at half price. Our house furnishing department makes a few additions to the low-priced lots of last week. Those were appreciated and we doubt not the following will be similarly treated. What would you say to a fancy bordered bleached and cream table set consisting of cloth and dozen napkins to match, that is worth \$6.50 and is sold for \$4.25. You might exclaim wonderful, and we could answer correct. Yet this is what we are doing. We are also selling \$10.00 sets for \$8. Fine bleached cloths at \$2.75, reduced from \$3.50; at \$3.50, reduced from \$4.50; at \$4.25, reduced from \$5.50. We have just received a special lot of Marseilles Quilts, in two qualities, which we have marked at \$2.50 and \$3.25, they are really worth \$4.00 and \$5.00.

Those who buy umbrellas can find pure silk, natural wood handles, at \$2.25 that are worth \$3.50.

Windsor silk, with silver handles, at \$2.75, worth \$4.

And finer qualities, with large silver handles, at \$5, worth \$7. We have umbrellas up to \$20 each; they are all remarkable values.

A Gents' silk muffler makes a nice, small investment, holiday present. We shall aid you in making the investment very small by the following prices:

Large size white china silk, hemstitched mufflers at \$1; nobody else can sell them for less than \$1.75 without a loss.

Large size, extra quality, fancy mufflers at \$1.25; \$2.25 would appear cheap for them. Other mufflers will be shown to you when you call, and fine suspenders, neckwear and handkerchiefs will also enter you.

Gents' robes and smoking jackets. There are few houses that devote so much care and attention to collecting an attractive line of these goods as we have done. As a result we are able to offer not only excellent styles but very low prices.

Gents' dressing gowns at \$10.00, \$12.50, \$15.00, \$18.00 up to \$30.00 each.

Gents' smoking jackets at \$6.00, \$8.50, \$10.00, \$12.50 up to \$25.00 each.

These embrace all the new and desirable materials and are guaranteed below the prices usually asked for these goods.

In our carpet department we have opened a new lot of Smyrna Rugs this week which were bought at great reduction and will be sold likewise.

Rugs at \$3.00 worth \$4.00. Rugs at \$5.25 worth \$7.50. Rugs at \$7.25 worth \$10.00.

SANGER BROS

HOLIDAY ATTRACTIONS

Are numerous and weighty, and consist of reduced prices in suitable

HOLIDAY GOODS!

First on the list is our Dress Goods Department. In fact, we hardly ever look about us for something to advertise unless we have it on the list. Ladies like to read of cheap dresses for Christmas anyway. Too late to make them up? Perhaps so! But anyone receiving one of these handsome patterns will have it made up after Christmas and still feel happy.

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Our art department, although particularly a holiday feature, has already made so many friends among purchasers of Wedding, Birthday and Complimentary Gifts that we have decided to permanently retain it. We have already placed orders with foreign manufacturers for spring novelties, and have systematically marked down all goods now in stock. The items are too many and descriptions would be inadequate. New prices for this week is the correct and shortest way for us to put it, and an examination the easiest way for you to find out all about them.

Plush Toilet Cases and Manicure Sets—Of these we have but very few left. That this should be the case, in view of recent events, carries a significance that is noteworthy. However, those that are left will be sold still lower this week:

\$5.50 CASES FOR \$2.50. \$5.00 CASES FOR \$3.50. \$7.00 CASES FOR \$5.00. \$10.00 CASES FOR \$7.50.

And so on throughout the line. If you remember that former prices were low enough to almost close our large line, you can imagine what these will do.

There are few things costing a moderate sum that are more appreciated as gifts by gentlemen than a pair of Slippers. We have the most extraordinary line of them, and every pair has a holiday appearance, they are so bright and pretty.

Plush and Velvet Slippers, handsomely embroidered, quilted satin linings, at \$2.50 a pair.

Real Alligator Slippers in russet, wine and tan color, at \$3.50 to \$4 a pair. Maroon Goat Opera Slippers at \$2.50.

We have some old lots of embroidered slippers, sizes of which are already broken, at \$1.50 to \$2 a pair, that are worth nearly double.

Come to our Handkerchief Counter if you want to see Handkerchiefs. Everything in Handkerchiefs, and still more Handkerchiefs—in fact, there is no end of Handkerchiefs.

Hand-embroidered initial Handkerchiefs, at \$1.50 and \$2 a dozen. Only enough left to last several days more. 25c and 50c each are popular prices for Handkerchiefs; at least you would think so if you saw one of them. They comprise all the new things in white and colored borders in fine prints and embroidered. They must be cheap, too, or why do such crowds congregate in the neighborhood of their exhibit? Extra help behind this counter for this week.

Real lace handkerchiefs are largely in demand. The prices we named last week remain until all are sold.

Of course our cloak department will be crowded this week. The children want Cloaks and Dresses for Christmas, and you can buy them cheap. We shall sell \$2.50 garments at \$4.50, \$7.50 garments at \$8, and \$10 garments at \$7. If you want fine goods we have them also, and we are selling them at still greater reductions. Ladies' Tea Gowns and Wrappers are a nice holiday article, and we have an elegant line of them.

All wool wrappers elegantly braided, reduced from \$12 to \$8. Gray Flannel Wrappers at \$5 worth \$7.50.

Elegant tea gowns at \$10, \$12.50 and \$14 worth one-third more.

In this department will also be found some desirable holiday articles in the way of Chinese Crepe Silk Embroidered Squares and Shawls, also handsome black and colored Cashmere Shawls and Scarfs.

SANGER BROS

All other special prices remain till after the Holidays.