What One Doctor Said.

A personal friend who is an honest and sensible man and an intelligent physician, told me that he knew what the particular Keeley treatment was. He denied that it was new, and affirmed that others had a right to use it. "Nevertheless," he said, "The Keeley is an approved and intelligent treatment. Their Institutes are organized, and at greater labor and expense than the ordinary practitioner is equal to." They are prepared for the proper handling of inebriates. They speedily put upon their feet good men who wish to be freed from the thraldom of liquor and opium, and they ought, therefore, to be patronized by them.

EX OBSERVER.

For further information concerning the Keeley Treatment, address either of the following Institutes: The Keeley Institute, Greensboro, N. C.; the Keeley Institute, 1418 Madison Avenue, Baltimore, Md.; or the Keeley Institute, 1 E Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.

Large sums of money are represented by fine old laces. It is said that the Astors own lace worth $3,000,000, and that the Vanderbilts value theirs at $4,000,000. The pope is content with only $75,000 represented in lace, and the Princess of Wales boasts a collection worth $250,000.

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 upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure to get the genuine. It is taken internally, and is made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free. Sold by Druggists, price, 75c. per bottle.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

The contest for the control of the Ohio Legislature ended with an assured Republican majority of five.

Three Good Things.

Three good things about Tetterine, besides the one great, good fact that it cures, are that it is painless, harmless and has no bad odor. It is the only sure cure for Tetter, Ringworm, Eczema. Cures them as they never cured. No matter how long you have had them, 50 cents goes a box at druggists, or by mail for 50 cents in stamps from J. T. Shuptrine, Savannah, Ga.

The C. & N. W. Railroad Co. has added an immigration agency to their business, with W. A. Fate, of Lincoln, late of the S. A. L., in charge. Much of their efforts will be to induce capitalists from the Northeast, who desire to engage in agricultural or manufacturing to locate along this line of road. Lands in Nebraska have been secured for the settlement of three colonies.

On November 1 some 500,000 acres of land in Wyoming are to be opened to settlement under the United States land laws. It is said to be fine land and is situated on Green River and along Big Piney, La Barge and Fontanelle creeks. It comprises eight townships in Uinta County.

To Cure a Cold in One Day.

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All Druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c.

The Hawaiian planters have at length thrown off the yoke of the sugar trust and have set the Spreckelses at defiance by leaving them both out in disposing of the 1896 crop.

Chew Star Tobacco. The Best.

Smoke Sledge Cigarettes.

Capitalists in New York and St. Louis are said to be planning to obtain control of the vast deposits of asphalt in Utah.

Fits permanently cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. $2 trial bottle and treatise free. Dr. R. H. Kline, 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

Piso's Cure for Consumption has no equal as a Cough medicine.—F. M. Amorer, 383 Seneca St., Buffalo, N. Y., May 9, 1895.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reducing inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c. a bottle.

CATARRH CURED

Troubled For Two Years and Health Very Poor.

"I was troubled with catarrh for two years and my health became very poor. I heard so much about Hood's Sarsaparilla that I decided to try it and after taking a few bottles I was entirely cured." A. H. McDermont, 85 Bolton St., Marlboro, Mass.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

The best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier.

Hood's Pills cure nausea, indigestion, biliousness. Price 25c.

Only a "Vooman."

A brawny Swede visited the Chicago city hall the other day to procure a marriage license, and a couple of clerks to whom he innocently stated his wishes directed him to the department where the dog licenses are issued.

He approached the license window diffidently, gave his name and address and asked what the document would cost.

"It will cost you $1 a year for every dog you keep," replied the clerk.

"Dog?" echoed the Swede.

"Why, certainly," continued the clerk, "don't you want a dog license?"

"Hat, no," cried the would-be benedict. "Ay kaint afford to buy dog dees year. Ay vant to get only a vooman now."

Things Worth Learning.

Remember that it is a mark of good breeding to thank a person for a gift the day it arrives.

Acknowledge an invitation for dinner or luncheon the day it arrives.

Thank your hostess for your visit the day you return home.

Either leave your card or write a note to a friend as soon as you hear that friend is ill.

Keep sufficient paper and envelopes on hand, so your notes can be written at once, and remember that a dainty note is the hall-mark of good breeding.

An Odd Scraper.

A curious instrument possessed by everyone in China above the extremely poor is the tongue-scraper. The people may or may not have brushes, but they are sure to have a tongue-scraper. This scraper is a ribbon of silver or gold with a ring at one end by which it is suspended when desired. The cheapest are of plain metal, more expensive ones are engraved, while a few are jewelled at either end. Like hairpins, they are sold by weight, plus a small charge of workmanship.

Women can go to the Klondike if they want to, but there is no visible reason why they should. With reasonable effort they can be uncomfortable enough at home.

HALL'S Vegetable Sicilian HAIR RENEWER

It doesn't cost much, yet it adds wonderfully to the looks. It is youth for a few cents. No gray hair. No dandruff.

S. N. U.—No. 47—'97.

PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION

A SONG OF AUTUMN.

Ho for the bending sheaves,
Ho for the crimson leaves
Flaming in splendor!
Season of ripened gold,
Plenty in crib and fold,
Skies and depth untold,
Liquid and tender.

Far, like the smile of God,
See how the goldenrod
Ripples and teases!
Yonder, a crimson vine
Trails from a bearded pine,
Thin as a thread of wine
Staining the mosses.

Bright 'neath the morning blue
Sparkles the frosted dew,
Gem-like and starry.
Hark how the partridge cock
Pipes to his scattered flock,
Mindful how swift the hawk
Darts on his quarry!

Autumn is here again—
Banners on hill and plain
Blazing and flying.
Hail to the amber morn,
Hail to the heapt-up corn,
Hail to the hunter's horn,
Swelling and dying!

—James Buckham, in "The Heart of Life."

A WEDDING RECEPTION

By HELEN FORREST GRAVES.

"JUST what I expected!" said Miss Delavigne, mournfully.

She was sitting out on the balcony, where the mignonnette and asters were all a blaze of vivid color, to enjoy the sunset; but she didn't enjoy it any more, after Muriade Vail had told her the news. There was a band playing in the little park, whose green grass and sparkling fountain formed such a pretty picture, but she did not hear its music any longer.

"Married!" said Miss Delavigne, lifting her hands and drawing a sepulchral sigh—"married! Does the whole world think, and dream, and trouble itself about nothing else?"

"I'm very sorry, aunt," said Muriade, "but—"

"No, you are not," interrupted Miss Delavigne. "Don't begin, at this late day, to tell me falsehoods."

"I don't mean that I'm sorry because I've promised to marry Tom," said Muriade, with a bright spot on each cheek, "because that would be a falsehood. No, indeed, I'm not sorry; but I mean I'm vexed to disappoint you, aunt."

Muriade was a dark, Spanish-eyed girl, with brows like two perfect arches; a red, cherry-cleft mouth, and the most roguish of dints, scarcely large enough to be dignified with the name of dimple, that came and went in a capricious fashion in her chin. She stood, with folded hands and head slightly drooped, before the prim, elderly lady, whose black silk dress resolved itself into such perfect folds, and whose iron-gray curls hung so precisely on either side of her face.

"Didn't I take you when you were seven years old, and bring you up as a young lady should be brought up?" sadly demanded Miss Delavigne.

"Yes, aunt."

"And haven't I had you educated at Mademoiselle Melisse's, with extra piano lessons, and your voice cultivated at two dollars a lesson?" went on the old lady.

"Yes, aunt," confessed Muriade.

"And," severely went on the catechist, "just as you were getting to be a real companion for me in my advancing years, you forget all this, and run off with—Tom Whitworth."

"I haven't run off with him, aunt!" flashed out Muriade, scarcely knowing whether to laugh or cry.

"But you would if you couldn't wring a consent from me. You know you would," said Miss Delavigne. "You'd scramble down a ladder, or climb out of a fourth-story window."

"I love him, aunt," said Muriade, earnestly; "and he loves me."

"Rubbish!" said Aunt Delavigne, with an energy which nearly tipped her eye-glasses from her Roman nose. "You mean that he loves your expectations. He loves the idea of inheriting my money and this brown-stone house, and all the shares in the Mexican silver mines. That's the beginning and the end of it!"

"Never, aunt!" cried poor Muriade.

"That's well," grimly pronounced Miss Delavigne; "because I've my own ideas on the subject. I don't know that I'm at all too old to marry myself."

"Aunt!" exclaimed Muriade, in surprise.

"Why not?" said Miss Delavigne. "I suppose there can be old fools as well as young ones."

"But," pleaded Muriade, "are you in earnest?"

"Why shouldn't I be in earnest?"

"Aunt," burst out Muriade, "is it Major Larkington? Is it? Oh, I know it is! And oh, aunt, dear, I do so hope you will be happy! And Major Larkington is perfectly splendid, since he got his false teeth, only, aunt, those tedious stories of his about the war in Florida—won't you get tired of them, if you're obliged to hear them every day?"

Miss Delavigne looked in some perplexity at her niece. She had supposed that this hint would have filled Muriade with dismay and disappointment; but on the contrary that young lady appeared to accept the idea as the most natural thing in the world. And Tom Whitworth, chancing, entirely by accident, of course, to come in just about that time, coincided in Muriade's view of affairs entirely.

"The jolliest thing I ever heard of," declared Tom, who was a fair-complexioned young Saxon, with curly yellow locks, a blonde moustache and superb teeth—which latter was a fortunate circumstance, because Tom Whitworth was always laughing. "It's regular middle-aged romance!"

"I dare say," said Miss Delavigne, primly. "But what do you say to some one else getting all my money?"

"Dear me!" said Tom, lifting his blonde brows. "It was Muriada I wanted, not your money, Miss Delavigne. Of course, if you chose to leave it to us, after you had done with it, it would have been very acceptable. Ready cash always comes handy. Now, you know that, Muriade, as well as I do," in response to a warning gesture from his fiancee.

"Oh, Tom, you are such a bungler!" said Muriade, half laughing, half crying.

"Well, perhaps I am," confessed Tom. "But I want Miss Delavigne to understand the whole thing. The money is hers, and we don't grudge it to her. And we're ready to work for our own, aren't we, Muriade? I'm not rich, but my office brings me a thousand dollars a year, and we're both going to economize like everything—aren't we, Muriade? And Major Larkington's a brick, and we hope you'll be happy, exactly as we're going to be."

And Tom Whitworth squeezed Miss Delavigne's hand until the old lady cried out for mercy.

"And now, aunt," said Muriade, radiantly, "when is the wedding to be? And why haven't you said anything about it before?"

Miss Delavigne hesitated a little. She blushed. Apparently she did not know what to say on the spur of the moment.

"Well," she faltered, "Major Larkington did say something about the twentieth of December."

"Christmas-time!" exclaimed Muriade. "Oh, Tom, how perfectly delightful! Couldn't we manage to have our wedding at the same time?"

"No," said Tom, stoutly. "We must be married on the first of December. You said we should, Muriade, and you mustn't go back of your word."

"But, Tom, it would only be three weeks."

"Three weeks or three days," stoutly maintained Tom Whitworth, "you promised me, and I can't let you off."

"Well, then, you obstinate fellow," said Muriade, "we can be back from our trip just in time to dance at Aunt Delavigne's wedding."

"Agreed!" said Tom, looking very happy, indeed.

Apparently the young couple were in no wise discomfited at the idea of going to housekeeping on a capital of love, and love alone.

Tom Whitworth began to look diligently around among dim old auction rooms and musty second-hand stores, to find something astoundingly cheap and delightfully comfortable, wherewith to garnish the small cottage which he had decided to take a little out of town, so as to economize in rent.

And Muriade joined a cooking class, made herself a bib-apron, and began to come down into Miss Delavigne's kitchen to experiment in pies and puddings, dainty little tea-biscuit, and salad which might have tempted an anchorite to break his vows.

And she studied up the question of polishing brasses, cleaning plate-glass, mending china, and darning table linen with notable earnestness. And she was more affectionate than ever with her aunt.

"Because," she told Tom, "there is something so pathetic about Aunt Delavigne's happiness, coming so strangely in the autumn of her life. And I'm afraid, Tom—now don't tell anybody—that Major Larkington is only going to marry her for her money. For he is certainly ten years younger than she is, and he has only come from Philadelphia once to see her since the engagement."

"Love is like the measles," said Tom, philosophically. "Every one has it a different way."

While Miss Delavigne, who had been judge and jury all by herself, at least rendered the verdict to a public consisting of herself, alone.

"They love each other, after all. My money had nothing to do with it. Tom loves Muriade, and Muriade has not ceased to love her old aunt, now that she no longer believes herself to be an heiress. There is such a thing as honor, and truth, and real affection in the world, after all."

The first of December came, and Miss Delavigne gave Muriade the prettiest of weddings, under a marriage bell of white rose-buds and smilax, with an artistic little dejeuner, and the bride went away in a dove-colored silk dress, with daisies in her hat.

"But, aunt," she said, "it's so strange that Major Larkington isn't here?"

"He couldn't come," said Miss Delavigne. "He'll be on hand on the twentieth. Mind you and Tom get back in time!"

"Oh, we'll be sure to do that!" said Muriade. "And be sure, aunt, that you thank the major for the dear little pearl locket that he sent me."

The twentieth of December came; so did Mr. and Mrs. Tom Whitworth, fresh from the icy spray of Niagara Falls.

Miss Delavigne's parlors were once more decorated with the choicest hot-house flowers, while Souberetti's men were arranging the supper-table. The old lady herself, in pearls, point lace, and the palest of lavender silks, stood in the middle of the room, receiving her guests. Major Larkington himself was there, looking very stiff and military, and an old-young lady in a dress exactly of the same pattern of Miss Delavigne's.

"You are late, Tom and Muriade," said the hostess, beamingly. "The marriage ceremony was performed half an hour ago. The major thought he would rather have it over before the guests began to arrive. Stop! Don't congratulate me! I'm not the bride. This," introducing the old-young lady with the profusion of curls, and the slight soupcon of powder on her cheek bones, "is Mrs. Major Larkington, and my old schoolmate, Helena Dove, who has given me great pleasure by accepting my hospitality on this occasion."

"Delighted. I am sure," stammered Tom, staring with all his eyes.

"Many congratulations!" faltered Muriade, scarcely less amazed.

And then they took advantage of a stream of newcomers, who monopolized the bridal pair and taxed Miss Delavigne with her duplicity.

"Sold," said Tom, succinctly, "completely!"

"Aunt, how could you deceive us so?" said Muriade.

"I didn't deceive you," said Miss Delavigne, laughing. "I said there could be old fools as well as young ones, and I say so still. And you yourself mentioned Major Larkington! I didn't feel myself called upon to go into any disclaimers, although I knew then that he was engaged to Helena Dove; and the only point I gained was the certainty that my dear niece and nephew were not heartless fortune-seekers, but loved me just as well as if they believed themselves my heirs, as well as the conviction that Tom Whitworth loved Muriade just because she was Muriade, and not the rich old woman's only relation."

Miss Delavigne made her will the next day, and she left all her money to Muriade and Tom, because she was easy in her mind at last.

"It was a regular conspiracy," she said; "but it revealed to me exactly what I wanted to know."—Saturday Night.

WORDS OF WISDOM.

If you want to live long, don't try to live more than one day at a time.

The man who loves money and hates work is going to swindle somebody.

The heathen is a person who doesn't allow himself to quarrel over religion.

When a woman makes up her mind to marry a man there is no escape for him.

Not one woman in a hundred knows how to dress, and what is more no one can tell her.

No matter how poor a man's memory is, he never forgets when you owe him money.

If your schooling does not help you to better the world, your time and money are both lost.

Apparently the heads of some people were given them merely as convenient bumps upon which to do up their hair.

The young ladies do not loaf around the church doors and make remarks as to how pretty the young men look as they pass out.

There is no good in arguing with the inevitable. The only argument available with an east wind is to put on your overcoat.

It very often happens that the more learnedly a graduate talks on commencement day the harder he has to "hustle" for a job.

A girl always worries more about a speck of lint on her best fellow's coat before she marries him than she does after the knot is tied.

A man who knows says it's harder for a bachelor to pack his trunk than a married man. A married man gets his wife to pack it for him.—The North West.

American Tools Abroad.

American tools are sold all over the world. The New York representative of an American tool manufacturing establishment, when asked where American tools were sent, ran over the export orders received that day. They included orders from Hungary, Austria, Germany, France, England, South Africa and South America. There were altogether about twenty orders, and from some of the countries named there were two or three orders. The export orders of the previous day included orders from Russia, Australia and New Zealand; and these were not unusual orders, but such as are constantly received. In the shipping room at that moment stood cases marked for Java, for Ecuador, and for Australia.

Many of these orders are small. In some cases there were orders for a single tool, or for two or three; for some, orders of half a dozen, or two or three dozen, to supply orders or to keep lines filled. These small orders are mostly from European countries, with which communication is nowadays quick and convenient. European merchants order these things just about as merchants in other cities in this country would. It costs no more to send to London than it does to Chicago, and it is as easy to send to Berlin as it is to Paterson.

The characteristics that commend these American tools to their foreign purchasers are the same that mark American machines and implements generally; lightness, fine finish, and perfect adaptability to their several uses. The exports of American tools to all parts of the world are steadily increasing.—New York Sun.

Transporting Gold by Mail.

A San Francisco bank which not long ago offered the Secretary of the Treasury several millions of gold coin for New York exchange to save the cost of transportation has resorted to a novel plan for transferring the gold across the continent at the expense of Uncle Sam. It is being shipped by mail in small canvas bags about the size of a sausage, each bag containing fifty $20 gold pieces, and there are seven or eight bags on every mail. Over $700,000 has already been received in this way. The packages are sealed, registered and sent under letter postage at the rate of one cent an ounce. A double-eagle weighs about an ounce, and fifty ounces is about as heavy a package as the postal authorities will accept. The postage on each package is fifty cents, more or less the fee for registration is eight cents and the money is insured at the rate of $1 per $1000 against loss by fire, robbery or accidents. Therefore the cost of transportation amounts to about $1.60 for every $1000. The express rates, including insurance, are $3.50 per $1000, and the saving is therefore about $1.90 per $1000, or 700 times that much on the shipments thus far.

The Government assumes no responsibility for packages intrusted to the mails. The registration is only a safeguard and a receipt, which is admitted as prima-facie evidence in the courts, so the insurance companies take all the risk. Small packages of gold have been transmitted by mail frequently for years back, and there has never been a loss, but this is the first time that bankers have shipped it by wholesale.—Chicago Record.

A Magnetic Island.

The stories of magnetic mountains that exert an attraction that cannot be withstood on all vessels that come into their vicinity have some foundation in reality, and that, too, in the neighborhood of Germany. The well known island of Bornholm, situated in the Baltic, and belonging to Denmark, may be regarded as a huge magnet. Although the power of this magnet is not so great that it can draw the nails out of ships, as was told of the island in the "Arabian Nights," the magnetism of the rocks on the island of Bornholm can cause a good deal of trouble to ships in quite another way. It exerts such an influence on the magnetic needle that it can cause a vessel to turn perceptibly aside from her course. This is quite possible, as the effect of this magnetic island is perceptible at a distance of nine and a half miles.—Glasgow Herald.

What "Ocean Springs" Is.

Ocean Springs, the scene of the fever epidemic, is the oldest French settlement on the Gulf Coast. In 1682 La Salle and Tonty, after having explored the Northwestern country, paddled down the Mississippi River to its mouth and claimed all the sourrounding country in the name of the French King. Several years later France sent out colonists who settled at Ocean Springs, which, however, they called Fort Biloxi, the name having been changed in recent years. The plague which visited these early colonists from time to time was probably nothing more nor less than yellow fever.—Milwaukee Sentinel.

APPOINTMENTS

By the Western North Carolina M. E. Conference.

The following are the appointments of the Western North Carolina M. E. Conference, as readed by Bishop Key:

CHARLOTTE DISTRICT, S. B. TURRENTINE, P. E.

Charlotte, Tryon Street.—H. F. Creitzberg and W. W. Bays.
Charlotte, Trinity—Frank Siler.
Charlotte, Calvary—W. H. Willis.
Charlotte, Brevard Street—C. M. Campbell.
Charlotte, Epworth—Supplied by J. F. Butt.
Charlotte, Belmont and Dilworth—J. A. Baldwin.
Charlotte Circuit—R. S. Howie.
Pineville Circuit—F. W. Smith.
Matthews Circuit—P. T. Bonner.
Sandy Ridge Circuit—J. C. Mock.
Waxhaw Circuit—M. C. Field.
Clear Creek Circuit—R. F. Bryant.
Monroe Station—J. J. Renn and W. M. Robbins.
Monroe Circuit—J. H. West.
Polkton Circuit—Supplied by B. F. Fincher.
Ansonville Circuit—G. D. Hermon.
Wadesboro Station—Parker Holmes.
Morven Circuit—R. M. Taylor.
Lilesville Circuit—D. F. Carver.

ASHEVILLE DISTRICT, D. ATKINS, P. E.

Asheville, Central Church—C. W. Byrd; H. C. Moore, supply.
Asheville, North Asheville—E. L. Bain.
Asheville, Haywood Street—R. L. Atkins.
Asheville, Bethel—J. R. Moore.
Asheville, Biltmore—R. G. Turtle.
Weaverville Circuit—L. E. Stacey.
Sulphur Springs Circuit—Wilbur Lesette.
Swannanoa Circuit—G. F. Kirby.
Leicester Circuit—T. F. Glenn.
Cane Creek Circuit—J. A. Stronce.
Saluda Circuit—E. N. Crowder.
Hendersonville Station—J. T. Lyon.
Mills River Circuit—E. J. Poe.
Brevard Circuit—L. A. Falls.
French Broad Circuit—D. G. McCurdy.
Ivy Circuit—W. R. Lyda.
Hot Springs Circuit—Harold Turner.
Marshall Circuit—J. P. Reynolds.
Spring Creek Circuit—W. H. Perry.
Jas. Atkins, Sunday school editor.

FRANKLIN DISTRICT, T. E. WAGG, P. E.

Franklin Station—C. F. Sherrill.
Franklin Circuit—J. J. Edes.
Macon Circuit—R. B. Shelton.
Highlands Circuit—G. J. Owens.
Waynesville Station—T. J. Rodgers.
Clyde Circuit—E. B. Johnson; J. R. Long, supernumerary.
Canton Circuit—W. G. Mallonee.
Haywood Circuit—W. M. Boring.
West Haywood Circuit—A. W. Jacobs.
Webster and Dillsboro Station—W. B. Hunnicutt.
Cullowhee Circuit—L. P. Bogle.
Bryson City Station—J. J. Gray.
Whittier Circuit—P. L. Terrell.
Andrews Circuit—J. H. Bradley.
Hiawassa Mission—G. V. Cordell, supply.
Murphy Station—J. E. Abernethy.
Hayesville Circuit—J. T. Stover.

GREENSBORO DISTRICT, P. J. CARRAWAY, P. E.

Greensboro, West Market Street—J. H. Weaver.
Greensboro, Centenarry—J. E. Gay.
Greensboro, Mission—G. E. Rowe.
Greensboro Circuit—J. R. Tabor.
Reidsville Station—S. H. Hilliard.
Wentworth Circuit—J. M. Price.
Ruffin Circuit—W. S. Hales.
Pleasant Garden Circuit—S. T. Barber; P. L. Greene; J. F. Craven, supernumerary.
Ramseur Circuit—H. W. Jordan.
Randleman Station—J. E. Woolsey.
Asheboro Station—A. W. Plyler.
East Uwharrie Circuit—E. G. Pusey.
Uwharrie Circuit—T. S. Ellington.
Randolph Circuit—R. S. Webb.
West Randolph Circuit—A. A. Crater.
High Point Station—J. R. Scroggs and G. H. Crowell.
Jamestown Circuit—S. D. Stamey.
L. W. Crawford, editor North Carolina Christian Advocate.
T. A. Smoot, student in Vanderbilt University.
V. L. Marsh, student in Randolph-Macon College.

MT. AIRY DISTRICT, M. H. BLAIR, P. E.

Mt. Airy Station—R. K. Boyer.
Mt. Airy Circuit—J. H. Rogers; one to be supplied.
Pilot Mountain Circuit—E. H. Pegram.
Elkin and Jonesville Station—F. L. Townsend.
Wilkes Circuit—J. E. Ingram.
Sparta Circuit—W. S. Brown, supply.
Healing Springs Circuit—Seymour Brown.
Jefferson Circuit—J. A. Burrus.
Creston Circuit—J. P. Lanning.
Watauga Circuit—W. L. Dawson.
Boone Circuit—W. L. Nicholson.

MORGANTON DISTRICT, J. W. JONES, P. E.

Morganton Station—W. H. Leith.
Morganton Circuit—J. H. Brendle.
Table Rock Circuit—L. L. Smith.
Marion Station—R. D. Sherrill.
Old Fort Circuit—E. Myers.
McDowell Circuit—Supplied by R. H. Penland.
Rutherfordton Circuit—G. H. Detwiler.
Broad River Circuit—J. B. Carpenter.
Green River Circuit—J. D. Carpenter.
Burnsville Circuit—Supplied by C. H. Curtis.
Bald Creek Circuit—W. Y. Scales.
Elk Park and Estatoe—J. H. Moore.
North Cove Circuit—Supplied by A. G. Barrington.
Silver Creek Mission—Supplied by J. C. Brown.
Connelly Springs Circuit—C. G. Little.
Forest City Circuit—J. A. Cook.

SALISBURY DISTRICT, J. R. BROOKS, P. E.

Salisbury, Church Street—T. F. Marr.
Wilson, supernumerary.
Statesville, West End—R. G. Barrett.
Statesville Circuit—J. O. Shelly.
Iredell Circuit—J. T. Bowie.
Clarksburg Circuit—J. A. Peeler.
Mocksville Station—J. W. Clegg.
McKendree Station—O. P. Ader.
Troutman Circuit—W. S. Cherry.
Mt. Zion Station—Ira Erwin.
Rock Springs Circuit—J. C. Postell.
Catawba Circuit—C. C. Brothers.
Newton Circuit—M. D. Giles.
Hickory Station—W. L. Sherrill.
Lenoir Station—T. A. Boone.
Lenoir Circuit—G. W. Ivey.
Caldwell Circuit—T. M. Brewer.
Hudson Mission to be supplied.
Alexander Circuit—J. W. Bowman.
T. H. Triplett, student.
Salisbury, Chestnut Street and Spencer—D. P. Tate.
Salisbury Circuit—J. J. Brooks.
Woodleaf Circuit—R. S. Abernathy.
China Grove Circuit—E. M. Merritt.
Concord, Central Church—J. E. Thompson.
Concord, Forest Hill—J. D. Arnold.
Concord, Epworth Church—W. P. McGhee.
Concord Circuit—G. C. Harley.
Mt. Pleasant Circuit—A. E. Wiley.
Salem Circuit—C. M. Gentry.
Norwood Circuit—J. A. Clark.
Albemarle Circuit—L. L. Johnson.
Gold Hill Circuit—L. T. Cordell.
Lexington Station—R. H. Parker.
Linwood Circuit—S. S. Gasque.
Thomasville Station—J. S. Nelson.

SHELBY DISTRICT, W. R. WARE, P. E.

Shelby Station—R. M. Hoyle.
Shelby Circuit—T. T. Salyer.
King's Mountain Station—J. M. Downum.
Gastonia Station—W. M. Bagley.
McAdensville Circuit—M. T. Steele.
Stanley Creek Circuit—Albert Sherrill.
Mt. Holly Circuit—W. C. Willson.
Mountain Island Station—R. L. Owenby.
Lincolnton Circuit—W. F. Womble.
Lowesville Circuit—D. M. Litaker.
Cherryville Circuit—A. G. Gantt.
South Fork Circuit—D. F. Gilson.
Belwood Circuit—D. H. Coman; R. W. Dixon, supernumerary.
Polkville Circuit—F. W. Bradley.
Henrietta Station—J. A. Beeles.
Bessemer Circuit—J. R. Surratt.

STATESVILLE DISTRICT, J. C. ROWE, P. E.

Statesville Station—M. A. Smith; Jas. Cason.
Walkertown Station—W. M. Curtis.
Francisco Circuit—W. B. Scarboro.

Transferred: J. H. Fitzgerald to New Mexico Conference, and stationed at Durango; L. T. Mann, J. W. Stelfer, J. M. Terrell, R. L. Sprinkle to North Carolina Conference; W. R. Barnett to Holston Conference, and stationed.

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These fur dogs constitute the only wealth of this desolate country, and the only dowry given to the daughters of these farmers consists of a number of dogs. The value of the dogs is about half a dollar, and as it takes eight fur dogs to make a coat, such an article is rather expensive.

Traffic in dog skins is centered in large cities like Moukden and Foo Chow, where they are tanned. At the first-named place the amount of dog skins handled last year represented half a million dollars.

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Nervous Depression of Women.

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