

joined Prest. H. G. Boyle, Bishop Geo. F. Pitkin and Aaron D. Thatcher. We all went to Rich Valley, held a meeting at Bro. Jas. Heninger's. Then continued our journey to N. C. having three horses in the party. Crossed the New River at Jackson's Ferry on a flat boat, (river 140 yards wide), continued our journey through Carroll Co., crossing the Blue Cidge at Fancy Gap, and arrived at Bro. Wm. B. Shelton's, Surry Co., N. C., on the 23d, finding elders and saints well and glad to see us.

Our Conference was well attended and good order prevailed throughout, a time long to be remembered. I was released from the Virginia conference to labor in the Ga. conference, under the direction of Prest. Jas. H. Moyle, in connection with Elders Hill and Taylor.

We have traveled over considerable country, filling appointments, opening up new fields, etc. Three souls were added to the Church on the 7th inst., others are investigating, prospects fair for more in the near future.

On the evening of the 21st., Prest. Moyle returned from Wythville with three Elders direct from Zion, Elders Puzey, Barlow and Eldredge, all looking hale and feeling well. Having received a release, I will start for Zion on or about the 28th inst., all being well.

Ever praying for the welfare of Zion, I remain, your brother in the gospel of Christ,

WM. W. FIFE.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The surest way to catch cold and have a chronically tender throat, is to wear a warm muffler round the neck in cold weather.

"The first lucifer match was made in 1829." What a number of lucifer matches men and women have made since?

Cider, dried apples and rhubarb juice are used very extensively for the manufacture of champagne in this country. The champagne thus made costs from five to twenty cents a bottle.

The farmers of Waucapa County, Wisconsin, are raising such large quantities of amber sugar cane that they hope soon to save the State of Wisconsin the trouble of sending down South for its sugar and syrup.

Some grim people have said that there is no record to the effect that Jesus Christ ever smiled. A little girl who heard some one say this replied: "Didn't he say 'Suffer little children to come unto me'?" And they would not have come unless he had smiled.

There are miners enough at Silver Reef, and some to spare. The Miner advises men who intend to winter at that place, to take enough of the "needful" with them to pay their way, as there is no prospect for employment; too many laborers already for the amount of work to be done.

The Sarcophagus of Roger of Tuscany, Bishop of Lausanne, who was buried in Lausanne Cathedral in 1220, was opened a few weeks ago. The body was almost intact, the features were perfectly recognizable, and the six and a half centuries had not sufficed to destroy the texture of his official robes.

Adjutant General Drum, the temporary head of the Signal Bureau, has inaugurated a system of frost signals for the South, which promise to be of especial benefit to the cotton and sugar planters. His warnings have so far been verified, and in one instance, at least, did material service.

Arrangements have been made in Washington to prevent the proposed sale, for debt, of Mrs. Fossett's painting of the Electoral Commission. Influential gentlemen will, it is said, advance the necessary money, and attempt to reimburse themselves by securing an appropriation from Congress for the purchase of the painting. No offer from individuals, of amounts nearly equal to the artist's estimation of the value of the painting, have been received.

Many clergymen in this country have lately received a circular from a London dealer in second-hand sermons. He offers sermons "lithographed in a bold, round hand," so that those who happened to see them would suppose that they were manuscript, for 25 cents each, or \$20 a hundred. He has a line of cheaper sermons in print, at 10 cents a piece, warranted orthodox; and others—a little more expensive—

which have "a pleasantness, yet an awful solemnity, about them."

An Italian correspondent of the New York Herald says: "That after Rome and Genoa, Venice is probably the richest city in Italy. Venice is almost free from debt." This gentleman says that three Venetians are each worth more than \$40,000,000. About two hundred families own more than \$200,000 each. Three thousand Venetians are employed in the making of glass beads. There is a handsome trade in combing or sorting hemp. Travelers who go to Venice look at the gondolas and feed the pigeons, and fancy that because the bells of horses are not ringing and the drivers are not quarrelling, there is much less trade there than there is."

The Japanese are exceedingly apt at imitating the ways and improvements of the nations with which they become acquainted, and this holds good in regard to the arts of war as well as of peace, as the future enemies of those people will discover perhaps to their cost. In 1872 Japan established an arsenal at Tokio, Osaka and Oji on plans furnished by French artillery officers. Three years later, so well had the native workmen learned their duties, the Tokio arsenal turned out 93,000 caps, 44,000 ball and blank cartridges, 101,000 Snider cartridges, and 20,000 rounds of artillery ammunition. At the Osaka arsenal during the first year of its completion 200 four-pounder bronze field guns were finished, and 100 four-pounder mountain howitzers, besides the wood and iron work of several field batteries, and 3,000 sets of harness and horse equipments.

The value of a married woman who will elope from her lawful spouse was well illustrated in Wisconsin a couple of weeks ago. Mrs. Greene and Mr. Belknap eloped together at Melrose, Wis. They drove a good horse rapidly, but had not gone more than ten miles before they heard a clatter of hoofs behind. Greene had hastily mounted and started in pursuit. The race was strong and exciting, but the husband at length rode alongside the pair, cocked a pistol and commanded a halt. Belknap was abject with terror. "You may have your wife, Mr. Greene," he said. "I don't want her," Greene replied. "You don't think I've chased you like mad to get her back? Oh, no! But I'll take my dollar and a half she's got in her pocket." The money was given up and the elopement proceeded quietly.

New York is the pivotal State. Without its votes neither party is sure of the election. It is probable that the largest vote ever cast will be given to-morrow. The registration in the city this year is very large. In 1876 the total registration in the city was 183,064, while in the present year it has reached the surprising figure of 216,895, or an increase of 33,831. The registration for 1880 is in the ratio of two voters in every 11 in the entire population of 1,200,000. In Indianapolis the vote was equal to one in every four of the inhabitants, so we may estimate the New York City vote on Tuesday at about 200,000, an increase of 30,000 over 1876. The republicans estimate their vote at 70,000 in that city, which will give the democrats 60,000 majority to go into the State with. Adding the democrats' estimated majority of 20,000 in Kings county, the republicans must go to Spuyten Duyvil with over 80,000 majority to carry the State.

Jim's Bay Mare.

"I've come all the way in from Canaan to get a leetle law," said a man with a horsewhip under his arm, blue overalls in his boots, and a gray stubby beard on his face, as he entered the Allen House reading room, yesterday, where a number of the boys were talking politics. "Mebbe some o' you fellers kin give me the correct thing without me dickering with a lawyer."

The speaker was a well known farmer of the southern part of the county. He and his son Jim are noted for their sharpness at a bargain and a readiness to trade horses, cows, wagons, farms, or anything that belongs to them, at any and all times a customer may present himself. Jim lives on a farm a mile from the old man's.

"Ye see, boys," continued the speaker, "my boy Jim had a bay mare that he traded a yearlin' bull and a cross-tooth harrow fur. She was a good critter an' no mistake. I wanted that mare the wust kind, an' made Jim a heap o' good offers

fur her, but he wouldn't bite. Last Wednesday he come to my house kind o' careless like, and sat down on the front stoop. I was a choppin' kindlin' wood for mornin'. Jim sot there an' lookin' up an' down the road, whistlin' the 'Sweet By and By,' kind o' to hisself. When I carried in my kindlin' I sot down on the stoop by him."

"Jim," I says, "you better let your old father have that bay mare o' yourn," sez I.

"Jim had just started the second verse of 'Sweet By an' By,' but he whistled her all the way through afore he answered me.

"I ben a thinkin' o' lettin' you have the mare, pap' sez he, 'seein' you got yer heart sot on so,' sez he, 'pervidin' we kin git up a dicker,' sez he.

"Jim had been goin' to camp meetin' pooty steady, for a week back, an' I heard he was gettin' serious. He hadn't been whistlin' nohtin' but hymn tunes for two or three days, an' when he come around so nice on the mare question I made up my mind that me an' the old woman would see him jinin' the mourners 'fore long.

"Jim," I sez, 'I kin stand \$80 for the mare,' sez I.

"Jim looked up the road and hummed a verse of 'Come ye sinners, poor and needy.' Then he sez:

"Pap,' sez he, 'I know I orto let you have that mare fur them figures,' sez he, 'but you know I've refused double that for her,' sez he. An' so he had, boys, sure.

"Jim," sez I again, 'I think I could raise the eighty about twenty more, makin' a hundred,' sez I, 'but that's all I kin do. Remember, Jim,' sez I, 'that I'm your father, and I'm gittin' old, an' my heart's sot on that mare,' sez I.

"Plunged in a gulf of dark despair,' hummed Jim lookin' plump up to the sky. I guess he got away with two verses afore he said anything to me, an' I didn't interrupt his singin'. Then he sez:

"Pap,' sez he, 'I'll tell you what I'll do. Give me a hundred dollars,' sez he, 'and throw in them two Berkshire pigs, and the mare is yours,' sez he, 'jest as she is.'

"A bargain!' sez I. 'The pigs is yours, an' I'll be down after the mare to-morrow,' sez I.

"I counted out the hundred, an' give it to him. He druv the pigs home with him. They was worth fifteen dollars apiece, easy I could hear Jim whistlin' 'Hold the Fort' till he got half a mile away.

"Jemima,' I sez to the old woman, 'Jemima,' sez I, 'I never thought Jim 'd get pious, did you? But I've got the bay mare,' sez I; 'an' what the old boy Jim was thinkin' of I can't see. She's worth two hundred an' fifty any day in the week,' I sez. 'Religion is makin' a fool o' Jim,' sez I.

"Well, next mornin' early I went down to Jim's to git the mare. Jim had gone to town. I see his wife.

"I've bought the bay mare, Nancy,' I sez.

"Yes, I know ye have,' sez Nancy, grinnin' all over her face.

"Where is she?" I sez.

"She's down in the stone lot,' sez Nancy, grinnin' more'n ever.

"I thought it was funny that the mare should be down in the stone lot, but I went down to find her. Boys, I found her. She was layin' behind a big stone heap, deader'n a door-nail. I went back to the house.

"Why, Nancy,' sez I, 'the bay mare's dead!'

"O, yes,' sez Nancy, laughin' as if she'd split, 'she died yesterday mornin' with the colic,' sez she.

"Boys, for a minute I was mad. Then I come to, and sez to myself, 'I'll be glued if I don't git the mare's shoes, anyhow,' sez I. So I went back to the stone lot to draw her shoes off. Boys, I'll divide my farm up between ye, if Jim hadn't drawed them shoes hisself, an' the mare's feet was as bare as when she was born.

"Now, I ain't no ways mad at Jim, boys, for it was a fair and square dicker, an' it shows there's stuff in him; only he mought a left the shoes on the mare. What I want to know is, can't I sit back at the camp meetin' folks some way for damages? If it hadn't a ben for them hymn tunes Jim larnt at the meetin' I'd a ben a lookin' out for him. But they throwed me way off my guard. The way I look at it is that the camp meetin' society is responsible for me loosin' my hundred dollars and two fifteen dollar pigs. Can't I git back at 'em for trespass or false pretenses, or excessory afore the fact, or suthin'? Can't I do it, boys?"—N. Y. Sun.

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