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HOME CONFERENCES.

Boatport.

W. W., Jan. 5: Started the new year well. Good congregation; a happy time; three accessions to the church at the 11 o'clock service. Others may report their warm receptions and heavy poundings—this preacher reports he is happy in the Lord. We are striving for higher ground and for a closer walk with God.

Starville.

J. M. Mills, Jan. 5: We are returned for the third year to Tyler circuit; have been kindly received, and enter upon our work to do the best we can. Yesterday I preached three times, married a couple and rode eighteen miles. I want all my people to take the ADVOCATE. I believe it to be one of the best papers published by the M. E. Church, South. God bless the editor and publishers.

Decatur.

John W. Murphy, Jan. 5: I have just completed my first round on the Decatur circuit; have been kindly received and am well pleased with my work. I think I have a generous, warm-hearted people. They have made a liberal assessment for the supporting and preacher. The outlook is promising and we are hopeful for a prosperous year. Brethren, pray that my most sanguine expectations may be more than realized.

Dripping Springs.

T. S. Ballard, Jan. 6: We reached our work about six weeks ago. The people received us kindly, for which we are thankful. Our first quarterly conference is over. Our presiding elder, W. H. H. Biggs, was with us, seeing after his work and preaching five sermons, as usual. We have organized two Sunday-schools since on the work, and some revival in the prayer-meeting work. We are looking and praying for a successful year.

Zephyr.

N. Kelsey, Jan. 6: We are at home in the new parsonage at Zephyr, and have received a nice pounding. The parsonage is neatly furnished with new furniture and cooking-stove, with plenty of other good things to go with them. We have also a splendid stone chimney—all built since we came on the circuit by the good people. May God bless them in their labors of love. They know how to make the preacher and his family happy.

Gober Circuit.

Jos. P. Rodgers, Jan. 6: We arrived at Gober the fourth of last month, found the parsonage ready and took possession. Have been to all of the appointments, and am very well pleased. The people have treated us well, and though we have had no regular poundings, we have received some things that were much appreciated. The stewards met and fixed the pastor in charge's salary at \$300; have paid \$23.50. We have received eight members and baptized one baby. We are hoping and praying for a good year.

Crockett.

J. L. Dawson, Jan. 6: The pounding still continues. Yesterday we received a box—a big box from the express office, where it had been ever since Christmas day—sent us from Lovelady, one of our appointments. The box was packed and crammed with nice things for the preacher, his wife and children—all were remembered. May God reward them a thousand-fold. Lovelady is up with Crockett in date. God bless all these good people.

Garland.

J. S. Strother, Jan. 3: We have given our pastor, Bro. Reynolds, a warm Christian welcome to our hearts and homes and have assessed for his support \$800. If we pay the salary he will be satisfied and we will be jolly. Our church is in good shape in essentials. Have the preacher we want. He is a good mixer. Has energy, prudence, lots of sense, language, pure and pointed, a smile and hearty hand-shake for all and in the pulpit, "knows when to quit." We hope the love existing between him and his flock will be as strong in November as it is now.

Itasca.

A Member, Jan. 6: Our first quarterly meeting was held at Itasca, on Sunday, Jan. 5, at 11 o'clock, on the subject of "The Relation of Pastor and Church," to a large congregation, which will be long remembered. Bro. J. W. Sanson, preacher in charge, is at his post of duty. God bless our pastor and presiding elder and may this be a year of ingathering of many precious souls into the fold of Christ in Itasca, and the church built up and the cause of Christ advanced and preacher and people made to rejoice on account of the goodness of God.

Edom Circuit.

S. N. Allen, Jan. 2: This scribe had the pleasure of being in attendance at the Christmas trees on our old circuit, at Grand Saline, before leaving there. It was a success. It makes the preacher's heart glad to see his work prosper. A Christmas tree is a blessing when given as a Sabbath-school entertainment. The Sabbath-school at Grand Saline has forty enrolled, thirty in attendance and will run all winter. God bless those little children. How their little eyes sparkled when Santa Claus handed out those presents. The new preacher has made one round on Edom circuit. Prospects for plenty of work and a good time in the Lord. We are in our new home on the Edom circuit and the Lord is here ready to help us.

Davilla.

W. F. Brinson, Jan. 3: We have made one round for the second year on Davilla circuit. Kind and welcome words from all. We have received two members; held one communion service, with many communicants present, and on the last day of December how the south wind did blow! About night came a colored woman, with two or three bundles, and said her mistress told her to put them on the dining-table; so she did and left. What does this mean? The good sister was not able to come herself. But in a little while, when the door came open, Dr. Martin, our venerable local elder, came in, followed by several good sisters and our Sunday-school superintendent and young people and children, and they kept coming for awhile. First one good sister, with a broom in hand, called for the preacher to come and get his pounding. I submitted. Then they proceeded to the dining-room and loaded the table with many bundles, too many to enumerate, but sugar and coffee, canned goods and

dry goods, etc. They were not little pounds. Then came the pastor of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church with his bundles. God bless him. Well, here is language to express gratitude? Well, the Lord graciously bless and reward all the donors and help us to prove worthy of such acts of kindness for Jesus' sake.

Eagle Lake.

H. C. Trammell, Jan. 6: Being appointed to serve this charge this year by Dr. Philpott, I arrived here about midnight December 24. Commenced visiting and getting acquainted Xmas day—a good time for both. The good sisters of the Ladies' Aid Society handed me a handsome sum of money, in all about sixty dollars, and Bro. Jas Harbert made me a present of a nice Derby hat, and I was welcomed and made to feel at home at once among them. Spent my first Sabbath at Albion. Bro. Phillips, of Palestine, preached at 11 a. m. and myself at night. I am well pleased with my work and think the outlook for a good year very encouraging. Some sickness just now. Missed preaching here first Sabbath in the new year. Am up again.

Alto Circuit.

George W. Riley: The next Sunday after the conference at Tyler I entered upon the duties of my new charge and made one full round before Christmas. Wife and children were on a visit to her father's home, and I joined them for the holidays, having received our freight and placed it in the parsonage at Alto before I left. On our return, Wednesday, December 31, we were greeted by a number of the good women who had prepared a sumptuous dinner at the parsonage. Many were the good things in store for us, and we were happy in the friendly hospitality of a good people. Our parsonage is a new, five-room house of modern style, well finished and furnished. Our new presiding elder came on Friday and our quarterly conference Saturday was well attended. A good time, religiously and financially.

Collinsville.

W. H. Brown, Jan. 8: Our meeting closed last night. The weather was very unfavorable, but we had a good congregation for a rainy night. We had about twenty-five conversions and recommitments and seventeen accessions to our church. The Lord was with us all the time; bless his name. The devil tried to get in some of his work, as usual, but it is to be hoped that he did not do much. Men tell me who have been here for years that they never heard as much talk about a meeting in their lives. We hope that the good talk will continue. If we can get men to think about heaven, they will want to go there. Thanks to Bro. Hays for one sermon and his earnest efforts in the altar during the meeting. Also to Bro. Russell, of the C. P. Church, for one sermon. Praise the Lord.

Sweetwater.

J. H. Chambers, Jan. 6: Our work here is moving off very well. Have got it very well organized, and have taken in about all the outside territory that we can manage. We have as loyal Methodists here as I ever saw. They have accepted cheerfully the burden of supporting two preachers, and I found plans on foot to raise the money even before the first church conference was held. Started to take collections last night, and although we had a small congregation for Sweetwater, we secured about \$75 in good subscriptions. We are expecting a prosperous year. Spiritual condition good. Material interests not forgotten. The parsonage is receiving additional improvements. The spirit of church building is still alive. Co-operation with the pastors is hearty.

Bowie.

F. O. Miller: This scribe has been returned to the Bowie station. The Methodist Church in Bowie is moving on grandly. We have 200 members and on people are growing in grace. During the Christmas holidays our members kept their vows and did not indulge in worldly amusements, but have shown their fidelity to the cause of their Lord and Master. We have a comfortable parsonage on which to live, a beautiful church-house in which to worship; in fact, everything to make a preacher comfortable and happy. We also have the district high school located here. So you see we are laying a broad foundation upon which to build in the future. Our presiding elder is doing a noble work in bringing Methodism to the front in these parts. It is an evident fact that the day is not far in the distance when the Montague district will be the banner district in the North Texas Annual Conference. Success to the ADVOCATE.

Petty and White Rock.

C. C. Davis, Jan. 4: On Monday after the third Sunday in October, I was taken with a severe attack of cold, fever, which kept me in bed more than five weeks. In about a week after I was taken sick, my wife was taken with the same complaint, which kept her in bed six weeks. Since our recovery, both of our children have had pneumonia. One of them is not entirely well yet. We moved into the parsonage at White Rock December 22. I can truthfully say that we never met with a warmer reception than was given us here. Some of our members came to the parsonage and brought us such things as we needed and enough to last us for some time. May the Lord restore them an hundred-fold in spiritual blessings this year. I have now commenced to try, by the grace of God, to do the best year's work of my life. The Lord was with us this morning at White Rock Church, and we are praying for his presence again to-night.

Rockwall.

Mattie McKee, Jan. 3: Christmas eve there were several well-grown and fully matured presents pulled from the Christmas tree; not the least appreciated of them was a nice horn—greatly to the relief of my husband, who sees no further necessity of blowing for me, and I feel assured that you are not surprised at my blowing now, but before I could get this squill to you a rumbler from the west was heard. It was a cyclone without a cloud to be seen. The children came running into my room almost out of breath. "Mamma, they are unloading a wagon at the gate!" Before any one could raise an alarm Judge E. C. Heath came in, bearing the compliments of the Ladies' Aid Society, and kindly tendered his services in discovering the damages done the parsonage and its inmates. A large box was first discovered filled with sugar, coffee, rice, jellies, cakes, buckwheat, canned

goods and eggs, with many other things; and last, but not least, some bright silver dollars for the preacher's wife. I assure you that not one of us was seriously damaged so far—how it will effect my husband I cannot divine, as he was absent. I now close by tendering the grateful acknowledgment of myself and family to our dear people of Rockwall for these tokens of love and sympathy, and to you, Mr. Editor, for your fine editorials, from which I derive so much instruction as well as comfort in my affliction. It is company in my loneliness. I pray that every Methodist in this State may take and read it. Pray that I may patiently and cheerfully suffer the will of God in all my afflictions.

Centerville.

Geo. H. Phair, Jan. 5: On Tuesday, November 25, we arrived at Centerville, and our appointment. We were cordially received by the church. We have made a full round of our work and visited many of the people. We have received two into the church, baptized one, married one couple, and buried one brother, Walter Wright, son of Rev. L. J. Wright. Many of our members have been invited to the parsonage. It has cheered our hearts to hear our brethren who have preceded so kindly spoken of Rev. J. L. Lemons is called the loveable man, Bro. S. H. Vaughn, the energetic worker, Bro. Harry May, the preacher who condemned sin on every man and drove like a "Jehu." Our people are taking a great interest in the assessments, and we think that there will be a full ticket and no deficiencies. Our parsonage will be enlarged at once, and we are working and praying for a revival all over the circuit. We need a deeper work of grace and a full consecration of the church to God's service.

Lone Oak.

Jas. N. Hunter, Jan. 8: I did not go to conference at Texarkana. Like Peter's wife's mother, I was sick with a fever, slow fever at that. While my recovery was not as quick as the case above, yet the same Master did not forsake me in the dark hour of suffering and has restored me to health, and I am now engaged on my work. "All hail the power of Jesus' name!" The "powers that be" returned me to this charge another year. I have made one round on the circuit; have met a cordial reception, and the prospect is hopeful. I have not seen Bro. Hays, but have been honored in sixteen-foot room built to the old parsonage. Thanks are due Bro. Taylor, Martin, Holt and others for labor and means expended in the work. We gained some ground last year, but there is much yet to be done. Men insist on the form of godliness without the power. Too many are at ease in Zion. Oh, for a revival of the old-time religion! We are sowing, what will the harvest be?

Ablene.

T. L. Adams, Jan. 1: Twenty-one days ago I arrived at Ablene mission after five days' hard riding from St. Jo circuit, in North Texas Conference, from whence I was transferred to this, the Northwest Texas Conference. Have met most of my people. My presiding elder, Bro. J. A. Salice, has held quarterly conference at Ablene without the power. Praise the Lord. The Board of Stewards have made the pastor feel easy on finances by a liberal assessment, considering their ability. We have had no "pounding," but are pounding the devil as opportunities arise; to this end I ask the prayers of all Christians that I may open my mouth boldly against sin; that I may "be as wise as a serpent and harmless as a dove, meek as a lamb, yet bold as a lion." These are a good people, who impress me they are desirous to know the truth. The more I know of them and labor among them, the more am convinced that I am right where God wants me. Thank God for the Ablene mission. Oh, for a baptism of fire and the Holy Ghost on both preacher and people!

Dallas City Mission.

O. S. Thomas, Jan. 6: Well, who would have thought it? Dallas City mission is ahead yet—one month and two poundings, and still to survive. On the Friday night we were cozily seated around our fire when we heard quite an unusual stir at the gate, so we opened the door to see what was the matter and, lo! there they were, horses and buggies, men and ladies, lanterns and bundles, all except horses and buggies making right for the parsonage door. Mrs. Missionary took in the situation and stood her ground with a determination to hold the fort till the noise of the last gun should roll away in the—South Dallas. Those South Dallas people (God bless them!) don't do things by halves. When they pounded their pastor they meant business, leaving their good things to make us remember their kindness at least three times a day for a long time. We spent the hour pleasantly, prayed with each other, then separated, we trust, with bonds of sympathy and love closer drawn.

Pilot Grove.

W. F. Hodnett, Jan. 7: These folks down here are taking good care of us—they like us, and we like them, too. We have been well cared for in every instance, and if they continue to stick as close to us as this mud is doing, we shall have indeed a pleasant year in all respects. They have not been in a regular "pounding" crowd, but they have come one or two at a time and brought flour, potatoes, turnips, butter, "backbones and spareribs," and from that they brought shoulders and then hams, and the last one that came brought a big hog, and a neighbor saw him coming with it and brought salt to salt it down and a box to put it in. That is the way they do things down here. They are just going on from good to better, and I do not know how good they will get before we leave, for if they keep up this business I expect to stay four years, and then have that new district parsonage moved down here and then run for presiding elder. But, you say, how does your wife like that way of doing things? Oh, she likes it fine, and so does the baby—he is three care months old and weighs seventeen and a half pounds.

Lewisville.

W. R. Manning, Jan. 3: The first round on Lewisville charge has been made all pastors may be stimulated this year. We are looking forward to the meeting of the Women's Missionary Conference here in June with great pleasure. A warm welcome awaits them, and we

himself known and felt in these parts; however, he is only here for a short stay. He is passionately fond of sections where drought and disaster have been prevalent, so this country hopes to dispense with him very soon, as a good crop year is looked and prayed for. Notwithstanding "Hard Times" is prevalent, the good people have not failed to look after the temporal welfare of their preacher and family; for during Christmas the parsonage was visited, and after an hour or so of pleasant conversation, a speech, song and prayer, they departed leaving us to pleasant meditations and grateful remembrances. After the inventory was made we found that we had been right severely pounded. This is over and above an almost continual supply of fresh hams and a sausage since the arrival at the parsonage. I find that all over the work the people in and out of our church know how to make a preacher in charge feel comfortable among them.

Wills Point.

W. A. Stuckey, Jan. 6: We left Cooper with my tender recollections of the kind and hospitable way in which we had been treated the past year. We were sent among strangers, and the all-absorbing thought was, how shall we be received? What shall be our success during the coming year? But when we reached Wills Point we were not met by strangers, but by brothers and sisters. Many homes were thrown open for our reception, and not only did the people extend the hospitality of their own homes, but the parsonage was put in order for our occupancy, and what—what! The delivery wagons visiting the parsonage many times a day, and reliable establishments in various ways reached us, and, strange to say, that pounding has not ceased yet, but almost every day savory packages find their way to the parsonage. Taking into consideration these facts, you know we are well pleased with our appointment. We found the church in a flourishing condition; a beautiful new church, a comfortable parsonage, and, above all, a pious membership. Bro. Boyd, the former pastor, did a grand work here and is much esteemed. God grant that we, too, may have a prosperous year, that many souls be persuaded to quit sin and turn unto God.

Sand Hill.

J. H. Weatherall, Jan. 4: Sand Hill is a very noted place—noted in several particulars, viz.: She has a flourishing local school; every Sabbath the stand is occupied by a ministerial speaker; and the people have for the many part, answered one hundred per cent. The questions that were propounded, some of which were very intricate; prayer meetings every Sunday night, which is sometimes equal to a revival meeting. Several persons found the Savior precious to their hearts during prayer-meeting. Sand Hill is indeed a good place, and I do not think I do this in appreciation of the ham, coffee, grapes, canned goods, soda, soap, etc., used in this dreadful (?) affray, or to get the generosity and big-heartedness of these good people in public print, or to show the popularity of this people's pastor, or in solemn obedience to the established usage of the craft. I am very sufficiently versed to say. One thing I do know, that these kind expressions and generous acts upon the part of the people are very stimulating, encouraging and supporting to a young man just sent to his first round on a new circuit. We have been treated so kindly and received with such open hands and warm hearts, that we were forced to abhor our unworthiness and beg God to elevate us at least to as high a plane as the good people we serve. When Bishop Key read us out for Margaret mission our idea was that we were sent to the frontier—a sense of population as to number. We were partially right; but as to character of the population, morally, socially, intellectually and spiritually, we were entirely wrong. The finest specimens of Georgia, Alabama, Tennessee and Virginia Methodism are here. And Texas can boast of no truer, more intelligent, self-sacrificing Methodist or citizenship than is to be found in this the best part of her broad domain. We received two into the church yesterday and two Sunday before. May God help me to the right standard that I think so good a people as I serve should have as a pastor.

Lancaster.

Mollie Shutt, Jan. 1: New Year morn finds all well and happy at this parsonage. Since conference we have made some advancement, having repainted our parsonage and raised money to paint and improve the inside of our church, the outside being already repainted. When complete you will find a cozy church and parsonage at Lancaster as any place on Waxahachie district. Yes, and as warm-hearted people on this work as any place in Texas. Yesterday, while reading our dear Advocate, I thought how for a while, so kindly received on our new work; how our hearts overflow with gratitude and love for the people, for while we had not as yet been pounded as some, our had been a gradual "come in," but even while I was still reading our friends were planning a complete surprise for us, which came in the way of a most substantial pounding after prayer-meeting last night. Not only were we pounded with estates, but other things for family use. One thing I must mention is a beautiful cake plate presented me on Christmas day by one of our Sunday-school boys. For all these things we are very thankful. May God bless us with the kind people, and help us to be more faithful this year than ever before.

Beaumont.

G. V. Ridley, Jan. 5: The heavy tribute necessarily laid upon my services since conference has prevented my reporting from this field at an earlier date. Scarcely a moment's rest has fallen to my lot since I returned to my loved charge. As in the past, I met with a cordial reception, being the fourth extended me by this highly appreciative and Christian-like people. As to Christmas, it was one of the happiest we have experienced, adorned by merry faces and open hands, bestowing upon all the occupants of the parsonage gifts of royal elegance, reaching in their utility from the dining-table to the pastor's study and deposited in each department as adaptability required. Among the gifts was a magnificent willow chair and basket, presented by the Ladies' Aid Society. By this munificence we will have to reverse the usual order during the year; we will realize such a surfeit of luxurious surroundings that we will be urged to seek a release by endeavoring to do more than ever for this people, whom we are bound to love unselfishly. It may not be intended by them that we should do more than before, but this, however, is the result, and so it is with all pastors who receive such expressions from their people. By the same means, as well as by the love of Christ and his cause, I made all pastors may be stimulated this year. We are looking forward to the meeting of the Women's Missionary Conference here in June with great pleasure. A warm welcome awaits them, and we

want the date fixed so as not to conflict with the usual days of the month occupied by commencement exercises, if possible. Our people here will soon undertake the construction of an elegant church on the site now occupied by the old one. We expect the plans to be matured at an early date and the good work will begin. A willing-hearted people as these are will brook all difficulties which attempt to begeth. When it begins, in God's name it will be done. Now, for the grace to realize that what we have belongs to God, in sufficient abundance to meet the demands in erecting a church sufficiently commodious, comfortable and beautiful in its architectural design. We need it; we know it, and by God's help we will have it.

Colorado.

B. R. Bolton, Jan. 5: Grateful for the past and hopeful for the future, and with the work of the Lord in hand and on heart we address ourselves to the duties of 1891. A sand-storm blew the old year out, but the new dawned beautiful and bright. One month ago we reached Colorado City, after a run of over four hundred miles. Bro. R. H. Griffin met us at the train, and the kind entertainment given us at his pleasant home is better appreciated than told. The kindness of this people has been abundant. It began before and continued through Christmas, and we have come to the deliberate conclusion that it is perpetual. We are much pleased, happy and at home. Bro. Wiseman has literally transmitted to us the salt of the earth. Our first quarterly conference early. Bro. Wallace was here in advance. He is both diligent in business and fervent in spirit, planning not only for present, but future victory. His generalship captivated us as the first round, and the crowd surrounded, too. The Board of Stewards make monthly round on pastor's salary and their financial system is perfect. We are working and praying and growing. We had ten accessions to the church yesterday at the 11 o'clock service, eight by certificate and two by ritual. Lord help us to be worthy of the warm-hearted reception given us in our new field of labor, and enable us to meet the demands of this growing station.

Margaret.

J. N. Gibson, Jan. 5: We began our second round of appointments on this work yesterday and took up our missionary collection, which fully met our expectations in point of dollars and cents. We expect to raise a collection at each appointment on this round. Being a novice as to the duties and experiences of a preacher, we can scarcely adapt ourselves to the usages and customs incident to a preacher's life. For instance, we experienced the woeful and trying ordeal of a pounding New Year night. Now, we are guided by the footsteps of our seniors and write to the Advocate in regard to our situation. Whether I do this in appreciation of the ham, coffee, grapes, canned goods, soda, soap, etc., used in this dreadful (?) affray, or to get the generosity and big-heartedness of these good people in public print, or to show the popularity of this people's pastor, or in solemn obedience to the established usage of the craft, I am very sufficiently versed to say. One thing I do know, that these kind expressions and generous acts upon the part of the people are very stimulating, encouraging and supporting to a young man just sent to his first round on a new circuit. We have been treated so kindly and received with such open hands and warm hearts, that we were forced to abhor our unworthiness and beg God to elevate us at least to as high a plane as the good people we serve. When Bishop Key read us out for Margaret mission our idea was that we were sent to the frontier—a sense of population as to number. We were partially right; but as to character of the population, morally, socially, intellectually and spiritually, we were entirely wrong. The finest specimens of Georgia, Alabama, Tennessee and Virginia Methodism are here. And Texas can boast of no truer, more intelligent, self-sacrificing Methodist or citizenship than is to be found in this the best part of her broad domain. We received two into the church yesterday and two Sunday before. May God help me to the right standard that I think so good a people as I serve should have as a pastor.

Carthage.

L. C. Ellis, Jan. 3: I see others of our Texas preachers are speaking out on the subject of poundings, donation parties, storms, cyclones, etc., and as I have been "mobbed" lately I want to tell it. The deed was committed by the good Methodists of Carthage. It never would have been done if it had not been for Bishop Gallop's report, which said that the people were invited to the parsonage to see the new parsonage and the people wanted to set us up for living and make us feel easy, and they did. On the Christmas tree, Christmas eve, we received nice presents, one among other things was priced much as a nice picture frame for our conference picture. Then on Christmas night a select crowd hailed at the parsonage gate. On making inquiry as to what it all meant, a brother said: "It's a mob." The party were invited in and a conversation of some length was indulged in, and we hope, to the edification of all, that a prayer. After the company had left we took an inventory of stock, and many things that minister to household comfort were found, from a nice quilt for wife down to candy for our little girl. We appreciate the gifts, but more that of which they are the expression—kindness. Our first quarterly meeting embraced the last Sunday of the old year. Bro. Frick, our new presiding elder, was on hand; held quarterly conference and preached us three good sermons, which were listened to with marked attention by the congregations. The presiding elder carried the good wishes of the people when he left, and will be welcomed when he comes again. We need a good revival in Carthage. We think we see hopeful signs of one. Will bend all our energies this way. The Advocate will receive its share of attention as we go in and out before our people. The Advocate grows better all the time. Thanks to you for a good paper.

Kerens Circuit.

M. H. Major, Jan. 8: We arrived in Kerens from South Carolina December 5, 1890, and preached on first Sunday. My predecessor preached on the last Sunday next preceding conference, only two Sundays were lost. My people at first did not give me what some would call a grand reception, although we were properly received and cared for by the

brethren. In a few days the stewards met and determined upon what my salary must be for the present year and rented a house in the town of Kerens for our home. They also raised enough money to furnish the parsonage with household fixtures necessary to our comfort. We at once occupied our new but delightful home. Mr. Editor, I never flatter any one and I fear that I do not praise people as often as it is due them, but I must say this much, that on Tuesday night before Christmas we received the most substantial pounding and donation (I use both words because both presents and money were given) in all my experience. It would afford me great pleasure to remunerate some of the articles donated, but space is too narrow. The pounding has not ceased from then till now. In Kerens on Christmas night, we were graciously remembered on the Christmas tree. Our presents were valuable ones. Kerens circuit has a very good parsonage, but being away from the railroad, it is difficult to occupy it, hence the impossibility of giving us an immediate reception commensurate with the hospitality of this people. They know how to receive their preachers and will always do it. These tokens of their love toward their pastor and family cause our hearts to burn within us. May we, in the spirit of Christ, find access to their hearts. God bless the people of this charge abundantly. I have been around twice and the outlook for the success of the Kerens circuit is better. There is much to be done and the people seem to be willing to go ahead in the work. Four houses of worship are much needed. Two will certainly be built in a short time. We hope the others will soon follow. We shall go forth in the faith of our Lord and Master to do our duty.

Milliken.

G. Powledge, Jan. 1: On Monday evening after the adjournment of the Texas Annual Conference I took the train for Navasota, where I had left my wife and baby until my return from conference. On Tuesday morning I left Navasota for the little town of Bellas, in north Grimes. I arrived there at sundown; on Wednesday I engaged a brother, with his team, to move us to Milliken, on Thursday we loaded and departed for our new work; on Saturday morning we arrived at Milliken, but found the parsonage occupied by a renter, and could not get possession until Christmas. Bro. John Wagner and his most amiable wife opened their doors to us and entertained us in ample style until the 23d of the month. We moved into the parsonage, the furniture having been replaced and wood hauled and the necessities of life procured until New Year's day, when a storm struck us, and a storm it was. They called it a pounding, and a pounding it was, for it was one to be feared. We felt it so that we did not have words to express our gratitude to the good people of Milliken for the great kindness shown us for the short time that we have been in their midst. We earnestly pray God that we may prove a blessing to this people by our solemn obedience to the craft. The circuit is large—Milliken and Wellborn, on the Central railroad, south of Bryan; Alexander Chapel Wesson Chapel and Prospect, above Bryan—but by the help of God, we will do the work to which we have been appointed. We have made one round on this circuit and have commenced the second, and have visited and prayed with forty families. Our first quarterly conference was held at Wellborn the 3d and 4th instant. The presiding elder, J. C. Mickle, was on hand and preached with his usual energy and power, though suffering with lalippe. We have seen the finances worse. The stewards have made a liberal assessment for the support of the preacher. The outlook for a revival is at this time encouraging. Brethren, pray for us.

Leesville.

C. H. Maloy, Jan. 5: The first quarterly conference for Leesville circuit, Cuno district, has just passed. Bro. Jno. S. Gilbert, our new presiding elder, has on hand, looking into the affairs of the church, and preached four sermons to the comfort and edification of us all; it was indeed a "Bethel" to our souls. There was a good representation of the official board present, and the stewards made a liberal and satisfactory assessment. Our new preacher in charge. We have a good Board of Stewards. This is my second year on Leesville charge. Everything was paid in full last year, and in addition to that, the good ladies led by Sister Lizzie Askey, made up a purse for this preacher sufficient to purchase a nice suit of clothes, the young men of Floyd's Chapel presenting a fire hat. After having a delightful time at conference at San Antonio, this preacher and family spent some time visiting friends and relatives in Burnet and Blanco counties. Then we turned our faces in the direction of Leesville, where we had spent a pleasant year, and after three days' travel we arrived safely. The good people had been making some arrangements to give us a reception, but we slipped in when they were not expecting us, so we take the will for the deed. Our hearts were made glad by this expression all over the circuit: "We are so glad you were sent back to us, in answer to our prayers." Our good people don't just fly in on a preacher and his family and pound them to death all at once, but lay it on gently all the year 'round from all parts of the circuit, with extra turkeys and cakes for Christmas. Bro. Finch, at Bethel, believes in going the whole hog or none, for the first time I went to see him he dressed a nice porker and threw it into my hack and said: "Take that home—not as quarters, for I always pay my assessment." Then Bro. Ed. Qualls don't do things by pieces; he said: "Bring down a wagon and get all the corn you can haul from my crib of 1500 bushels." Well, I can't tell all the good things, so I will stop. We have been wanting to repair our church at Leesville for a year, and it seemed that us men would never do anything at it, so I said to the good ladies, the first Sunday in December, I would be glad if they would take it in hand, for they don't know what failure is; so they decided, after some consultation, to have a Christmas dinner for the church. Christmas day came and the people from miles around began to arrive with baskets and boxes of the choicest edibles, so we had a fine dinner and a real good social time. The young people had a good time in singing their Christmas songs, such as

(Continued on fifth page.)

Texas Christian Advocate.

HEAR THE OTHER SIDE.

Audi alteram partem is an injunction not less binding in Christian than in secular morals. Only conscious error refuses to obey it. The Roman uttered it two thousand years ago, and the cry of "fair play" is on the lips of all English-speaking people. Therefore, with entire confidence that the request will be granted, I ask space in your columns to reply, briefly as may be, to certain communications which appeared in the CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE of November 13 ult.

THE PREMISES.

On the 29th of September, 1890, Dr. Waggener, Chairman of the Faculty of the University of Texas, delivered an address to the students and to the public generally. The occasion was the formal opening of the exercises for the session of 1890-91. His subject was "The Real Object of a University." He said that "a true university may be defined as an institution dedicated to the discovery and dissemination of truth." "The only test that we are called upon to apply is the spear of Ithuriel. If it is true that the earth moves, we will teach it though the torture is threatened; if the doctrine of free trade is true, we will teach it though the politicians forbid; if the theory of evolution prove to be true, we will teach it though the Pope declare it heresy." (The italics are mine.)

Now, let it be kept in mind that in the above sentence is the only allusion, immediate or remote, which the speaker made to evolution.

Read the sentence carefully and say whether it is possible to make it mean that Dr. Waggener is an evolutionist and that he intends to promulgate the Darwinian theory in the University of Texas. Suppose he had said: "If the substantive theory of sound prove to be true, we will teach it," would it be logical or fair to charge him with the design of teaching the (un)scientific vagaries of Wilford Hall to the students of the university? Or, had he declared: "If Bacon be proved to have written the plays attributed to Shakespeare, we will teach it," would it be possible to justify the conclusion that the doctor is a Baconian, and that he is one of those who are striving to discern and to drag from his throne him who is, by the "divine right" of genius, king in the broad realm of letters?

MR. COLLARD'S EVOLUTION.

And yet this is what Mr. Collard has done in the ADVOCATE of November 13, 1890. After quoting Dr. Waggener's language, he says: "Dr. Waggener speaks as though he had it in his power to show whether or not evolution is true. Can he do this? Will he even attempt to do it? Has anybody ever attempted to do it?" To this it is sufficient to reply that Dr. Waggener does not so speak in his address, nor has he so spoken elsewhere; that he will not attempt to do it. He is professor of English literature, and has, as Mr. Collard is hereby informed, neither the time, right, nor inclination to enter upon biological investigations. Assuming that the professor of English literature intends to rush at once into the laboratory, Mr. Collard, with warning voice inquires: "but has he any method by which he can demonstrate evolution to be true? Does Dr. Waggener know what is involved in showing this to be true? Can he, during the present school session, bring together the long looked-for and still 'missing links' between the species, and classify in the laboratories of the State University every form of embryology, to demonstrate this theory of descent as true?" Why, my dear sir, Dr. Waggener is hard at work all day, and often far into the night, dividing his time between the duties imposed upon the Chairman of the Faculty and the duties of his professorship. He revels in the English language and literature, and never wearies of displaying the beauties of the one and unfolding the difficulties of the other to his classes, but I am quite sure that he would not know a protoplasmic cell if he saw it, or a bacillus if he met him in the road. So you see there is not the remotest danger, not even the possibility, of Dr. Waggener teaching evolution to anybody. The fact is, he does not believe that the Darwinian theory of the descent of man is true.

I may here state, though perhaps a little irrelevantly, that the Chairman of the Faculty is solely an executive officer, limited in his actions by the expressed will of the faculty, by whom he is elected. He has but one vote at faculty meetings, and no more authority than any other professor. He has no right to suggest what shall or what shall not be taught in any school except his own. He has no more authority to decide what shall be taught by other professors than have they to determine what shall be taught by him. No *sutor ultra crepidam* is the rule. The chairman cannot even admonish a delinquent student without express authority from the faculty.

Exclaims Mr. Collard: "But here comes a distant Darwinian satellite to tell us that he will soon be able to show that this wandering 'sun do move.'" Where and when did he so tell us? Certainly not in his address to the students, and that address contains the only public allusion that Dr. Waggener ever made to the doctrine of evolution.

Again, from Mr. Collard: "Huxley crossing and hunting the deep seas, Tyndall scaling the Alps, traversing hitherto unexplored heights, and both with the Royal Institute and the British Association to back them, unable to trace one species to another, and Dr. Waggener, a professor in the Texas University, with a handful of appliances, assuming to be able to show

their relation and teach it 'as true,'" and "Dr. Waggener locked up in the four walls of an office, with none of the resources of a great naturalist, assuming" (the italics are mine) "to be able to do what Haeckel was powerless to do. 'Scat.'" Mr. Collard cannot point to a single utterance ever made by Dr. Waggener to justify this scornful, contemptuous and discourteous denunciation.

"Dr. Waggener talks as though evolution were undergoing an examination among scientists now, and that shortly its truth will be made manifest and announced to the world." When did he so talk and where? Read the only authority which Mr. Collard has for his charge: "If evolution prove to be true, we will teach it."

"I want to advise this re-constituted dictator in scientific circles, this professed savior in fixing scientific laws, to read just a little before he asperges denominational schools or denounces as 'pious frauds' those who refuse to believe his unsupported dogmas." This is a fair sample of the spirit of Mr. Collard's assault. There is no word in Dr. Waggener's address which denounces those who do not believe his dogmas, whether supported or unsupported. Not one.

PIOUS FRAUDS.

Hinc Illos loerince. It is to be regretted that the expression was used, but the very fact of its use by a man whose public utterances are distinguished alike for courtesy and for the clear and fearless expression of his views, is evidence that it was not meant to be used in an insulting sense. It may be that the speaker thought of the time when it required all the courage of lion-hearted Paul to speak the truth as he believed it, conflicting as it did with the creed of Roman and of Jew. Or of the day, not long past, when the pulpit thundered against geology; or, it may be, of Winchell dismissed from Vanderbilt University because he taught certain theories in science; and other like examples. The speaker knew that the professor in a denominational school is in honor bound to stand by the tenets which the institution represents. Suppose that his science or his philosophy seems to conflict with those tenets, what result might even an optimist predict? On the one hand stands science, calm, patient, willing to wait; no lash in her hand; no denunciation on her lips. On the other, loss of caste, place and livelihood, averted faces and an angry church. Tell me, ye who know human nature best and love it most, is there no danger of that failure to teach the truth, that *suppressio veri*, which Dr. Waggener, following Bishop Whately, with no discourteous intent, terms a "pious fraud"?

The writer hereof thinks that the denominational schools of Texas are doing a great work, and hopes to see them grow, year by year, to higher and yet higher efficiency and prosperity. The unnecessary antagonism which, from short-sighted but easily discerned policy, many are striving to create between them and the university will disappear when their proper relations have been established, and the brightest graduates of the church schools will avail themselves, at the university, of the facilities for post-graduate study provided by the broad and enlightened benevolence of the State. Such, we trust, will be the ultimate attitude of the university toward all other schools in the State.

Once more from Mr. Collard: "And he now has the effrontery to stand up and tell them" (the people of Texas) "he will teach their children what he pleases, whether it suits them or not." (The italics are mine.) Imagine the author of that astounding sentence to be the Professor of Biology at the Southwestern University at Georgetown, or of Psychology in Baylor University at Waco. He reaches, during the session, a hotly-disputed point in embryology, or one of those propositions over which the great metaphysicians have waged giant battle. His own convictions are clear, but he does not know what the parents of his pupils think about it. What is to be done? To teach what he believes to be the truth about the matter will be an act of "effrontery" by a "self-constituted dictator," unless the parents concur with him. So he sends a circular letter to each father, mother, or guardian, stating his own view of the controverted point, and politely inquiring whether it suits them or not. When informed of this unique and original proceeding, fancy, if you can, the expression of countenance of the learned and urbane President of Southwestern University, or of Baylor's warrior President, with his fifty years of battle for church and state. Suppose, however, that the parents hold views adverse to those of that professor, what will the cowardly dominie do? He will either ignore the matter in the lecture-room, or, as is most likely in such a teacher, he will enforce the view that suits his patrons; and, in either case, will be a "fraud"—whether "pious" or not, each reader may decide for him or herself.

But not alone is the diffusive rhetoric of Mr. Collard directed against Dr. Waggener. In the same issue of the ADVOCATE Mr. Graham courteously stigmatizes him as a "demon incarnate." He would snatch the children of the church from the diabolical machinations of "Dr. Waggener and his institution" (which) "may not be the hideous monster that some at a distance might suppose it to be," etc. Those who know best the victim of this onslaught will be the first to repel it. He is a Baptist by education, conviction and church membership. His purity of character is unquestioned; his literary ability is undoubted, and as an executive officer he has few equals anywhere. As Professor and as Chairman of the Faculty, his duties are onerous and important—often difficult and delicate. No man in similar official position has ever failed to give offense to some. With tireless

energy and unwavering fidelity he endeavors to promote the interests of the university and of every student in it. To-day is visited upon him, in terms of gross contumely, the hostility which is, in fact, felt toward the university. Yet, if loyal to his own record, he will remain as true to what he deems the right as when, fresh from college walls, he followed the Stars and Bars through the changing fortunes of the battlefield—a brave, outspoken, Christian gentleman.

THE MORAL ATTITUDE

of the university to the student has been made the subject of agitation and a source of alarm. It is claimed that the university is the representative of the irreligious element of the State—that "spirituality," "refinement," "self-sacrifice," "faith," are unknown in its curriculum or its catalogue; that it is a hot-bed of infidelity. By the laws which gave it being, the university is non-religious, though not irreligious. It is simply a part of the great school system of the State, and in this respect, is subject to the same policy which has been adopted concerning all public schools. The regents and the faculty simply obey the law.

One assailant of the university writes in the ADVOCATE: "Is it any advantage toward preventing frauds or perfecting manhood to allow students to gamble without censure, or to close a commencement occasion with a ball? Is it calculated to avoid frauds to have a leading member of the faculty to inculcate, by precept and example, the advantage of drinking beer? Is it more conducive to manhood to have an occasional wine-supper with the boys than to lead them in a prayer-meeting?" A more atrocious tissue of unvarnished implication was never penned. The wretched meanness of evading a direct charge arose, probably, from the author's belief that "them as goes by insinuation gets more and risks less than them as steals."

It is proper, however, for me to state, and for your readers to know, what a leading professor in the university has said concerning beer and wine. At the last meeting of the State Teachers' Association, Dr. Everhart, professor of chemistry, contributed a paper entitled "Sanitary Science in the Bible." This paper had been used previously as a public lecture in the university, giving both a scientific and historical view of the subject. After treating of food and other matters, the professor says:

"With regard to other drinks than milk and water the Jews were acquainted with and used alcoholic beverages. Beer, cider and wine were all known and consumed. It is not likely that distilled liquors were prepared at that time. The Bible strongly condemns drunkenness, as it does gluttony, but the moderate use of alcoholic drinks was not prohibited to the Jews, except in two cases. These were, first in regard to the Nazirites. In the first instance the wisdom of the law is apparent; in the second the abstaining from the wine seems to have been ordered as a self-denying rite. In various parts of the Bible not only is a moderate use of wine not forbidden, but it is even recommended, curiously enough, usually in connection with eating, as though the proper time to drink wine was at a meal. Physiological chemistry is in strict accord with the Bible on this point. While a moderate use of alcoholic beverages has never been proven to be injurious to the human system, numerous experiments have shown frequently that wine and beer partaken of at meals materially promote digestion. The evidence that by wine in the Bible is meant an alcoholic drink is unmistakable. Such are the Levitical laws referring to man as an eater and drinker."

The presiding officers of most of the principal colleges and schools in the State were present at that meeting of the association, and, so far as I am informed, no objection was expressed either to the history or the physiology of the paper.

Quoting the foregoing paragraph, Mr. Morris, in a frank, manly and commendable spirit, asks whether in fact the students are taught by precept and example to drink beer, or is it a personal matter with some particular professor to drink beer? Is there anything in the rules of the university commanding the students to drink beer? I do not ask the opinion of any particular person, or the conduct of any person, but I want the government of the university upon it. To this inquiry, the answer is that, so far from commanding or encouraging the use of beer by students, any one of them known to frequent beer saloons would be promptly disciplined by the faculty.

It is true, however, that at the end of the session some of the students, not the faculty, when their hearts are merry with thoughts of home and free from academic care, rent the ample parlors of the Driskill hotel, hire a band of music and enjoy—yes, the young heathens absolutely enjoy an evening of music, dancing, and social communion generally.

OTHER FACTS.

Before accepting the chair of Moral and Mental Philosophy, Dr. Dabney stated explicitly to the regents that he could teach no philosophy which does not maintain the existence of one God, creator and preserver of the universe, the immortality of the soul and the moral responsibility of man. This chair is a bulwark of pure and ennobling morals in the university, and more than one student has been saved by its teaching from the clutches of infidelity. The writer will never forget the story of his rescue as told to him by one of these students. Is it probable that evil influence is exercised upon the students by this venerable Christian? Beloved by all who enjoy the privilege of his acquaintance, respected alike in Europe and America for his learning, wherever known honored

for his exalted traits of character, the intimate friend of Jackson and of Lee, and who, in the blindness which, leaving the noble intellect unimpaired, has shut out forever from his sight the fair world and the dear faces of family and friends, affords a rare and touching example of Christian patience and manly fortitude. Is it from the instruction and example of such a man that, with insulting eagerness, the youth of Texas are to be dragged as from the grasp of some hideous monster?

The only one of the regents who resides in Austin is Dr. T. D. Wooten, president of the board. He stands in the front rank of his profession, with but few equals in the country. Without favor or fortune he rose, during the late war, from the ranks to one of the most important and responsible positions in the medical department of the Confederate army. He is a member of the Baptist Church, a gentleman of spotless character. While there is no cant or loud profession on his lips, morality has no stancher friend, vice no sterner foe. Without compensation he devotes much of his valuable time to the business of the university, taking always an active and earnest interest in the moral as in the mental welfare of the students.

A. P. Woodriffs, Secretary of the Board of Regents, is one of Austin's most honored citizens; and surely his elegant scholarship, his refinement of character, his gentle and polished manners, his generosity and public spirit, are no bad examples to anybody.

Mrs. Helen M. Kirby is lady assistant in the university. She is doubtless known to many readers of this paper, some of whom were probably her pupils. Heartily and lovingly they will endorse the declaration that she exemplifies in her life and character the noblest attributes of Christian womanhood. For many years the principal of a successful school for girls in the city of Austin, she is a woman of sound judgment, great sagacity and keen perception of motives and character. A humble and devout member of the Methodist Church, she is, above and beyond all else, a Christian whom neither fear, favor nor affection can swerve from the line of duty. Her presence in the university is a safeguard, an incentive to whatever is gentle, pure and noble. Would such a woman retain even for one day official connection with an institution where bad habits are encouraged and immorality is not condemned?

With two exceptions every member of the faculty is a communicant of some church in Austin. Some of them are teachers in Sunday school. Of these Dr. Waggener, "the demon incarnate," conducts a class of twenty-five university students at the Baptist Church.

Every morning, ten minutes before the exercises of the day begin, the bell is rung, and all students who so desire attend prayer, which is usually conducted by Dr. Dabney. This exercise is purely voluntary, and in no wise connected with the university.

THE MINISTERS OF AUSTIN.

Several years ago, at the suggestion of Dr. Waggener (what a "hideous monster" of corruption he is), a general meeting of the ministers of Austin was held in the university building to devise the best way of bringing Christian influences to bear upon university students. These good and true men have done their duty nobly. With the cordial and practical co-operation of Dr. Waggener, early in each scholastic year they have procured the names of those who (or whose parents) are members of their respective churches; have sought them out, have visited them in person, have invited them to their homes, and have arranged receptions for their entertainment. In a word, these representatives of the holiest calling known to men have left nothing undone to bring university students beneath the protectingegis of the church.

Read the following, which is one of many similar cards inclosed in envelopes and addressed to individual students by the ministers of Austin:

200 EAST TENTH ST., AUSTIN, TEXAS.—You are cordially invited to attend the Sunday-school and services of the Tenth Street Methodist Church during your stay in our city, and I shall be happy to see you at my home and office at any time. Yours, kindly, E. B. CHAPPELL, Pastor.

No Baptist mother need fear that her son will be left to fight the battle of the soul alone so long as the gifted Garrett is here to extend his kindly and tireless care. No Methodist father need fear that his boy's spiritual welfare is neglected so long as Mr. Chappell, deservedly popular for his eloquence, his genial manners and unaffected piety, is here to welcome him. So might I name each one of the good men and true who fill the pulpits of Austin. God bless them!

Let it not be said that, in the personal mention herein made, words of eulogy have been too freely used. The objects of it either deserve what has been said concerning them or they do not deserve the positions which they fill.

FINALLY.

This statement of facts has been made so that the people of Texas, so far as it shall reach them, may be able to judge whether the fierce hostility manifested by some toward the university is merited or not. It is time that some reply be made to the bitter and baseless tirades which speech and pen have hurled against us. Let its enemies rest assured of one thing, to-wit: The University of Texas, made possible by the valor and the wisdom of the founders of the Republic, imbedded in the organic law of the State constitution—established by legislative enactment, and located at the State capital by the fiat of the people at the polls, will not down at their bidding. The tremendous forces of denominational-

ism arrayed against it may retard but can never stay its progress. It is the child of the people, and in due time will return priceless equivalent for the nurture bestowed upon it. Day by day it grows, an increasing power for good, and for good only. Its beneficent influence is even now felt in the increased intellectual activity of the State and in the growing prosperity of other schools, whether public or private. Church institutions were never so prosperous as now. Texas is large enough for all. The university is not a speculation; it is not an investment for pecuniary profit; it is not a propaganda for any creed. Its only duty is to discover truth and to teach it. Under God it will perform that duty.

J. B. CLARK.

HOME INDUSTRY FOR THE CHURCH SCHOOLS.

Every phase of the educational question in Texas presents a startling front. Yet nothing is more surprising to one going to and from among the people—with a single-eye to education—than the lack of information, interest and earnestness that everywhere exists on this vital question.

Many of our people are deeply interested and fully informed, but with the great bulk the above remark is no slander—their interest on this subject, big with destiny, are only creatures of their own imagination.

During our summer months hundreds of school drummers from the East, male and female, throng our State. In most instances they represent obscure institutions, for such schools as Yale or Vassar or Vanderbilt need no drummers.

On the principle that people love to be humbugged, or that they still cling to the superstition of long pilgrimages, these drummers succeed. Last year thirty-one of our Texas boys were carried to one of these Eastern schools, and the only real claim that it can put forth on patronage is that it is old in years and methods—the boys wear a uniform and sleep in a lock-up. By figuring, from data furnished by one of its patrons, this school drew, last year, on Texas bank accounts for not less than \$20,000.

In a conversation with a boy just home for the summer from an Eastern military institute, I suggested the fear that when he finished his school days he would be almost a stranger in his native State. "Oh!" he replied, "we had more than fifty Texas boys in our school last year." This school was without any prestige whatever, but it had the nimble tongue of an adroit drummer, who pictured ideal things and offered special rates. The "ideals" and soldier clothes caught the boy, and the father was impaled on the special rates. He, by the way, was a Methodist in good standing—who had consented to "be subject to the Discipline of the church, attend upon its ordinances and support its institutions."

Nearly every town in Texas adds to the numbers of this annual exodus. They leave, literally, by the carload, for I was informed that from the depot of one of our smaller cities sixty students took passage for Eastern schools. There are good grounds for the opinion that there are as many young Texans now being trained for a life to be spent in Texas beyond the borders of our State as are to-day boarding from home in our Texas colleges.

This educational canvass is mostly for girls. On account of the extra trips there is more money in educating a girl than a boy, and the dollar is what the school is after, therefore the number of our girls that go East is legion.

Such strange success—for such success is strange—is why they send their best drummers to Texas, and even come themselves instead of (in the classic language of our editor) "spending this time in the cultivation of their own patch," sure of the best profit where they are least known.

A lady who visited our town last summer, traveling for "Mrs. Blank's Select Boarding School," had all her expenses paid and received a bonus of \$25 for each "boarder" secured.

Who finally pays these expenses and the \$25 is one of the problems we might profitably ruminate over. The wily manager has worked it out and gotten the right answer.

But why are Texans so loyal to Texas in everything except education, and fail only here?

Is fore-gone education more comprehensive, or more thorough?

Do their educational appointments excel ours? Are their teachers better qualified to handle, to instruct, to develop and fit the youth for right living in Texas than are our teachers?

Facts, fruits and educational bureaus answer no.

But "travel develops," claims the drummer. How much travel does a young lady get from Texas to Tennessee by whizzing through the country in a close sleeper, coupled to a "cannon-

ball?" This is not travel, it is simply getting there.

"The change of climate is beneficial," is another claim upon which to ring the changes.

And so nature tells the birds, but they migrate North in summer and South in winter. Even the wild geese know better than to remain through the rigors of a Northern winter. Yet some Texas fathers subject their delicately constituted daughters to the severe strain of reversing the processes of nature. There would be some sense in Northern girls leaving their homes in September to spend the winter in Texas and return in June. This is like nature.

Upon every point our home school meets the foreign school—and more than meets it. The Christian tone and impress given by the devoted men and women who teach in our schools is worth far more than the military tactics given to our boys and the fancy finish with which our girls are veneered.

If the time ever existed when Methodists should go to other States for education that time has ceased to exist.

Christmas day marked the fiftieth anniversary of the first Methodist Conference held in Texas—exactly eleven months prior to that memorable event, the congress of Texas granted a charter to the first Methodist college of the Republic. These fifty years and more are marked by many things from which we have drawn knowledge. Our institutions are no longer experiments; our schools have developed; our colleges have grown in power and influence, and our university, when judged by its fruits, the alumni and former students, is worthy of all support and patronage. What we now need, as a church and as a people, are educational evangelists, who will inform themselves and then instruct the people on this great subject. LAYMAN.



make a long tail (tale) short. A man, after he has eaten a good dinner, may feel extravagantly joyous; but the next day—oh! but he is surly and grim, his stomach and liver are sluggish, he is morose, despondent and "out of sorts" generally. But he may get a prompt return for his money by purchasing Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets.

There's nothing like them. They are tiny Liver Pills, sugar-coated, but thorough in results. One Pellet is laxative, three to four cathartic.

For Indigestion, Bilioussness, and all derangements of the Stomach, Liver and Bowels, they work like a charm, and you get a lasting benefit and a permanent cure.

They're the cheapest Pill, because safe and sure, while the manufacturers guarantee they'll give satisfaction, or your money is returned!

You only pay for the good you get. Can you ask more? What's the use! suffering any more from those dizzy spells, the headaches and all; make the attack yourself, with one or two of these little, Sugar-coated Pellets, and they will do the rest. They are a perfect vest-pocket remedy. Purely vegetable and perfectly harmless. By Druggists. 25 cents a vial.

Most Worthy Books for Purchase

CHOICE AND POPULAR ALTO SONGS, 25 songs—each one a gem. Price, \$1 in heavy paper, \$1.25 in cloth, and \$2 in gilt binding.

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DEPARTMENT OF

North Texas Female College

CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC,

(SHERMAN, TEXAS.)

The entertainment given by the girls at the opera-house just before the breaking up for the holidays was largely attended and much enjoyed. The announcement, "An Evening with Tennyson and Longfellow," at once suggested something of a pleasing literary character. The realization quite verified the supposition. The possibilities of gesture and motion in portraying passion and emotion has brought the pantomime into favor, and given new life and interest to many old favorites. The pyramid of lovely girls in the graceful, easy dress of the ancient Greeks, swaying and bending in artistic curves as the sentiment indicated, made one quite forget the monotonous windings of the old "Bugle Song" and remember only the exquisite harmony of the sentiment and movement. The poetry of motion has so long been monopolized by the dance, and hence associated with so many social evils and corruptions that its power in adding emphasis and intensity to the spoken word, or indeed conveying ideas by itself, has never been fully understood and appreciated. What Wagner claimed for music, Delarte claimed for gesture; both were extremists, but both were an advance step which may help us to something higher. At any rate, whatever adds force to ideas, to help our minds in comprehending, should be utilized. But to our program: The straight lines of the "Drill," "The Charge of the Light Brigade," presented quite a contrast to the curves of the "Bugle Song," but was none the less attractive; indeed the audience rather gave it the preference. The military stripes and caps and the glitter of the swords as they flashed in response to the orders of the captain gave a semblance of reality that held the undivided attention of the large audience and called forth repeated cheers. The "Dream of Fair Women" was a reality; no vision from the realm of Morpheus, but a genuine flesh and blood picture. "The Daughter of the Gods," "The Swarthy Queen," "The Daughter of the Warrior Giliadito," "That Rosamond Whom Men Call Fair," were a group of lovely girls, worthy representatives of those wonderful women who have been immortalized in song and story. The tragic history of Hiawatha was told in a series of realistic tableaux that needed no word to explain their meaning. The entertainment was in charge of Miss Roundtree, of the Department of Eloquence, Miss Crutcher of the Music Faculty, and Miss Bilger in charge of the class of Physical Culture. These ladies are to be congratulated upon the taste and originality displayed in every detail of the entertainment. The proceeds will be for the library fund. The following extracts from Mrs. Holt's letters, from Paris, are of general interest: "I attended yesterday a mass given to St. Cecilia (the Patron of Music) in the old church of St. Eustache. It was like a peep into medieval times. On the gray walls of the quaint old church were written the names of the cures (priests) who have had it in charge. The first one ministered within its walls in 1223. Think of it! Such old names, too. 'Yves le Breton' was one. You read of them only in books like Froissart's Chronicles. In front of the altar sat the musicians with harps, haut-bois and such old-time instruments. The hymns to the musical saint were slow, soft and sweet, and given with that perfection of finish that belongs to everything in Paris. But for the restless, worldly Parisians around me, I could have imagined myself back in the days when the church reigned supreme in the land and unlettered nobles knelt to the haughty representatives of papal supremacy. "The weather has been intensely cold until the last day or two. The Seine was almost frozen over, and for two weeks they skated on the lake in the Bois de Boulogne. Joe and I went out one day. It was a picturesque scene that confronted us as we drove up to the lake. The day was clear and beautiful, the sun shining like a red ball. The fur-wrapped skaters swiftly skimming the frozen expanse, the dark background of evergreens mingled with the delicate tracery of bare tree boughs, the hundreds of lookers-on, the elegant carriages with liveried coachmen and footmen, all made an interesting spectacle. Three or four hundred boys from some Catholic college eagerly walked to and fro, attended by black-robed priests. We drove back in the gray twilight and enjoyed the wintry aspect of the city. The beauty of this old world grows on one. Everywhere you see something that has survived the lapse of ages, and these old churches, statues, arches, etc., have a tranquilizing effect on the senses. It is a more harmonious, satisfying ensemble than anything our cities can show. There is not the crudeness, ruck and desperate struggle for money that one finds at home. Life seems to have been regulated for every one here by generations of forefathers."

Sunday-school Lesson.

PREPARED BY REV. CHAR. O. JONES, A. M.

FIRST QUARTER, LESSON III.—JAN. 18.

STUDIES IN THE KING.

GOD'S CARE OF ELIJAH.—I Kings xviii:1-16.

GOLDEN TEXT: They that seek the Lord shall not want any good things.—Ps. xxxiv:10.

TIME: B. C. 910.

PLACE: Samaria, the brook Cherith, Zarephath.

RULERS: Ahab, seventh king of Israel; Jehoshaphat, fourth king of Judah.

OUTLINE.

I. Fed by Ravens.—Verses 1-7. II. A Wonderful Miracle.—Verses 8-16.

INTRODUCTION.

Under the good kings, Aah and Jehoshaphat, a reformation had been effected in the kingdom of Judah. Idolatry was put down, the groves and high places destroyed, and the people taught the ways of the Lord. These two kings reigned sixty-six years, while during the same period there were eight kings in Israel. At the time of the present lesson the religion and morals of Israel were most depraved. The worship of Baal was the state religion; Jehovah was proscribed; the altars of God were thrown down, and the people compelled to offer sacrifices at idolatrous shrines; the prophets of the Lord were slain or driven into hiding places; Ahab and his heathen wife, Jezebel, with a tireless perseverance, tried to put the God of Jacob from the minds of the people. So far as we may judge, humanly speaking, her success would have been complete but for one man, Elijah, the central figure of four lessons of the present quarter.

I. FED BY RAVENS.—Verses 1-7.

1. Elijah.—The word means "Jehovah is my God." He is called the Tishbite probably from Tishbeh, a place east of Jordan, in Gilead. Gilead was a rugged, mountainous country; the inhabitants led a wandering, tent life, dressed in coarse cloth, and lived in the simplest manner. Of the inhabitants of Gilead—from this it has been inferred that Elijah was not an Israelite, but an Ishmaelite. Said unto Ahab—he appears unceremoniously, without any practice in the arts of a courtier. As the Lord God of Israel lieth—a form of solemn oath especially appropriate. Ahab and Jezebel had proscribed God, but Elijah mentions Him as the only living God of Israel, and thus contrasts Him with the dead gods whom the people worshiped. There shall not be dew nor rain three years—not a total drouth, for this would have rendered the country uninhabitable, but the rain and the dew would not fall in sufficient quantity for grass and crops. But according to my word—in the name of his God, assuming to himself a power greater than Baal's. Drouth was threatened for idolatry (Deut. xi:16, 17).

2, 3. The word of the Lord.—Elijah is commanded to go beyond the reach of Ahab, that he may be safe from violence, or freed from the king's entreaties to bring the drouth to an end. Hide thyself by the brook Cherith—this brook, not mentioned elsewhere, is supposed to have been a wady, or water course for winter rains, running into the Jordan, from which side it is uncertain. The prophet's home was doubtless one of the caves on the hillsides.

4. I have commanded the ravens to feed thee.—ravens are birds noted for wildness and especially for voracious appetite; it is said that they neglect to feed their own young, yet these wild and greedy birds, against their natural instincts, feed the prophet for a year. (Ps. xxv:10).

5. He went—he who commanded others is himself under orders; he obeys, and goes into a desolate wilderness with no visible means of support. What a test of faith, patience and courage!

6. And the ravens brought him bread and flesh—some have thought that the word translated "ravens" should be merchants, or Arabians, and that they furnished the prophet's food; but if so, his hiding-place would have been made known unto the king. The weight of authority is altogether in favor of the common rendering.

7. After awhile—at the end of a year—the brook dried up—the drouth continuing, springs and streams ran dry; another test of Elijah's faith.

8. A WONDERFUL MIRACLE.—verses 8-16. 8. The Word of the Lord came—if he had ceased to trust in God, he would have gone to the Jordan, which was not dried up, but he awaited the Lord's message, and marching orders came to the faithful servant.

9. Get thee to Zarephath—a town between Tyre and Sidon, nearer to the latter place. Sidon was a Gentile city, and Dr. Lightfoot calls Elijah "the first prophet of the Gentiles." As Zarephath was some distance from Samaria, and a heathen village, Elijah's presence there would not be suspected by Ahab. It is interesting to remember that the only time Christ was among the Gentiles was when He went into the coasts of Tyre and Sidon. (Matt. xv:21). I have commanded a widow—not in words, but He had disposed her to sustain the prophet, as He had done the ravens (Luke iv:25, 26).

10. When he came to the gate of the city—tradition points out the spot; the woman was there gathering of sticks—showing that she was poor.

11, 12. Bury me... a morsel of bread—a great test of the woman's faith. As the Lord thy God lieth—showing that she was acquainted with Elijah's God, and, as some think, that she was a true worshiper. I have a handful of meal in a barrel—an earthen jar, in which corn and meal are preserved from insects. A little oil—olive oil used instead of

lard and butter; in a cruse—a bottle. My son—tradition says that this son became the attendant of Elijah, and identifies him with the prophet Jonah, who came from this section of country. 13. Elijah said, make me a little cake first—How easy to have suspected the prophet of selfishness. What mother would take the last morsel out of the mouth of her starving child and give it to a stranger? The object of this request was to try and strengthen the widow's faith, to test her charity, and "to encourage others to the practice of the same graces upon like occasions."

14. The barrel... not waste, neither... cruse... fail—calling to remind the multitude fed by the increase of the five loaves and two fishes (John vi:9).

15. She went and did according to the saying of Elijah—what if she had refused? Elijah would not have suffered, but she and her son would have perished. Her house—indicating others in her household besides herself and her son. Did eat many days—in a time of general famine there is good cheer in the widow's house. "God sent the prophet to her, not to beg of her, but to board with her, and he would pay well for his table."

16. The barrel of meal wasted not—God kept up the supply, as Christ turned water into wine (John ii:9), or multiplied the loaves and fishes.

PRACTICAL.

1. In ancient times God worked more by direct agency than apparently he does now. When the people transgressed he sent upon them drouth and famine, pestilence and war. Does he work differently now? We have no Moses or Elijah to threaten, in advance, a visitation of God for our sins, but the absence of prophet or interpreter does not affect God's dealings with men. It may leave them unexplained. If God once sent famine and drouth, pestilence and earthquake, fire and flood, who sends them now? On this subject we have much practical skepticism even among Christians. The scriptures teach that God sends affliction for an intelligent and moral purpose. We are disposed to think that he has turned the management of the world over to the almanac-makers, or to the laws of nature. We refer the rise of the river, wind storms, hard times and a death in the family, to atmospheric disturbance, spots in the sun, planetary equinoxes, and the like. It is infidelity in disguise. The same God that withheld rain and dew in Ahab's time rules now, and governs men and nations according to his will.

2. The ravens fed Elijah. Who feeds us? The widow's meal and oil failed out. Who keeps up our supply? Was their support a miracle any more than is our support? The farmer plows and plants, but can do no more. He cannot put fertility into the soil, nor life into the seed; he cannot make dew fall, nor rain, nor wheat ripen for the reapers. God makes grass grow for cattle, and herb for the service of man, just as the leaves grew in the Master's hands. Every time you see wheat and corn ripening for the food of man and beast, you behold as wonderful a thing as the feeding of Elijah by the ravens. We recognize this when we pray, Give us this day our daily bread, and when we say "grace" at the table. This thought gives no excuse for idleness. It simply recognizes God as the source of supply, the increase of labor. "The eyes of all wait upon Thee; and Thou givest them their meat in due season." (Ps. cxv:15).

3. Elijah went and did according to the word of the Lord. The widow went and did according to the saying of Elijah. It was in both cases, judging by worldly standards, a great risk. Elijah might have asked, "How shall I be fed in the wilderness?" The widow might have said, "I am at the bottom of barrel and cruse; the prophet has no right to take all I have for his support." Both obeyed, and were fed. We might speculate on what would have happened if they had disobeyed. It would, oftentimes, make us reader and more cheerful in obedience, if we remember that when God commands us to go forward, He is pledged to open the way. A negro preacher said, "Brethren, if God commands me to jump through a stone wall, I will jump at it. Jumping at it belongs to me, going through it belongs to Him." There is no safety except in perfect obedience, and there cannot be perfect obedience without unquestioning faith.

4. The widow's hospitality was repaid with usury. Commentators and preachers have delighted to dwell on this point. The Savior himself refers to it (Luke iv:25, 26). Trapp quaintly says, "Happy was it for this widow that she was no siggard of her last handful. Her barrel and cruse had, therefore, no bottom. Not getting, but giving, is the right way to wealth." She received a prophet in the name of a prophet and had a prophet's reward. "She gave him house-room, and he repaid her with food for the house-old," and with the resurrection of her son (vs. 17-23). "There is that scattereth and yet increaseth; and there is that withholdeth more than is meet, but it tendeth to poverty" (Prov. xi:24). When the church learns this lesson in the support of the gospel at home and in mission fields, Christians will be blessed more abundantly, both in temporal and in spiritual things.

Do right, and God's recompense to you will be the power of doing more right. Give, and God's reward to you will be the spirit of giving more. Love, and God will pay you with the capacity of more love, for love is heaven and the spirit of God with you.

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Old and Young.

FOR ALL RIGHT THINGS.

W. J. DAWSON. Be thou for all things right a Voice uplift In fearless utterance: A power the tangled skein of truth to sift And measure right's advance; A light of hope set in the Time's wild drift, Where thro' the hopeless gulf.

Where purity lies bound, and asks in vain Help from the cruel and the base, Where statesmen, mad for war, the brand of Cain Assume without disgrace, Where Mammon, brutalized with lust of gain, Grinds Labor's patient face.

Where priest and church stand dumb, nor hear the cry Of the poor man's loud wrong, Nor see the crowd in bitter scorn pass by— Doors closed in scorn too long— There set it yours, the liar and the lie To smite, and to be strong.

Voices shall hail thee, and thy bolt shall smite The brazen brow of lust; Triumph shall wait thee, and the lie's strong might Shall crumble into dust; Be thou but true unto the Light of Light, Be thou but bold and just!

A HAPPY NEW YEAR!

To all the children and especially the little workers for Jesus. In the ADVOCATE of December 4 you have a letter from Aunt Mary requesting all the children and young people who would join and help me to pray for the conversion of hundreds of children and young people this next year, to drop me a card or letter at Carbon, Texas, in response to that request, that I might enroll their names in a book, so that I may know who they are. Up to this time I have received two sweet little letters from Nannie and Lula Webb saying that they will do all the good they can and will try to get as many others as they can to be good. I had hoped ere this to have quite a list of names on my book, and I believe I shall soon have them. At any rate, I am not depending, for old Joshua said to the people that one of them should chase a thousand for the Lord your God. He it is that fighteth for you as he hath promised. If no one else should join in this proposition but Nannie and Lula, we are sure of success, for the Lord promises that where two or three agree touching anything we shall have it. To-night, dear children, at midnight, the old year goes out and with it all our past opportunities; the New Year comes in, with all its responsibilities. New and severe trials may await us. To-night is a good time to ask God's forgiveness for all past sin; also, to grant pardon to all who may have wronged you, toward whom you have cherished any bad feelings, lay all aside and begin the new year with clean hearts and hands. There are thousands of homes into which the gaunt figure of death has entered since last New Year. Many of the little ones who were well and lively then, who hung their little stockings near the mantle-piece those Christmas times a year ago expecting to receive nice gifts, are to-night numbered with the dead. Those little stockings have been laid carefully away in some drawer as a sacred memento to be handled only by loving maternal hands. May God bless the parents whose hearts have been made sore and tender by the loss of the little pet; and while the vacant chair, the little crib, are all like so many reminders, oh, look away beyond this vale of tears to that unbright clime where you shall, if faithful, find all your loved ones again.

Now, dear children, I am going to tell you a story—a true story. I have a little mouse-trap, and one night last summer I set it out to catch a mouse and before day I heard the mouse in the trap, but forgetting about it, the trap was not looked into until late in the morning, and then on opening the trap what do you guess was in it? A snake. A real live snake had come into that quiet parsonage and had crept into that little trap, and there he lay, coiled up, and had filled the trap full. And now, for the moral of my story: Satan, the old serpent, is seeking to get into your little hearts and deceive you like he did Eve, but you must keep him out; don't let him in to get all your good resolutions and keep you from the Sunday-school and everything that is good. Ask God to help you and you will be sure to be victorious.

AUNT MARY.

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A FABLE.

Dedicated to Mary and Louise.

Two sweet girl graduates went forth to walk in the woods. In their holiday mood all roads were one to them, and when they came to a cross-road they turned it to it. A hunter, who happened to be standing near, spoke to them. "Don't take that road, young women," he said, "it isn't safe."

"Why isn't it safe?" asked the sweetest of the girl graduates, incredulously. "Because a bear has lately gone up that way."

"How do you know that? Did you see the bear?" "No, I didn't see him; but there is his trail," and the hunter pointed to some footprints in the ground. The girl graduates carefully examined the tracks and said one to the other: "They don't look like the prints of bear's paws. Do you think they are?"

"Don't believe him," said the other. "I don't think they look a bit like bear tracks." "Do you know a bear trail when you see it?" queried the hunter. "If you mean the print of a bear's paws on the ground," said one of the girl graduates, with a lofty air, "I am sure any one could tell what they looked like."

"Did you ever see the tracks of a bear?" repeated the hunter. "No," replied the girl graduate, "but natural history gives us the conformation of a bear's paws, and the commonest mental operation would teach us from that what their tracks would look like. I don't think these look the least like the footprints of a bear. Bears have claws, and there are no marks of claws here."

"Who ever heard of a bear without claws?" said the other girl graduate, with a withering glance at the hunter. "What kind of tracks be they then, miss?" asked the hunter. "Indeed, I don't know," returned one of the sweet girl graduates, superciliously. "They certainly are not the tracks of a bear."

"Besides," added the other sweet graduate, "who ever heard of bears walking a long road?" The hunter's stock of arguments as well as words were limited, and he said nothing. The sweet girl graduates went on their way. They had not gone far when a bear sprang upon them and ate them up. The only part of their anatomy not masticated beyond identity were their tongues, which, finding tough, the bear had swallowed whole. Before the process of digestion fairly began, these found time for a few words: "They were bear tracks, after all," said one. "And suppose they were," replied the other, "how were we to know?"—HARPER'S BAZAR.

TRIFLES.

John Wright was the son of a day-laborer, a man of dissipated life and coarse habits. John had no home teaching, no associations to lift him upward. But he had talent, great vigor of mind and body, and much ambition. He began as a newsboy, worked his way through school and into college. In his Freshman year he wrote to a friend: "I can conquer any difficulty before me as a scholar. I am not afraid of mathematics or of language, dead or living; but to enter a room with a well-bred woman in it makes me tremble. I cannot eat a meal, I cannot meet an acquaintance on the street, without committing what people call a breach of good manners. The thousand and one trifling rules of etiquette terrify me. I am resolved to disregard them. I will not be a slave to a code laid down by other men. I will be a scholar and an honest man, and brush aside these cobweb lines which hamper me." John carried out his resolution. He was a moral man, earnest in his pur-

pose to live a pure and honorable life; he stood at the head of his class in college. But while the other men in the class were invited into the homes of the professors, and made friendships with educated men and gentle women, which helped them throughout life, he was neglected. "He may be a good Christian," said the wife of the president, "but I will not ask to my table a man who puts his knife into the butter, and who keeps his hat on when I am speaking to him."

"I do not wish to know a woman who judges me by such trifles," said Wright, when this speech was repeated to him. But the neglect hurt him. When he left college, too, and entered a professional life, he found that these "trifles" drove friends away from him wherever he went. His ability brought him clients, but his rudeness and coarse manners made him a subject of their contempt and ridicule.

He removed to a town in the West, hoping to leave prejudice behind him, but his new acquaintances pronounced him vulgar after five minutes' intercourse and never offered to bring him to their homes or introduce him to their families. Shut out from society of women of the better class, he was forced to choose an uneducated wife. His children are as rude and ungente as himself. "I should have taken rank," he said once, bitterly, "with gentlemen. But they judged me by my coat of manners and mistook me for a footman."

If a gentleman voluntarily wears the livery of a footman, he should not complain if he is mistaken for one. Too many boys confident of their own high purpose in life, despise as petty the observance of good breeding. They forget that those observances are the language, the signs which gently-bred people in all nations have devised to express their good purpose in life. They are the essence of common sense and kindly feeling. A man cannot quote Greek or declaim poetry at a hotel table to establish his claim to education or refinement; but he can do it by his quiet voice, by his unobtrusive and simple bearing. He cannot announce to a carful of people the kindly sympathy toward all mankind which swells his heart to bursting; but the smile which he leaves his seat for an old black woman will express it without a word. A gilt button on a cap is not a small matter if it shows the difference between a boor and a nobleman.—Youth's Companion.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla The Best Blood Medicine

So say Leading Physicians and Druggists, and their opinion is endorsed by thousands cured by it of Scrofula, Eczema, Erysipelas, and other diseases of the blood. "Ayer's Sarsaparilla has won its reputation by years of valuable service to the community. It is the best."—L. S. Lang, Druggist, 212 Merrimack St., Lowell, Mass. Dr. W. F. Wright, Paw Paw Ford, Tenn., says: "In my practice, I invariably prescribe Ayer's Sarsaparilla for chronic diseases of the blood." Dr. E. H. Boye, Third and Oxford sts., Philadelphia, Pa., writes: "For two years I have prescribed Ayer's Sarsaparilla in numerous instances, and I find it highly efficacious in the treatment of all diseases of the blood."

L. M. Robinson, Pharmacist, Sabina, O., certifies: "Ayer's Sarsaparilla has always been a great seller. My customers think there is no blood-purifier equal to it." "For many years I was afflicted with scrofulous running sores, which, at last became so bad the doctors advised amputating one of my legs to save my life. I began taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla and soon saw an improvement. After using about two dozen bottles the sores were healed. I continue to take a few bottles of this medicine each year, for my blood, and am no longer troubled with sores. I have tried other reputed blood-purifiers, but none does so much good as Ayer's Sarsaparilla."—D. A. Robinson, New Kansas.

Don't fail to get Ayer's Sarsaparilla PREPARED BY DR. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass. Sold by Druggists, \$1.00 per bottle.

THE EVANS SCOTTON CORN PLANTER



Has met with splendid success since its first introduction. It is one of the few Planters that is a complete success in planting both the Corn Feed and the Rotary Drop. Guaranteed for planting Sorghum or Sugar Cane. BE SURE and examine it before purchasing, and if not found with your merchant, CUT THIS ADVERTISEMENT OUT and take it to him and have him order one for you, or write us direct for circular and price. Special price made where we have no Agents. Address: PARLIN & ORENDORFF CO., STATE DALLAS, TEXAS.

THE DINGEE & CONARD CO'S FOR SPRING PLANTING. If you plant Roses, Hardy Plants, Bulbs or Seeds, we would like to send you our NEW GUIDE, 12 pages, beautifully illustrated, FREE on application. You will find it interesting and useful. We offer all the Choicest Novelties and best things in NEW ROSES, HARDY PLANTS, BULBS and SEEDS, postpaid to your door, satisfaction guaranteed. Our business is one of the largest in the Country and we are pleased to serve you no difference whether your orders are large or small. Write to-day for our New Guide, FREE. THE DINGEE & CONARD CO., WEST GROVE, PA.

W. J. PORTER, F. T. PORTER, S. B. HOPKINS, CHAR. HENNING, J. W. ROBBIE. PORTER, HOPKINS & CO., STRICTLY WHOLESALE DEALERS IN Dry Goods, Notions, Boots and Shoes, DALLAS, TEXAS.



SYMPOMS OF LIVER DISEASE: Loss of appetite; bad breath; bad taste in the mouth; tongue coated; pain under the shoulder-blade; in the back or side—often mistaken for rheumatism; sour stomach with flatulency and water-brash; indigestion; bowels lax and costive by turns; headache, with dull, heavy sensation; restlessness, with sensation of having left something undone which ought to have been done; fullness after eating; bad temper; blues; tired feeling; yellow appearance of skin and eyes; dizziness, etc.

A Safe, Reliable Remedy that can do no harm and has never been known to fail to do good. Take Simmons Liver Regulator - AN EFFECTUAL SPECIFIC FOR Malaria, Bowel Complaints, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Constipation, Headache, Kidney Affections, Jaundice, Menstrual Derangement, etc. A PHYSICIAN'S OPINION. "I have been practicing medicine for twenty years and have never been able to put up a vegetable compound that will so effectively move the liver to action, and at the same time aid in the treatment of the digestive and assimilative powers of the system."

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DR. E. C. WEST'S NERVE AND BRAIN TREATMENT. Specific for Hysteria, Dizziness, Fits, Neuralgia, Headaches, Neural Depression, Stammering, Trembling, Nervousness, Irritability, and all other ailments of the nervous system. Each box contains one month's treatment, and is sent by mail prepaid. With each order for six boxes, will send purchaser guarantee to refund money if not cured. Full particulars on request. Price, \$1.00 per box. Sold by all druggists.

ON 30 DAYS' TRIAL. THE NEW ELASTIC TRUSS. Has a pad different from all others, and is made of the finest materials. It is the only truss that will support the weight of the body, and is the only one that will not chafe or irritate the skin. It is the only one that will support the weight of the body, and is the only one that will not chafe or irritate the skin.

BEECHAM'S PILLS. CURE SICK HEADACHE. 25 CENTS A BOX. OF ALL DRUGGISTS.

FITS STOPPED FREE. NERVE RESTORER. For all cases of Fits, Epilepsy, St. Vitus's Dance, and all other nervous ailments. It is the only medicine that will stop fits free of charge.

CONSUMPTION. I have a positive remedy for the above disease, by the use of thousands of cases of the most kind and of long standing have been cured. Induced to give my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease to any individual who will send me their name and P. O. address. T. A. SIMMONS, No. 21, 151 Pearl St. N. Y.

A Great Discovery. A new, simple, pleasant and permanent cure for Catarrh in the head, throat and nose; for Colds, etc. No dosing with drugs. No snuff, douche, saline, etc. Wonderful cures made. A FREE SAMPLE by mail. Dr. J. W. Blosser & Co., Dalton, Ga.

USE FERRY'S SEEDS. BECAUSE THEY ARE THE BEST. ILLUSTRATED, Descriptive and Priced SEED ANNUAL. For 1891 will be mailed FREE to all applicants, and to last country. Customers. It is better than ever. Every person using Garden, Flower or Field Seeds, should send for it. Address D. M. FERRY & CO. Largest Seedsmen in the world.

Make New, Rich Blood! These pills are a wonderful discovery. No other pills like them in the world. Will positively cure or relieve all manner of disease. The information around each box is worth ten times the cost of a box of pills. Find out about them, and you will always be thankful. One pill a day. Illustrated pamphlet free. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for 25c. D. M. FERRY & CO., 21 CENTRAL AVENUE ST., BOSTON, MASS.

Devotional. BY-AND-BYE. What will it matter, by-and-by, Whether my path below was bright, Whether it wound through dark or light, Under a gray or a golden sky, When I look back on it, by-and-by?

What will it matter, by-and-by, Whether unhelped I toiled alone, Dashing my foot against a stone, Missing the charge of the angel hind, Bidding me think of the by-and-by?

What will it matter, by-and-by, Whether with laughing joy I went Down through the years, with a glad in Never believing, nay, not I, Tears would besweeten by-and-by?

What will it matter, by-and-by, Whether with cheek to cheek I've lain Close by the pallid angel, Pain; Soothing myself through soul and sigh, "All will be otherwise by-and-by?"

What will I fear for the unsharpened sigh, If, in my year of slip or fall, I seek to reach to Christ through all; Mindless how rough the path might lie, Since He will smooth it by-and-by?

Ab! It will matter, by-and-by, Nothing but this—that joy or pain Lifted me skyward, helped me gain, Whether through rack or smile or sigh, Heaven—home—all in all, by-and-by?

COUNT OVER YOUR MERCIES. A Southern woman who died lately at a great age, and who carried to the last days of her life a happy heart and a singularly gay temper, thus explained the mystery of her unflinching cheerfulness:

"I was taught by my mother when a child to reckon, each morning before I rose, the blessings God had given me with which to begin the day. I was not simply to say:

"When all thy mercies, O my God, My thoughts do surfeit, Transported with the view, I'm lost In wonder, love, and praise!"

but I was to count the mercies one by one, from the neat and serviceable shoes that covered my cold feet to the sunlight shining on the hilltops. My school-friends, my play, my fun, my mother's kiss, the baby sister in her cradle—all these I learned to consider separately, and of every one to say, "He gave it to me."

"This practice taught me the habit of thankfulness. It kept my heart near Him, kept it light and happy. These every-day blessings were not to me mere matters of course, but special, loving touches from his paternal hand. No pain or sorrow could outweigh them."

We all have a store of richer jewels than the heathen king; and, unlike the crown regalia, these jewels are our own, given to us by our Father.

How many of us mutter over, as the day begins, some perfunctory words of thanks which mean nothing? How many number their mercies, tasting the delight and joy of each, and out of glad hearts thanking the Giver?

And how many quite forget to think either of them or of Him?—The Canada Presbyterian.

Marriages. GARNER—HARRISON.—At the bride's mother's, near Corsicana, by Rev. H. M. Glass, December 28, 1890, Mr. Don F. Garner, of Palestine, Texas, and Miss Mamie Harrison.

HARLE—COX.—December 30, 1890, at the residence of Mr. Eaton, Ladonia, Texas, by Rev. A. F. Hendrix, Mr. Samuel Harle and Miss Dora Cox; all of Ladonia, Texas.

GARNER—BARBER.—Near Startville, Texas, January 4, 1891, by Rev. J. M. Mills, Mr. James Garner and Miss Emma Barber; all of Smith county.

TARNER—TELER.—At the home of the bride's parent, Dodd, Texas, December 24, 1890, Mr. J. A. Tarnar and Miss Alice Teler; Rev. I. M. Carter officiating.

AULT—MOORE.—At the residence of A. J. McGuire, Esq., December 31, 1890, by Rev. Daniel Morgan, Dr. Charles A. Ault and Miss Biffie A. Moore; all of Cometa, Lampasas county, Texas.

BROWN—CARRAWAY.—At the residence of the bride's father, at Naacloches, Texas, December 25, 1890, Mr. Robert F. Brown and Miss Lola A. Carraway, Rev. Geo. A. LeClere officiating.

BROOKS—CASTLEBURY.—In the Methodist Church at Maryville, Texas, by Rev. S. W. Miller, Mr. J. D. Brooks and Mrs. Annie Castlebury; all of Cooke county, Texas.

HOLLIDAY—GILLEN.—At the residence of the bride's mother, seven miles east of Shelbyville, on the evening of December 24, 1890, Mr. N. Holliday and Miss Mattie GilLEN, L. A. Burk officiating.

YATES—STEPHENSON.—At the residence of Ben George, one mile south of Petty, December 25, 1890, by Rev. C. C. Davis, Mr. W. N. Yates and Miss Mamie J. Stephenson.

BROWN—McCREIGHT.—At the bride's residence, three miles south of Petty, on December 28, 1890, by Rev. C. C. Davis, Mr. John W. Brown, who till recently was a resident of Cooke county, but now of Merkel, Texas, and Mrs. Ruth J. McCreight.

TRIST—MASSEY.—At the residence of the bride's father, December 24, 1890, by Rev. J. M. Mills, Mr. W. R. Trist, of Tyler, Texas, and Miss Grace Massey, of Anderson county, Texas.

SCHMIDT—MIDDLETON.—At the residence of the bride's parents, in Millican, Texas, January 6, 1891, Mr. T. F. Schmidt and Miss Louisa Middleton, Rev. G. Powledge officiating.

GUTHRIE—IRBY.—Near Uvalde, Texas, Mr. Chas. W. Guthrie, of Tennessee, and Miss Della B. Irby, of Delta county, Texas, Rev. M. G. Jenkins officiating.

FOSTER—LESLIE.—At the residence of Dr. Ryan, Leake, Texas, by Rev. D. Foster, of Prattville, Texas, and Miss Ora May Rush, Rev. M. G. Jenkins officiating.

BRADSHAW—PERMERTON.—At the parsonage at Wesley, December 24, 1890, Rev. H. C. Jolly officiating, Mr. J. B. Bradshaw and Miss Lizzie J. Permerton; all of Wheatland, Dallas county, Texas.

Obituaries. The space allowed obituaries, hereto, is to be understood as being about 120 to 150 words. The privilege is reserved of condensing all obituary notices. Parties desiring such notices to appear in full or in part, should send them to cover excess of space, to wit: at the rate of ONE CENT per word. Money should accompany all orders.

TERRELL.—Bro. J. T. Terrell was born August 2, 1855, and departed this life December 30, 1890, aged thirty-five years, four months and twenty-eight days. Bro. Terrell was a good Christian and a good worker in his church. He was a man in whom his neighbors placed a great deal of confidence. All speak of him as being one of the best of their number. He leaves a wife, three little children, his aged parents and several brothers to mourn his loss. May God sanctify his death to their good and thereby draw them closer to him who is our comforter in every trying hour.

USERY.—Died at Marble Falls, Texas, December 17, 1890, Walter D. Usery, son of S. H. and M. D. Usery. It was the first time the death angel had thrust his sickle into this happy family, and then it was to reap the brightest and tenderest flower, the idol of home and a large circle of friends. As the Lord has given him his talents, he has also given him his strength and grace. A large procession followed the remains to the cemetery to pay the last tribute of respect to the loved dead. Weep not, dear parents, as those who have no hope; your little Walter is not dead, but sleeping. Them that sleep in Jesus will not bring with them their mortal shell out of the immortal fair-weather. Your sweet little Walter will be at the beautiful gate waiting, yes waiting and watching for you.

FRASER.—Died of consumption, at Leake, Texas, near Cathage, Panola county, Texas, December 10, 1890, Sister Amanda A. Fraser, nee Lacy. Was born December 1, 1856, and on the 28th of February, 1870, she married G. W. Fraser, with whom she lived a happy life until death removed him, leaving her a widow with four children. When she had reached years of mature girlhood she was solemnly converted and received into the M. E. Church, South. Her faith was strong and true. Possessed with the traits of character that abound ever characteristic of the life of a Christian, she was esteemed as a Christian, and the economy of them who knew her best was that nature and grace had amply qualified her for the high position she held in society. Death had no terrors, but was a friend in disguise to her, that severed the ties of mortality and conducted her away from the prison-house of clay to a life of unending bliss; for she died with such strong faith, committing her children to God. She leaves many friends, while her body lies in the cemetery at Cathage and she rests in all cares. W. H. Adams.

MURRIE.—Mrs. Maggie E. Murrie died at her home in Mineola, Texas, January 2, 1891. She was born at Sulphur Bluff, Hopkins county, Texas, October 10, 1864. Her parents, Brother and Sister Josiah and Annie Gregg, had her dedication in baptism while yet in her infancy. Thus, having the blessed influences of a Christian home, she grew up with the childhood's pure and innocent norm, she grew up to "fear God and keep his commandments." She professed faith in Christ at the age of ten years, and was baptized in the Clear Fork of the Brazos, near Stephens county, Texas, 1881. Thus realizing that God for Christ's sake had pardoned her sins and had adopted her into his great family, she at once united with the M. E. Church, South. In this church she lived an upright Christian life until her recent passing. Her death was a great loss to her family, but faith, offspring of sorrow, gently leads from the gloom-enshrouded cross, bidding us await the glorious resurrection morn; and, though weary the way and aching the night, she in triumphant accents ever chants, "Christ! I believe; Christ! I believe; Christ! I believe; death hath no more dominion;" but as death as human nature is human nature, the consoling words of even our Saviour, "She is not dead, but sleeping," fall unheeded on the first hours of bereavement. And particularly natural is it in this case of the death of Mrs. Murrie, that the gain should predominate in the hearts of her dear ones. She was the center around whom clustered not only a devoted husband and affectionate sister and brothers, but a large circle of relatives in Texas and adjoining counties, and many friends. Her death was a great loss to her family, but she was reared and educated in Texas, having, with her brothers and sisters, removed to this State when a child. She was the youngest sister of Mr. Richard Putney, of Lavaca county, and Robert Putney, of Colorado, Texas; also, of Mrs. Kendall Putney, of this State. In her community has lost a prominent, esteemed member, the church a zealous, faithful supporter, her relatives their most beloved, and her husband a devoted helpmeet. What need to dwell upon her qualities of heart and mind? Her death resulted in the different spirit in which she moved attests their worth. A Christian woman—that embodies all. It was the grace of the indwelling Spirit that enabled her uncomplainingly, even cheerfully, to bear sickness and pain, for her health had been precarious for some time. And though the summons to cross the dark valley came so suddenly, yet we feel that she was borne on the wings of faith and love into the light of an everlasting day. Seven or eight years ago she became a member of the Methodist branch of the church of Christ. It was after the death of her little adopted daughter, Mary. It would seem that when Mary entered that "city not made with hands," the golden gates were left ajar, and hope with outstretched wing came down to dwell in the hearts of the stricken parents and teach them so to live that they might finally be reunited to their little Mary, and with her forever dwell in the presence of the Lord Most High. A. A. D. EAGLE LAKE, TEXAS.

MAJORS.—Mrs. M. A. Majors (nee Fendley) was born in Blount county, Alabama, September 18, 1857; was converted and joined the M. E. Church, South, in the fourteenth year of her age. In 1874 she was happily married to G. C. Majors and in 1876 they moved to Texas, and soon as convenient united with the church and was prominent in all church work up to the time of her lamented death, which occurred near Duffan, December 27, 1870. Sister Majors was my ideal of a true Christian woman. A victim of disease, and often confined to her bed, yet she did not complain in the least, but soon as convenient united with the church and was prominent in all church work up to the time of her lamented death, which occurred near Duffan, December 27, 1870. Sister Majors was my ideal of a true Christian woman. 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