

DR. EUGENE DANIEL'S TRIBUTE TO REV. DR. B. M. PALMER

Dr. Daniel Orator of the Evening at Memorial Service in First Presbyterian Church, New Orleans.

At the memorial service to Dr. B. M. Palmer, late pastor of the First Presbyterian church, New Orleans, held in that city last Sunday night, Dr. Eugene Daniel, until recently pastor of the First Presbyterian church, this city, was the orator of the evening. The Times-Democrat, of New Orleans, prints a handsome double column cut of Dr. Daniel and gives the following account of his address:

DR. DANIEL'S ADDRESS.

Dr. Daniel, pale and impressive, spoke as follows: "The responsibility of this hour is positively oppressive. Grateful as I am for the kindly words of introduction with which my fellow worker has honored tonight, I am sure that I shall have the full sympathy and comprehension of this large congregation when I say that I feel this hour to be one of the most momentous in all my personal history. A few months ago I received a letter written by him, and in the name of all the members of this session. As I opened it, with surprise I read that they had invited me to be present with you at this service, which at that time they contemplated holding, and that they extended to me a call as it seemed to them from God himself, that I should be present tonight and participate with you in the solemnities of this great occasion. The brother from whom I received this letter can bear me witness that I suffered a few days to elapse before I could answer it. At last, under a solemn consciousness of duty and with great misgivings, I accepted the invitation, and after traveling over 1,300 miles, I am ready tonight to render the service for which I feel I am altogether unequal.

"May I in the first place, in order that this audience may be in sympathy with me, give what is my ideal of the character of this occasion, and that which is fit to be uttered in this solemn hour. Evidently since that memorable 30th of May, to which Dr. Mallard has alluded, there has been no service in this church probably invested with such solemnity as that in which you and I are engaged tonight. Accordingly, I feel that this is not the time for exaggerated adulation; this is not the hour for anything like unbridled enthusiasm; this is not the occasion when even the language of panegyric must come with any degree of forcefulness from the lips. We meet here, as I understand it, lovingly, reverently, to think, to feel, to speak, in simple words of undying affection and in sincere expressions of honor of one whose form has for the last forty-six years reared himself in this pulpit, whose matchless eloquence this congregation has attended, and whose spirit, it seems to me, is even now hovering over this assembly bidding the speaker choose carefully the words he shall utter tonight. Let me reverently approach my sacred theme."

Dr. Daniel used the present tense in speaking of Dr. Palmer as having reared his form for forty-six years in the pulpit, and throughout, often used the present tense in such references, as if the eloquent preacher was still in the church, listening to the discourse in his honor.

DR. PALMER'S PERSONALITY.

"I shall speak of greatness," Dr. Daniel continued, "for greatness is surely what we are called to contemplate tonight, and to this greatness as it appears in the first place in Dr. Palmer's own blessed personality; as it appears in the second place in that personality as it stands out before you and before the world in expression; the greatness, in the third place, as that personality thus expressed stands out in relative glory and splendor in the history of the Southern Presbyterian church."

"I approach the first part of my theme with awe and trembling. It is not needed that I should tonight indulge in any extended biography of the eminent servant of God of whom I am to speak. I have read every line, I may say, that has been published about him in the papers of your city, and full biographical details have been presented with such fullness, with such accuracy and with such extended scope that it seems to me I may assume this congregation is already acquainted with biographical facts, and that it is entirely unnecessary that I should repeat them. We may then go at once into the presence of this lofty personality and speak of that man whom all men revere."

"The characteristics of his physical frame are enshrined in your memory and in your hearts forever. Was he not wonderfully endowed physically? Else how could he have stood the strain of the long forty-six years of work in this church. How could he thus have appeared Sabbath after Sabbath always apparently fresh and always wonderfully ready? How could he have lingered on thus, after the fourscore years had been passed, majestic still, and through winter's cold and summer's heat standing here to preach with a physical vigor that was the astonishment of this entire Southland in which we live? The body is a part of the man. It has been redeemed, as well as the soul, with the precious blood of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. That body was inhabited by the Holy Ghost, and at times, as you can bear witness, it seemed almost transfigured as it stood in majesty before the congregation. We, therefore, speak of him as thus marvelously endowed. We thank God for that head, for that voice, for that hand raised often in benediction, for that step, always found in the path of righteousness, and thus believe this one of the minor branches of our important subject."

"I come now to speak of that spirit which inhabited this temple. I come here under a solemn sense of responsibility. What were the endowments of that soul that so long inhabited this tabernacle of clay? First of all, I speak of that lofty intellect. It has been the marvel of our time, in the firmness of its grasp, the breadth and comprehension with which it seized every subject to its consideration. "I recollect that when I was at Columbia, S. C., I was in conversation one day with the venerable Dr. Howe, and we spoke of Dr. Palmer. At that time I had never seen him. Dr. Howe spoke

of the time when Dr. Palmer was a student, and said: 'Why the students used always to talk of him, and said that he had only to take a textbook and place it under his pillow at night, and when he awoke he knew everything in it.' But he was a student. He did not rely upon these natural endowments. But he had this wonderful power. On one occasion a guest asked him the secret of his ability to speak to an audience without writing in such smooth sentences of almost Ciceronian finish; and, taking this man into his study, he showed him a shelf where he was accustomed to pass hours at study, walking to and fro. This command of language was trained by severe thought, and because it was thus trained it grew stronger and stronger as the years went by and retained its undiminished vigor to the last."

"May I now pass from his intellect and speak of that which was not less singular, his wonderful power of emotion. I speak not of anything that might be described as hysterical feeling. I speak not of anything that might be called fanaticism. If there ever was a man that lived upon the earth that brought his feelings under the control and guidance of his reason, that man was Dr. B. M. Palmer. He himself once, in a striking metaphor, compared the reason to the headlight of a locomotive that goes on before. And thus it was with him. You have seen him here in hours of great stress. You have looked upon him, and have been moved by his discourse, and yet you have never seen him lose his self-control. His feelings were always subordinated to his reason, so that however fervid his speech might be, he was master of himself, as he showed himself master of every occasion on which he opened his lips. How important this. How this saves a man from anything that is cranks. How this saves a man from all fanaticism; his emotions, guarded by his intellect, pressing him onward with power, yet always like the headlight of the locomotive, under perfect control."

HIS POWER OF WILL.

"I pass to another thing. That thing was Dr. Palmer's power of will. He was a man whose reason considered, and who, after he had felt and after he had reasoned and had finally made his choice, was as immutable as the everlasting law. No strong character was ever formed without force of will. No man can hold the place he held for over forty-six years unless he has an endowment of firmness; no man can be what he has been if he veers hither and thither like a weather-cock with every shifting wind."

"Now, after all this, one other thing, and that thing is Dr. Palmer's lofty and at the same time his profound spirituality. Ah, this is the glory of all. When we want to sum up the grandeur of God, we speak of His holiness. When the seraphim fly through the heavens and cry to each other, the burden of that cry is 'Holy, Holy, Lord God of Hosts,' and when we want the grandest in man, we do not think of his spirituality, or of his emotions, or of his will. Let us think of his holiness, in the presence of his God. I have said that this thing in Dr. Palmer was lofty, and so truly it was. I think of him as one that represented the highest in spirituality, being as one who delighted in the holiness of holies in the presence of God. I think of him as one who had fellowship with Jesus Christ; and this spirituality was as deep as it was high. Every man knew that it took hold of Dr. Palmer's inner being; that it was the very sanctuary of his soul, and that when he spoke to us he spoke to us out of the profoundest possible spirituality. I have now most inadequately discussed this wondrous spirituality, as it was in itself, and I bring it before you, and so behold the man, behold the man of God."

TRUE TO HIS IDEALS.

"Now let me pass to the next branch of the subject. I must now speak of Dr. Palmer's personality as it is in expression. There are two ways in which personality expresses itself. There are two ways in which the greatness of a man is shown. One of these is in accordance with his ideals."



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tion, and one of these is in suffering, and Dr. Palmer was expressed in both. First in action. Let me speak of him as he stands related to three great institutions, all which he himself recorded as divine. First, look at him as the head of the family. We are not at a loss to know what was Dr. Palmer's conception of the family. He has given us the idea himself. It is found in one of the richest and most precious little books I have ever seen. Originally the writings appeared in the Southwestern Presbyterian, and I read them then in my earliest manhood. Afterwards they were gathered together by the little family which bears his name. And let me say to you who are heads of families in this congregation tonight, and who desire to know the way in which to discharge your duty and meet your obligations, as well as to bear the honor of being heads of families, get that book and read it. According to his conception, God made man in His own image and in His own likeness. God then made this lovely helpmeet for him, united them in sacred, holy union, and thus they stood forth twain, yet one flesh. It was for the man to love his wife and his duty to stand as the responsible head of the household, not only responsible for its temporal affairs, but responsible to a very large extent for its religion, too. He was to be the priest in his home. He was to offer the daily sacrifice of prayer and thanksgiving, and the little ones given to him were to be nurtured in the Lord. This family is to be the type of the great family of God in heaven.

"Now then I say this was his own ideal. I have but one thing to add, and that is that Dr. Palmer, as you know, was a man to be true to all his ideals. What he expressed on the written page he ever lived in daily action, and if you ask how he appears to us as a husband and father, as priest in his own house, I answer by taking the reply from his own words. Get that book and read it."

HIS RELATIONS TO THE CHURCH.

"In the next place, we look at Dr. Palmer as he stands related to the church of the living God. This institution he believed to be Divine. He held that it was purchased of the precious blood of Jesus Christ; that it had been given in all generations; that it sprang from that old and grand Israelitish law on which Christianity was engrafted, and that Jesus loved and honored it by making it a part of his mystical body. Dr. Palmer felt that in this respect he could follow in the footsteps of his Redeemer. Now let us contemplate his magnificent service in this church. I come now to speak of Dr. Palmer as a preacher of the gospel of Jesus Christ, and I know well the magnitude of that theme. The first thing that strikes me is his absolute fidelity to the Bible. He believed that this book is God's word, and he was as true to it as ever was the needle to the pole. Men elsewhere might preach other things if they would—politics, science, poetry and all, but this man preached Jesus Christ and Him crucified. The next thing that strikes me is that his preaching was largely theological. You recollect that Dr. Palmer in the early part of his life taught in the theological seminary. You recollect that he had been of his regard to theology as the very queen of sciences. You take the doctrines as they appear in any theological tract, the doctrine of the certainty of God, the doctrine of the free agency of man, the doctrine of the justification of sanctification; you take the doctrine of Jesus Christ suffering for sin, and you will find that Dr. Palmer's preaching embodied these doctrines. He varied his manner of presentation, changed his illustrations, but always he was faithful to the theology that had been taught him, and his preaching from beginning to end was intensely Calvinistic. And not only this. There was a charm in that preaching. I had almost said a magical charm. Wherein did it lie? One thing has struck me—Dr. Palmer's abundant use of the metaphor. He was not one who related anecdotes, not one who drew up pathetic scenes, but a man who talked in a metaphorical language just as naturally as a bird sings. I remember picking up that wonderful page of his on prayer, and on a single page I counted eight sentences, and six of the sentences out of eight contained distinct metaphors. When Dr. Palmer spoke of the church being subjugated by the world he would say you must not chain the bride of Christ to the chariot wheels of sin. When Dr. Palmer illustrated the necessity of humility in prayer he would say: 'Why, even the bird stoops on the limb before it soars away into the air.' Thus his preaching was in a sense continually poetry and the human mind delights in poetry. He did this not because he studied to do it. It came to him naturally and therefore pleasantly, and men hung entranced upon his words."

MASTER OF THE HUMAN HEART.

"Then was there ever such a tender preacher? Was there ever such a master of the experiences of the human heart? Oh, I remember well the elder of a church that once I served was visiting in this city, and I joined him here, and the first thing he said to me was, 'I heard Dr. Palmer yesterday, and he had been himself in the shadow of great sorrow, and he preached upon the holy spirit, and I tell you, sir, I was positively sick with tenderness through that wonderful discourse.' I never heard a man in all my life that had the power of pathos as he had it, and he wrought

upon his hearers apparently with such ease. I was traveling one night on your grand old river that runs by this city, in company with a party of friends, and all along down the river we had spoken of the pleasure we anticipated in seeing the beautiful building of the Sacred Heart. When we were passing it the mists had fallen and darkness had come on, and we were saying with disappointment that we would not be able to see the house, when suddenly the captain of that vessel stepped a few paces away, laid his hand on a piece of mechanism, and a light darted out across the stream and for a time wandered up and down until it struck the right place and the magnificent building stood before us, revealed from foundation stone to loftiest spire. The thing that most impressed us was the ease with which the captain did it all; and so as men sat here in human sorrow, sobbing out almost their lifeblood from their broken hearts, Dr. Palmer had power to show them the glories of another and a brighter world. "May I now pass from this great preacher and speak of him in the next place as he stands related in action in the acts of the church to which he belonged? Why, a man like Dr. Palmer must take interest in passing discussion. It was impossible for a man with a mind as vigorous as his to lie inactive while things involving God's truth are discussed; and so it comes to pass that in all these fifty or more years he has been in all discussions of a theological character that have obtained in the church to which he belonged. Now what were his main characteristics in these discussions? The first thing that strikes me is this grand master's intense love of truth. He and Dr. Thornwell were the very closest friends, and both delighted to minister at the shrine of sacred truth. In discussion Dr. Palmer sought to say the thing as it was, and to impress it because it was God's sacred truth. Another thing that strikes me is his absolute freedom from anything that bordered on personality. I never have met any man that could go as deep in church discussions as he did, and as earnestly as he did, and keep as thoroughly out of complications of an unpleasant character with those with whom he was discussing. He very seldom wrote more than the first article. If a reply was made to anything he wrote, it was the rarest thing in the world that you ever found Dr. Palmer making a rejoinder; and of all the discussions in which he was engaged I have yet to hear of a single man who stood on the opposite side from him that did not feel at the end the profound respect for him. That is a grand quality in any man engaged in the search for truth."

A HERO OF THE CHURCH.

"Now then, passing from him as he stands before us in discussion, let us think of Dr. Palmer as he is related to what may be called the heroism of the church. The church has ever had its heroes. When Christianity loses power to make heroic men, its glory will have departed, and surely in this city of New Orleans, here in this church, there stood as heroic a figure as any ever recorded, either in sacred or in ecclesiastical writings. Here is a man who was true to his convictions, whether in facing the popular frown in order that he may denounce that which is wrong and uphold that which he believes to be morally right. You may be certain that this man will be found on the spot and will utter himself in no uncertain tone. Here is a man who, when pestilence stretches its sable wings over the city is found ministering to the sick, praying with the dying, standing at the tomb with a sorrowing lip, and if need be offering his life in sacrifice. Ah, if the church of the living God had more such spirits!"

"I must now speak of that other sphere to which I alluded a while ago in which God chooses that man should express himself. I refer now to the sphere of suffering. A great man is magnificent in action when in some hour of conflict he girds himself with all the might of the living God and goes forth with the sword upon his thigh, with the breastplate of righteousness, with the helmet of salvation, with his feet shod with the gospel of peace; but there is a sphere in which God may be glorified, and that is in suffering. This is a sphere in which personality in its deepest essence may be expressed, and it pleased God that in this sphere Dr. Palmer should glorify Him. Did you not honor him more in the hour of his sorrow than you had ever done? More when, like a little child, your venerable pastor walked in before you and patiently submitted himself to the will of God? More when you found him praying at the time God had sent to his home calamities which overtake us all? No great character is made without suffering. Jesus Christ was our Saviour because He had been tried, and we love Him because He can be touched with a feeling of our humanity. The man that has glorified God that way can get right heart to heart with his fellow man, can sit in the home of woe and be a consolation there, can go to the widow and speak the words of resignation and of peace."

IN THE LIGHT OF COMPARISON.

"To whom shall I compare Dr. Palmer? Shall I say to Dr. Thornwell? These were close friends from association. Dr. Thornwell was born in 1812; Dr. Palmer in 1818. Dr. Thornwell's vigor of mind it would be impossible to deny. Dr. Thornwell's power of speech is described by Dr. Palmer to have been instinct with personal magnetism; but there was a difference in the style of eloquence, as in the style of writing. Dr. Thornwell took you with him upon a cannon-ball train and rushed you. Shall I compare Dr. Palmer to Dr. Holt? The one was orator of the East, the other orator of the West. One was a grand preacher of Richmond, the other the great and grand preacher of New Orleans, and the church was crowded under both. Their eloquence was of a different kind. Dr. Holt differs in form—tall, straight as an arrow, his very voice entirely different, very like electricity that comes from the sky, while Dr. Palmer's was like the grandeur of artillery, that rolls and reverberates in deep intonations and dies away on Dr. Thornwell's verge. Shall I speak of Dr. Dabney? Dr. Palmer and Dr. Dabney had each something in common. They both believed in preserving their church from all complications. They were both powerful men, and are the common heritage of our church."

"I shall now endeavor to give my estimate of Dr. Palmer as a man and as a preacher. As a man, in all my personal experience and my reading of men in the past, I have never known one that stood more truly for the ideals of what the

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Christian man should be in all the varied relations of life than Dr. Palmer. First, the splendor of his personality, next, the warmth of his devotion, of his true heart; next, the breadth of his sympathy with man; next, the purity and tenderness and unselfishness of his life; next, the grandness of his sense of honor; next, his profound devoutness and the sanctity of his communion with these things. I have never known a truer man, and I lay down the same estimate of him as a preacher, only with added force. Of all the men that have approached the gospel of Jesus Christ in the last 100 years, there is not one by my personal knowledge or reading that ranks as Dr. Palmer's equal. And in forming that estimate I have considered in the first place his freedom from petty vanity, next his magnanimity, his fidelity to God's word, his unswerving devotion to his ministerial duties, his tender sympathy with the members of his own congregation, his heroism in the hour of danger, his broad-minded consideration of man as man, of whatever denomination; and all this under the strain of preaching for forty-six years to as intelligent a congregation as can be found in the world. And in a city of 300,000 inhabitants, all of whom honored him.

"I know that Beecher was a great preacher, but Beecher touched every point of the theological compass. I know that Spurgeon was a great preacher, but Dr. Palmer kept a loftier plane. I know that Phillips Brooks was a great preacher, but every man that has ever read Phillips Brooks must know that he lacked at times clearness, and that there was a vagueness and a lack of theological steadfastness in his writings. But Dr. Palmer had nothing of that. Taking everything into consideration, and deciding the matter by the test as to which of these had the more of these splendid qualifications, I say that Dr. Palmer had not in this century an equal in the world."

"Now we have done all we can do, and in spite of all we feel our loss tonight. 'Oh, for the touch of a vanished hand, And the sound of a voice that is still.'" Dr. Daniel concluded by applying to Dr. Palmer a long quotation from Tennyson's ode to the Duke of Wellington.

AFTER MARRIAGE.

Different Living Affects Some People. "I never drank coffee until after I was married," says a lady from Adairville, Ga. "My husband drank coffee and thought it was nice to drink with him and we enjoyed it together. After while I found that my digestive organs were much disturbed, but not knowing the cause, I went on drinking coffee and growing more wretched each day. "In due time, three little girls came to what ought to have been a happy home, but I was nervous and unhappy myself and could not make anyone else happy; to my great consternation, two of my little girls had spasms, and I, a nervous wreck, found it impossible to eat anything that did not hurt my stomach. "I finally concluded I had heart disease, my heart pained me so much after eating, and my head was so dizzy, I often thought I would fall when trying to walk around the room. "I tried every medicine I heard of, and had different doctors treat me, but with no benefit. I could not sleep half the night, and never slept sound—I would wake out of a frightful dream only to doze and wake again. "Finally, I read of Postum Food Coffee and my husband got a package from our grocer; I made some according to directions. I liked its flavor very much and the first cup seemed to help my stomach. I used it every meal, sometimes making a whole meal on Postum and a bit of bread. "I improved so fast that I could soon eat anything I wanted. I began to look so much better my friends were surprised and said I looked as well as when I was first married. I could sleep as sweetly as a child. Of course the children quit coffee and drank Postum, and they all began to fatten and the spasms stopped. "I wish I could impress it on every weak, nervous person to abandon coffee and use Postum Cereal. If every nervous person could have seen me in my nervous affliction from drinking coffee and could now see me and my little ones around the table enjoying our Postum they surely would never indulge in coffee again, for there is no more nervous prostration; no more headaches; no more spasms, and I am able to do my own work and care for my children." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek Mich.

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