

A MARCH GLEE.

I hear the wild goose honking From out the morning sky...

MIRANDY'S ROW.

I warn't never given to hankerin' after city folks an' city ways...

"That it would," returned Mrs. Diedrich, "ez anybody that's ten minutes...

"They are at, but there's no denyin' they're right smart, some on 'em; an' I s'pose thet's what's taken Mirandy Nevins."

"Mirandy Nevins?" said Mrs. Oberbaugh.

"Why, ain't you heard she's keepin' steady company w' Arthur Morrison, what's boardin' down to Mrs. Van Blum's?"

"Land sakes alive, ez thet don't beat all! Mirandy, what's close to 40 got a city chap for a bean?"

"Yes, an' awfully gone on him too, they say. I tell you, Mirandy's got to look quite chipper."

Mrs. Oberbaugh was too much astonished to reply, nothing quite so startling having come within her notice for years.

"I hope he's not after her money," Mrs. Diedrich remarked, after a pause.

"Bless you, no; a rich man like him wouldn't think snobs of Mirandy's little bit; but I guess he sees she's a capital manager, an' 'll make things go twice ez far ez one of them city gals."

"An' Mirandy's got a beau at last. Well, well, well! I hope it'll turn out good. But, mark my words," concluded Mrs. Oberbaugh, with an impressive shake of her head, "you don't often get much from a late settin' but added eggs."

"Yes, it was true; Miranda Nevins, who had never felt her heart warm under the sun of love in her youth, was in middle age, basking in a golden afternoon. Left an orphan in early childhood, she had been adopted by a relative whose exacting ways had made life very hard for the delicate child. Then came long years of patient nursing of the irritable, penurious invalid, whom she would not leave because of a fancied debt of gratitude. At 28 she found herself free, and greatly to her surprise the absolute owner of \$3,000, which the wretched old miser had hoarded even when needed for the necessities of life. Youth, however, with its dreams, was gone and the delicate prettiness she possessed as a girl had been destroyed by care and toil. As the people at Griffin's Corners expressed it, "Mirandy always had a heavy end."

Her life had been colorless and sad beyond expression; not a single gleam of love had come into it until she met Arthur Morrison. He loved her—ah, it was impossible so she told herself. But had she not said the same when told of her fortune? All day long the poor lonely woman, whose empty heart hungered for affection, repeated the words, until at last all doubt was banished.

She had listened when her lover spoke of his wealth, of his handsome house in the city, of the luxuries with which he would surround her; he loved her, and in that assurance lay a wealth of riches passing all imagination. Everyone noticed how the old careworn look passed away during those days of her lately found happiness, and when at times a blush would steal over her face, it brought back the beauty of 20 years ago.

When the first tints of autumn were on the woods Mr. Morrison departed, and Miranda, after waiting patiently for that precious thing, her first letter, wrote herself to the address he had given her. Every morning the neat little woman with the patient eyes would drop into the general store and post office and make a purchase while the mail was being distributed, and though she never ventured to ask if there was a letter, her lingering steps and wistful looks were perfectly understood. This had gone on for some weeks, when one morning Miranda received a letter from the dead letter office, and found within it her own to Arthur Morrison, scrawled over with different street numbers and the statement that no such person was known. For an hour she sat, with the letter before her, trying to unravel the mystery; it was easier to believe that the whole postal force of New York was in league against her than that her lover could be false. She would go to New York, she would find him—ill, perhaps; poor, it might be; dead, even; but false—never?

Griffin's Corners had, according to its custom, taken the liveliest interest in the progress of Miranda's love affair; but the little woman had been very reticent, and speculation had had to supply the lack of actual information.

Miranda's reserve being so well known, it was therefore rather a surprise to find her quietly discussing the question of her supposed engagement as the minister's annual donation party. The little woman was the centre of a group, and had an unusual glow of color on her cheeks as she spoke.

"There had'n't been no serious engagement, but he'd thought, an' she'd thought, an' then at last they'd both thought; and then they'd concluded to let the 'll thing drop right there."

"An' I guess you're right, Miranda," replied the minister's wife, who was burdened with many children and shared a notoriously insufficient income. "A woman who can put her hands on \$3,000 need not trouble her head about the best of men."

This, after some little discussion, was allowed to be the general sentiment, and Miranda was made to feel that she had the support of public opinion.

Mrs. Oberbaugh, whose views were known to be strongly on the side of matrimony as a general principle, made no remark, but as she walked home with Mrs. Lasher, confided to that lady her idea, "that though Miranda was full of grit, she'd got a harder row to hoe than most people suspected."

After that Miranda scarcely ever went out, but as she had always been of a retiring nature, her absence from apple cuts, husking and sewing bees did not provoke much comment. As the winter went on, however, it began to be whispered that she was growing miserly, like the relative from whom she had inherited her fortune. When she ceased making purchases at the village store the air grew sensibly colder, but when it became known that old man Renssler had twice brought her heavy boxes from Pine Hill, then the indications of an icy period were unmistakable.

The first snow had melted when, one afternoon, Mrs. Oberbaugh resolved to brave public sentiment by calling on the ostracized offender.

Though this visit was made in defiance of public opinion, she was not prepared to deny the justice of the general attitude assumed toward Miranda, who unquestionably had been guilty of serious offense, and if opportunity offered she proposed making her see the error of her ways; but above this she had always had a soft corner in her heart for the disappointed, gentle old maid. After all, she argued, Miranda might possibly have some excuse for her conduct, as there had been occasions when her own mind had sadly lacked conviction in regard to the purity of the store office. Whether Miranda was aware how her shortcomings were regarded was by no means certain, in which case Mrs. Oberbaugh decided to break the matter to her gently but firmly.

Receiving no answer to her knocking, she stepped over the threshold into an icy cold room, where a form was lying that looked like the ghost of the woman she had known. She approached the bed, to find a white, drawn face with glassy eyes, a hand too feeble to rise, and a voice that spoke in broken whispers.

"Sakes alive, Mirandy! I didn't know ez how you was down like this."

"I—am—starving," was the whispered reply.

Without another word Mrs. Oberbaugh started home, returning with restoratives and food, which partially revived the sufferer.

"Warn't there no ez you could call to, to let us know you were down sick? Where's your coal? 'll build a fire right away; this place 'ud freeze a bear."

Mrs. Oberbaugh made a hasty survey of the back regions, and opened several doors, but was rewarded only by the sight of empty shelves, and then for the first time she noticed how scanty was the bed covering.

"Mercy on us, Mirandy! where's your things? Have you been robbed?"

"No—I—sold—everything—for—bread!"

Miranda's visitor regarded her with eyes full of pity; it was clear that the poor creature had become a miser.

"Why, Mirandy, you're a rich woman. You've got \$3,000 in Marketville bank."

The dying woman put her thin hands over her face to hide her sight the honest, kindly eyes that asked for a confidence she was so loth to bestow.

"Sit down, Martha, 'll tell you; you was always good to me, an'—I know—'you'll keep it—a secret. He—he—took it all."

"What!—the city chap?"

"Yes; he asked me—to lend it him—for a few weeks—an' so I drew it out—an' then—as he never wrote—I went to New York—an' oh, Martha—Martha—"

But here the feeble voice was choked with tears, and some time elapsed before she could finish the cruel story.

"I found that he—an' oh, Martha, I was so fond of him—he was—a swindler—an' a convict!"

"Mercy on us! you poor, sufferin' soul! an' you've been starvin' all this winter?"

"Well, I thought—the end—would come—an' nobody need—know the truth."

"Oh, Mirandy, you might have known you could have trusted me. An' to think that you've been wantin'—and the Corners all lookin' to one side, 'cause it was said you was doin' your marketin' down to Pine Hill."

A faint smile passed over Miranda's wan face as she thought of the success of her stratagem.

"Them boxes—I got at Pine Hill—an' 'll tell you with stones—'cause—I didn't want any one to s'picion—how that my money was gone. I thought—they'd guess—that Arthur—got it—an' you see, Martha—I'd never had—a lover before—an' I couldn't bear—"

Miranda rallied under careful treatment; but her hold on life was gone, and when the wild cherry was in blossom the end came.

There was much speculation as to what had become of her fortune, but whether its original amount had been exaggerated, or Miranda had spent, lent, or given it away, was never known.

"Poor Mirandy!" said Mrs. Oberbaugh, as she turned away from the broken sod; "she had a hard row to hoe," and she kept the dead woman's secret.—By Mrs. George P. Hasbrouck, in *People's Home Journal*.

A Grewsome Record.

The Chicago "Tribune," which keeps account, so far as it can, of murders, hangings and lynchings in this country, reports that in 1901 there were 118 legal executions—more than in 1900. It reports for the year 135 lynchings (20 more than in 1900), of which 12 occurred in the South and 14 in the North, as compared with 107 in the South and 8 in the North in 1900. The number of negroes lynched last year was 107, the same number as in 1900. Of these 39 were lynched for murders, the same number as in 1900. There were fewer lynchings last year in Mississippi, Louisiana and Georgia, but more in Alabama, Tennessee and Texas. These figures bring out one fact that should be noticed at least once a year. The number of negroes lynched every year for murder is more than twice as great as the number lynched for original assault.

Do not, we beseech you, oh, men and brethren, pronounce the words "either" and "neither" as though they were spelled "eyther" and "neyther." The seven standard authorities, Webster, Walker, Smart, Worcester, dictionaries, all give preference to "either." Three of them do not pronounce "eyther" at all. None of the great poets make "either" rhyme to "blither," or "hi, there!" to "neither." This "eyther" and "neyther" business is a modern affectation of culture on the part of people who haven't any. It is a cheap imitation, and is becoming absolutely painful because it has the odor of priggy and pedantry about it.

The Central Pennsylvania Methodist Conference.

With Full Report of the Proceedings Up to Adjournment—Miss McAllister's Address—Ministers Elected to be Ordained Elders—Annual Meeting of Mutual Benefit Association—The Layman's Meeting.

SATURDAY'S PROCEEDINGS.

Saturday morning it still rained but the people were in town and Rev. Dr. Dunham's devotional exercises, early in the morning, were well attended.

Bishop Walden spoke very briefly about the human instrumentalities in bringing about the blessed results that are designed to the strengthening of God's cause in the world. The necessity of having the co-operation of the laity. Before the church can have success the official members must "sweat" as much over the spiritual work of the church as over the material.

Bishop Foss then took the chair to preside over the business sessions of the forenoon.

The following young ministers having completed the four years' course of study were passed and elected to be ordained elders:

Joseph V. Adams, Manuel Anlajar, David Y. Brown, Charles F. Weise, John C. Collins, Abraham L. Frank, Edgar B. Heckman, Richard S. Orler, Samuel F. Rounsley, Frederick E. Sleep and Theodore S. Stansfield.

Those who have completed the third year's studies and were advanced to the fourth year's course are embraced in the following list:

James H. Gettens, Joseph E. Kreuneman, Gordon Gray, William E. Kams, Korsev N. Miller, J. Warren Rose and Walter G. Steel.

The following is the list of supernumerary preachers: W. W. Cattie, F. W. Curry, T. A. Elliott, W. C. Hesser, D. F. Kapp, W. H. Miller, J. P. Moore and F. R. Whitney.

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G. B. Ague, J. H. Akers, A. M. Barnitz, S. P. Boone, W. H. Bowden, C. W. Burrely, Samuel Creighton, J. A. DeMoyer, A. W. Gibson, Thomas Greenly, B. B. Hamlin, L. G. Heck, A. B. Hooven, J. W. Hunter, R. E. Kelly, B. P. King, J. W. Leach, Z. Lloyd, G. W. Marshall, D. B. McCloskey, J. J. Moore, Wm. Scriber, Elisha Shoemaker, M. L. Smith, B. F. Stevens, Geo. Warren, Wm. S. Hamlin.

The following supernumeraries died during the year: Revs. G. H. Day, A. W. Decker, G. W. Dunlap, Wm. Henry Stevens and F. B. Riddle.

The fifth question of the general minutes was taken up, and those who are continued on trial, the following young men having served one year and passing satisfactory examinations were continued on trial and advanced to the studies of the second year: Revs. A. M. Bruce, M. B. Bubb, H. C. Burkholder, H. E. Crow, J. R. Ebner, S. H. Engler, O. T. Hance, H. W. Hartsock, H. C. Hinkle, E. F. Ilgenfritz, A. C. Logan, F. W. Rohrer, H. J. Schuchart and J. E. Skillington.

The following young men having completed the two years of their probation and having completed the studies of the second year were advanced to the studies of the third year. The list is as follows: Revs. W. L. Armstrong, J. T. Bell, E. V. Brown, W. H. Decker, James T. Doherty, P. N. Eakin, G. W. McInay, B. A. Salter, H. W. Seifer and W. W. Shoal.

The anniversary of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society on Saturday afternoon was as good a meeting as was held during Conference. Mrs. J. Ellis Bell, of Altoona, presided and read the annual report of the secretary of the society, Miss Mary McCord, of Lewistown, who was ill and not able to be present. Miss Agnes McAllister, of Buffalo, N. Y., who spent thirteen years in South Africa doing mission work, was the principal speaker. Her address was an interesting and spirited one and was received attentively by a full audience. At 4 o'clock the usual Pentecostal services were held with Rev. Dr. Dunham presiding and great interest was manifested in the conversation services by preacher and laymen. The evening was taken up with the anniversary of the Freedman's Aid and Southern Education society presided over by Rev. P. F. Eyer, at which forenoon addresses were delivered by Rev. W. W. Hartman and Dr. W. P. Thirkield, the corresponding secretary.

The laymen and their wives feasted at a banquet given in the gymnasium and at the same time Dr. E. J. Gray of Williamsport, presided over a spread furnished by Coopers and given by Dr. Gray to the students of Dickinson Seminary.

The seventh annual session of the Laymen's Association was held in the Presbyterian church Saturday afternoon. About 200 delegates were in attendance and Prof. B. O. McIntire, of Dickinson College, the President of the association, presided. Addresses were delivered by W. H. Sandford, Canton; Thos. H. Murray, Clearfield; Rev. J. E. Berry, of the Epworth Herald and Dr. D. S. Monroe, of Shamokin.

The following officers of the Laymen's Association were elected for the ensuing year: President, T. M. Myton, Huntingdon; Vice President, W. L. Woodcock, Altoona; J. C. Brown, Bloomsburg; J. P. Mellich, Harrisburg; W. S. Lysinger, Bedford; and J. F. Davis, Williamsport; Secretary, R. A. Zentmyer, Tyrone; Treasurer, H. D. Shriver, Hanover.

Quite an excitement was raised when A. A. Stevens, of Tyrone, offered a resolution declaring that ordained ministers of the Methodist church in active service should abstain from secular enterprises, and that preachers under appointment from Conference should not accept other positions carrying large remuneration.

The President of the association, Professor B. O. McIntire, of Dickinson College, who was president, and George E. Reed, State Librarian, is who it supposed aimed at in the resolutions, took the floor to oppose it.

His motion to print it in the minutes and defer it until the next annual meeting was adopted. The officers refused to permit reporters to copy it.

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At 2:30 the ordination service was conducted by Bishop Walden. Speaking briefly of the nature of the service, the bishop then ordained as deacons Revs. W. L. Armstrong, J. T. Bell, E. V. Brown, W. H. Decker, James J. Dougherty and P. N. Friedin, using the impressive ritual of the church. He was assisted by the presiding elders and others in the ordination of the following as elders: Revs. James V. Adams, D. Y. Brown, Charles F. Weise, J. C. Collins, Abraham L. Frank, Edgar B. Heckman, Richard S. Orler, Samuel F. Rounsley, Frederick E. Sleep and Theodore S. Stansfield.

Cephalonia a Fortunate Isle.

Large Fortune Left to the Island So that Poverty May Be Forever Banished from its Shore.

The isles of Greece, the isles of Greece! Where burning Sappho loved and sung.

One of these isles of Greece, Cephalonia, is to be thrice blessed for the will of Panagioti Vagliioni, who died in London the other day, \$2,500,000 is left to the island, so that poverty may be forever banished from its shores. This large amount has been placed in the London and Westminster Docks, and the interest is to be transferred to Greece, every quarter, and is to be devoted to the relief of poor people in Cephalonia.

Panagioti Vagliioni, the head of the banking and shipping firm of Vagliioni Brothers, was the survivor of three remarkable brothers who were born in Lixouri, a small village in Cephalonia. Marie, the oldest brother, who died in St. Petersburg three years ago at the age of 90 years, emigrated to southern Russia when a young boy, and established himself as a loader of grain on the Sea of Azoff. Later he was found by his two younger brothers, Andrea and Panagioti. Andrea died in Russia fourteen years ago.

The business established by the oldest brother grew and ere long the Vagliioni were possessors of a large fleet of lighters that operated at various ports along the Sea of Azoff. The brothers prospered and, from loading grain became themselves dealers in grain and breadstuffs. During the Crimean war their business took colossal proportions, and the firm extended its operations, and banking houses in connection with the vast grain and shipping interests were established in St. Petersburg, London, Constantinople and Marseilles.

At one time the Vagliioni Brothers owned and operated a fleet of eighty steamers, and were rated to be worth about \$50,000,000. Formerly they were the largest exporters of tallow from Russia, and they did an immense business in olive oil, which they imported from Turkey and the Mediterranean.

During his lifetime, though he spent little upon himself, he made many generous donations. Among these was one of \$1,500,000 for the erection of the fine library at Athens, which bears his name. Perhaps his example may have had some influence upon Mr. Carnegie.

Cephalonia is the largest of the Ionian Islands, all of which belong to Greece. It is a few miles west of the mainland and is about thirty-two miles long and from five to twelve miles in breadth. Its surface is generally mountainous, and its highest peak, called Oros Ainos, is 5000 feet above the sea level. Its lofty head was once crowned by a temple of Jupiter, but this has long since crumbled into dust.

There are fertile spots here and there in the island, but the soil is generally thin and not very productive. Currants are the staple product of the island, and large quantities of these are exported. Olive oil is also produced in considerable quantities. The population numbers upwards of a hundred thousand.

In ancient times Cephalonia was known by various names. The Greeks called it Samos, but the Latins styled it Tetropolis. In 1519 B. C. the island came under the Roman dominion and became subject to the Byzantines till the twelfth century. Afterward it fell, successively, to the Normans, Venetians, Turks and again to the Venetians, who retained possession of it until 1797.

By the peace of Tilsit, in 1809, the French obtained the island, but were driven out by the English, under whose protection it was annexed to Greece, of which kingdom it forms a nome.

Under English rule some fine roads were constructed and the capital, Argostoli, was rendered more imposing by the erection of some large public buildings, but the Ionians chafed under foreign rule, and their longing to be annexed to Greece were finally realized.

It was in the little village of Metaxata, about seven miles from Argostoli, Lord Byron took up his abode for some months, upon his expedition to aid the cause of Greek independence. But he was much disgusted by the bickering and jealousies of the leaders of the Greek cause. "I was a fool," he wrote, "to have come here, but, being here, I must see what is to be done."

Several of the world's great decisive battles were fought off the shores of the Ionian Islands, and men famous in history have been connected with them—Alexander in youth and Demosthenes in death; Aristotle and Themistocles in banishment; Cicero and Cato in flight; Antony and Cleopatra in marriage and defeat; Augustus in victory; Agrippina in widowhood, and Richard Coeur de Lion on his way to an Austrian prison. On the Island Santa Maura is shown the cliff from which Sappho is said to have hurled herself into the sea.

Poetical associations of a high interest invest many a cove and headland, and it was "in the isle that is called Patmos" that St. John beheld the Revelations.

It is in this insular Greece that one today can get nearest to antiquity as regards manners and customs. Domestic habits have in many respects undergone little change among the peasantry.

As the people are frugal and live in very simple fashion, the sum that has been left to Cephalonia will doubtless be sufficient for its purpose, and the wolf will be forever banished from its door.

Miss Roosevelt in a Cartoon.

Berlin Paper Represents Her as Carrying Hogs to Germany.

Berlin, March 25.—Simplificimus, an illustrated journal noted for the brutality of its cartoons, and which has often been confiscated by the police because of its irreverence toward high personages, appears to-day with a drawing representing Miss Alice Roosevelt at sea in an open boat, week's paper and every minister talked to as large congregations as the churches would hold. Special Easter music was furnished by all the choirs and several of the churches were elaborately decorated with flowers.

At 2:30 the ordination service was conducted by Bishop Walden. Speaking briefly of the nature of the service, the bishop then ordained as deacons Revs. W. L. Armstrong, J. T. Bell, E. V. Brown, W. H. Decker, James J. Dougherty and P. N. Friedin, using the impressive ritual of the church. He was assisted by the presiding elders and others in the ordination of the following as elders: Revs. James V. Adams, D. Y. Brown, Charles F. Weise, J. C. Collins, Abraham L. Frank, Edgar B. Heckman, Richard S. Orler, Samuel F. Rounsley, Frederick E. Sleep and Theodore S. Stansfield.

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ever unwise, absurd, and disastrous to the Empire any act or acts of hers may have been well, they have been well within the limits of her authority, according to the constitution and laws of the Empire. Only death or an entire over-turning of the entire system of authority can either relieve or rob her of her rights, not as Empress, but as mother.

In early life many of the women in China commit suicide. One has no legal protection against her master man. He may abuse her and neglect her, fail to provide for her wants, desert her and divorce her. In practice husbands divorce their wives for any reason and for no reason. Any scrap of paper upon which the fact of divorce is written, and stamped with the impression of the thumb of the husband, is all that is necessary. The most serious of all hardships which fall to the lot of the Chinese women come with her marriage. And these are often so bitter as to be unendurable and to end in self-destruction. She is betrothed in infancy or childhood to a boy whom she has never seen, and whom, certainly, she does not know.

The betrothal is legal ceremony, no less binding than marriage. She has absolutely no choice regarding whom or when she shall marry, and any expression of opinion or semblance of interest in a matter which so vitally concerns her would be as sadly inopportune as to ruin her reputation. The members of her own family take no part in the wedding ceremonies usually they are not present. She has been separated from them forever and her relationship is broken completely. She is dressed by her mother, and when her toilet is completed and the appointed hour has arrived for the wedding, a large bag, made of red satin and brilliantly embroidered, is drawn down over her head and shoulders to the waist, where it is tied, thus completely blinding her and pinning her arms to her sides. Meantime a procession has come from the house of the parents of her future husband, headed by a band of music, and in which the most conspicuous object is a red sedan chair—the wedding chair—borne by four or eight men. This chair is brought close to the door of her room and she is half led and half carried to a seat in it. The curtains of the chair are closely drawn, so that not a ray of light can enter. When she has been placed within it the door is closed and locked by the girl's mother. Such precautions are taken that the wedding chair shall be tightly closed and no one given even a glimpse of the inmate that, in hot weather, at the end of the short journey, a dead bride may be discovered in the waiting room, the poor girl having been suffocated.

The average Chinese old woman, be she the wife of a boar or the consort of a Prince, has one terrible weapon, which long continued exercise has rendered keener than a two-edged sword and nimble beyond belief. In force, volume, impetuosity of action, and general nastiness it is probably unrivaled upon earth. It is her tongue. And when she opens her throttle valve, turns on a full head of steam and allows it to play at full speed, the boldest warrior who ever led armies to battle will, if he has valor, take at once to his heels. One able-bodied old Chinese woman would have routed Wellington, Napoleon, and caused Grant to retreat, and settled the Schlesy-Sampson controversy out of hand.—Boston Transcript.

Preacher Left a Letter.

Some Light Thrown on Disappearance of Lansford Minister.

Some light has been thrown on the case of the Rev. Joseph A. Bennett, the Methodist minister who left Lansford