

A Baptist on Presbyterians.

An old-time Baptist preacher in the South, known as "Club-Ax Davis," was certainly "a character" in his time. A lady writes her reminiscence of this man—a sermon which she heard him preach nearly fifty years ago in Georgia. We trust that the contrast between the habits of Baptists and Presbyterians is not so great now as then, and that Baptists know how to pray as well as do Presbyterians.

The preacher was apparently about fifty years of age, large, muscular, and well-proportioned. On entering the pulpit he took off his coat and hung it on a nail behind him, then opened his collar and wristbands and wiped the perspiration from his face, neck and hands. He was clad in striped cotton home-spun, and his shirt was of the same material. He had traveled several miles that morning, and seemed almost overcome by the heat. But the brethren sang a couple of hymns while he was fanning and cooling off, and when he rose he looked comfortable and good-natured.

He had preached there once or twice before, but to the most of the audience he was a stranger. Hence he thought it necessary to announce himself, which he did as "Old Club-Ax Davis, from Scriven County, a Half-Hard and Half-Soft-Shell Baptist."

"I have given myself that name," said he, "because I believe the Lord elected me from all eternity to go ahead in the backwoods and grub out a path and blaze the way for other men to follow. After the thickest of it is cut away a good, warm Methodist brother will come along and take my trail, and make things a little smoother and a good deal noisier. And after all the underbrush is cleared out, and the owls and rattlesnakes is killed off, a Presbyterian brother, in black broadcloth and white cravat, will come along and cry for decency and order. And they'll both do good in their sphere. I don't despise a larnt man, even when he don't dress and think as I do. You couldn't pay me enough to wear broadcloth, summer nor winter, and you couldn't pay a Presbyterian brother enough to do without it in dog-days.

"God didn't make us all alike, my brethren; but every man has his own sere. When God has a place to fill, He makes a man and puts him in it. When He wanted General Jackson, He made him and set him to fightin' Injuns and English; when He wanted George Whitefield, He made him for to blow the Gospel trumpet as no other man ever blowed it; and when He wanted Old Club-Ax Davis, He made him and set him to grubbin' in the back woods.

"But my shell ain't so hard but I can see good pints in everybody; and as for the Presbyterians, they are a long way ahead of us Baptists and Methodists in some things. They raise their children better than anybody on the face of the earth. Only a few days ago a Methodist class leader said to me: 'Brother Club-Ax, I was born a Methodist, and by the grace of God I hope to die a Methodist; but, thank God, I've got a good Presbyterian wife to raise my children.' And I believe, my brethren, if the Lord should open the way for me to marry again, I'd try my best to find a Presbyterian woman, and run my chances of breakin' her into the saving doctrines of feet washin' and immersion afterwards.

"It ain't three weeks since I was out a cattle huntin', for two of my yearlins had strayed off; and I stopped in at old Brother Harker's, on Mud Creek, and took dinner. He's a deacon in the Presbyterian Church over there. Well, as true as I stand here, brethren, Sister Harker had her little gal a standing right before her, with toes just even with the crack on the floor, and her hands was a hangin' down by her side, and her mouth turned up like a chicken when it drinks, and she was puttin' his question to her out o' that Catechism:

"What are the benefits which in this life do either accompany or flow from justification, adoption and sanctification?"

"Now, the question itself was enough to break the child down. But when she had to begin and say that question all over (for that's the way it was in the book) and then hitch the answer to it, and which all put together made this:

"Benefits which in this life do either accompany or flow from justification, adoption and sanctification are assurance of God's love, peace of conscience, joy in the Holy Ghost, increase of grace and perseverance therein to the end."

"I thought the child was the greatest wonder I'd ever seen in all my life. She stuck it right through, too, without balkin' or missin' the first word. And she spoke so sweet, and she looked so like a little angel that before I knowed it the tears

was a runnin' down my cheeks as big as buck-shot. I've seen the day when I could have mauled and split a thousand rails quicker and easier than I could larn't that thaing and said it off like she did.

"Now, my brethren, that child didn't understand or know the meanin' of one word o' that. It put me up to all I knew to take it in myself. But just let that Presbyterian young un grow up, and every word of that Catechism will come back to her, and her character will stiffen up under it, and she'll have the backbone of the matter in her for life.

"Now, I can't put things into my children that way. Nothin' don't stay, somehow. Its like drivin' a nail into a log.

"Then we don't pray in our families like they do. I know their prayers are mighty long, and they pray all over creation, but, after all, it's the right way. It's better than prayin' too little.

"Now, my father and mother were good Baptists, and raised their children to be honest and industrious; but I never heard one of them pray in my life; and I was 'most a grown man before I ever prayed a prayer myself, and it was in this wise:

"There was a big meetin' over in Elbert County, and I knowed a pretty gal over thar that I wanted to go and see. So I borrowed a little Jersey wagon—that was a stylish thing in them days—and went over to her house and stayed all night, and engaged her to ride to meetin' with me the next day, which was Sunday.

"We went and had a glorious time—and I may as well say right here that she was afterwards my wife—but a-comin' home I met with a powerful accident, that I never got over to this day. As I was a-comin' down a steep hill, some part of the gearin' give way and let me and the wagon on my certur's heels; and bein' young and skeery and not much used to wheels, she wriggled and kicked and tore from one side of the road to the other, till I was pitched head foremost as much as ten feet in a gully, and it's a miracle of mercy that my neck wasn't broke on the spot.

"Expectin' to be killed every minute, I thought I ought to ask the Lord for mercy. But, as I had never prayed in all my life, I couldn't think of the first thing to say but the blessin' my father used to say before eatin', when we had company, and which was this: 'Lord, make us thankful for what we are about to receive.'

"Now, my brethren, do you 'spose any Presyterian-raised boy was ever put to such a strait as that for prayer? No. He would have prayed for himself, and gone off after the Jews and the heathens, whilst I was huntin' and a-gitten of that blessin'."—Selected.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh that Contain Mercury

as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians; as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free. Sold by Druggists. Price 75c per bottle. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

FATE.

Two shall be born, the whole wide world apart,
And speak in different tongues and have no thought
Each of the other's being and have no heed.

And these o'er unknown seas, to unknown lands,
Shall cross, escaping wreck, defying death;
And all unconsciously shape every act
And bend each wandering step to this one end—

That one day out of darkness they shall meet
And read life's meaning in each other's eyes.

And two shall walk some narrow way of life
So nearly side by side that should one turn

Even so little space to left or right,
They needs must stand acknowledged, face to face.

And yet while wistful eyes that never meet
And groping hands that never clasp and lips

Calling in vain to ears that never hear,
They seek each other all their weary days

And die unsatisfied—and this is Fate.
—Susan Marr Spalding.

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SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

Nolen-Curlin.

An event both unique and interesting occurred at the parsonage last Thursday evening. Unique because of the fact that it was the first wedding ceremony performed here by the first pastor of the first church in Winnett. Interesting because of the fact that one of the best known bachelors in Eastern Fergus bade a hasty farewell to the old, free ways of single-blessedness, and eagerly took upon him self the vows that placed him at once in the sweet bondage of matrimony. Wm. Ford Nolen, rancher of Winnett, and Nina Mae Curlin, of Dallas, Texas, have known each other since they played together in the sunny South. Until the bride arrived here about two weeks ago the young couple had not seen each other for ten years. However when Cupid has his victims in the toils he does not readily let them escape, and now he leads his willing captives to the altar. For five years the groom has pioneered here and is to be congratulated for having taken unto himself a wife, who will brighten very considerably, Glen Acres ranch which Nolen Bros. have been developing so successfully. Mrs. Nolen is a gifted musician. Mrs. Emma F. Nolen and Mrs. A. P. Alton were matrons of honor and after the ceremony a light lunch was enjoyed. We extend to Mr. and Mrs. Nolen the very best of all good wishes. Rev. Alton officiated.—Winnett (Mont.) Times.

The bride and groom are both related in Union City. Mr. Nolen is a nephew of Mrs. Anna Ford Walden, and congratulations are extended.

Honoring Charming Visitor.

All of society was active yesterday with a round of pretty parties that meant continuous engagements. In the morning Mrs. Geo. Dennis opened the doors of her hospitable home to the girls of the younger set to have them meet her lovely guest, Miss Marie Sedberry, of Union City, Tenn. Throughout the morning Miss Sedberry was the recipient of much admiration, she looking extremely lovely in an exquisite white frock with touches of yellow. Her outfit was beautifully in keeping with all the decorations, white and yellow roses being lavishly used to define the color plan.

There was not a dull moment the whole morning, through. Mrs. Arthur Rood assisted Mrs. Dennis in entertaining and introduced a number of highly interesting contests. A particularly clever one was the making of various and sundry animals with chewing gum. In this Miss Rebecca Sharborough was most proficient and her reward was a beautiful yellow rose.

The dining room was indescribably beautiful, white and yellow being used in every available space. The center ornament was fashioned of the yellow and white roses placed on an elaborate centerpiece of crochet over yellow. To vie in beauty with the surroundings were two pretty maidens, Misses Margaret Rood and Bessie Meek, dressed in harmony with the decorations. They served the guests to delicious tea and sandwiches and provided them with dainty souvenir bows of yellow ribbon.

Those so charmed to meet Miss Sedberry were Misses Erma Curry, Celia Terry, Carrie Bufkin, Genevieve Dorsey, Rebecca Sharborough, Marguerite Perkins, Emmie Stanley, Fannie Mae and Dora Lee Gray, Hester Mae Ross and Mrs. Tom Terry.—Laurel (Miss.) Leader.

Review Club.

The Review Club will have its first regular meeting next Tuesday afternoon at 3 o'clock with Miss Beck. The lesson will be on Ibsen as outlined in the yearbook for last year.

Announcement.

Mrs. Mamie Tanner announces the marriage of her daughter, Miss Elsie, to Mr. Carroll Sowles Huntington, of Chicago, Ill., on Saturday morning, September 25. Mr. and Mrs. Huntington will be at home at 1428 Lunt avenue, Chicago, after December 1.

Don't Lose a Hair.

A sore or out kept free of germs heals without scars or bare spots. Buy a pint of linseed oil if you want a healing oil, or a pound of hog lard or vaseline if a salve, mix with a 50c bottle of Farris' Healing Remedy and you have 16 ounces of the finest healer you ever tried. You can use twice a day or oftener because you have oodles of it. Farris' Healing Remedy sold on the money back plan. For sale by Frank C. Wehman.—Adv.

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