#### SADDETS OF THE YEAR.

When the plaintive winds are soughing o'er the worn and faded lea,

And thick the leaves are falling from each and every tree ; When the crafty politician goes a-fishing after

And you smell the smell of camphor in the dug

up overcoats : When mosquito screens have disappeared, and

on the toothsome butter The sportive fly no longer strolls and make you bad words utter-

Then no presaging soothsayer needs to whisper

That the melancholy days have come, the sad dest of the year.

## AS A THAW IN THE SPRING.

Evelyn Brennon looked about the room with timid eyes. From babyhood she had been afraid of something within and without herself while in this room. She did not analyze her fear; she knew neither the word analyze nor its meaning, nor did she give much thought to her feelings in the matter. The room was not an unusual one; every house for miles around had its "Parlor," a room pretty much like the one where Evelyn stood. An ingrain carpet of red and green blocks was on the floor, pro-tected from the boards by a thick interlay-er of straw that crunched under each footstep. Six cane-seated chairs stood primly against the walls. The family Bible of im itation morocco and much gilt lettering, ont-lined by a tidy of insistent water, and on a highly varnished centre-table that stood to a hair's-breadth exactly in the stood to a hair's-breadth exactly in the room. Life-size "crayon" portraits in cheap gilt frames hung on the walls-walls covered with paper design of huge red roses and many green vines against a yellow background.

One other frame held a wreath, its leaves and flowers made from the hair cut from the head of each dead relative on both sides of the family. Evelyn knew from whose head each little strand of hair had come, and its story of life and of death. She looked at it undisturbed; it was to her neither

grotesque nor tragic—just a hair wreath that filled a space between two windows.

She pulled down the shades, smoothed the tidy on the table a bit, and went into the sitting-room with a relieved feeling that the parlor was cleaned and done with for another two weeks. The homeliness of the sitting-room with its bright rag-carpet, its worn chairs, its sewing-machine, its work-basket, and everywhere the reflected touch of human contact, brought a reactive glow to her heart. She breathed joyfully, and went into the clean, shining kitchen

with a little humming rhythm on her lips.
Tall and straight, she had the firm flesh and beauteous glow of health. Her blue eyes had sparkle, her lips redness. She was young, and the blood went through her veins with the bound of youth.

'Evie," her father's voice broke in on her hamming song, "I'm goin' to town this afternoon, and you'd best knock up a quick dinner.'

"Yes, pa," she said simply. He stood a moment as though in hesita-tion, then turned to the wash-basin and began to wash his hands. He was a man of sixty-five, short and stout, his whiskers and hair of a yellowish gray, his eyes yet blue in color, with a knowing shrewdness and humor. In religion, a Baptist, but Jonas Brennon in or out of it; "honest," his neighborhood called him, "but close, very

Evelyn had dinner on the table before he came downstairs. She wondered a little at the length of time it took him "to clean himself up a bit." and wondered more at his going to town on "market-day." Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday were "market-days"; on those days the covered wagon was filled with produce from the farm and taken to town, where with the other on was filled with produce from the farm and taken to town, where with the other market wagons, it was backed up to the curbing of Dayton's public square, its contents displayed on an improvised table of boards set on the sidewalk. Evelyn's great days were those on which she went with the father to market. She spicyed the first word and calamitous? She shivered again wild and calamitous? She shivered again her father to market. She enjoyed the five-miles drive to town in the early morning hours, the meeting the other market-men on the way, the friendly greetings interchanged. The taking from the wagon the boards and legs of which the table was made, the placing thereon of crisp vegetables, pats of butter, baskets of eggs, dressed poultry, jars of jam and marmalade-all this was a joy. But the great joy was in lot I'll know what he means." being a part of the crowd; the people who sold and the people who bought were the moving features of a great drama, and she

Her fresh young face in its plain gingham bonnet, smiling in joyous content, was a picture that caught many a buyer. When ne of the market-women, orabbed and assertive, told of the mean traits of their customers, Evelyn always wondered why it was that her buyers were all so pleasant and so easily pleased.

As she waited dinner she thought regret-

fully that her days of going to market were over; she was now the woman of the house, and was needed at home more than at the market-stand. Her revery was broken by the entrance of her father. Her eyes openen wide as they fell upon him; he had put on his boiled shirt, and best black suit, clothes that he wore only at weddings and fauerals-even for church on Sandays they

were deemed too precious. He ate his dinner in silence, and in silence Evelyn waited upon him. She watched him climbinto his buggy and take up the lines, watched him eagerly, but said no word—she had been taught not speak to her elders till she was spoken to.

He tucked the linen duster about him, fidgetted a little, looked her in the eye, then away again quickly, and said:

"I'm goin' to bring someone out with me; you'd better have fried chicken and short-cake for supper. We've been pretty lonesome here, Evie. We need someone in your ma's place. I'm going to be mar-

ried to-day an' things'll be cheerier now." He had reached the road and was out of sight before she moved. Like a thing stricken she made her way into the house. Someone in mother's place, and mother dead for three months! She dropped into a chair and stretched her strong young arms

across a table and stared dumbly ahead. The plain, hard mother with her economy and thrift, her exactions of obedience, her meagrely shown affections, had in life been feared as much as loved. They had heen mother and child, never comraucs.

The distance that dogma and tradition prescribed between parent and child had never been lessened by the narrow, rigid mothing of the parent and could and as she line. Yes; it would be done for this womman mother had sat on the back been mother and child, never comrades.

how much she might have meant had they understood something, she could not name nor grasp, but that stirred easily within

—and treated in such manner. Faithful wife—and replaced so soon!

"So soon" was the shaft which so sorely wounded her. She had expected her father to marry again, and had he waited a year—the circumspect length of time in that community—she might even have welcomed a woman's presence in the house. Now, she could only accept it; and in such bitterness of spirit as she had never known before. Her grief over her mother's death had been tempered by submission to a higher will. In this new grief were humiliation, disgust; outraged womanhood.

Straight and tense she stood in the doorwatched with hard, dry eyes as Jonas, chuckling and beaming, lifted out the new wife and led her struttingly to where his

daughter stood. 'Here's your new ma, Evie," said he "Jennie, this is Evelyn, an' she's a good girl, too. You'n' her'll get along spank-

"Supper'll be ready by the time you get your things off," was Evelyn's greeting, and turning abruptly, she went into the

she had listened so intently to this wom-tice to their merits; the women ate but lit-tile. Jonas was not easily upset. He ate with the relish of robust hunger, looking with boastful pride at both his wife and his daughter. The good looks of the women daughter. The good looks of the women folks tickled his vanity. That he had cause for pride was proven by the fact that that mother had been.

of sixty, with abundant gray hair, waved and becomingly coiled. Her eyes were brown, soft and bright, and her cheeks were plump and ruddy. Her body was plump, and while her shoulders rounded a little, she carried her head proudly alert. Her clothes became her, but they were dressier than Evelyn thought a woman of her age should wear. Still, sue was the different from what Evelyn expected her to be, and in the three days following, her bitbe, and in the three days following. She so that she had plenty of time to take things so that she had plenty of time to take things an could marry a man whose wife was but three months dead.

On the fourth day after dinner as Jonas was leaving the kitchen Mrs. Brennon

said: "I want to go to town this afternoon, Mr. Brennon, to do some shopping. You had better give me the money before you had better give me the money go, and hitch the horse and tie it to the post; we won't disturb you then at your work. Evelyn will go with me. I want

her to help select the things."
"Money, eh?" he said, smiling benig-nantly, and handed her a two-dollar bill." She looked at it a moment, then at him.

"You misunderstood me, I guess," she said, laughing. "This shopping is to buy things to fix the house. You remember we talked this over before we were married. I will need two hundred dollars.

ried. I will need two hundred dollars. Evelyn went swiftly into the sitting-room and closed the door behind her. With a gasp she covered her face with her hands. Once on a market-day she had watched a man walk the slack-wire, watched him with dilating eyes till he reached the middle of the wire, then a sudden fear had seized her, and waited. Mrs. Brennon's voice, speak-

ing calmly, aroused her.
"If you will show me where the things go, Evelyn, I'll clear the table and help with the dishes; from now on I'll take the brunt of things. Your pa's right, there's too much work here for your young shoulders. I wanted first to see the farm. Hereafter when he talks about this or that

Evelyn turned slowly and looked with She was in a maze as she washed the dishes,

only had the temerity to ask for the two attention; wall-paper, carpets, pictures, come?
easy-chairs, a bookcase, a dining-table, and so on, until her mind was benumbed under shaking from head to foot with an awful

As they drove home the woman did the talking.

"It's good to be in the country again," she said, heartily. "When one's been born and raised in the country and lived there and raised in the country and lived there for fifty years it ain't living, somehow, to be cooped up in a little 35-by-100 foot lot, with no garden and hardly room to hang out a washing decent. I've lived in Dayton now ten years, ever since Mr. Reards. ton now ten years, ever since Mr. Beards-ley died, and to save my life I can't get used to buying little dabs of vegetables and

drinking thin milk." Evelyn's eyes opened wide, a little gleam of sympathy creeping in; she had not dream-ed that her stepmother was a countrywom-

"We'll he pretty busy now for a few weeks, getting things fixed up," Mrs. Bren-non continued. "I'm going to have a porch built on the east side of the house, right off the front room, so we'll have a shady place to sit afternoons. I never stay indo minute if I can be out. After some of the trees are cut down on that side it'll give us a good view of the railroad and the railroad tracks. We'll get your pa right away at fixing up things outside, and we'll fix

inside. The girl's heart thumped with joy; to have the trees out so that she could see the

"Your pa thinks too much of earning money and not enough of enjoying it. We'll have to show him there's more profit in spending money the light way than in sav-It was that "something" that cried out loudly now. The brutality shown toward herself in this early remarriage did not present itself; she thought only of her mother, suffered for her, bled for her. Mother er, suffered for her, bled for her. Mother always do." Her smile was knowing. "Have you many beaux, dear?" she asked with natural interest.

with natural interest.

Evelyn reddened. "I haven't any," she answered, stiffly. "I don't want any."

The woman laughed pleasantly.

"You think you don't dear, but you wouldn't be a natural girl if you didn't. I wouldn't have missed the beaux out of my life for a good deal. There's nothing else in the world just like it. Nature knows pretty much what she's about. A man who doesn't like a woman ain't very much of a man to my notion, and an old maid is I verily believe, an abomination to the Lord. I think Paul was disappointed in way as her father drove in with the woman love and it souled him on marriage, or else who was to take her mother's place. She he wouldn't have written what he did against it. For two people who love each other living together is just the fulfilment of heaven. You must have a beau, Evelyn; it goes against the grain with me to see a pretty young woman who hasn't a man to love her. There's just no joy can beat the little fluttering and fixing for him and the waiting to hear his voice. A wom-an who hasn't had that has missed a heap,

I can tell you."

Evelyn did not answer, but her face slow house.

It brightened. As they drove through their gateway it dawned in upon her that she had listened so intently to this wom-

each woman was silently acknowledging the good looks of the other. The older woman with passive regret for her own lost youth, the younger with increased bitterness against the woman who sat in her mother's place and dared to be fairer than that mother had been succeeding the control of the he changed his sweaty shirt in the evening The second Mrs. Brennon was a woman for a clean one, and at meals put on the alpaca coat Mrs. Brennon had bought for the purpose. His whole talk at market, at ohurch, or wherever he could find a listen-er, was to brag of the "old lady" and her "doin's." His hearers laughed and said, "No fool like an old fool," but Evelyn knew that he had good cause for his happiness. The new wife had brought new life

And she always took Evelyn! Yet ther could be no real good, the girl reasoned stubbornly, in a woman who set her mother's memory at naught; who came into her home and took away every mark of the patient, plodding wife and mother. She didn't care if this woman did fix things up and make things lively, she had no business to be there, she had no right no make her father happier than her own mother had made him. Well, he could like her if he wanted to, but she would not. No-no,

would, would not. And Mrs. Brennon, with her ready hands and pleasant way, went steadily ahead fixng up the house and the grounds nuconscious of Evelyn's resentment. Despite herself the girl was secretly overjoyed. When her own room was changed from a place to sleep in, with hideously papered wall and bequilted bed, to a room made actually beautiful with a few bolts of wall paper, a few yards of white swiss, and some cans of white paint, Evelyn's eyes opened wide in astonishment, and a sudden com-

punction swept over her. She undressed berself that night with ing around at the dainty, pretty fixings, but keeping her eyes fixed firmly on the stern young face that looked back at her perhaps he thought the dinner-gong had

her ears as they passed her room.
"No, Jonas," said Mis. Brennon, in argumentative voice, "I'm not through yet; I want some new clothes for Evelyn. She'll

together with a clinch. If it were not for her she would be lively enough. Did her step-mother think she was always like this? Before this woman came she had been happy and light-hearted. If she bad not come the girl sprang up and stood by the side Evelyn turned slowly and looked with of her bed. The moonlight streamed in dazed eyes at the woman's cheery face. day. She crept softly to the bureau and and all the way to town her big blue eyes rubbed her fingers caressingly over its new-looked out from under her little straw hat ly painted surface, touched lingeringly the with the blue ribbons plastered down prim- swiss scarf and beruffled pin-cushion, finly, with bewildered appeal.

As purchase after purchase was made it dawned upon her that the new wife had not dow and looked out at the roof of the new porch, at the sweep of cleared ground that bundred dollars,—but had obtained it! gave a view—oh, joyous sight!—of the road and railroad tracks. In strange panting had passed beyond her powers of reasoning. Besides, the purchases were absolving her heart. What—what if she had not

fear. It was no use pretending any longer. She was glad this woman had come. She liked her—liked her—liked her! No. No. She loved her, loved her better than she had ever loved her own mother. It was out ried to pray. The words would not come.

Never in all her life had she been so desperately wicked. What if God should visit His wrath upon her? He had said thou shalt have no other gods before Me. Would He—could He, that jealous God, under-stand her love for this woman who was no He—could He, that jealous God, understand her love for this woman who was no kin to her, whom she had never seen till bling little bird she sat, content with the eight weeks before?

Her tongue lay dry to the roof of her mouth, her shaking limbs grew heavy with fear. Yet—yet—yet—she was glad—glad this woman had come. The tense fingers relaxed slowly; fearfully she peeped out over the covers at the daintily draped win-dows, the dressed-up furniture, the little pink roses that scrambled over each other on the creamy ground af the wall-paper.

And as quickly she closed her eyes against them. "Vengeance is mine, I will repay," thundered in her ears.

The days that followed alternated with joy and fear. Tradition and the natural emotion of her heart battled fiercely. Even a new pale blue-lawn dress and a pretty girlish hat did not lighten her trouble. The girl's listless figure, the dull eyes, the pale knew, and the girl's stunted sense of love had become nearer to Evelyn than in the life; the girl then realized fully how much her mother had meant to her, and dimly, in the realized fully how much her mother had meant to her, and dimly, in the realized fully how much her mother had meant to her, and dimly, in the realized fully how much her mother had meant to her, and dimly, in the realized fully how much her mother had meant to her, and dimly, in the realized fully how much her mother had meant to her, and dimly, in the realized fully how much her mother had meant to her, and dimly, in the realized fully how much her mother had meant to her, and dimly, in the realized fully how much her mother had meant to her, and dimly, in the realized fully how much her mother had sat on the back to see the road or strength for no more. Through death prochand when she wanted to see the road or strength full length of the yard and hang over the him. At these times it was all Evelyn went almost on an intertant mother that the back to see the road or strength fully drawn lips worried Mrs. Brennon tightly drawn lips worried Mrs. Brennon to trightly drawn lips worried Mrs. Brennon to trightly drawn lips worried Mrs. Brennon to trightly drawn lips worried Mrs. Brennon to the road or strength fully drawn lips worried Mrs. Brennon to trightly drawn lips worried Mrs. Brennon to trightly drawn lips worried Mrs. Brennon to the road of the own and get it this very minter to trightly drawn lips worried Mrs. Brennon to trightly drawn lips worried Mrs. Brennon to the road of the own and get it this very minter to trightly drawn lips worried Mrs. Brennon to trightly drawn lips worried Mrs. Brennon to the road of the wanted to see the road or the back the had become nearer to Evelyn than the procham to the procham to

could do to keep from throwing her arms were nearly to the barn before George had around her step-mother's neck and crying out how much she loved her. But tradition is strong, and Evelyn was

But tradition is strong, and Everyn was of the fibre that martyrs are made of. She lips.

'Next to you, Evie, she's the best wom what he said. went resolutely every day to her mother's grave over in the back orchard and laid a bunch of flowers there. And this nearness to the stern, narrow woman who had borne her kept Evelyn in the shadow of the rigid hard discipline she had been raised under. She had no way of knowing that the poor mother had been narrow and cramped, and stern in her dull years of life because tra-dition had laid its band on her, too. The cold, dead lips could not cry out to the flesh of her flesh, and bone of her that she had only existed because she did not know how to live, that her poor, cramped soul had shriveled up because it had not

known how to expand.

Wearily the girl dragged herself away from the dull shadowed spot back to the bright, cheerful farm-house with its neatly kept grounds and new air of homeliness, filled with emotions, that she, poor child could not understand. And there was no one to tell her, no one to lift the burden of guilt from the young bleeding heart, no one to scatter the mists from the girlish mind, no one to whisper that joy needs no excuse

Her step-mother, busy, complacent, had no experience of her own to help her understand what ailed the girl. That she was moping she saw at once, and tried in every way to brighten her up. She made Jonas let her use the new buggy, and coaxed and bullied him into getting her all sorts of girlish gewgaws; a string of beads, side combs set with brilliants, a pair of openwork silk mits, a fan with spangles pasted on gauze, a white silk parasol!

Evelyn's delight over these things was unbounded. It made Mrs. Brennon feel good all over just to watch the dimpling face and the bubbling joy of ber a she opened the bandles and saw the precious things.

But still she moped. "Evie must have a beau." It was in

determined voice that Mrs. Brennon made this announcement to Jonas as they sat one evening alone on the new porch. Jonas took a fresh chew and crossed the other leg.

"George Black used to hang around here. but Liddy an' Jane Black didn't jest gee. Jane's a spankin' good cook an' Liddy an' her had a falling out over some cakes they showed at the Fair. Evie near up to Liddy, an' George stuck by his ma, of course, an' him an' Evie ain't see each other course, an' him an' Evie ain't see each other course, as I know on. I ain't power higher than that of man. I have been as the medium through which showed at the Fair. Evie held up for never tasted sech pumpkin pies as Jane Black's. Liddy wouldn't ask her for the Liddy was awful sot in some receipt.

Next morning Mrs. Brennon hitched the horse to the new buggy and drove over to Jane Black's, three miles farther up the oike. She settled herself comfortably on Jane's side porch.

"There ain't much need of an introduc tion," she said with hearty pleasantry "I've been trying to get over here before but I've been so busy fixing things tha I've not had time to return visits, let alone make 'em. And I ain't come visiting this time. I'm a fair cook myself, but Jonas has talked so much about your pumpkin pies, I've decided I've got a few things to earn yet. I'd like your receipt, if it ain't asking too much."

Mrs. Black's wrinkled, weather-beaten face relaxed into lines almost soft and youthful.

"Askin' too much! Why, Mrs. Bren non, you're welcome to it, an' anything I have. I know, though, it ain't any better'n yourn. Men jest get notions 'bout things. Jonas always did talk a heap about my pumpkin pies. Too much," she

added, significantly.

Mrs. Brennon nodded her understanding. stern young face that looked back at her solemnly in the little swiss-draped mirror. Her step-mother's comfortable voice, her father's happy chuckle, came distinctly to faced matron on the porch. The latter was the reason Mrs. Brennon gave as she saw him look slyly about and his face suddenly

I want some new clothes for Evelyn. She'll conly be young once. She's too quiet and moping-like for a young girl."

Evelyn blew out the light quickly and jumped into bed. "New clothes for Evelyn her heart was all of a flutter. Too company to death, but both the company to the property of the company to th were thinking as hard as could be about "Evie," and somehow each divined what was in the other's mind. By the time Mrs. Black came in with the receipt, George knew the second Mrs. Brennon better than he had ever known the first one.

He gave her a waggish twinkle over his mother's head as she renewed the discus-sion of the merits of Jane's pies, and a grateful smile as she insisted on their coming over to supper the very next evening.
Jonas smiled, too, then gave a low chuckle as Mrs. Brennon, at dinner, told about her visit and the arrangements made for the following day. Evelyn's face went red, then white, and all that day and the next she was very quiet; quiet but not moping, her step-mother noted with keen satisfaction. She herself helped her into the new blue lawn dress, tied the long ribbon sash, and arranged the soft hair so as to best show off the new side-combs. And very sweet and winsome she looked as she stood shyly behind her step-mother and greeted their

The supper of fried chicken, hot biscuits crisp cucumbers and tomatoes, plump peas and flaky mashed potatoes, golden-brown coffee, and pumpkin pies made from the famous receipt, was one, that to use Jane Black's own words, "couldn't be beat." Jonas sat at the table, twinkling and bristling with good humor, and George Black laughed till the tears ran down his cheeks at Jonas's jokes and yarns. The women laughed, too, and got in occasional jokes of their own that like Jonas's had stood them vonderful lays that came from her joyous, fast-beating heart.

But after supper she was strangely afraid and hovered near her step-mother all the while. Mrs. Brennon looked unseeingly at the man's rueful face, and not 'til near ly time for their visitors to go did she lend him a hand. They were sitting on the new porch, looking off down the road that showed clear and white in the moonlight, Evelyn sitting silent between her step-mother and Jane, and George listening dumbly to Jonas's calculations on the winter price of hay.

"I declare if I ain't left my Paisley shawl down on the corn-bin in the barn !" exclaimed Mrs. Breunon, in a sharp, annoved voice: "I am that careless! Evie, dear, just cun down and get it this very min-

said a word; then he caught her in his big strong arms and kissed determinedly the soft, flushed face and childishly quivering

an in the world," was what he said.
"Wasn't it funny how she knew?" she

breathed, rapturously.
"Knew what, Evie?" he whispered in teasing, happy voice.
"That I love you," she answered, oh so softly and innocently. Her lover bowed

his head humbly against the sweet upturned face. 'I'll be good to you, Evie," he said huskily. "I swear it, sweetheart."

She smiled joyously, and understood not at all the humility of the man before her purity and childish trust. Mrs. Black had her bonnet on ready start long before they came back, and, for all the thought they had given it, the precious Paisley shawl might still have been on the corn-bin, had it not lain safely

all the while on its own shelf in Mrs. Brennon's clothes-closet. Side by side, step-mother and daughter watched their company drive away, watched til the buggy was lost to view in the shadows in the distance. Then the older woman turned slowly.

'He's a fine young man," she said, more to herself than to the girl. With a tempestuous, breathless little cry, Evelyn threw her arms around her step-mother's neck, kissed her, clung to

"I-I bated you at first," she cried, in a sharp, sobbing voice.

The woman patted the soft cheek, her

eyes moist and very, very loving.—By Maravene Kennedy, in Everybody's Maga-

York's Evangelist Prophet Heard From.

A dispatch from York, Pa., says that Lee Spangler, the York prophet and evangelist, whose many predictions pertaining to world events have been fulfilled, and who prophesied the breaking out of the war in the East a year before its occurrence, the death of Queen Victoria, the assassina-tion of William McKinley and the death of Mark Hanna, is out with a fresh forecast, which is given as follows:

"In my last forecast several mouths ago, I predicted a great drought in Europe, which has visited Germany. People won-der why so many of my predictions are ful-

been chosen as the medium through which they are to be made known to the people.

"I still reaffirm my prediction of the election of Theodore Roosevelt as President of the United States.

"The war in the East is turning out as I

said it would before its outbreak. Russia is being defeated. Its power is broken and it will never be a world's power again.
God has avenged the wholesale butchery of
his people, the Jews, in Russia.

"He has vengeance to visit upon other
far Eastern nations. Turkey will become

involved in war with other nations and will be dismembered, the murder of thousands of Armenians and other innocent

Christians will be avenged by God.

"All the nations of Europe will decline in power, with the exception of England.

England and the United States will be ruling the Western world and Japan the Eastern world when the destruction comes

"The greatness of President Roosevelt is not realized by the people of the United States. He has been chosen by God to do a greater work than any other American has performed. It would not be wise for me to tell what this work is.

"A great drought is shortly to visit parts ling prophecies, but God has forbidden me to give them to the people until later." If a credulous public can be led to believe such rot as Evangelist Spangler's above predictions are, at least in part, then

they are gifted with a greater amount of superstition than is generally accredited the American people. When election day rolls around the York prophet will see just how far off he was on his guess as to the re-election of President Roosevelt.

Regarding the proposed division of the Diocese of Central Pennsylvania of the Protestant Episcopal church, the secretary has completed a statement at the request of Bishop Talbot. The new diocese will be composed of Harrisburg and Williamsport archdeaconries, embracing the following archdeaconries, embracing the following archdeaconries, embracing the following archdeaconries, embracing the following archdeaconries archdeaconries archdeaconries, embracing the following archdeaconries archdeaconri

Mifflin, Snyder, Juniata, Perry, Cumberland, Dauphin, Bedford, Fulton, Franklin, Adams, York and Lancaster.

The old diosese will have an endowment of \$46,473.16; the new diosese will have one of \$22,997.63. The income from interest and assessments for the old \$4,685,64, while that for the new will be \$3,855.06. The total expenses will be \$7,475 for the old and \$5,275 for the new. This will require the diocese to raise \$2,-489.36 and \$1,415.94, additional, respectively.

The estimated revenue from increase assessments will be \$2,150 for the old and \$1,440 for the new, the assessment at these rates being lower than in other dioceses making proportionate assess-

The strength of the new diocese will be greater than many others. The new diocese will have 7,887 communicants, more than thirty-four other dioceses in different-parts of the country. The number in the old will be 11,031, or more than thirty-nine other dioceses have in-

dividually. Fifty-five clergymen will serve in the new diocese and seventy-one in the old, making the former stronger than thirty-two others and the latter stronger thirty - seven. The new diocese will have seventy parishes. The old will have eighty-five. These will give them a stronger than the order of the seventy parishes. strength proportionately greater than many others, while the endowment funds

# Pointed Paragraphs.

will also be larger.

Self-love is preferable to self-neglect. Art at best can only turn out a poor counterfeit of nature.

Some men's idea of progress is to stand and watch others go backward. It requires a lot of nerve to tell some

men the things they ought to know. After striving for the almighty dollar many a man strives to get rid of it. One trouble with most of our modern thoughts is that they were original with the

ancient thinkers. If you want a large bill for your small change all you have to do is consult a law-yer or a doctor.—Chicago News.

You may be sure that people who are always complaining of their environment,of the conditions which surround them, -for the evident purpose of excusing their inaction, mediocre work, or failure, are not organized for success. They lack some-thing, and the something, as a rule, is an inclination to do downright, persistent hard work. They are better at finding ex-cuses for their failure than at anything

The man who expects to get on in the world cannot do it with a half-heart, but must grasp his opportunity with vigor, and fling himself with all his might into his vocation. No young man can flirt with the goodness of success and succeed. If he does not mean business, he will quickly be jilted.

In this electrical age of sharp competition, no young man can hope to get on who does not throw his whole soul into what he is doing. Great achievement is won by doing, doing, doing, and doing over again; by repeating, repeating, and repeating over again; by finding one's bent and sticking to that line of work early and late, year in and year out, persistently and

determinedly.

There is no half way about it. No one can succeed by taking hold of his occupa-tion with his finger-tips. He must grasp the situation with all the vigor of his being, with all the energy he can muster, and stick and hang and dig and save. This is the cost of worthy achievement, and there is no lower price. There are no bargains on the success counter. There is but one price,—take it or leave it. You simply waste your time if you hanter.

What a pitiable sight it is to see a strong, vigorous, well educated young man, in this age of opportunity such as the world never saw before, sitting around wasting his precious years, throwing away golden opportunities, simply because he does not happen to be placed just where he thinks the great chances are, or does not see an opportunity which is big enough to match his ambition or his ability."

It is a cruel, wicked sight to see our

wealthy young man squandering the hardearned fortunes of their fathers in vicious living, but what shall we say of a vigorous youth with giant energies and good education, who folds his arms and refuses to seize the golden opportunities all about him?

Bishop Spaulding, in a recent address, said: "Success lies in never tiring of doing, in repeating, and never ceasing to re-peat; in toiling, in waiting, in bearing, and in observing; in watching and ex-perimenting, in falling back on oneself by reflection, burning the thought over and over, round and about the mind and vision, acting again and again upon it, --- this is the law of growth. The secret is to do, to do now; not to look away at all.
"That is the great illusion and delusion

-that we look away to what life will be to us in ten years or in twenty years; we look to other surroundings. It is nothing, the environment is nothing; or, in other words, it is not possible to work except in the actual environment. If you do not work where you are, where will you work? If you do not work now, when will you work? There is nothing for us but here and now."-Ex.

## Jefferson a True Christian

There cannot be the slightest doubt of Jefferson's reverence and sincerity and his confidence in the efficacy of faith in the highest abstract religious ideal. He believed that Jesus was a man on earth. "sanctified," of superior wisdom and given to charity, even to the sacrifice of His life for the sake of mankind.

"A great drought is shortly to visit parts of this country. I could make other startling propheties, but God has forbidden me from the New Testament that go to describe the incidents of the Saviour's life and

repeat His utterances.

In the first part of the book, now in press, there is a letter to a friend, Dr. Benjamin Rush, in which he says:

"My views, that result from a life of inquiry and reflection, are very different from the anti-Christian system imputed to me by those who do not known my opinions. To the corruptions of humanity I am in-

to love of the neighbor were more pure and perfect than have ever been taught, since. "He was meek, patient, firm disinter-ested, benevolent and of the sublimest

eloquence.

"The course of His preaching, which lasted about three years, did not present occasion for developing a complete system of morals. The doctines which He really did preach were defective, on a whole, and fragments only of what Hedid deliver have some down to us mutilated, misstated and often unintelligible. Still more have they been corrupted by schismatizing followers, who have found an interest in perverting the simple doctrines He taught by engraft-ing on them the mysticisms of a Grecian Sophist (Plato), and frittering them into subtleties or obscuring them with jargon until they have caused good men to turn away in disgust."

## Prince Herbert Bismarck Dead at Friedrichsruhe.

Prince Herbert Bismarck, son of the late Chancellor of the German Empire, died Sunday morning at 10:15 o'clock. The end was painless.

Since he ceased to be Foreign Minister on the retirement of his father in 1890, Prince Herbert Bismarck had taken part in public affairs only as a member of the Reichstag. His attitude has been that of a man not appreciated by his sovereign and who was waiting in the background for an

opportunity to resume his career.

Prince Herbert leaves five children, two girls and three boys. His brother, William, had four children, all of whom are still alive. The Countess von Rentzau has no children.

The title of Prince Bismarck and the large fortune of the deceased will go to his

7-year-old son, Otto. The late Emperor Frederick gave to Chancellor Bismarck extensive forests at Friedrichsruhe which have since increased in value, and the chancellor gave to Prince Herbert \$2,400.000 in securities and cash. The estate is now estimated to be worth \$4,000,000, exclusive of the lands.

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