

passing the house of a member and officer in his church. The member came to the door and called out, "Say, have you any buckwheat at your house?" "No, sir, we have not; it is getting a little late for buckwheat cakes." "Well, I was going to say that we are all tired of them at our house, and we have some flour left over, and if you want to call for it, you can get it." Going a mile or two farther in that same parish, another church officer called out, "You did not come back for any more of those potatoes like I gave you before." "No, sir, I did not. The fact is, they were so badly frozen that the hogs refused them, and our family is not yet educated up to that sort of diet."

These items are both true. Q. E. F.

**TOBACCO BEFORE THE PASTOR'S SALARY.**—Steward, approaching Brother O. (Supt. of Sunday-school, leader in song and prayer, but never known to contribute to the support of the institutions of the church).

S.—Brother O. I am engaged in the collection of our minister's salary. The year is fast approaching its close and his salary lacks much of being paid.

Brother O.—Sorry I can't help you, brother, but I have just paid out the last dollar I had in the world.

S.—I have paid my assesment in full; you have paid nothing. But I am willing to enter into an agreement with you to quit the use of tobacco for one year, and contribute the amount we would expend upon this useless and filthy habit toward the support of our minister.

Brother O.—I'll tell you, brother, if I had but twenty-five cents in my pocket and no tobacco, I would go right straight and buy a good plug, take a big "chaw," get down on my knees and pray the Lord's blessing upon our preacher and his family.

The steward fled, and the preacher waxed fat on the prayers of his "meanest parishioner."

L. S.

#### General Clerical Anecdotes.

**THE DOGS WERE TOO MUCH FOR THE PARSON.**—Only a little dog, but how he troubled me! Every time I preached at the church which his mistress attended, he was sure to be present. He had one favorite spot, the selection of which may have been prompted by deafness, I know not. But this I know, that he would invariably lie immediately in front of the pulpit. One Sabbath morning, while the congregation was gathering, I resolved to make an attempt to rid myself of his presence. But how? Full well I remembered that upon one occasion, during a revival meeting, when I had called the Christians to the altar, a large dog came in response to the invitation and sat in their midst, and when all in the congregation, save two or three around me, were kneeling I gave the dog a kick. Before my foot could gravitate to its position, he seized it in his mouth, and had not those around me interposed in my

behalf, no one can tell what might have happened. From that day to this I have never kicked, or even kicked at, a dog in church. So kicking was out of the question. What then? An idea struck me. Had not some one informed me that dogs were unmethodistic, in that they were not in favor of sprinkling or pouring? I reached for the pitcher, filled the glass to the brim with water, took, or thought I took, good aim at the dog, fired, but the water went over the dog and splashed on a lady's fine white dress. Apologies followed. Nothing daunted, I took aim once more; this time I struck him. What did he do? Well, he ran, but not far. He stopped before a finely attired lady, shook the water from off his shaggy coat upon her dress, returned in front of the pulpit and faced me. Ah, thought I, if I can just empty a glass full in your face, you will beat a hasty retreat. Aim, fire. It struck the mark. While it fell he opened his mouth, secured a good portion, then licked that which had fallen upon the floor, and looked up at me with a please-send-some-more expression on his face. I was vanquished. He remained through the service, and notwithstanding the insults I had heaped upon him, he was a constant attendant, until at my request his mistress chained him at home. L. S.

#### THREE MEALS FOR A POUND OF CANDLES.

During our late civil war, when my salary was \$500 a year and a donation, a female member of my church, the wife of a well-to-do farmer, doubtless prompted by generous feelings toward her pastor, attended the annual donation, and contributed a pound of tallow candles. She seemed to enjoy the excellent supper provided by others, and left early, before dark.

In the evening, she returned with a married daughter, and after spending the time pleasantly in a social way, and both partaking of refreshments with evident relish, they took their departure, and all on the strength of a pound of tallow candles.

**A TYPICAL ECONOMIST.**—While residing in Colorado, I was called upon to attend the funeral of a man's wife who lived twelve miles distant. Having to hire a team, and not feeling called upon to contribute the cost of livery, \$4, as well as my time and services, I sent him a bill for the same. This after waiting a proper length of time and with suitable explanations. The reply came back that he was hard up just then, but would pay me when he got the money. Knowing the man, and having confidence in his honesty, I thought nothing about the matter until eight months after, when I saw him enter the church in company with a strange woman. Going down to speak to him, he said that he and the woman had come to get married. In the presence of a few of the congregation that remained, I joined them in marriage, when he handed me ten dollars, saying that four of it was for the funeral and six for the wedding.