

THE AGITATOR.

Subscription 50 cents per Year.

"Be sure You are right, then go ahead."

Advertising Rates on Application.

Vol. 1.

CLARENDON, DONLEY COUNTY, TEXAS, THURSDAY, OCTOBER, 19, 1899.

No. 37.

Covetousness.

That this is not the sin of the rich more than of the poor is certain. It is seen in the wage earner who cares more for full wages than for full hours or thorough workmanship, as well as the capitalist who cares more for private dividends than for public services or his wage earning partners, and in the office seeker who is after a snug salary more than strenuous duty and public interest. Rich or poor, he is the covetous man, classed in the New Testament with the idolater, blacklisted there with the fornicator, whose thoughts are chiefly bent on getting for himself, intent on acquisition, unbalanced by distribution of benefits and services. If this surprises any, the explanation of so severe a judgment is not far to seek. The deadliness of covetousness in the insidious paralysis with which the passion of acquisitiveness affects the moral nature of its victim, while he flatters himself for respectable thriftiness. A soul thus stupefied ere it is aware, like a man inhaling carbonized air, may be nearer spiritual death, more incapable of resurrection than one overtaken by a sin of sudden passion who commits a crime. The sin that is nearest the root of our social disorder and unrest to-day is the eminently respectable and deadly sin of covetousness, tainting the life of the family and the church, as well as of the state—the acquisitiveness whose sole concern is making money, and growing fat on what should be shared with others. Intemperence and licentiousness are more disgusting, but covetousness which often promotes them for gain, dwarfs them both in the social detriment it works. If the country is to be saved in the near future from what John Bright deprecated as "reformation by hurricane," through some popular discontent with selfishly used wealth, "the peaceable fruits of righteousness" must be cultivated by the Christian pulpit. The pulpit that would dispense the gospel and not dispense with it must give full utterance and emphasis to the true note of the gospel concerning wealth and the use of it.—The Outlook.

A Happy Christian.

A young mechanic who had strayed into a religious meeting, and there gave his heart to Christ, went home and told his wife that he had become a Christian. He immediately set up a family altar, and began to ask a blessing on his food at table.

One day, so his wife reported, he lifted up his face from the table over which he had bowed to give thanks for his daily bread, and, with tears running down his face, said, "wife, it has only been a week since I began to live. It is a blessed thing to be alive with God."

The sympathetic wife wept with joy, for it was in answer to her prayers that he had been brought under Christian influences. Who knows how effective are the prayers of a righteous woman?

Editorial Bird-Shot.

From Christian Advocate.

Some of our exchanges are like some preachers; it does not take long to find out all they know.

The woman who looks upon motherhood as an irksome burden is unworthy of the position of wife.

Any man who takes a position about which there is a question, and refuses to change is unfit for leadership.

If you cannot rise above a little, contemptible personal prejudice and do an opponent justice, you ought to be relegated.

A broad, upright man may get wrong once in a while, but if you will only give him time enough he will get right again.

Wise men often have occasion for changing their views upon given issues, but a fool is so narrow that he is incapable of change.

Never put a man down as an enemy simply because he differs from you in judgement, but esteem him the more highly for his manliness.

Mistakes of judgment can be easily overlooked, but downright meanness of heart shows decay in the source of moral purpose and desire.

A little opposition is no ground for discouragement; rather, it ought to stimulate the noblest endeavor of which a man is capable.

If you are worth anything to the Church and society, the devil will try to put obstructions in your way; otherwise he will let you alone.

How to Kill Jealousy.

The story is told of two businessmen—merchants—between whom there was great rivalry. One was converted. He went to his minister and said:

"I am still jealous of that man, and I do not know how to overcome it."

"Well," he said, "if a man comes into your store to buy goods, and you cannot supply him, just send him over to your neighbor."

He said he wouldn't like to do that.

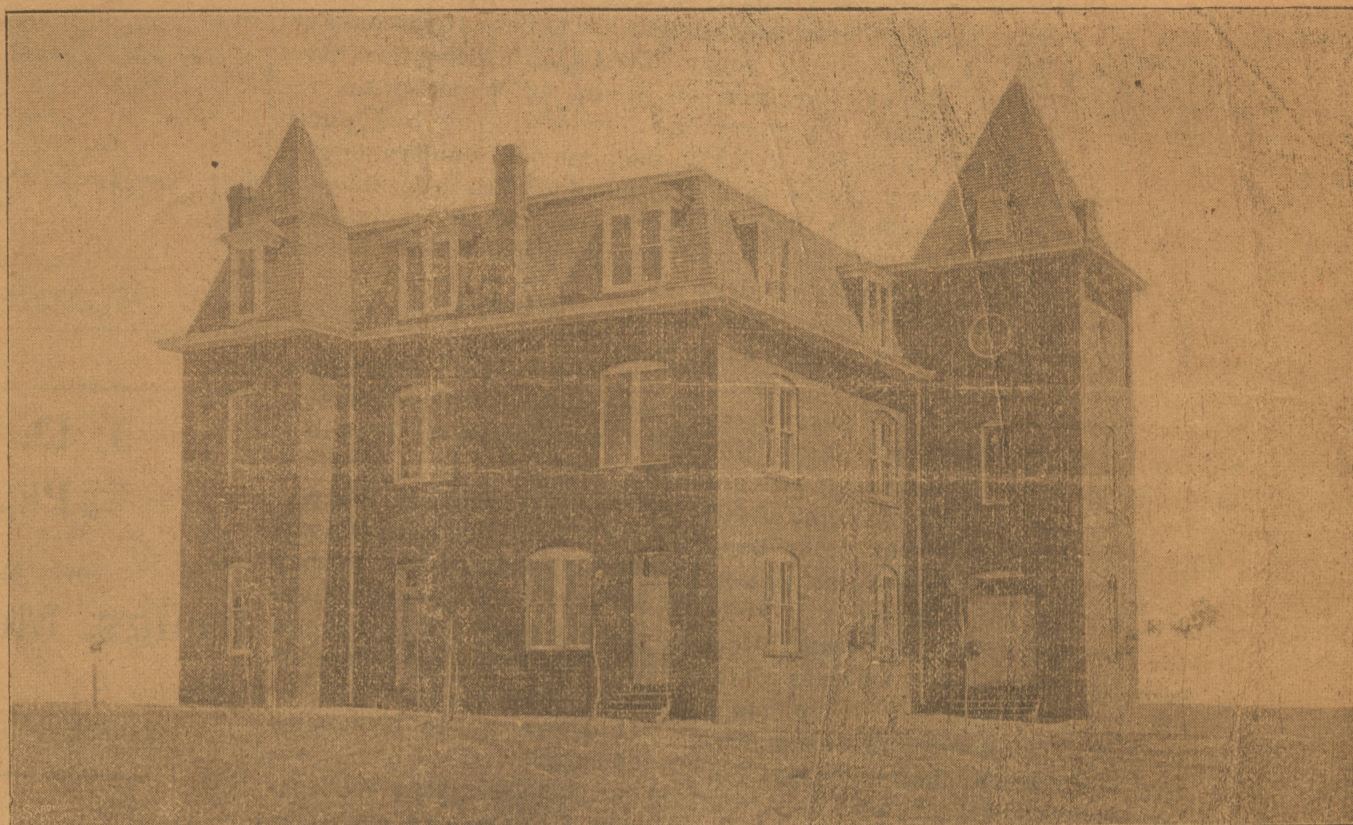
"Well," the minister said, "you do it, and you will kill jealousy."

He said he would, and when a customer came into his store for goods which he did not have, he would tell him to go across the street to his neighbor's. By and by the other began to send his customers over to this man's store and the breach was healed.

Dr. Lloyd.

Dr. W. F. Lloyd, D. D., has just been transferred by Bishop Key from the Northwest Texas Conference to the Louisville Conference and stationed at Walnut Street Church, Louisville. Dr. Lloyd came to Texas from Georgia some nine years ago. He served the First Church in Fort Worth with great acceptability and success for four years, at the close of which he took charge of Polytechnic College, and for five years he has put in herculean efforts in behalf of that institution. We are sorry to see him leave Texas, but we heartily commend him to the brethren in Louisville Conference. Dr. Lloyd is a fine preacher, an excellent pastor and an able executive. He is qualified by training and by nature to minister wisely to the spiritual needs of the people. He is large in body, big in heart, transparent in soul, and thoroughly religious in experience and practice. We have had no more lovable man in Texas. Dr. Lloyd will go at once to his new field, and his correspondents will address him at Louisville.—Christian Advocate.

Clarendon is in the midst of a building boom, such as few towns enjoy. The sidewalks are crowded with visitors, business is booming, and every one who wants work in Clarendon can get it.



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J. R. HENSON, Editor.
A. M. BEVILLE, Local Editor.
H. B. MARTIN, Business Mgr.

Subscription 50 cts. per Yr. in advance.

Entered at the post office at Clarendon, Texas, as Second-class mail matter.

Thank God.

We feel to thank God that should we be tried it will not be with us as with Luther and the martyrs—before a Roman Catholic Bishop, who cares nothing for anything save the dogmas of his own priest ridden church, for in this case we might make our calculations to go to the stake as many of the best men and women have done. We are glad we live in protestant America, instead of Catholic France or we might expect the fate of Dreyfus. Friends, we are glad we were born in America, and Texas at that; that we love our flag and that our sympathy was with America and not with Catholic Spain; that we recognize the laws of our land and have not sworn allegiance to the pope or taken the jesuite's oath. And we thank God that we have manhood enough to stand up like John the Baptist and condemn sin in high places.

To the readers of the Agitator:

Many of my friends have offered me their moral and financial assistance since the trouble between myself and the Catholic Priest at this place. I take this occasion to express my gratitude for their kindness and generosity.

I will undertake to vindicate the position I have taken and will do my best to have the proceedings conducted in such a manner as to bring no reproach upon myself as a minister of the gospel, or upon the cause of Christ. My friends need have no apprehension as to the result. God reigns and justice will be done though the heavens fall.

J. R. HENSON.

Your Example Counts.

A railroad conductor once went with a large company of conductors on an excursion to a southern city. They arrived on Saturday night. An attractive trip had been planned for the next day. In the morning, this gentleman was observed to be taking more than usual care with his attire, and a friend said to him:

"Of course, you are going with us to the excursion?"

"No," he replied, quietly, "I am going to church; that is my habit on Sunday."

Another questioner received the same reply.

Soon comment on it began to pass around, and discussion followed. When he set out for church, he was accompanied by one hundred and fifty men whom his quiet example had turned from a Sunday excursion to the place of worship.

Woman's Home Mission Society.

The past week was the week of prayer and self denial which was observed by the members of the society here. A prayer service was held at the church each evening during the week. Sunday at 11 a. m. there was a special sermon by the pastor on the

subject of "Our Country." At night service was conducted by the ladies. There were papers by several of the members and talks by Prof. Blankenship and the pastor. After this a collection was taken and the pastor and his wife were made life members of the society. This required \$10. Besides splendid collections of self denial were taken each evening during the week. The climax, however, was the contribution by every member to fill a large box which was sent to a needy pastor in a sparsely settled mission field of our own conference. The box contained a large supply of dry goods and ready made new garments for this toiling pastor and his faithful wife and children. Those who know the very great hardships and privations this pastor has gone through with are rejoiced at the thoughtfulness and kindness of this noble band of women, but only this pastor, his wife and children can know the full measure of joy and blessing this provision for their winter need will produce. "In as much as ye did it unto one of the least of these—ye did it unto me," is the promise of our Lord and Master. Every lady member of the Methodist church ought to be a member of this society and take part in all of its noble work.

"I Have Called for Your Boy."

Five millions of Boys in the United States between the years of ten and twenty. The saloon needs 2,000,000 of them to continue business.

"I have come for your boy." "Can't you afford one?" This drunkard factory is a great industry, established and protected by the government of the

United States, and most of our state Governments. It cannot run unless the owners can get raw material. "Pass along your red-cheeked boy, please!" "Which one of your boys will you send?" The saloon wants your boy!—Exchange.

Proud of a Patch.

A poor boy with a large patch on one knee of his trousers was laughed at by a schoolmate, who called him "Old Patch."

"Why don't you fight him?" cried one of the boys; "I'd give it to him if he called me so."

"Oh," said the boy, "but you don't suppose I'm ashamed of my patch, do you? For my part, I'm thankful for a good mother to keep me out of rags. I'm proud of the patch for her sake."

A patch is better than a hole, and patched garments which are paid for are more comfortable than new ones which make a man afraid to meet his tailor.—Ex.

A Drunkard's Will.

In New York a dying drunkard left the following as his last will: "I leave to society a ruined character, a wretched example and a memory that will soon rot, I leave to my parents as much sorrow as they can, in their feeble state, bear. I leave to my brothers and sisters as much shame and mortification as I can bring on them. I leave to my wife a broken heart and a life of shame. I leave to each of my children poverty, ignorance, a low character and a remembrance that their father filled a drunkard's grave.—Selected.

Don't Forget.

We want to remind every member of the Methodist church, that we want a contribution from each one on our conference collections. Give something let it be ever so small some have subscribed very liberally but half the membership have subscribed nothing. This ought not to be. If you have not received a card write your name on a slip of paper with the amount you will pay and put it in the plate next Sunday, or give it to me, don't fail to do this, as we want our collections in hand as soon as possible.

League.

The leagues, both junior and senior were well attended Sunday and an interesting time was had.

On Monday night the League gave a public entertainment under the auspices of the literary department. This was delightful indeed and every one performed their part well. The Clarendon League can't be beat and we don't believe it can be equaled in the Panhandle. All the departments are working well, especially the devotional and literary departments and we haven't much charity work to do in this country.

College Boys and Girls.

Two rooms in the third story of Clarendon College are used for recitation rooms for the young ladies and young men. The rooms were ceiled but not papered. Last week the young ladies proposed to the young men that they would get the money donated for the canvas and paper if the young men would put it on the walls. The young men accepted and now it is all over and the walls are a "thing of beauty." We commend the young ladies and young gentlemen for their generous action.

Sunday.

Last Sunday was cold and the wind was blowing hard but a large congregation attended the Methodist church. We had a most excellent service and four valuable members united with us here. At night, the program as contained in last week's paper was carried out. All the ladies did their part well. The singing was excellent, and everybody enjoyed the services. A splendid congregation was present and good collection was taken and the pastor was made a life member of the society. This closed the week of prayer and self denial as observed by the Woman's Home Mission Society of Clarendon. No doubt it has proved a great blessing to all those attending and taking part.

League Reading Circle.

The Reading circle of the Epworth League held a public meeting at the church last Monday night. There was a splendid program of quartets, essays, instrumental and vocal music. There was a good crowd present who seemed to enjoy all the exercises. The League is doing a splendid work and is gaining in interest all the time.

Rev. J. L. Pyle of Newlin, editor of the Panhandle Baptist spent to-day in the city, leaving on the evening train for Washburn.

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Sash, Doors, Blinds, Building Material, Etc.

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MARSHALL McILHANY President.

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Fire, Life, Tornado, and Accident Insurance. Deeds, Contracts and all kinds of papers made. Will appreciate your business.

LOCAL NEWS.

Will Compere of Crowell, Texas, is a new student in Clarendon College this week.

Builder's material at Anderson's.

W. T. Jones spent most of last week at his ranch in Wheeler county.

Take your saddle and harness to J. K. Harvey and have them repaired. It wont cost you much and may save trouble.

Miss Ruth Gage recently from Nocona, Texas, entered Clarendon College last Monday.

If you believe in patronizing home people, why not place your life and accident insurance with home instead of traveling agents who represent the same companies.

P. A. Buntin's house from his section one mile north of town was this week moved to his lots next to H. D. Ramsey's.

Go to J. K. Harvey for saddles and harness, best goods and lowest price.

H. G. Stephens of Memphis spent a couple of days in the city this week. He was prospecting with a view to locating here.

J. K. Harvey will trade you a new saddle for your old one.

R. B. Hearn is building a substantial dwelling on his ranch in Wheeler county and his family will spend the winter up there.

Do not roast yourself this warm weather by baking bread, order it from Anderson's. Fresh every morning.

Work is rapidly progressing on the brick extension of Hoffer and Noland's building and the two new brick buildings next to Ramsey's drug store.

Armours barrel lard at Anderson's.

John W. Jones went to Colorado last week where he will be engineer for a stationery engine this winter. Mr. Jones and his family are splendid people and we hope they will soon again be permanently located with us.

The storm season is here. A. M. Beville writes Tornado Insurance. Leave your order for Star Bread at Anderson's

Mrs. J. D. Jefferies left last Sunday for Arkansas City, Kan., in response to a telegram that her sister, Mrs. King was dying. From Mr. Jefferies we learn that her sister died Sunday before her arrival.

Star Bread fresh every morning at six o'clock at Anderson's.

C. H. Nelson & Co. Furniture dealers are moving their stock into their new building on First Kearney streets.

Accidents do happen. If you want accident insurance see A. M. Beville.

Work is progressing nicely on the two story board and lodging house of Miss Mary Miller near the Clarendon livery stable.

The cool weather of the past week reminds us that winter will soon be here. Avoid getting without coal by buying a supply now before the blizzards come and snow blocks the railroads. See the special offer of G. W. Antrobus in this issue to all who will buy now.

L. A. Caldwell of Caldwell & Co. Dry Goods Merchants went to Memphis Monday on a business trip. His firm is selling lots of dry goods these days.

Bert Self of Thalia, Texas, one of the last year's students entered Clarendon College for this year's session last Monday. Bert is a splendid young man and has many friends here in Clarendon.

Miss Porter has her New Fall Millinery in and will have opening of Pattern Hats Friday and Saturday Oct. 20th and 21st. Everybody wanted to attend.

The body of Neville Robinson, whose death at Billings, Montana, Oct. 11th, we made mention of in our last issue, was received here last Tuesday morning and the funeral service was held at the Baptist church that evening at 2 p. m. Neville had lived here for eight years and had many friends, all of whom join with the grief stricken family in their deep sorrow over his untimely death. Again we see that "death is no respecter of persons" but the stout young man as well as the feeble old man is called to face the last enemy.

The ladies of the Presbyterian church gave a chicken pie supper at the residence of Judge White Tuesday night beginning at 6 p. m. We heard a Presbyterian brother who from his wail we are sure was late getting on the scene of action, wailing thus, "During the summer our ladies have given ice cream and other kinds of socials and many Methodists were conspicuous by their absence but the announcement of a chicken pie social brought out a flood of Methodists. The social was both pleasant and profitable.

Dell Harrington is nursing a mashed finger, the result of being in to close touch with his feed mill.

President McKeown returned this week from a three weeks overland trip in the interest of Clarendon College and filling the appointments of presiding Elder Hardy. He reports encouraging school prospects and that the church interests were in good condition.

Work will begin in a few days on the large dwelling of Ora Leisburg on the north side near his father's dwelling.

W. A. Caldwell and K. Aycork returned last Friday from a two weeks stay at Ft. Worth as jurors in the Federal court.

Mrs. J. W. McQueen Dead.

A telegram to Geo. F. Morgan Tuesday evening announced the death of Mrs. McQueen at her home at Amarillo. She was the wife of Webb McQueen and daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Frisher of Clarendon. She had many friends in Clarendon who sympathize with the sorrowing ones in this sad affliction.

Model Dairy, Fruit and Poultry Farm for Sale.

Situated five miles north of Clarendon and consisting of 50 acres of choice land, all fenced, half in cultivation, balance fine pasture. A splendid never-failing creek running through middle of land, and good well at front door. At least \$200 worth of timber on the place. Good 3-room house with one shed-room; best milk house in county, good 2-story barn and stone stable, ample cow-sheds, lots, etc. A 4-acre poultry yard enclosed with woven wire, wolf proof. Several splendid poultry houses, runways, etc. One of the largest and best bearing orchards in the county, consisting of plums, peaches, apples, grapes, netarines, apricots. As much as \$300 worth of fruit has been sold off of this place in one year. The following property goes with the place: 1 wagon and harness, 1 buggy and harness, 1 turning plow, 2 sweeps, 1 double shovel, 1 garden plow, 1 post hold digger, 1 pitchfork, 1 wire-stretcher, 1 ax, 1 rake, 2 garden hoes, 4 pony horses, 2 calves, 12 tons of Kaffir corn stored in barn, 2 saddles, 2 riding bridles, 1 pick, 1 spade. The entire outfit will be sold for \$350. For further particulars address Lockney & Martin.

Business men: Give us five hort minutes of your time—we want to whisper something in your ear—we want your undivided business attention. The Agitator and News print and send out 1700 papers to subscribers every week. These 1700 papers nearly all go to people in Hall, Donley, Armstrong and Collingsworth counties. Now, these are facts and our books will verify them. You can reach all the reading public, all the best people in these four counties, through the columns of the Agitator and the News. And we can save you money by usidg these two papers. Reading notices inserted one time, in both papers at 10 cents a line; four times in both papers, 25 cents a line.

One-half this rate for either paper.

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If you want to cover these four counties thoroughly, the Agitator and the News offer the best rates and a guaranteed circulation of 1700.

The Agitator and News print and circulate more papers each week in Donley, Hall, Collingsworth and Armstrong counties than all other papers combined published in the four counties. We ask you to investigate our claim, and as sensible business men, spend your money where it will do you the most good.

THE AGITATOR, Clarendon, Texas.

THE HALL COUNTY NEWS, Memphis, Texas.

League Program.

Sunday, Oct. 22.

Subject: Lost Opportunities. Jer. 8:20; Matt. 21:27-29; Heb. 12:17.

Leader, Mr. Stuart, Helpers, Mr. Pattman and Miss White.

General Discussion, led by Prof. Blankenship, followed by others.

Select Reading, Miss McCarver and Mrs. McKeown.

THE SEMI-WEEKLY NEWS AND THE

AGITATOR

AT A VERY LOW PRICE.

The Semi-Weekly News (Galveston or Dallas) is published Tuesdays and Fridays. Each issue consists of eight pages. There are special departments for the farmers the ladies and the boys and girls, besides a world of general news matter illustrated articles, etc. We offer the Semi-weekly news and the Agstator for 12 months for the low clubbing price of \$1.25 cash. This gives you three papers a week, or 156 papers a year for a ridiculously low price. Hand in your subscription at once to the publisher of the Agitator.

The same old song

"Winter is Coming."

Blizzard, Ice, Snow: Car Famine.—No coal in town.

In order to protect you against this I will give you 50 cents cut per ton on all orders for three tons or over, cash on delivery. This offer will hold good until Nov. 1st, next.

G. W. Antrobus.

\$15.00 Christmas Present, TO ONE OF OUR CUSTOMERS. Each \$1.00 Purchase

Entitles you to one guess as to how many beans are contained in a sealed glass which is on exhibition in our s one knows how many there are.

On Christmas Day.

The jar will be opened, and the beans counted, and the person who has guessed the nearest to the correct number of beans will be entitled to select FIFTEEN DOLLARS worth of Goods from our stock, which is always complete with the newest and best in

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Which we are selling at prices below all competitors. A cordial invitation is extended to the public to call and see onr goods

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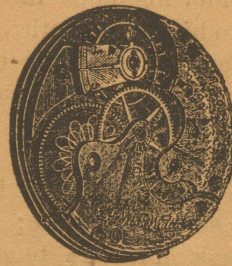
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The Agitator,

The Hall County News \$2.25.

And The St. Louis Republic, all for

Try the Combination.

OUR WORST ENEMY.

A Saloon Keeper.

I passed by the saloon; a white-haired, white-aproned, affable old man stood in the door, and he pleasantly bowed to all those he knew. To see an old man standing on the brink of two worlds—the one past, the one to come—dealing out poison to his fellowmen aroused my sympathy, excited my curiosity, and so worked upon my sensitive being that I said, "That man has a history. Can I trace it, will the door of the past swing back on its rusty hinges and let me look on down the vale of years to his cradle?"

And as I pondered there seemed to rise before me out of the mist of years, a little vine-clad cottage, with a well-tilled field behind it—a home where peace, contentment, honesty, sincerity and love reigned. A strong man, with firm features, a kind and honest expression, was toiling in the field, a sweet-tempered sunny-haired, loving wife went singing about her house work.

And the picture grew plainer. I could see a cradle in the corner, with a red-cheeked, chubby youngster, with dimples, and laughter, and innocence, all fresh from the hand of the Creator—and the same strong man and loving woman watched the cradle. My eyes were riveted on the scene, and the picture grew plainer, and I could see the heart strings of the parents as they twined around his cherub form, and the baby grew and his childish prattle made home a heaven, and I could see the love-light in the eyes of the parents as they rested on the boy. Their souls were centered in his future, and the clouds rolled aside and I looked over the hills of time and saw the grand career mapped out by the parents for their boy.

And the boy grew and the picture was ever plainer, as the past began to meet the present. He is a youth now, and lines of care have furrowed the father's face; silver threads show among the gold on the mother's head, yet that loving look still rests on the youth. The cottage looks small to him; the field appears circumscribed, and the youth, now a young man, longs to see the big, bustling world. By the fire-side's ruddy glow, the young man and the old folks talk the matter over, and the parents in sadness reluctantly consent for him to try his fortune in the city. With many misgivings, but with firm faith in their son's strong nature, they console themselves that he will succeed in the city.

The picture grows plainer. I see the young man in the city. At first he is shocked, but by and by he becomes used to the noise, the bustle and the loose ways, and he falls in with a crowd of fast young men. He learns to drink, to swear, to gamble—his footsteps take hold on hell.

The years have gone by. There are two neglected graves grown-o'er—the parents sleep side by side in their last sleep, in the little church yard near the cottage—and the baby, the boy, the young man, the middle-aged man, is now fixed in habit. His one desire is to make money, no matter how, and whatever offers the quickest way to success—ah!

yes, success! Success does not mean getting money—it means, peace, purity, contentment, a life well spent and no regrets.

Selling whisky has been legalized and all things are lawful to those who serve the god of this world. The man is now a bartender. Does he see the thin clad, cold and hungry children around the corner, made so by whisky? Does he see the sorrow, the misery, the despair in a thousand homes, wrecked and ruined by whisky? Does he hear the bitter cry of broken, bleeding hearts of wives and mothers, whose husband and sons he has made drunkards. Does he see the new made graves of the suicide, of the murdered ones, all dug by the saloon? If, per chance, in some sober, reflective moment all these things came home to him, he justifies himself by saying, "I pay my license, I help the poor, and if I didn't sell whisky some other man would."

But will his excuses bring back the bloom to the faded cheeks of the forsaken wife? Will paying license smooth the wrinkle on the care-worn brow of parents, whose boys have been debauched, ruined by the saloon? Will giving to the poor call back to life the cold, pulseless clay from the voiceless tomb? No! A thousand times, no!

When God shall roll away the stone from the tomb of time, and eternity young, forever young, shall step forth full-robed; not till then shall the full measure of recompense be meted out to the dispenser of liquid hell to forward man!

Who would care to see the ruin wrought by one saloon all piled up at his door! And this gray-haired man, with the apron on, is the same innocent boy that prattled by the side of a road a mother seventy years ago! In infancy she taught him to reverently say:

"Now, I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep,"

as he grew older his pious father pointed out to him the path of honor; showed him how he could be a blessing to his fellowman, pointed him to the "Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world"—but he went to the city, with its sin, its shame; he turned his back on all the teachings of a kind father, of a fond mother, he fell in with fast young men, he learned to drink and now he deals out distilled damnation to others, that it may drag them down, destroy their homes and damn their lives.

Oh! that I could dip my pen in the tender love of God and write the fadeless words on the tablets of your hearts, young men: "No drunkard shall inherit the Kingdom of God."

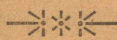
The turbid river is rolling close by the feet of the aged bartender; the black waters are lapping, swirling ever nearer, and the mist is swinging low and heavy as he shades his eyes and tries to peer across the river. Does he, in fevered, fateful fancy, see where many and many of his victims went down beneath the awful waters, hurried, helped there by him? Out of the mist can he hear the fearful wail of the lost—lost, cursed by the demon drink? Let us in pity take our eyes away from the sad, the desolate picture, and leave him and his sins with an all-wise, merciful, loving God, who only can do justice.—Hall County News.

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Insurance Agent.

From the port Seattle, comes the following news note: "The steamship Glenogle, carries out a civilizing cargo this trip, 2,200 barrels of beer, 585 barrels of pure alcohol and 550 hogsheads of tobacco. The Garonne will have 265 barrels of beer for Honolulu and Hilo. There was a constant stream of beer flowing across the wharves all day yesterday. It came in kegs, barrels and cases by the trainload, express wagons and brewery drays: This will be the largest consignment of beer ever exported from this port. The civilizing influence of American trade with the Orient is further illustrated by a shipment of 585 barrels of pure alcohol for Kebo and Yokohama, which will go on the Glenogle, together with 225,000 pound of tobacco from West Virginia.

With all this there will not be a single missionary unless one appears before the ship sails Saturday."

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College.

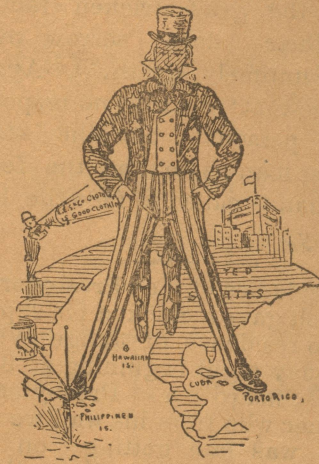
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