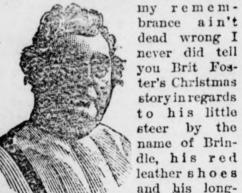
THE LEDGER: GAFFNEY, S. C., DECEMBER 24, 1896.

ON HUCKLEBERRY RIDGE.

Story of One "Sad and Orful" Christmas Day.

Trials and Tribulations That Befell a Panther Creek Boy - Little Steer Brindle, Red Leather Shoes and a Long-Tall Winchester Coat.

Stories I have told now and thenstories on top of stories - but if



never did tell you Brit Foster's Christmas storyinregards to his little steer by the name of Brindle, his red leather shoes and his long-

show.

tail Winchester coat. Many and many's the time I have heard Brit tell that story, which at the same time, you understand, it was the unwashed truthand I have laughed and laughed till by gracious I would ache all over in spots as big as a saddle blanket.

But Brit he never could find where the laughin part come in. With him it was "a passle of most hellatious sad and solemcholy facts in history."

"The Man and the Surroundins Met." Hit was way out there in the Pan Handle country of Texas, in a town by the name of Vernon, one Christmas eve night, where me and Brit met up together the last time in this vain and flectin world below. Seven long years had then come and went since me and .him had shook hands acrost the bloody chasm of the past. There was a warm and hearty "howdy Rufe" and "howdy Brit," and that night when we fell in with the town gang around a blazin good fire in the back room-all hands braced up to about six bits in the dollar and mellow onto the occasion-I lowed to Brit that the man and the surroundins had met onest more-that the day and hour had now come for him to tell them Texas fellows about the sad and terrible Christmas which he had spent one time back there in the states in durin of our young and better days. Well, as usual, Brit pulled on the bits considerable, but under the general pressure of the surroundin circumference he finally at last give in and come forth with that famous chapter from our local history.

TESLA IS SKEPTICAL. pair of new coperas breeches for Sunday," Brit went on, "and along indurin of the week I had took and swapped a Does Not Believo the X Ray Will right tolerable good fiddle to Lum

Hankins for a long tail black coat-a

reglar Winchester, as Aunt Liza Rai-

born use to say-and six bits to boot.

That want no rale, genuine, store

bought coat, you understand. From the

best of my recollection I reckon Lum

Hankins must of got it made outen one

of his mother's old black dresses. But

at any rates it was a reglar calf wiper,

wind splitter and earth sweeper. But

the general style and cut of my shirts

was so infernal broad and long and

full and bountiful like till durned if

I had room enough to wear one with

my coperas breeches-which they did

fit me as snug as a bug in a rug-and

there I was, as the man says in the

"So when Christmas come-it was a

warm and windy winter day-I clum

into my red leather shoes and them

coperas breeches, pulled on my long-tail

black coat and buttoned it up tight

and clost in front so nobody couldn't

tell for certain that I did't have no

signs of such a garment-tied a lovely

red handkerchief around my neck-

put on my hat and sprinkled a few

cinnamon drops on my hair-hooked

up my little steer, Brindle, to the cart,

and lit out for Huckleberry Ridge with

"Say, Rufe, don't you remember that

blame little slab-sided, razor-back, wob-

bledy-legged steer, which I called his

name Brindle, and which I driv over

to Huckleberry Ridge that Christmas

day? Well, man, sir, Brindle went

all the gaits and worked anywheres,

single or double, and then he would also

do his level durndest to eat up every-

thing in sight-from a hay stack to

"A Mig Scatteration."

old man Larry Benton's that Christ-

mas mornin, by gollys, I was feelin

like a four-year-old shod all around,

with packs in every foot. Right then

I didn't give a continential durn if the

creeks all run up stream and meat

was goin at four bits a pound. I lit

out, I did, and roped Brindle to the

palins. By this time the girls had

caught sight of me and here they come.

They were all monstrous glad to see

me, and I was more than proud to meet

with them onest more. In my bold and

reckless and ondifferent way I then

leant up agin- the gate, whilst the girls

they clustered around me like bees.

"When I driv up to the front gate at

a cord of gum stumps, "

the riggins and the fixments on.

Enable the Blind to See.

Some Interesting Facts Obtained by the Electrician from IIIs Latest Experiments-Manufacture of Fertilizers by Electricity.

Electrical Review publishes an exhaustive communication from Nicola Tesla on his latest experiments with the X rays. Tesla states that the sunburn effects noted by many experimenters are not due directly to the rays or Roent. gen streams, but to the ozone generated by the rays in contact with the skin. He says:

"Nitrous acid may also be responsible to a small extent. The ozone, when abundantly produced, attacks the skin and many organic substances most energetically, the action being no doubt hastened by the heat and moisture of the skin. Owing to this, I have always taken the precaution when getting impression with the rays to guard the persons by a screen made of aluminium wires, which are connected with the ground, preferably through a condenser. The radical means, however, of preventing such actions is to make impossible the access of the air to the skin while exposing, as, for instance, by immersion in oil."

The inventor has the following to say in regard to recent alleged experiments for making the blind see by means of Roentgen rays: "Is it not cruel to raise such hopes when there is so little ground for it? For, first of all, the rays are not demonstrated to be transverse vibrations. If they were, we would have to find means for refracting them to make possible the projection of a sufficiently small image upon the retina. As it is, only a shadow of a very small object can be projected. What possible good can result from the application of these rays to such purposes?"

Tesla points out a possible method of manufacturing fertilizer by electricity in the following interesting language:

"With currents produced by perfected electrical oscillators the production of the ozone is so abundant that it is sufficient to merely turn on the current for a few seconds and ozonize strongly the atmosphere of a large hall. These currents are also capable of bringing about chemical combinations, of which the chief is that of the nitrogen with the oxygen of the atmosphere, and an immense possibility, which I have been following up for a long time is opened up, namely, the combination of the nitrogen of the atmosphere on an industrial scale by practically no other means than mechanical power. If merely fert. Wizers of the soil would be manufactured in this manner the benefits to humanity derived therefrom would be incalculable."

SAYS HIS FACE EXPLODED. New Danger from Cold in the Head Discovered in New York.

If there be anything in the discovery which Eric Brermann, a night watchman in New York city, alleges he has made, suffering humanity is liable to a new and horrible danger whenever it catches a cold in the head.

You may be walking along, annoyed by a stoppage of the nostrils and those other annoying feelings, when suddenly your cranium will swell to twice its normal size and then-bang-your countenance will fly away in half a dozen ragged fragments. That is what he told Policeman Shuter had happened to him when found the other morning in Williams street.

The first thing the policeman noticed about Brermann was the enormous size of his head, which, as he described it, was as big as a lion's, with a shaggy gray beard. The watchman's under lip was cut away with pretty nearly the whole of his right check. His left eye was closed by a great swelling, and there were several deep cuts across the face.

"Who hit you?" asked the polleeman. "Nobody," said the old man, with a strong German accent. "Nor I didn't fall down, neither. I was just walking. when my face swelled up with a coid and exploded."

Brermann is a widower, living in a furnished room, which he rents from Mrs. Pitzel at 27 Frankfort street. She said that he suffered much from nose-bleed and always said that it came from exploding veins in his head. His condition is serious, but he will probably recover.

WOLVES DESTROY CATTLE.

Owners of the Ramges West of the Missouri Ask Protection of the State.

Cattlemen in the bad lands section of the great cattle range west of the Missouri river in South Dakota Lave decided to ask aid of the state legislature in ridding the region of the gray wolves which continue to do great damage to their herds. The cattlemen in a scope of country extending 45 or 50 miles along White river, and back from that stream a distance of 25 miles to the head of Bad river, some time ago formed an organization having for its object the annihilation of gray wolves, upon which a bounty of eight dollars each was offered by the oattlemen. The fund used for this purpose way raised by assessing members of the organization two cents each for each animal owned by them. During the

METHODIST PREACHERS.

Sam Jones Gives Us a Climpse of Their Lives.

The Annual Conference-Three Kinds of Pastors-"Gum Logs" in the Church -What Makes an Effective Minister.

The annual gathering of the North Georgia conference has just closed its session at Dalton, and when I got on board the train yesterday in my town for Atlanta I found a train load of Methodist preachers-a jolly, hearty, noble company of men homeward bound from the session of their conference, some to move to new fields of labor and some to go back to their old fields. No Methodist preacher's appointment to any pastorate lasts longer than 12 months. Their term of office expires every 12 months-every year-and they are either removed or reappointed to the same work. This fact keeps up the interest in these annual gatherings.

Every Methodist preacher attends his conference if he has to borrow the money to pay his fare or walk. They look forward to their annual conference when they shall all be united socially and religiously again. Methodist preachers are very fond of each other's company. A fellow feeling makes them wondrous kind. After the roll call at the beginning of their annual session the regular routine of business begins. Each Methodist preacher's character is passed, one after another, if there is nothing against him. There is no church that guards the character of her preachers more than the Methodist church. The fact that he is a Methodist preacher is pretty good proof that he is all right. If there is any report against him his case is referred to a committee, and if there be any grounds for the report, specific charges are preferred against him. Now and then a Methodist preacher is arraigned for heresy, or for insubordination, and occasionally one for immorality. No preacher's character is passed at the annual conference until he first gives an account of his work, which embraces the success of his ministry in spiritual things and which discloses his fidelity in raising the various collections ordered by the church.

Then they have applications for admission into the conference, whose cases are all voted upon after pretty thorough representation of the special cases. These sessions or annual conferences last generally from five to seven been levied upon the members of the days. In the meantime the bishop and his cabinet hold their sessions between the sessions of the conference, and generally at night. The bishop and the cabinet at the conferences is composed of the bishop and the several presiding elders on the districts of the conference. The presiding elders are simply an advisory board to the bishop. They discuss the fitness and unfitness of certain preachers for certain appointments. The bishop who seeks the glory of God and the good of men only has an arduous task at an annual conference because he acts for both parties, the preacher and the church he is to

\$1,000. One-third pay less than \$500. The Methodist preacher never knows until the apointments are read out at the close of the annual conference whether he will be returned or removed. whether he will get a good appointment or a sorry one. In the meantime the shurches within the bounds of the conference are likewise uncertain as to who their pastor will be. As a rule the preachers are loyal to the powers that be. As a rule the churches accept loyally the preacher the bishop sends them. Many times there is simply a misfit that cannot be adjusted, but the preacher remains with his people for the year and they pay him his salary, looking forward to the time when they shall get rid of each other. It is the preacher's desire in a religious way to get the best apointment available to him. On the other hand, every church wants the best preacher possible whether they pay much or little. I suppose our preachers like everybody else are graded in their salaries. We have a few \$3,000 preachers; some \$2,000 preachers; some \$1,000 preachers, and then almost any sort of a preacher you want. We can supply the demand.

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One of the saddest phases of these annual conferences is the memorial service that each conference holds in memory of the preachers who have rone to their reward during the year. The old heroes fall by the wayside every year. The ranks are filled up by young and vigorous men who apply for membership in the conference cach veer.

It takes three things to make an effective preacher. First, one who can preach; second, one who succeeds in buikling up his church and adding to it such as shall be saved; and last, but not least, the preacher who raises the money assessed to his charge. The monies to be raised by a preacher are, first, his foreign missionary money; second, the domestic missionary money: third, the fund for our colleges and schools; fourth, the church extension fund; fifth, the bishop's funds and sixth, what we call the conference collection. This fund goes to supporting the worn-out preacher, or the widows and orphans of deceased preachers. These collections as a rule amount to as much on many charges as two-thirds of the pastor's salary. It takes money to run anything in this world. The Lord will provide, but most of His provisions for man are such as enable man to provide for himself. The revens came to Elijah and the manna rained down on the children of Israel in the wilderness. but the Lord gives a man health and

"Tremendlus Sad Whereforce."

"Hits been so monstrous long ago, Rufe, and the whenceness and the wherefores thereof are so tremendius sad unto my wanderin thoughts till durned if I don't raley hate to tell the truth whilst history repeats herself. Hit was the ups and downs, the trials and tribulations of that orful day, Rufe, which driv me away from the old home where I had spent the golden days of evhood. Hit was the scandlous scrape brung down on me by that little scrub steer of mine, Brindle, them red leather shoes and that infernal long tail coat, which took me as a green and tender boy, fresh from the woods and hills-with the dew drops and the hayreed in my hair-throwed me out into the cold world alone and made me what you see and what I am to-night-a gambler which has bet his pile on two pair, quechs up, as it were, whilst the other man helt four aces or a straight flush."

"Over on Huckleberry Ridge."

"You must recollect, Rufe, that in them plain old days some of God's own people lived right down there in the Panther Creek settlement. Most in generally speakin they belorged to the Old School Baptists-God fearin, debt payin, Gram drinkin, democratic people. lint they were pore, Rufe, most hellatious pore-which I always did maintain they didn't mean no harm by that. And let me tell you, fellow citizens, money was money then, and it took some tall scratchin and starvin stintin to pay off the feed bills and keep up with the store account. Consequentially as you no doubts recollect, Rufe, in our young and gallin days the wherewithals and raiments with which I clothed my awkward body were the mainest and but blame few at that. Now I can remember the skeerce and scanty manner of my dress the same as if it was but only yesterday. Honest to God, fellow citizens, I was passin out from boyhood into manhood with whiskers sproutin on my face and women bearin on my mind before I ever climed up on the inside of a full suit of clothes. In the summertime I had to wear a long tail homespun shirt, and in the winter it was that same long tail shirt spliced out below with a pair of wool socks to keep my wayward feet from freezin slap off.

"But finally at last I was feelin my oats so promiscus and plentiful till nothin would do but I must go out amongst the female generation. In the main time old man Larry Benton was livin over there on Huckleberry Ridge and raisin of a tremendius large and lovely crop of girls. And it did look to me like of all the places in the discovered world for a youngster to go and have a high heel good time that was the mainest place. But from that bright day down unto this blessed hour, so fur as anybody knows, I never have been caught foolin and fumblin around with a passle of gay and gorgeous girls. By gatlins, I give em all the road now ill they git broke and bridle wise and quit pullin on the bit. Anyhow, after stayin wake of nights for a weekmastlin with the question which would be the best, to go or not to go-thinkin about that drove of girls over at old man Larry's, and pickin out the prittiest one in the pack for my own and onlyest sweetheart-I lowed that I would go. After that the mainest thing with me was the riggins and the fixments to put on."

around a molasses jug, and we pitched in to have a reglar Christmas confabulation jest amongst us gals, as it were. Everybody was havin sich a felonious good time till I couldn't take notice of anything but the female generation. By and by the girls they got to gigglin and goin on at a scandlous lick. And me, like a dad-burned idiot, I thought was all because Christmas had come onest more, whilst the air was full of music and the turkey in the pot. About that time I felt somethin blowin his warm breath on the back of my neck, and when I turned round to see what was goin on, durn my cats if Brindle hadn't chawed out a full section of my long-tail coat, right up and down the back from collar to hem. Right about then a high we't wind sprung up behind, and jest naturally shucked off my coat and blowed it clean out into the middle of the big road.

"Now, white people, if anybody ever heard tell of a tremendius confusionment and mighty scatteration, we had it right over there on Huckleberry Ridge that Christmas mornin. The girls they blushed and laughed and screamed and made a dash for the house, whilst I lit into my cart, poured the whip to Brindle and we burnt the wind for home."

"That Sad and Orful Day."

With that I laughed as I had laughed a hundred times before at Brit Foster and his Christmas story. And as for them Texas fellows, they laughed and laughed till they jest naturally had to lay down and roll over in it. But Brit never could find where the laughin part come in, and there was a far-away solemcholy look on his face as he breshed the tears from his eyes and went on with the story:

"When I got back home I up and told my Uncle Griffin-which you remember, Rufe, my own dear father was dead and gone then, and me and mother we had went to live with Uncle Grif -I told him what had come to pass and bantered him to buy my little steer Brindle. He laughed at me till it was a sin and a scandalation, but I finally at last harnsnoggled him into a trade and cold him Brindle for seven dollars and six bits (\$7.25), spot cash.

"That night I packed up a little walet which helt all I had in the way of this world's goods exceptin the torn and tattered remains of that durned infernal old long tail Winchester coat, slipped out of the back window and down through the orchard and run away from home. The next day I made it to Belle's Landin down on the Alabama river and there I struck a steamboat goin to Mobile. I up and told the captain all about the orful time I had the day before over on Huckleberry Ridge, and soon as he could stop laughin long enough he told me if I would promise to tell my troubles to the crowd on the boat he would let me ride with him to Mobile free gratis for nothin. That was a sad and terrible thing for me to tell, but morey was money then, and the captain was traded with on the spot. of shale in Wyoming, which ceasionally. "When I struck the city I was a have yielded fine specimens of fossil plum show to them town folks, and shell fish, but it is only recently that somehow the gamblers they took to me similar beds have been discovered in as quick and natural as a sick kitten to Colorado. These beds of petrified fish, a pan of sweet milk. In the run of containing millions on millions of intime I fell in and learnt the game and dividual specimens, cover hundreds of went to gallopin with the gang. Somesquare miles in the northwestern part; times the documents have come my of the state. way, Rufe, and sometimes they have run from me like a shot. But accordin to what the Scripture says, everything that goes up must come down.

RUFUS SANDERS.

CALIFORNIA GOLD PRODUCTION. Value of the Output Is Figured at Nearly

One and a Half Billion of Dollars. Charles G. Yale, statistician of the California state mining bureau, has compiled a statistical review of the gold production of California from 1848 to 1895, inclusive. Mr. Yale gives not only his own estimate of the production, but that of each of nine recognized authorities, affording a valuable comparison of data. Mr. Yale has adopted as the basis of his own statistics the statistics compiled by Louis A. Garnett and the United States mint director's report as being the most correct and complete of any extended continuous statement. In a note to his table he says:

"A table made up of the separate cstimate of Blake in the Tenth census, Page 380; of Raymond in the United States mining commissioners' report of 1873, Page 543, and of John J. Valentine, of Wells, Fargo & Co., added together, make a total to January 1, 1896, of \$1,-266,091,886, while that compiled by Yale from the estimates of Garnett and the United States mint reports of January , 1896, make a total of \$1,265,217,217. There is, therefore, only a difference in the two sets of estimates of \$874,669, which is remarkably close.

"The authorities quoted by Mr. Yale are: J. D. Whitney, J. Rossbrowne, J. Arthur Phillips, United States mining reports; W. P. Blake, R. W. Raymond, J. J. Valentine, L. A. Garnett and the United States mint reports."

SPANISH BULL FIGHTS.

Consul-General Bowen Reports They Are More Popular Than Ever.

Consul General H. W. Bowen, in a report to the department of state on "Spanish bull fights," says that during the season-April 5 to October 20, 1896 -there were 478 bull fights in Spain. During this period 1,218 bulls, valued at \$300,000, and 5,730 horses, valued at \$200,000, were killed. The number of "matadors" was 23, and they received for their services \$221,500. The less renowned fighters received from \$300 to \$400 for each fight, while the most renowned received from \$500 to \$8,500 The famous "Guerrita" appeared in 68 fights, killing 174 bulls and received \$51,000. "Bombita" fought 43 times, killing 112 bulls and was paid \$21,000. "Mazzantini" entered the ring 29 times, killing 68 buils and made \$21,700.

Consul Bowen says that it cannot be true that the interest in bull-fighting is diminishing; on the contrary, it seems even more intense than ever.

Petrified Fish in Wyoming.

A swallow is considered one of the For a score of years geologists have known of the existence of immense beds fastest of flying birds, and it was thought until recently that no insect could escape it. A naturalist tells of an exciting chase he saw between a swallow and a dragon fly, which is among the swiftest of insects, the latter finally ascaping. Salt Makes Thick Leaves. Plants growing near the sea have, that no preacher wants. thicker leaves than those growing inland. Apparently the sea salt is the

thicker leaves.

past season three assessments have organization, but there has been no appreciable decrease in the number of wolves that infest the territory. This has become burdensome to the cattlemen, and the state will now be asked to assume the burden and protect the cattle interests.

ABSTAINS AND WINS 62,000.

Congressman Southwick Makes a Novel Wager and Comes Out Ahoad

Seorge N. Southwick, member of congress from the Albuny (N. Y.) district, has just won a wager of \$2,000 by abstaining from liquor for one year. Mr. Southwick was warned by Anthony serve. N. Brady, one of the wealthiest citizens of Albany, on November 26, 1895, that the allurements of Washington life might prove too strong for him to resist, particularly in the matter of indulgence in strong drink. Banter and repartee among several gentlemen present led to a declaration by the representative that it would not be a particle of trouble for him to never drink another drop. Mr. Brady promptly offered to bet him \$2,000 he could not abstain for

one year. The wager was taken, and in addition several side wagers were made by Mr. Southwick's friends both for and against his chances of success. One of these was laid by Mr. Brady with Eugene D. Wood, the amount being \$5,000 to \$3,000 that the representative would fail. Although the temptations have been many, Mr. Southwick comes out a winner by \$2,000 and Mr. Wood by

ing.

AIRSHIP TRIP TO HUNOLULU.

San Jose (Cal.) Man Adds a Chapter to Acrial Na igation Literature.

John A. Heron, an electrician of San Jose, Cal., tells of an airship story which is admitted to be the best to date. Heron is the patentce of an cleetrie platinum speaking apparatus. He says he went to San Francisco the other day by appointment to see the inventor of the airship apparatus, whese name he says he is pledged to conceal. Heren adds:

"We went on horseback to a point on the sandy beach where the airship was. We got aboard, and rose very high. The height was registered by a meter on the ship. The inventor does not count distance by miles, but by degrees. We traveled westward, and before daybreak we saw lights, which the inventor said were Honolulu lights. We then turned east, and at dusk on Saturday evening we finished our two-days' cruise and handed near the starting point.

"The airship rose by means of two propellers. The movement was noiseless and swift. It can be stopped and held stationary in the air, and descends light as a feather. The motive power is neither steam nor electricity."

Too Fast for a Swallow.

One of our bishops said: "We have three classes of preachers in our conference. The first class are the best preachers whom everybody wants at every church. The second class is composed of the preachers that nobody wants. The third is composed of the preachers who are taken by any church without murmuring." The first two lasses give the bishop a good deal of trouble. It is hard to determine where to send a preacher when 200 places want him. It is hard to know what to do with a preacher when not one out of the 200 places wants him. It is an easy task to place a large majority of preachers who will go anywhere and whom any place will take without murmur-

Each conference has what is called its "gum-logs." They are generally men who are inefficient and don't know it. They are men that no charge wants, and yet they flatter themselves that they are generally sought for by all the churches. Two of our Georgia preachers once upon a time when they were young and effective being mutual friends agreed with each other to keep tab and that so soon as one found that the other was growing ineffective and getting to be a gum-log he would so notify him. Time wore on. By and by they were both old preachers. Finally one screwed his courage up to the sticking point, took his friend out to one side and said: "I have a painful duty to perform. We pledged each other in our younger days that if either of us grew ineffective we would notify the other. In compliance with that promise I come to you to say that you are no longer sought after by any of the churches. None of the churches want you. You are a gum-log the conference can't float." Whereupon the gum-log replied to his friend: "There is not a word of truth, sir, in what you say. I are the worst gum-log of all." A preacher is the last fellow in the world to find out that he is a gum-log.

From all these annual gatherings many preachers go away disgruntled and dissatisfied with their appointments. on an air of injured innocence and sub- fers to beg."-Youth's Companion. dued greatness, and feel that great in-

strength and sunshine and rain, and if he does not provide, then as a last resort Providence has provided a poorhouse in almost every county in our states.

As a rule the Methodist preachers are jolly on their way to conference. They are a jolly set at conference. They are jolly on their way home from conference. As a rule a more consecrated set of men never get together than you will find composing these annual conferences. They are ready to rejoice with them that do rejoice and weep with them that do weep. They are the most liberal set of men on the face of the earth. Almost every preacher comes away from conference, where they have, had repeated collections, chsolutely broke, and as poor in money as preachers usually are it is marvelous the amount contributed in the collections taken at the annual conferences for some brother in distress, for some brother who has lost his horse, or who has been stranded in some way; for missions; or for any good work. Out of the 200 preachers on the train the other morning I doubt if there was \$200 cash in their pockets as they came away from the conference. If the Methodist preachers preach liberality to their cosgregations they certainly set the example. They practice what they preach. I have mingled with Methodist preachers for 25 years as one of them. I believe in them, I love them, I reverence them. Other churches may have as good and faithful men, but no church on which the sun shines to-day has purer, better, nobler men than they who compose our annual conferences.

SAM P. JONES.

The King's Dog.

A curious advertisement appeared in a London paper in the year 1660. Somebody had stolen one of the king's dogs, and on the 28th of June a request was made for the animal's return, stating that he was "a smooth black dog, less than a greyhound," and was to be returned to John Elles on his majesty's back stairs. The dog was not forthcoming, and a second appeal was issued. It is supposed to have been written by Kink Charles himself, as no one else would have adopted such a familiar style in using the monarch's name. The king's sense of humor and appreciation of the state of affairs at court are well shown in the little advertisement. "We must call upon you again for a black dog, between a greyhound and a spaniel, no white about him only a streak on his breast and a tail a little bobbed. am more sought after to-day than It is his majesty's own dog, and doubtever in my ministry. But I am candid less was stolen, for the dog was not when I say to you that you are the most born nor bred in England, and would inefficient man in our conference. You never forsake his master. Whoever finds him may acquaint any at Whitehall, for the dog was better known at court than those who stole him. Will they never leave robbing his majesty? Must he not keep a dog? This dog's place (though better than some imag-Some of them talk outright. Others put | ine) is the only place which nobody of-

The Little Too Is I It seems that there are to be no more little toes. A comparative anatomist. declares that the little toe must go, and announces gravely that already it is showing signs of degeneracy. Once upon a time it seems that the horse was the. possessor of four well-developed toes. whereas now he has but one to save his The salaries of these preachers range life. But that toe is a great one. And from \$2,000 (the highest) down to \$60 man's toe that is to survive "the crash (the lowest). There are not many, of matter and the wreck of worlds" Methodist churches in the south that is to be the great one; so this wise sci-

\$5,000.

With His "Eiggins On." this time some of the women as at home had fixed me up with a

United States Steel. Mulhall says the United States produces one-third of the steel manufactured in the world.

justice has been done them. If all the preachers were effective pastors. were and all of the places good appointments every annual conference would be a religious pienic. But there are many gum-logs to be disposed of by the bishop and his, cabinet and there are scores of places cause of this phenomenon, as plants cultivated in artifically-salted soil yield pay their pastors \$3,000. Many pay | entific anatomist says.