

\$25, \$27 and \$28

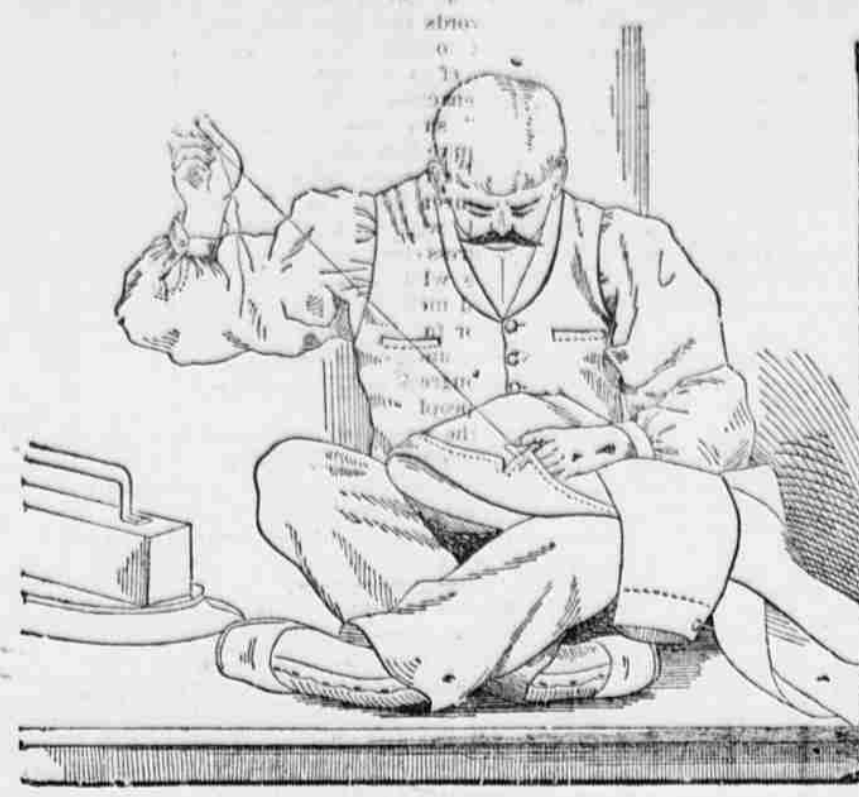
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Thousands of yards of Spring and Summer Woolens on hand, that should have been sold this spring at \$25, \$28 and \$30 for Suits and \$6, \$7 and \$8 for Pants.

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THE METHODIST CONFERENCE

Growth and Liberty of the Church Illustrated by Statistics.

FINAL REVIEW OF THE PROCEEDINGS

Tussle Between Laymen and Ministers—The Wives of the New Bishops—Pen Pictures of Impressive Scenes.

CLEVELAND, O., May 27.—(Special Correspondence of The Bee.)—There is no gathering of religious workers just like this Methodist general conference, and no church which gets periodically the thorough advertising this does by means of the noisy proceedings of this body. Perhaps, too, there is no church which does the hard work it does and the success it achieves, so well deserves this distinction. Bishop McCabe, who makes a specialty of church statistics, vouches for the statement that one-third of this church, as it stands today with its 2,750,000 members, is the creation of the last twelve years, and that in the foreign missions of the church more converts have been made in these last twelve years than in all the years preceding. Another of his astonishing statements is that this church gives annually to the work of God, at home and abroad, about \$24,000,000. So that, as he graphically puts it, the Methodist Episcopal church could annually, by its contributions, reproduce the great White City of the World's fair, and have, each year, a surplus of \$1,000,000 for pocket money. The marvelous success of this church has its influence, no doubt, in causing the conference to move so slowly as it does in making changes. The woman question has been acute for more than eight years, yet it is still unsettled. Longer still have the laymen clamored for additional recognition, yet this conference has voted that it will not equal in number with the ministers. The only thing possible is to submit the question for a third time to the annual conference, and what the result is likely to be the reader can infer from the adverse fate the same proposal has met from those bodies in the two quadrenniums just closed.

BENT ON REFORM. Never were the laity of the church more bent upon reform, and to their credit it should be said, they never held themselves under better control. One point of special soreness is that the ministers insist still upon keeping to themselves all the great church offices. They have refused again to even admit laymen to the responsible management of the Book Concern, strictly secular though that business is. The two lay candidates, Charles R. Magee for the New York agency, and George H. Johnson for the Cincinnati house, could each get up to about 170 votes, but they could get no higher. The ministers are not willing at present to turn over these fat positions to even such well equipped and popular laymen as these. Nevertheless the lay delegates, though they feel sore, are keeping a very close eye on the voting, and this is the first general conference at which they have failed to show their strength by demanding a vote by orders.

The vote in committee for removing the time limit was 28 in favor to 38 against, a vote which would probably represent the sentiments of the entire conference. It is very significant, by the way, that the demand for removal comes almost entirely from the ministers, and that the laity are overwhelmingly against it. There have probably come to this body as many memorials urging the continuance of the time limit as petitions asking that it be abolished. Not a few have urged a return to the former limit of three years. The committee on itinerancy has reported that at the farthest there

should be no change other than to provide in extremely exceptional cases the term of a pastorate may extend to ten years, and even this is not advised except as it may be demanded by a three-fourths vote of the quarterly conference, and the subsequent concurrence of the bishop and three-fourths of his cabinet. Not only so, but the presiding officer of the district must also concur, and these checks and guards are to operate actively every year. So that, even if the new plan should be introduced, it would not at all follow that the man who went back for his sixth year would continue in undisturbed possession of his church for the proposed limit of ten years, or that he would necessarily be appointed for even a seventh year.

THE CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR SOCIETY. Incidentally, the Christian Endeavor society has figured in the proceedings, and there has been widespread misapprehension on this subject. The straight of it is, that in a committee meeting Dr. Quayle of Kansas City had referred, by way of illustration, to the action of the body of endeavorers in resigning publicly that at a certain time they would offer special prayer for the Ingalls. This action he called idiotic. He was intending to show, I think, that Christian endeavorers were not necessarily people of that kind, but that they were of the wisdom of the serpent, spite of their dove-like harmlessness. He did not say the Christian Endeavor organization was an idiotic society, nor that it belonged to it were of that character. He simply applied this stinging epithet to the specific act of a certain number of that body. It was strong on the subject, but what can you expect from a Methodist preacher, when nature has ordained that a sturdy, unflinching personality shall be topped off, as in Dr. Quayle's case, with an ample shock of wavy and curly hair? Many, however, whose looks are of a different hue altogether, think that Dr. Quayle called that widely-advertised act of the Christian Endeavor society by its true name. That is why the conference, after hearing the doctor's statement, declined to condemn him, and, it is not in the least surprising, nor was it discourteous, that the conference should refuse, at the same time, to perform such an act of supererogation as making necessary to him involved in the motion which asked it to fully endorse that great society.

Naturally, however, there is sensitiveness, and the conference proposes no action which is likely to remove this. It will not commit itself to practical affiliation with the Christian Endeavor movement, nor will it favor the addition to its Epworth leagues of the Christian Endeavor name. Where Christian Endeavor societies still exist in Methodist churches, they will not be interfered with, excepting as they tend toward the Epworth league may cause such interference. But the organization within the Methodist fold of new Christian Endeavor societies will not be encouraged, nor will it from this time be according to discipline; the simple reason for this advanced attitude of the conference being that the Methodist church has now a young people's society of its own, and that the opinion seems to prevail that it is better for Methodist young people to be strictly Methodists rather than a half and half product. This is the straight of the whole matter, and it is written—as your correspondent also believes was devised—"with malice toward none and with charity for all."

CONSECRATION OF BISHOPS. As I write, the conference is concluding the deeply impressive service at which its new bishops were consecrated. Owing to the action of the day before in electing Dr. J. H. Hartzel as a missionary bishop to Africa, there were three candidates instead of two. Dr. Hartzel is one of the most gentlemanly looking men in Methodism. His bushy gray hair, not very thick upon his ample crown, his distinguished, chop-shaped whiskers, adorning the face of a typical Church of England clergyman, and the air of dignity and refinement which is always about him, make him a marked man, and will undoubtedly be a great help to him in the administration of his great missionary bishopric. At the moment of his election there was a touching scene. All felt that he was making great sacrifices and had undertaken a great and hazardous work. He was escorted to the platform by Bishop Andrews, and all the bishops pressed forward to offer greetings. Bishop William Taylor, his heroic predecessor, now retired, was announced, and in response to loud calls for a speech, remarked that he merely wished to say

amen; from which it is inferred, however, that he is pleased with the man chosen to succeed him, and will put no obstacles in his way.

The consecration service being finished, the delegates and spectators, the latter numbering several thousand, are filing across the platform to give to the three new bishops the warm hand of the Methodist grip, and, there were no incidents. The bishops are assisted in consecrating their new colleagues by ministers who are selected by the candidates; presumably, their special friends, some of them very aged like Dr. Rust, for instance, who helped in the setting apart of Bishop Cranston, and Prof. McCabe of Delaware, who laid his hands on the head of his distinguished relative, the chaplain-bishop of that name. The new bishops kneel upon footstools. Eight years ago, when five were consecrated at New York, Bishop Newman took his feet before kneeling, and, by a dignified kick, knocked the footstool away from him, preferring to put his marrow-bones upon the hard floor. This, in penitential memory, perhaps, of the long struggle it had cost his friends to get him elected. But there was no such incident this time.

WIVES OF NEW BISHOPS. To speak of the new bishops makes me think of their wives. What a strain these women were under during the four days' seclusion! After the election of the new bishop, Mrs. Cranston, who is with her 40, a charming woman with a Madonna-like face, was an object of special interest as she sat from day to day, in the front row of a private box, watching the return of the tellers, and listening to the announcements which might doom her to disappointment or make her the wife of a great Methodist bishop. After the election of the new bishop, Mrs. Cranston, who is with her 40, a charming woman with a Madonna-like face, was an object of special interest as she sat from day to day, in the front row of a private box, watching the return of the tellers, and listening to the announcements which might doom her to disappointment or make her the wife of a great Methodist bishop.

The new officials elected, other than the bishops, are the two missionary secretaries, Drs. A. J. Palmer and W. T. Smith, that former one of the most polished products of eastern Methodism, prim and distinguished, and the latter, a man whose venerable old eyes, glasses, and the latter a half-planted, whole-souled, strong-faced representative of the type of ministers who have blossomed the flag of Methodism on the western prairies. Very properly, the Eastern Book Concern has for its new agent a man of the east, and this fortunate individual is Dr. George P. Mains, a favorite son of the churches of Brooklyn, who, if looks count for anything, will surely be quite as successful in this business position as he has always been in the pastorate. In the Western Book Agency, Bishop Cranston is succeeded by Dr. H. C. Jennings, a substantial, wholesome-looking minister hailing from Minnesota. He is slightly lame at present; but think of a man with a sprained ankle walking away, as Dr. Jennings did, with the other numerous candidates for this office, and with such a handicap, he could do so well in the race for this position, what may not be expected of him in the office itself? Dr. Jennings will preside over the Chicago house, and will be senior agent. Dr. Lewis Curtis, will remove to headquarters in Cincinnati.

NOTABLES IN ENVIDE. This reminds me that Chicago is the home of Dr. Luke Hitchcock, a retired book agent of this church, and a man whose venerable and distinguished form has attracted more attention than that of any other on the platform. Amongst the delegates, seen and not heard, there are a few who have so striking a face, clerically speaking, as Dr. J. E. Williams of Buffalo, Dr. Mills of Elmira and Dr. Luther Wilson of Baltimore have also attracted attention. Both parts their hair in the middle, but, spite of this, they both have brains, and seem to know how to use them. Next to that of Dr. Buckley, no voice has been heard with more effect than that of the stalwart Dr. Leonard, the leader now of Methodism's great missionary hosts. The most useful man in the conference, and one of the most genial—one whose good humor never forsakes him, though it is often

sorely tried—is Dr. D. S. Monroe, who completes at this time his twelfth year of efficient service as chief secretary. The mantle of Dr. Lanahan, as a mover of the various question issues to have fallen these days upon Dr. J. C. Little, who, by the way, is a very clear-headed debater, and of whom it is said that when he takes the platform he is likely to hear, not simply his own views, but those of the bishops. One of the freest of the rich laymen was John E. Andrus of New York. He it was who bid off for \$500 the table upon which the presiding officers had broken so many gavel. That storm which broke out on Monday among delegates of the African race was quelled later by the decision of Dr. Mason, a secretary of the Freedmen's Aid society. Dr. Mason is one of the best speakers and has one of the blackest faces in this whole body, and, having now given a proper color to his letter, your correspondent closes.

HENRY TUCKLEY.

'AFRAID' WHY THE END IS—JIM!

(One of the late Nora Perry's Poems.) Out in the fog-bank we went down, Four-and-twenty men full told, Fishermen all, from Provincetown. None of 'em more than thirty year old. We'd cleared the banks and were home ward bound. With such a load as you never saw, Cod and mackerel, fine and sound, Twelve hundredweight without a flaw. The wind was west and the sky was clear. When we set our sails that night for home, One minute the moon in that March moonlight. An hour before the end had come.

Jim was whistling—a way he had— A cheater tune he'd heard somewhere; I can hear it now, and can see the lad. With his handsome shoulders broad and square. He stood at the helm, and he knew his place, Nobly knew it better than he. One minute the moon in that March moonlight. The next, I swear I couldn't see.

Half a foot before me there! Just as sudden as that it fell, That white fog-bank—a devil's snare. Since I saw him there in that March moonlight. Four-and-twenty men full told, And never one of them saved, but me. None of them more than thirty year old. As likely lads as ever you see. Fishermen's luck, perhaps you say. The parson said pretty nigh the same. When he tried to comfort the folks that day. Though he fixed it up by another name.

Well, it's five-and-thirty years tonight Since we parted company, Jim and me. Since I saw him there in that March moonlight. His hand to the helm, his face to the sea. Five-and-thirty years, and Jim— He's a young man still, I suppose, while I. My hair is white and my eyes are dim. But, mate I've a notion, when I die. He'll be at the helm and steer me through The shoaling tide of my journey's end; For Jim and me—well, I never knew Such a fellow as Jim to stick to a friend.

And I've a thought I never told In all these years, before—that Jim Will be a young man still, I hold, As somehow I lost my grip on him. We went down in the fog together; He was hurt from the first, but I had him fast. In a clutch like, death, I thought; but My strength or tonnage failed at last. I never could tell, but only know That all at once—round my hand Loose and empty—God, what a blow! Then I drifted alone to an empty land.

But I haven't much time here now to spend; What's that you ask, 'Afraid of the end?' 'Afraid! Why the end is—Jim! A printer in the office of the News at Morgan, Tex., suddenly disappeared from the office. On his return a few minutes later he produced a bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. He had a severe cough and cold, and in explanation said, "What is the use of my coughing my head off, when Chamberlain says his Cough Remedy will cure me. He says so himself, and pays the newspapers to say so. I have set up his advertisements in twenty different states, and it must be so." It did cure him, then he knew it was so. It always cures. The 25 and 50-cent bottles are for sale by druggists.

GRANT'S PARENTS AT HOME

Recollections of a Visit to the Aged Couple Made Twenty-Four Years Ago.

SIMPLE HABITATION IN COVINGTON, KY.

Interest Manifested by Jesse Grant and His Wife in Campaign of '72—Burdens with Bogus Relatives—Unpretentious Surroundings.

The following account of a visit to the home of the parents of General Grant in Covington, Ky., is taken from the files of The Bee of 1872:

(Special Correspondence of The Bee.) CINCINNATI, O., June 24, 1872.—It was near 6 o'clock in the evening when we landed at the south end of the suspension bridge. After sauntering at random for about fifteen minutes through dilapidated streets, with their dingy looking houses, inhabited chiefly by a shiftless colored population, I suddenly turned a corner occupied by an old-fashioned two-story brick building. Over the door of this unglazied structure I read in legible characters on a plain sign the magic words, "Postoffice." Words which in Covington, as well as in Omaha, have had their peculiar significance. Like a flash of lightning the thought flitted across my mind that this was the thought postoffice presided over since the days of Andrew Johnson by the venerable father of the president. I entered the building and quietly inquired of the gentlemanly clerk whether I could see the postmaster. "No," said he, "the old gentleman was here once today, but has gone home. He is quite sickly of late and don't come around here very often."

My hearing's dull, my eyes are dim, My hair is white and my eyes are dim. But, mate I've a notion, when I die. He'll be at the helm and steer me through The shoaling tide of my journey's end; For Jim and me—well, I never knew Such a fellow as Jim to stick to a friend. And I've a thought I never told In all these years, before—that Jim Will be a young man still, I hold, As somehow I lost my grip on him. We went down in the fog together; He was hurt from the first, but I had him fast. In a clutch like, death, I thought; but My strength or tonnage failed at last. I never could tell, but only know That all at once—round my hand Loose and empty—God, what a blow! Then I drifted alone to an empty land.

seated in a rather tremulous voice, explaining his infirmity by informing me in broken, disjointed and sometimes incoherent sentences, that he had suffered from a stroke of paralysis about six months ago and, although slowly recovering, had since been unable to talk or think very clearly on any subject. He said he was 78 years old and hadn't much hope of a speedy recovery. Referring to the presidential contest, he asked: "Do you think the General will be elected again?" I told him that the present indications looked favorable. He shook his head and said: "Well, I don't know much about it now. My eyes are so weak I can't read any more, but Mrs. Grant, she reads the papers. She's a good deal about politics. She's a awful reticent, though," said he, "just like the General. You never can tell what the General is going to do about anything. But let's go into the parlor and talk it over with Mrs. Grant."

Wishing Father Jesse a speedy recovery, the editor of The Bee withdrew, a wiser, if not a better, man.

LIFE'S PROBLEMS.

Buffalo Express. The jewel outlives the setting. And likewise does the hen; The luckwatt cake of the morning will never rise again.

The can outlasts the lobster. The goat outlives the can; You can't be behind the procession And still be in the van.

You can't keep a horse and wagon While living in a setting; Oh, many a this year's captiv' Is in last year's hat.

A good pair of cowhide uppers For a pair of shoes is a mistake; You can't with a comb of the present Part the front hair of the past.

But there's the question that bothers my soul, And this it will wild disaster; Does the porous plaster outlive the hole, Or the hole the porous plaster?

Whom Will They Marry?

Ten young ladies belonging to the best families of the town of Baden, Beaver county, Pa., about twenty miles from Pittsburg, have organized a boycott against the young men of the place. The girls have organized what they call the "Trilby club," and have vowed "never to marry men, and won't even go with the horrid things." The cause of this strange action on the part of the ten girls is a grievance they have against the members of the club. At one of the meetings of the club, the girls expected the girls to make some use of their long year privileges. The girls, on the contrary, wanted the boys to be as attentive as ever. The upshot was that indignation meetings were held, and ten of the most determined young ladies formed the Trilby club, and took a solemn oath never to wed. Baden is far enough from Pittsburg to depend on its own ability for entertainment. While the weaker of the girls go on as usual, the members of the club have remained out of young men's society. Instead, they hold meetings at their own homes. These meetings a member of the club describes as follows: At one meeting they all dressed in their brothers' clothing. At another they dressed as ballet girls. One of the female stories says the ballet was "the best show" she ever saw. The club is about to purchase bloomers and ties, and enjoy life without masculine aid.

The unveiling of a bust of Priestley, the discoverer of oxygen, in Philadelphia, the other day recalls the fact that he was once a member of the Philosophical society of that city. He came to this country in 1794 on account of the fanatical persecution to which he was subjected in England. The society at once received him with open arms, and in 1795 elected him a member, along with James Madison of Virginia, afterward president of the United States. He continued to contribute important papers for the society until his death in 1804 at his home in Northumberland, Penn.

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Skin Came Off

I had an obstinate skin disease, called Eczema. My body, head, and arms were covered with spots like drops of mortar, which came off in shreds of dry scales. I suffered for over a year without relief, consulted several doctors without avail, and had almost given up hope. I saw an advertisement about CUTICURA Remedies; took them, and in eight weeks I was as well as ever. For my skin was so clear as a baby's. G. W. HANBURN, Hanover, Ontario, Canada.

SPEEDY CURE TREATMENT.—Warm baths with CUTICURA SOAP, gentle applications of CUTICURA Ointment, the great Skin Cure, externally and mild doses of CUTICURA Resolvent, greatest of humors cures.