

Christian at Work.

Like migratory birds, the boys and girls are now flocking from seashore and mountains back to the schools. They return buoyant, vigorous, flushed with anticipations of happiness, influence, power, and all the hopes of opening manhood, as the result of education; and in the majority of cases they are willing to work and to wait. What of their future? It is a good time for the teacher to attempt to forecast it, and to remember that there are two kinds of education—that of the text book and that of ideas. It is not enough that the young aspirant for life's responsibilities and trusts should learn the trick of figures, and how to parse Milton's Paradise Lost, and to repeat a number of French paradigms. It is of course taken for granted that these things will be mastered, and that the discipline and instruction will fit the pupil with well-trained faculties and with considerable information. But is this all? By no means. The higher and critical question concerns the ideas which pervade the school-room like an atmosphere, and exert a strong agency in unfolding character and deciding destiny. The ideas which the teacher unfolds respecting honor, integrity, purity of thought, nobility of purpose, the formation of correct habits, the internal motives and springs of action—these are of more importance infinitely than any mere book knowledge without them. Some people, strangely enough, seem to think that morality and manhood of a worthy type can be divorced, or rather should be, from school teaching and training. They are so afraid of sectarianism and Christian proselytism that they are ready to swing back the portals of the centuries and step through into the heathenism of the ante-Christ days. The development of manhood, of the ability to meet with courage life's burdens, of strength to resist temptations, of fortitude to bear trials, in short, the preparation to attain the truest ends of existence by a recognition of duties toward God and our fellow-men, ought to be regarded as the chief aim of every high minded and conscientious teacher. What such a teacher says and does obliterates, by the way and incidentally, will have a mighty influence. And now if to the force of unconscious example and words a determined and well-directed effort be daily made to inspire and enable, who can measure the effect? Many a man and woman remembers with gratitude always increasing with years, the admirable for good which some excellent teacher in their early days threw around them. No profession save that of the ministry has such opportunities and responsibilities as this one of the teacher. Let the thought of them serve as a quickening motive, and an inspiration. Let the school be opened with a resolution to develop character as well as to pronounce words to the spelling class and to explain arithmetic.

Tariff Talk.

From ex-Gov. Curtin's Bellefonte Speech. When I was Washington the first winter of my Congressional life I found myself sitting alongside of a man I didn't know. I turned to him and said, "What's your name?" Said he, "My name's Allen, and I'm from Mississippi. I know who you are well enough; you are Governor Curtin, of Pennsylvania, the great tariff State." "Well," said Mr. Curtin, "Allen, as we are going to sit together, I guess we might as well be friends," and, said the speaker, "we are friends to this day." "Speaking of the tariff, though," said Mr. Allen, "down in Mississippi, Governor, we don't know anything about it and the more I think about it and the more I read about it the less I know about it and the more confused I get, and I always feel like kicking a man who talks to me about it. It reminds me of a man down in our section who was arrested for assault and battery, and who was relating his story to the Judge. A traveler on horseback rode up one evening to this man's house and asked for supper, horse-feed and lodging, all of which were cheerfully accorded with true hospitality. After supper the stranger insulted the man's wife, "and Judge," said he, "I stood that because he was my guest. Then he wanted to kiss my daughter, and chased her out into the kitchen and then back again; and, Judge, I stood that because he was under my roof and had eaten salt at my table. Then he ran out into the yard and heaved a stone through the window, and, Judge, I stood that, because I was determined to be hospitable. But I went out to the fellow, and I says to him, "Now, see here, old fellow, I've given you supper and led your horse, and in return you've insulted my wife, chased my daughter and heaved a stone through the window, but I'll overlook all that because you are my guest, if you'll only come into the house, behave yourself and go to bed. Then I'll give you a good breakfast and send you off rejoicing." And by thunder, Judge, what do you think he did then? Why, as sure as you are alive he put his finger into my buttonhole and wanted to discuss the tariff with me, and then, d—n him, I hit him."

Job Printing at this Office.

WM. V. BEROUJON UNDERTAKER

Northwest corner Conception and Conti streets, MOBILE, ALA.

NEW! ORANGE ELIXIR (LAXATIVE)



PLEASANT CURE FOR Constipation and Sick Headache. Try One Bottle and you will never be Without It.

An invaluable family medicine. Agreeable to the taste, pleasant and prompt in effect, and gives with equal benefit to children and adults. Should your druggist not keep it send 75 cents to B. WARD, Mobile, Ala., and a bottle will be sent you by express, charges prepaid. April 30, 1886. 9-6m

J. L. DeMERITT, Lumber Comm'n Merchant

221 South Rampart, head of New Basin, New Orleans, La.

Postoffice Box 3217. Drawer No. 2, M. O. and L. Exchange. Oct. 19, 1885. 23-ly

Woeper & Craft, NEW ORLEANS.

Manufacturers and Importers of HAVANA & DOMESTIC CIGARS

And Wholesale Dealers in Plug and Smoking Tobaccos.

A few of our leading brands: Apple Jack, Clean Sweep, Angel Food tobaccos. Great Mississippi, Times-Democrat, Illinois Central, Plasters Prize, Jewel cigars. May 14, 1886. 11-ly

Confide in Your Wife.

Washington Post.

Were men to confide more in their wives they would be better. Women have a finer and more exact sense of honor than men; their ideas of right and wrong are not perverted by motives of expediency, and sordid calculations are less apt to influence their judgment.

Whenever a thief or embezzler is brought to justice we generally read that the man's wife is prostrated by the knowledge of her husband's crime. This conclusively shows that she was in ignorance of his wrong-doing, and no one is more astounded by the climax than the woman whose name has been dishonored. And it is on her the greatest blow falls; the pity of the world, if pity is extended to her, is tempered by scorn, and, be she ever so innocent she never escapes a certain amount of condemnation.

Would Gray be now a corpse or Eno a fugitive, or Ward a convict if they had confided in their wives? We believe not. Had Gray gone to his wife and said: "I have taken money from my corporation to speculate with, but I will repay it when the market turns," we think his wife would have said, "Put it back; make restitution; tell the directors and we will be just as happy without our carriage or our summer cottage." A woman instinctively shrinks from the thought of wrong-doing. The man, a self-declared fool, easily persuades himself that the money is only a loan; he has a sure thing and no harm can be done by his "borrowing" what he needs. No such sophistry beguiles the wife. She knows it is a theft and can not be made to see it in any other light.

Now and then we hear of a man falling because of the extravagance of his wife and daughter. Now and then we hear of a man who can say, in the words of Oscar Meredith: "When they asked me about it I told them plain, Love it was that had turned my brain. How should I heed where my hand had been When my heart was dreaming of Celestine?" True, now and then, a man steals for his Celestine; but how often? Woman is society's balance wheel, and the man who does not confide in his wife leads a life which cannot admit of the light of day being turned on it.

The Danville Breeze tells of a young woman riding with a young man, and exclaiming at the sight of two calves, "Oh, see those two little cowlets!" "You are mistaken," said the young man; "those are not cowlets, but bullets."

Excited sister at camp meeting—"I wish I was a June bug." Parson—"Waffor, Sister Snowball?" Sister—"So I could fly ter do heebly missions." Parson—"Fool niggab, wood-pecker ketch yer beak on gits osten do woods."—Texas Siftings.

If a lazy man gets tight, isn't it a lacy woman who gets tight also? Of course it is.

Job work neatly executed this at office.

FURNITURE! M. E. Horres, DEALER IN Furniture of Every Description!

Prices lower than any other, house in the South. 52 Dauphin street, MOBILE, ALA. Nov 20 1885. 28-ly

Henry Hamersden, RESTAURANT And Oyster Saloon, MOBILE, ALA.

Ladies' private dining saloon up-stairs. 17 First-class lodgings. July 4, 1885. 18-6m

ORLEANS BARBER SHOP, GEO. HUBNER, Proprietor, 149 Common street, Opposite Ladies' entrance to St. Charles Hotel, New Orleans.

Polite attention to transient customers. All work in the tasteful art done in an artistic manner. Oct. 10, 1885. 23-ly

J. H. Carter, ZUBERBIER & BEHAN, Wholesale Grocers

And Commission Merchants, 25, 27, 29 and 41 Peters street, Corner of Gravier, NEW ORLEANS. July 4, 1885. 17-6m

PHILIP WERLEIN, Mammoth Music House of the South

135 Canal & 12 Bourbon St., NEW ORLEANS. LEADING PIANOS: Chickering, Weber, Mathushek, Hertzman, Hal, Werlein, Mason & Hamlin, Decker Bros, Reisinger. Lowest Prices! Easiest Terms! EST OREGAN: Messrs & Hamlin, Ester. Musical Instruments of all Descriptions. Prices to compete with any part of the United States. October 3, 1885. 22-ly

McKay & Roche, PROPRIETORS WAVERLY STABLES, AND UNDERTAKERS, ROYAL STREET, Between Register office and Battle House, MOBILE, ALA.

Their elegant line of Undertaker's Goods are selected from the best manufacturers, and no pains are spared to make this department second to none. Mr. R. P. BALACK, at Scranton, is authorized to act as our agent, and orders through him will have our prompt attention. March 7, 1886. MCKAY & ROCHE. 7-ly

COAL! COAL! ALABAMA COAL & COKE COMPANY, Successors to ANDERSON & DARRS, 54 Carondelet St., NEW ORLEANS.

ALABAMA. PITTSBURG, ANTHRACITE Coal in hogheads for shipment. Will also deliver Coal as all seasons on L. & N. R. R. between Mobile and New Orleans, at the following prices, viz: Steam Coal in car load lots, per ton, \$4.00. Grade of Steam Coal by railroad, per ton, \$4.75. September 10, 1885. 28-6m

Alba & Carmelich UNDERTAKERS, LIVERY & SALE STABLES, Nos. 43 and 45 South Royal St., Mobile, Ala.

Keep the finest Burial Caskets and Cases, the latest styles of Metallic, Mahogany & Rosewood Coffins, also every grade of cheap coffins. Having refitted our establishment with all late improvements, and having now the largest stock on hand we are enabled to sell at reduced rates. Customers entrusting their trade to us will be guaranteed satisfaction. Orders by telegraph will receive prompt attention and satisfaction guaranteed. Special attention paid to the buying and selling of horses and vehicles. March 25, 1886. 7-ly

HARVEY CREE'S SALOON, THE FINEST WINES AND LIQUORS ALWAYS ON HAND, No 45 Magazine Street, NEW ORLEANS. November 13, 1885. 27-ly

A. GERDES & BRO., NAIL MAKERS, 28 & 31 (New Basin) NEW ORLEANS. Yacht and Schooner Sails, Awnings, and Tarpaulins made to order. Dealers in Cotton Duck and Flags constantly on hand. January 8, 1886. 45-ly

They Depend on the North. "Hallo, stranger, you seem to be going to market?" remarked a traveler meeting a farmer, says the Natchez (Miss.) Democrat.

"Yes, sir, I am." "What are you carrying that plow along for?" "Going to send it to Pittsburg."

"To Pittsburg, in Pennsylvania?" "You're mighty right, I am."

"What are you going to send it there for?" "To get sharpened."

"All the way to Pittsburg to get sharpened?" "You bet! We've started our blacksmith out. He pulled up stakes the other day and went to Texas."

"Well that's a rather novel idea, my friend—sending a plow so far to get it sharpened."

"Not so novel as you heard it was. We do our milling in St. Louis."

"Is that so?" "You're right it is. We used to have a mill at Punkinvine creek, but the owner got too poor to keep it up, and so we turned to getting our grinding done at St. Louis."

"You don't mean to say you send your grist all the way to St. Louis by rail?"

"I didn't say nothing about grist—we hadn't got no grist to send. But we get our flour and meal in St. Louis."

"I see you have a hide in your wagon."

"Yes; our old cow died last week. March winds blowed the life out'n her. Sent'n' hide to Boston to get it tanned."

"All the way to Boston? Is not that rather expensive, my friend? The freights will eat the hide up."

"That's a fact—cleaner than the buzzards did the old critter's carcass. But what's the use bein' tazed to build railroads 'bout you get the good of 'em! Used to have a tan yard over at Lickakillet and a shoe-maker too. But they kerdam un-d-d."

"Kerdam un-d-d—what's that?" "It's a slang gone on the spot—and twist you and me, that's mighty nigh the case with our State."

"When do you expect to get your leather?" "Don't expect to get no leather at all—expect to get shoes some day, made at Boston or thereabouts."

"Rather a misfortune to lose a milk cow, my friend."

"Not so much of a misfortune as you heard it was. Monstrous sight of shuckin' and mubbin' in a cow, and milkin' her night and morning, and gettin' only about three quarts a day."

"What are you going to do for milk?" "Send north for it."

"Send north for milk?" "Yes; concentrated milk and Goshen butter."

"Oh! I see the point." "Mighty handy things, the railroads—make them Yankee fellows do all our jobs for us now—do our smittin' and grindin' and tannin' and milkin' and cleanin'."

"I reckon you fatten your own pork?" "Well, you reckon wrong stranger. I get them Illinois fellers to do that for me. It's mighty convenient, too; monstrous sight of trouble totting a big basketful of corn three times a day to hogs in a pen, especially when you hadn't got none to tote it to."

"I should think so." "There is one thing lacking, though, to make the business complete."

"What's that?" "They ought to send them hogs ready cooked. Cookin' and preparing wood for cookin' takes up a heap of time that ort by rights to be employed in the cotton patch. I was sayin' to my old woman, the other day, if we Mississippi folks got our cookin' and washin' done up north and sent by express we'd be as happy as officeholders."

No USE.—Backwoods School Teacher (to boy)—How far have you gone?

Boy—Ain't never been very far, 'bout ten miles from home, I reckon.

Teacher—I mean how far have you advanced in your book?

Boy—Over ter this here pictur.

Teacher—Why that's where the first lesson begins. You can't spell, can you?

Boy—Ken spell dog and dam, but ain't no great shakes on bird and bossy.

Teacher—You little rascal, you must not talk that way. Did your father ever hear you talk that way?

Boy—None.

Teacher—Then I'm glad that there's one whom you respect.

Boy—No use's talk'n that way before dad, for he's deaf. Ef a boss was ter fling dad he couldn't hear himself hit the ground.—Arkansas Traveler.

Mr. Wayback—Yes, beats all what queer things now-a-days. We've got the darndest mystery you ever see in our town now.

Omaha man—Ah! Some crime, I suppose.

"Well, yes, something like that. You see a tramp has confessed that he stole \$10 from the contribution box of our church."

"Yes, but where's the mystery? You know who took it?"

"Why, we can't imagine how it got there, you see."

"Does an editor always live in poverty?" inquires a correspondent. No, not always. Sometimes he has the good fortune die.

E. A. TYLER'S SON

Takes pleasure in informing the public of his establishment at No. 3 Camp Street, and invites attention to his entirely new stock of DIAMONDS, GOLD and SILVER WATCHES, and FINE GOLD JEWELRY, all of the latest designs and patterns. My stock consists of choice articles, which have been selected with care, and will be offered at as low prices as first-class goods can possibly be sold. All new goods; no old stock. Inspection of same earnestly solicited! MR. B. F. WICGIN will pay special attention to the repairing of Fine Watches and Chronometers. Jewelry repaired by first-class workmen at lowest rates.

AMERICAN WATCHES AND LOW PRICES A SPECIALTY! 3 CAMP ST., NEW ORLEANS. NEXT DOOR TO CANAL. December 18, 1885. 42-ly

CAVANAGH, BARNEY & CO., WHOLESALE DEALERS IN Machinery & Mill Supplies OF ALL KINDS.

Also Agents for Boston Feltling Co., Belting & Hose, Henry Dinton & Sons' Saws, MOBILE, ALA. November 6, 1885. 36-6m

R. E. WILSON, HATS, CAPS, AND GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS.

49 Dauphin Street, MOBILE, ALA. December 11, 1885. 41-ly

I WANT YOU TO PATRONIZE OUR FIRM!!! We are Kind to OUR CUSTOMERS, but THE TERROR of our COMPETITORS! My name is LOW PRICES Who are you? W. G. TERBAULT, Nos. 37, 39 & 41 Royal Street, New Orleans. THE CHEAPEST FURNITURE HOUSE IN THE SOUTH.

JOHN HENRY & CO., MANUFACTURING DEALERS FOR CASH IN BOOTS AND SHOES. OLD RELIABLE! 20 YEARS EXPERIENCE! AT 121, 123, 125 COMMON ST. NEW ORLEANS. August 7, 1885. 23-3y

A. KLING, HOME INDUSTRY FOUNDRY, S. E. Corner Water and State Streets, MOBILE, ALA. Manufacturer of Steam Mills and all other Machinery, Brass and Iron Castings of all Kinds, Iron Railings, Cemetery Fences, Vandalisms, Office Railings, Etc. BOOKS, SHUTTERS, ETC. Prompt Attention Given to Repairing. All Country Orders Promptly Attended to. September 2, 1885. 27-ly

Another Dog Disease.

A young man, Gaines, living in Marshall county, Alabama, when out hunting last week, was bitten by his dog. Signs of violent rabies soon developed, and the latter man died a few hours later in fearful agony.

Many of our readers will be, if not astonished, interested to know that there is another disease coming from dogs besides hydrophobia, which is the cause of much suffering and of many deaths among human kind. We quote from a Northern contemporary:

"Added to the dangers of hydrophobia from the bite of dogs comes another from that animal which, according to scientists, is of a very serious character. Drinking water, it is claimed, can be made poisonous by the distribution of the eggs of a parasite called the taenia canis, which occurs from the saliva of dogs. The introduction of this parasite into the human system results in an internal disease, known as hydatids, which throws into the shade the horrors of trichinosis itself. In Iceland, where families usually consist of as many dogs as persons, the spread of the infection is such that out of 60,000 inhabitants 30,000 are suffering from this disease. Although the disease is little known in this country, or in Europe generally, Dr. Cobbold, the noted authority on taints claims to have traced no less than 400 deaths in a single year in England to this cause. It may be argued that scientists have of late seemed to devote their whole attention to the pointing out of new dangers to life which were formerly unknown, and yet which must have existed at all times unless the conditions of living have undergone a radical change. But, although many of the evils which their picture may be magnified, the fact remains that we are too careless in our personal familiarity with many members of the animal kingdom, especially dogs. Scarcely a day passes in which we do not hear of some case of hydrophobia, and yet the utter indifference is manifested to all the warnings that are given us. That the lower animals are infested with parasites is well known, and there is as such danger sometimes in feeding a family pet as there is in eating raw or half-cooked pork. Transmission does not need to be direct in order to prove effective. Although the subject is not a pleasant one to contemplate or to discuss, its consideration will be useful if it shall lead to the exercise of greater care and caution."

A dog's tongue should be avoided, as carefully as poison itself, on the hands and face, especially if there is a cut anywhere for the poison germs of the saliva to harbor and develop in. With equal care should a dog be kept from drinking water that is to be used for culinary purposes.

Mother.

It is often the case, that after a person is settled down into manhood or womanhood yet it is more frequently the case with young gay girls, less and less, and that they form the abominable ungrateful and habit of calling their parents by such names as even a half-civilized human being would, we believe shudder to articulate. To hear any of this class in speaking of the devoted parents, call them "old man" or "old woman" is certainly one of the most base and hateful habits possible to be recalled.

A writer has these reflections upon it: "Once it was 'Mother, I'm very hungry.' 'Mother mend my jacket.' 'Mother put up my dinner.' and then 'Mother' with her loving hands would spread the bread with butter, and stow away the lunch-box, and sew on the great patch, her heart brimming with affection for the impetuous, early little pate that made her so many steps; and nearly distracted her with his boisterous mirth."

Now she is the old 'woman,' but she did not think it would ever come to that. She looked on through the future years, and saw her boy to manhood grown, and he stood transfixed in the light of her beautiful love. Never was there a more noble son than he, honor of her declining years.

Aye, he was her support even then but she did not know it. She never realized it was her little boy that gave her strength for daily toil, that his slender form was all that upheld her over the brink of a dark despair.

She only knew that she loved the child, and felt that amid the midst of age his love would bear her gently through its infirmities to her dark hall leading to life beyond. But the son has forgotten the tender ministrations now. Adrift from the tender moorings of home he is cold, selfish, heartless. "Mother" has no sacred meaning to the prodigal. She is the "old woman," wrinkled and gray and blind. Pity her, O grave, and dry those tears that roll down her furrowed cheek! Have compassion on her sensitive heart, and offer thy quiet rest, that it may be forgotten how much she longed to be "dear mother," to the boy it nourished through a careless childhood, who in return for all this wealth of tenderness has only given back reproach.