IN RELIGION'S REALM.

Expressions From the Various Religious Newspapers.

The Religious Thought of the Day as Expressed in the Sectarian Press—Some Matters of Interest to Both Ministers and Laymen.

"How much the hope of immortality throughout the Christian world has been dependent upon belief in the Gospel account of the Resurrection, and to what strength it would have grown without that alleged fact to witness and uphold it, we are of course unable to say," remarks the *Christian Register* (Unit.) of Boston. "But it is undoubtedly true that, with the advance of knowledge, thinking people lean less exclusively on this single piece of historic evidence and find new intimations of immortality to help their longing desire from the many fields of thought freshly opened to their investigation. The question as to the historic accuracy of the story of Christ's resurrection, as it stands in the Gospels, becomes therefore continually of less importance. Easter ceases to be merely a celebration of this one event, as if the whole faith of mankind were staked upon it, and grows to be a festival of man's universal belief in the endless life."

The following is from the New York *Christian Union*: "There is current a story of a French Christian who, to a long argument of a deistical friend against the immortality of the soul, replied tersely: 'Probably you are right. Probably you are not immortal, but I am.' The reply usually passes for nothing more than a happy repartee, but are we so sure that there is not a profound philosophy in it? We have been, perhaps, accustomed to think of the soul as a generic thing possessing immortality, but may it not be true that there are differences in souls that go deep enough to raise the question whether, in some, anything is left capable of surviving death? Nay, may we not go further, and at least question whether in each of us immortality may not be a matter of degree; that some are more immortal than others because in some there is more and in others less which is capable of surviving death? * * * This Easter fantasy—for we prefer to treat it as a vague and shadowy thought rather than as a clear, well-defined doctrine—will also, perhaps, enable us to understand better why immortality seems so absolutely certain to some, so hopeless a dream to others, and to yet others so beautiful but ever evanescent and ever reappearing a vision. The measure of our faith in immortality may, perhaps, depend upon the measure of our possession of immortality. Certainly it does not depend upon logical accumen or philosophical depth on the one hand, nor upon conventional rectitude on the other. It seems hardly to depend, at least not wholly, upon the religious belief in which the soul has been trained."

"Why, then, lingers the coming Kingdom?" asks the New York *Independent*. "Simply and solely because the church fails to do its duty. A century or two ought to have sufficed; nineteen centuries have not been enough to evangelize a quarter of the inhabitants of the earth. If China is pagan yet, it is not at all from any lack of power in the Easter miracle, but solely because the church has not gone out into all the world to preach that epiphany of angels and that opening of the sepulcher before which the keepers did tremble and became as dead men. If our cities, here and there spangled with churches, are yet more shadowed and blackened with haunts and hells, the smoke of whose crimes hides the spires, the fault is all, all with the church in its forgetfulness of its mission and duty. If where Christianity most prevails millions treat it with indifference or positive aversion, the fault all belongs to those who were told by their risen Master to go into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature, and who have not done it; it is the fault of those who have not by their life commended the Savior to their neighbors about them."

The New York *Evangelist* (Pres.) says: "When the church ordains a man to its ministry he takes a pledge of fidelity. He must answer affirmatively the questions: 1—Do you believe the Scriptures of the Old and New Testament to be the Word of God, the only infallible rule of faith and practice? 2—Do you sincerely receive and adopt the Confession of Faith of this church as containing the system of doctrine taught in the Holy Scriptures? This is his doctrinal test. If he fails to abide by it he breaks faith. But ordination pledges the church also. In ordaining one who accepts this doctrinal test, it binds itself to exact additional ones of him, without his consent, at any future time. If it afterwards insists on a specific interpretation of questions originally drawn with a wise latitude, and threatens to cast him out for not adding to his pledge, still loyally observed, the acceptance of the specific interpretation not required in the pledge, then the church breaks faith, it dishonors itself and its Head. These are constitutional obligations, dating in their present form from 1788. Both of them were recognized, in principle, at the time of the Adopting Act in 1729. The obligation imposed upon the church was emphatically illustrated and formally reaffirmed at the Reunion of 1869. Under the influence of the lofty Christian and fraternal spirit that ruled the hour, all parties at that time heartily and solemnly agreed to a basis which bound the church to be and to remain satisfied with sincere subscription in the form above quoted and made this basis a condition of Reunion. On this basis we are now living. To insist that one whose competence and honesty are unchallenged shall now be judged by a particular interpretation of the subscription formula is to violate the basis of agreement underlying the Reunion."

"Between the higher critics themselves," remarks the *Congregationalist* of Boston, "ministers discriminate. Toward those who reverence their own knowledge and are irreverent toward God and those who have sincerely worshiped Him in the past, they are hostile. Toward those who are modest in their estimate of their abilities and work, courteous toward the work of others, reverent toward God and evidently laboring to discover Him more clearly in His Word, that men seeing Him may grow more like Him, ministers are friendly, and as the results of scholarly investigation are becoming popularized, they are becoming higher critics themselves. So, as into this marvelous movement of knowledge which characterizes our time, there shall come the deeper sense of unworthiness because God, holy and supreme, is more clearly seen, and as there shall come the deeper spirit of prayer for more light and for the spiritual renewal of men into the likeness of Him whose glory is thus newly revealed, the Bible will more than ever before pervade and control the thought of the world because the Bible enlightens and represents the conscience of mankind. Not less study is needed, but more prayer, an intenser longing for the illumination and warmth of the Holy Spirit. May God grant these to make the new knowledge a living power!"

"The time is rapidly approaching," the New York *Examiner* (Bapt.) thinks, "when the principles of the Christian religion must be applied more closely to the conduct of business. The Christian law is that no man liveth to himself, but that we are bound together into one great brotherhood. It is because of this brotherhood of man that might does not make right. That all men have equal rights is a proposition maintainable only on the theory of common blood and common origin. When the highest court in the land shall declare that no body of men have a right to injure the whole public by the exercise of what would be a right under other circumstances, it will only make an application to modern business of an ancient Christian precept. These applications of Christian morality to the conduct of business are daily becoming more frequent, and in the extension of the process lies the only hope of advancement. The hold of socialistic theories on so many minds is due to the fact that socialism is a crude and ill-reasoned attempt to apply fundamental Christian principles to industrial affairs. Before Christ nobody ever heard of such a thing as the brotherhood of man; since His time the world has never entirely ceased to hear this truth, silenced as it nearly has been in many ages. Human law becomes more nearly perfect as it approaches the ideal of Christ's teaching, and human society is most hopefully progressing toward the solution of its many grave problems when, consciously or unconsciously, it adopts the method of the Great Teacher."

"Nowhere is 'the trail of the serpent' more plainly seen," says the New York *Observer* (Pres.), "than in the perversion of sport to the excitements of gambling and the cruelties of the ring. No sooner is a new amusement invented than it is degraded to serve as a tool for the gambler's low passions. A few years since the old-fashioned game of ball was revived, improved and made doubly keen. Immediately it became the gambler's prey, and was driven from the amusements of gentlemen. Football is going the same way. The bicycle had in it more promise of healthful out-of-door recreation than anything dreamed of since the days of Nimrod, but already it is looked upon chiefly by the multitude as something with which one can 'make' or 'break' a record and so add another instrument to gambler's lay-out. We have come to a day in which two great States of the greatest free nation upon earth, enjoying the heritages of eighteen Christian centuries and boasting countless schools of all grades, are known best as 'the gambler's paradise' and 'the prize-fighters' hell.' New Jersey seems to have been sold to the race-course and Louisiana to the prize ring. So low have sunk two States that once were counted homes of freedom and virtue. It is not to be wondered at that our list of homicides swells every year with increasing ratio. New victims of base passions die by their own hands or fall before their slayers. The number of violent deaths in 1892 exceeded that of almost any battle in our civil war, and most of them were the results of just such passions as are fostered by the criminals who control certain of our Legislatures. Passions which demand the stimulus of betting, fighting and their allied vices, crowd close to that border-land beyond which lie murder, suicide and all forms of violent death. So surely as old Rome tempted and received Heaven's thunderbolt's, so surely will our Nation, unless its course be checked, be smitten by the same judgment and fall by the same justice."

"Our Episcopal friends are building a cathedral in New York," says the *Christian Inquirer* (Bapt.) of New York. "We have scarcely a right to question their wisdom. They probably know what they are about better than we can tell them. But a cathedral is a type of concentrated power, in which the church is supreme and the individual lost. If some monster millionaire should leave a hundred millions to build Baptist cathedrals in the great cities of America, we would, without hesitation say, that the whole sum had better be poured over into the ocean, and allowed to sink there out of the sight of men forever, than to invest it in cathedrals. We do not want the reality of which the cathedral is the type. The religion for the last decade of the nineteenth century is that which allows the largest scope for individual action, and not that which makes the church everything and the man nothing."

[For the Record-Union.]

OUR BABY.

A tender little soul has come
To make with us her earthly home.
She does not know, she cannot tell,
If she will like this world full well.
Her little feet have never trod
This earth, so nobly planned by God.
Her little hands no work can do
But clutch the air—the whole day through.
The dainty mouth—a Cupid's bow,
No evil tho'ts can outward throw.
She has no thought of care or wrong,
Or short her days and nights, or long.
She trusts to gentle hands to feed,
To clothe, and minister to her need.
At sound of mother's voice she crows
And smiles as though the face she knows.
The pretty eyes, the dainty nose,
The shell-like ears, the cheek like rose,
The dimpled body, pink and plump,
Combined in one, make a sweet lump
Of babyhood, whose little life
We pray may be all free from strife.

JULIET HOWELL.

Newcastle, Cal.

[For the Record-Union.]

BE CHARITABLE.

Should you meet a fallen brother,
Toiling o'er life's weary road,
Lend a helping hand unto him—
It will lighten half the load;
Gentle words, in kindness spoken,
Oft will heal a wounded heart,
That through treachery has been stricken,
With its merciless, cruel dart.

Should you meet an erring sister,
Do not coldly turn aside
With a glance of scorn, so withering,
Nor with angry words deride;
Though an outcast and forsaken,
Though in sin she stands arrayed,
Kindly words may gently lead her
To the fold from which she's strayed.

If you know a friend's in trouble,
Go to him with words of cheer;
It will help him bear misfortune,
If your friendship is sincere;
Friendly words bring consolation,
When the heart is filled with pain,
And life's storms around us gather,
Bringing sorrow in their train.

MRS. NELLIE BLOOM.

West Oakland, Cal., April 3, 1893.

USEFUL RECEIPTS.

Mackerel Salad.—Take one pound of cold boiled fresh or canned mackerel and pick into pieces. Add half as much chopped celery. Cream three tablespoonfuls of fresh butter into the yolks of four hard-boiled eggs, add a teaspoonful of mustard, a pinch of salt and cayenne, with four tablespoonfuls of vinegar, mix all together and pour over the fish. Garnish with celery tips.

Codfish Salad (Salt).—Take a pound of cold-cooked codfish, tear in pieces and put in a plain salad dressing for one hour. Half fill a salad bowl with crisp lettuce leaves, drain the fish and add to the lettuce. Pour over a mayonnaise. Garnish with rings of hard-boiled eggs and thin slices of lemon.

Biscuit.—Take a quart of flour, a teaspoonful of salt, two heaped teaspoonfuls of baking powder, a large tablespoonful of lard or butter, a pint of sweet milk. Stir well together the flour, salt and baking powder; mix in the butter thoroughly with the lard; add the milk. Flour the board; turn out the dough and roll till half an inch thick, handling as little as possible. Bake in a very hot oven.

Gingerbread.—Take two cups of molasses, a cup of lard or butter, a cup of sour milk, two teaspoonfuls of soda, five cups of flour, a cup of sugar, three eggs well beaten, a teaspoonful of ginger. Mix the butter with the sugar, add the flour, then the soda dissolved in the sour milk; last, the eggs and sugar. Mix well. Bake in large pans.—Harper's Bazar.

Paper Carpets.

This has been called a paper age and quite justly, perhaps, when even cart wheels are made from paper, but it was poverty and not science that led to the following invention: Carpets were needed, and there was no money for their purchase, so the pine floors had the cracks filled with putty, and every inequality leveled with the plane. Common, stout Manilla paper, that costs but a few cents a pound, was pasted down smoothly; then a heavy, dark, inexpensive wall paper, conventional in design, was chosen and firmly pasted to the brown paper. When this was dry it received a coat of sizing and then one of floor varnish. Rugs were laid here and there, and although this was several years ago, the paper carpet, which receives a yearly coat of varnish, is still in good order.—American Agriculturist.

Horsford's Acid Phosphate.
Beware of imitations.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

Plenty of Amusement for New York Theater-Goers.

Alexander Salvini as Popular as Ever—J. K. Emmet a Prime Favorite—Mrs. J. W. Florence—The Bostonians Coming—General Stage News.

A. P. Dunlop, writing from New York City under date of April 8th, says:

"Easter week has brought the usual reawakening and uprising among the theaters. New plays have been produced, old bills have been changed, and bigger audiences have come into the houses. Those who have come back, and those to whom Lent made no particular difference, have come again to keep the others company. The most important production of the week is probably 'The Guardsman,' played at the Lyceum Theater on Monday night. It is by Sims and Raleigh, whose play 'The Gray Mare,' was so successful at the same theater a year ago. The new play is in the same tone as the older one, that of light frolic and humorous perplexity. It leads up to a delightful funny situation at the end of the second act, and holds the amused attention of the audience all through. It is a foregone conclusion that everything done at this theater will be well acted. The company is one of the most evenly balanced and well organized in the country, and there has been less change in it within the last few years than in any other company in New York. This is an important point, because the feeling of unity in the company is thus preserved, and the public comes to look upon it as the members of it do, or ought to, as a whole. Thus people who know the Lyceum Theater go to it to see a play, and not to see an actor or a particular set of two or three actors. There comes to be a feeling that such a permanent company is no longer composed of individuals. For the class of plays done here this is exactly as it should be. This characteristic is well preserved in the production of 'The Guardsman.' No one is allowed to glorify himself at the expense of the others, yet all seems to be right and even. Mr. Kelcey, Mr. Walcott, Mr. Whiffen, Mrs. Whiffen, Miss Harrison, Mr. Williams, Miss Shannon, and all the rest are excellent and expert in their parts, and everything goes brightly and merrily.

"Alexander Salvini's appearance at the Manhattan Opera-house is a most welcome incident. Mr. Salvini is a bright, talented, conscientious, attractive and fascinating young actor. Moreover, he has a purpose. He is one of the few exponents, and almost the only worthy one, of the romantic drama. It is a branch of the theatrical art which is too much neglected, but one, on the other hand, which few actors of the present time are capable of sustaining in such a way as to develop its possibilities and not to bring it into ridicule. To do this in the best possible manner Mr. Salvini is fitted by nature, by cultivation, by training and by inclination. His performance of 'Don Cæsar de Bazan' has been full of warm, bright color, dashing spirit, fine energy and trained understanding of stage technique. The stage management, too, shows the eye and the hand of the artist, and carries out the principle of making every part of every scene a picture. Mr. Salvini's appearance in other parts is looked forward to with the happiest anticipations of artistic enjoyment.

"Not an important production dramatically, but a most merry and pleasant one in its own way, is 'The Poet and the Puppets,' which began its American career at the Garden Theater on Monday night. It does not aim at anything except to keep its spectators convulsed with laughter, and that it does the most of the time. It has a certain outline of form that recalls its original, 'Lady Windermere's Fan,' and having exhibited that so that it can be recognized, it seems to jump into a roaring river of fun and to let itself go wherever the current will take it. There is a burlesque of Hamlet and Ophelia, there is a negro ministrel show, there are clever imitations of Lottie Collins, Mlle. Paquerette and the French quadrille dancers, and then once in a while, nobody can ever tell when, there is a spasmodic return to 'Lady Windermere's Fan.' This, it is scarcely necessary to say, is real burlesque, as distinguished from the so-called burlesque which has of late appropriated the name almost exclusively. Such things ought to be done oftener. They would afford infinite amusement, and they might even do some genuine good in calling attention to some of the faults and absurdities of more pretentious stage productions.

"J. K. Emmet is again before his friends of the metropolis and is playing 'Fritz in Ireland' at the Grand Opera-house. He is as attractive as ever, sings with his own accustomed spirit, dances with his own usual grace, and altogether fills a place on the stage that no one else just now can occupy.

"The newer style of burlesque reappeared on Thursday night at the Casino in Henry E. Dixey's production, or rather reproduction, of 'Adonis.' It is done in the best manner that it could be done—of course New York could not be expected to accept anything else—but it is not easy under any circumstances to foresee the result of such a revival. If the public, in its unquestionable judgment, takes pleasure in accepting it, it will be accepted, and will prosper; if the public sees fit to pass by on the other side and let it alone it will be let alone and will fail. Nobody can ever tell what the public will do. It is dangerous enough to offer it an untried play; it is far more dangerous to offer it one which was long ago proved to be a great success."

MRS. W. J. FLORENCE.

Mrs. W. J. Florence's re-entry to the stage after an absence of four years spent in retirement has met with all the success deserving this justly celebrated actress. She comes to the Metropolitan Theater, opening on Thursday, April 20th, for an engagement of two nights. Mrs. Florence includes in her repertoire this season the famous comedy, "The Mighty Dollar," and a brilliant comedy, "The Old Love and the New." The four years spent in retirement from the stage life seem to have added a degree more of humor in her already wonderful work as a comedienne.

The elegance of Mrs. Florence's costumes on the occasion of her several former visits to this city which attracted so much attention are said to be utterly eclipsed with the sumptuous toilets worn by her this season. In each act she wears a different gown, which were specially designed for her by the famous Felix of Paris.

"ROBIN HOOD."

"Robin Hood," which the Bostonians will sing at the Metropolitan Saturday, April 22d, has broken all records of American opera, and even made a close contest for honors with the most popular of the light operas of European authorship. Competent musical authorities declare that it will endure so long as opera comique lasts, along with such standard pieces as "The Bohemian Girl," "Carmen," "Fra Diavolo," "Fatinitza," etc., and this position seems to be well taken. It has longevity in its every fiber. The old legend of Robin Hood and his merry outlaws of Sherwood Forest is in itself of lasting quality. Mr. Smith has carefully preserved the romantic flavor attaching to these amiable robbers and their exploits, has given them the brightest of character-painting and has coherently put together so many of the lively incidents connected with their depredations that the book of the opera stands a self-established classic. The music, by DeKoven, is even in advance of the exceedingly clever work of his collaborateur. Never since the writing of comic opera was first essayed on this side of the Atlantic has so much of genuine melody, so much of harmonious and at the same time catchy orchestration, and so much of whimsicality been expressed in a composer's score.

"AUNT" LOUISA ELDRIDGE.

There has been no pleasanter occasion of the kind in New York in many years than the testimonial to Mrs. Louisa Eldridge at the Academy of Music last week—none more deserving in its object or of which it is more agreeable to record a success. The entertainment was a delightful one and all who attended it got all the enjoyment that they payed for, even including those who payed big prices for seats and boxes, because it was a pleasure to all to recognize in a substantial way the multitudinous kindnesses which "Aunt" Louisa has done for others. One of "Aunt" Louisa's characteristic habits, that of sending people flowers on every possible occasion, is set forth humorously, if with rather a free play of imagination at certain points, in the following story which was written by the lamented Mary Fiske. She says: "I had gone to see my old friend and found her sister 'Joe' with the florist's bill in her hand. 'Now,' said Joe, 'in case the cholera comes here I shall break up and take her (meaning Louisa) to board somewhere. It will be all I can afford. Just look at this and it's not a sickly season either.' Then she showed me the florist's bill, recently paid.

ONE MONTH'S BILL.

Mrs. Louisa Eldridge to Bulbus Gratt.

1 Crown, "Ta, Ta, Maria"	$5 00
1 Cross, "R. I. P." (rest in peace)	8 50
1 Pillow, "S. Y. L." (see you later)	7 00
Stand of flowers to steamship	10 00
Cornucopia with flag	7 00
1 Crown, "So long"	5 00
1 Pillow, "G. P." (I thought this was "Grease Paint" but it was "Grandpa")	5 00
1 Cross, "P. A. L." (planted at last)	10 00
[I began to consider what "pal" she had lost when I spied the explanation.]	
	$58 00

"'This is what she calls "casting her bread upon the waters,' said Joe, 'but we won't have bread enough to keep us alive if she don't stop her foolishness.'"

STAGE NOTES.

Harry Williams, husband and manager of Katie Emmett, has been confined to his bed for several weeks.

Isidore Witmark has completed a new farce comedy entitled "Champagne Charley" for two well-known comedians.

Manager Theodor Rosenfeld sailed for London April 4th. He expects to secure Niblo's Garden for the Liliputians, who open in New York early in September.

"Natural Gas" is illuminating Providence, R. I. It seems to come from one of the reservoirs that never gives out, for it goes on from year to year with just as much power and force and quantity and brilliancy as when it was first turned on.

Thomas W. Keene continues his prosperous career as one of the few remaining supporters of the tragic drama in this country. He dedicated a handsome new theater last week and everywhere he is received as a foremost representative of a school of acting which has few representatives of any kind left to sustain its honors.

Dunlop's Stage News has entered upon its twelfth volume and its only projector, proprietor and editor has sent out his greeting to the dramatic editors all over the world. They will respond with the most hearty good wishes for his prosperity and happiness, for the unique little sheet is the best friend the dramatic editor has. It keeps him thoroughly informed about plays and actors all over this country and Europe, and we have found it to be thoroughly reliable. May it live and flourish.

Fred Leslie's "Recollections" are to be published shortly by W. T. Vincent, his most intimate friend, and part author with him of "Cinder Ellen." The proceeds of the sale of the book will be devoted to some object in memory of Leslie, probably the permanent endowment of a bed in some hospital. Miss Nellie Farren, Miss Florence St. John, and many others in the theatrical profession have furnished contributions. A special feature will be made of the illustrations, which will comprise many original sketches of Fred Leslie and the Gaity Company. The first publication will take the form of an *edition de luxe*, issued to subscribers at one guinea each. Subsequently a cheap and popular edition will be published.

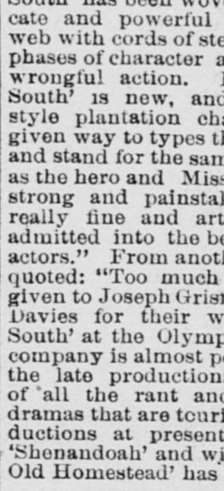
"The New South" is proving its power to please in the South itself, as it has already done in the North. St. Louis is to be regarded as a Southern city and there the play has been most enthusiastically received. One of the critics of that city says: "The story of 'The New South' has been woven together in a delicate and powerful manner—a spider's web with cords of steel. It presents new phases of character and new motives for wrongful action. In fact, 'The New South' is new, and the miserable old style plantation characters have in it given way to types that mean something and stand for the same. Joseph Grismer as the hero and Miss Phœbe Davies did strong and painstaking work that was really fine and artistic. They must be admitted into the best class of American actors." From another the following is quoted: "Too much praise can not be given to Joseph Grismer and Miss Phœbe Davies for their work in 'The New South' at the Olympic this week. The company is almost perfect. It is one of the late productions that is truly devoid of all the rant and play-for-effect in dramas that are touring as first-class productions at present. It is better than 'Shenandoah' and will live even as 'The Old Homestead' has lived."

LESBOS.

A Paradise in Duodecimo—The Moral and Esthetical.

From contemporary accounts, Lesbos must have been a paradise in duodecimo, an island of fair gardens, white temples, blue skies, perfumed hours, mellow morns, and languid dusks—a land where religion was more esthetic than moral, where theologians were poets, and where love was too near to nature to know of shame. The one worship was beauty. Nowhere, at no time, has emotional estheticism, the love of the lovely, the fervor of individual sentiment, been as spontaneous and as untrammeled in its utterances as in that enchanted isle. For later comers there was little left. The Provencals might turn love into literature, the Venetians art into color, and both fancy themselves Greek as they posed. But in the pedantic courts of the Troubadours, as in the sinful anachronisms of Venice, there is not a trace of the passion which the Lesbians wove into the very woof of song, and herewith they produced what has been justly regarded the best lyric verse the world has known.

To this Athens of an earlier day—an Athens with Mitylene for Academe—students flocked. A knowledge of geometry, however, we may be sure was not exacted before admission could be claimed. Some gracious and unpedagogical familiarity with the mirth, magnificence and melancholy which Homer and Hesiod had given in fee may have been expected, but otherwise a vibrant sensibility, a receptive mind, appreciative eyes, kissable lips, and the sultry girls whom Sappho loved to teach found admission easy. For of this society Sappho was the center. Even then her fame was prodigious. At no period, says Strabo, has any one been known who for poetry could even in the last degree be compared to her.



The Change from Girlhood to Womanhood —is fraught with dangers. At this period the young woman is especially sensitive, and many nervous troubles, which continue through life, have their origin at this time. If there be pain, headache, and nervous disturbances, or the general health not good, the judicious use of medicine should be employed. Doctor Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the best tonic and nervine at this time. The best bodily condition results from its use. It's a remedy specially indicated for those delicate weaknesses and derangements that afflict womenkind at one period or another.

For all women, at all times of life, in all cases of peculiar nature, the "Prescription" is the safe agent that builds up, strengthens, and cures.

In catarrhal inflammation, in chronic disorders and displacements common to women, it is *guaranteed* to benefit or cure, or the money is refunded.

Dr. Sage's Remedy positively *cures* Catarrh.

CINDY'S EASTER LILY.

"Oh, glory king'um cum! it's growin' bigger an' finer all de time. Jes' look at dose blossums; dey'll be spread way out n time for Eastah. Oh, Lawsy, but I es' feel dat happy I could cry an' laf all togedder, for didn't Miss Cunnel Anthony 'low she'd gimme dollah an' ha'f fer it yestiddy kase it's sech a big one? Lemme see, dar's one, two, tree, fo', five, six, seben, eight, nine buds. Oh, hunny," she fairly shouted now, "nine of 'em; nine, sho's I lib. Great day in de mawnin', nine of 'em!"

And she threw herself upon the floor, rocking to and fro in the wildest ecstasy; then she sat up again and began counting upon her fingers.

"Lemme see; aiggs am thirty cents a dozen, an' a dollah an' a ha'f is—w'y, king'um cum ag'in, I kin buy all de aiggs an' de colorin' dat I wants."

Ever and anon Lucinda's eyes wandered to the tall, graceful stalk of Easter lilies that grew in an old cracked earthenware jar on the narrow window-sill.

"Wa'n't it de luckiest day what I eber had w'en I passed ole Mars Hastin's flowah sto'? Le's see, et's jes' a month 'go w'en I done seen dat ar' flowah fall outen de wagon, an' it jes' natchelly broke—no, bended; yo' 'Cindy, yo's a mighty cunnin' chile, yo' is. W'en Mistah Hastin's done said, 'Dar goes anodder dollah—kain't sell dat now; might jes' es well trow it 'way,' what did yo' do, yo' cunnin' niggah, but sidle up to dat man an' ax could yo' hav' it? An' what yo' s'pose, yo' brack imp, dat Mistah Hastin's said? He jes' said, 'Tak' it 'long, but don' tak' de pot,' an' I diden. I jes' done brung dat po' broken-down flowah home, an' planted it, an' nussed it like it was de orfendest kind uv a little pickaninny dat diden hab enny mudder ner fadder; only it wasen jes' de right co'lah fo' a downright pickaninny—an' I tied it up agains' a stick when it begin to grow, an' I gib it all de watah what it drink an' all de bright sunshine what it wanted fer to keep it wa'm. Fus' it 'peared like it was jes' going to fade 'way an' die, but it diden. Glory hallelulija'! An' now I'se gwine to sell it fer money—bress de Lawd."

Lucinda Jane Sprague was her name, and she was a happy little darky, with bright, shining black eyes, two rows of pearly white teeth, and a little round head covered all over with kinky black hair. She was an only child, and lived with her mother, who was a widow. Their dwelling was a small whitewashed cabin of two rooms, and was one of a number of cabins of similar size and structure standing in a row upon the sunny little street, with a tiny patch of garden in the front of each. All of these little cabins were occupied by negro families, and although crowded closely together there was an air of neatness and thrift about them that betokened the better class of colored population. For this reason, perhaps, it became known to the town at large as "Happy Hollow."

Near the front window of the cabin grew a straggling morning-glory vine, which Lucinda had attempted, with the assistance of some rusty nails and pieces of string, to train over the sash. As she lay upon the floor, gazing upon her wonderful possession, the Easter lily, she thought she saw the face of a neighbor boy peering in at the window, but the swaying vine partly obscured the view. She was on her feet in an instant, and running to the door opened it, and looked out just in time to see a pair of black legs disappearing around the corner of the house.

"Heah, yo' Cæsar Humphreys, yo' little no-account niggah, wat yo' peepin' in my windah fo', jes' like a t'ef?" she shouted after him, running in pursuit. But the little black legs had been too quick for her, and had carried the curly head and mischievous face safely behind an adjacent woodpile. Behind this fortification he remained until Lucinda had retraced her steps to the house.

Mrs. Sprague, who had been washing at the "big house," as they called Colonel Anthony's, at this moment entered, and Lucinda asked:

"Mammy; did the missus say anythin' 'bout de lily?"

"Lawsy, chile, yo' doan't t'ink ob nothin' but dat mis'ble ole flowah; does yo' reckin odder folkses does de same? Reckin yere mammy had her han's full wid de washin' 'sides, I wa'n't gwine to be askin' 'bout dat air flowah."

"Reckin w'en I gits de dollah an' ha'f fer dat ole flowah yo'll stop callin' dat lubby blossum names."

"What's dat, chile? What yo' goin' to do wid all dat money? Yo' can't spen' all dat money on no 'count Eastah aiggs, w'en yore pore ole mammy ain't got no co'nmeal in de house fer to make de hoecakes outen."

"I hain't gwine to, mammy. I'se gwine to gib ha'f to yo' an' take de res' and buy a string ob beautiful beads, an' jes' a mighty few aiggs an' some colorin'. I'se gwine ter gib Sally Johnson some and Cæsar some ob de aiggs, 'kase I reckin dere mammies won't have enny; yes, an' mebby I'se gwine ter buy anodder small lily an' grow it up big like dis un fo' nex' Eastah."

"Lan' sakes, chile, how yer be gwine ter make dat money stretch, ben't yo'? But yo' hain't got it yet, so doan' spen' it afore yo' gets it, dat's my 'tickler advice to yo', chile."

After supper that evening Lucinda's mother disappeared into the neighboring cabin for her customary chat. Excitement and longings for the morrow had caused unusual fatigue to the little Lucinda, and with one last look at her precious plant she climbed into bed, and was soon living in dreamland, where the lily had grown so tall that it reached the ceiling, while from out each wax-like bud there peeped an Easter egg, tinted with rainbow hues.

"Cock-a-doodle-doo."

Lucinda woke with a start and sat up in bed, rubbing her eyes. The dim, gray light of a new dawn was just beginning to illuminate the small square window, showing only the faint outlines of the furniture in the room. The child's mother lay by her side fast asleep; and Lucinda, rubbing her hands through her curly wool, tried to remember why she had wished to wake so early. Suddenly the fact that it was Easter morning, and that she had promised Mrs. Anthony to bring the Easter flower to her before breakfast, brought into activity all her latent faculties, and she sprang from her bed. Taking her shoes in her hand she crept softly across the room to where a few coals were still smoldering in the fireplace; the air was chilly and Lucinda bent over the coals to warm herself. Then she hurried into her clothes and stepped into the next room. She crossed to the window and pulled aside the coarse white curtain. The dull gray of the dawn was paling into day, and the furniture of the room was fast assuming its everyday form and shape. But where was the lily? Not on the window-sill, where she had left it the night before. She rubbed her eyes and looked about her. Then she got down upon her knees and felt upon the floor, thinking, perhaps, her mother had removed it before going to bed. But no; it was not there. She was wide awake now, and caught her breath in a sob, then gave one scream, which brought her mother frightened to her side.

"Great day in de mawnin', chile, what am de mattah? Am yo' killed?"

"No'm; but it's gone, it's gone. Somebody done stole my lily," sobbed the child in a passion of grief, throwing herself upon the floor.

"Gone whar? It hain't got feet, chile, so I reckin it cayn't walk away. Yo' sho' yo' looked everywhar foh it?"

"Oh, yes'm I did, but it's gone—cl'ar gone. Sumbody's done stole it."

"Didn't I tole yo' las' night 'bout spendin' de money fo' yo' had it, an' I reckin de good Lawd has punished yo' sho' 'nough dis time. It jes' serves yo' right, gittin' yo' mammy outen bed fo' sunup and skeerin' de life mos' outen me into de bahgain."

And the tired mother, muttering of children and troubles, withdrew to the adjoining room to dress, while Lucinda lay sobbing upon the floor.

It was a perfect Easter day. The sun came up from behind the mountains and shone in dazzling beauty over hill and dale, casting oblique glistening rays through the dark cypress, and greeting with friendly warmth the few early violets which peeped shyly out from the taller grasses around them. The soft spring air vibrated with the glad voluntary of the birds. All nature seemed to be rejoicing in one grand anthem to Him who had risen, and the church bells pealed out their solemn sweetness, and human hearts responded to the universal harmony.

Lucinda had sobbed herself to sleep, and it was 8 o'clock when her mother again came into the room.

"Cum to breakfas', honey," her mother had said pityingly, and the child had roused herself and prepared for their morning meal. When it was over, with a heavy sigh she started for the "big house" to tell Mrs. Anthony of her great loss. How her poor little heart ached as she passed the baker's and saw a big glass dish piled high with colored eggs. It brought back all her bitter disappointment and loss.

Lucinda's grief touched the heart of Mrs. Anthony upon being told of the mysterious disappearance of the beautiful lily, for the child's sake as well as her own. She had intended the lily as a surprise to her own little daughter.

"It is too bad, Lucinda," she said, "but crying and fretting will not bring it back, you know. Here are some colored eggs which you may take home. Perhaps the lily will turn up before night. If it should bring it to me and I will pay what I have promised you for it."

Thanking Mrs. Anthony for the eggs and some fruit-cake which she had also given her, the child slowly retraced her steps toward home. Sally Johnson stood in the doorway of her home as Lucinda passed.

"Howdy, 'Cindy? Whar yo' bin? Got enny Easter aiggs?"

Sally was lame, and it was with much difficulty she made her way down the walk to meet Lucinda.

"Jes' got a few what de missus at de big house done gib me."

She opened the bag, and, taking out two, handed them to Sally, with a piece of cake. Sally's face beamed with pleasure.

"Yo' hain't gwine to gib dem aiggs to me is yo', 'Cindy?"

"Cose I is; yo' ain't goin' to have enny to yo' house, is yo'?"

"No; kase mammy say aiggs is too high to gib to chillun to fool wid."

"Wall, I'd a hed a heap mor'n dis ef sumbody hadn't done toted off my lily, an' I cayn't fine it nowhar."

"'Cindy, who yo' 'spose did dat mean, low down trick?"

"I dunno, but I hopes dey'll burn in de bad place, whoeber did, an' dey will, yo' jes' see ef dey don't."

Peeping from behind the house and listening with wide-open ears was Cæsar. He had heard the entire conversation, and his eyes grew large as saucers when he heard the dreadful fate pronounced upon the thief of the Easter lily. Just as he was turning to leave he was seen by Lucinda, who called after him:

"Cum heah, Cæsar, an' git an aigg an' sum cake."

"Don' want none," he answered sullenly.

"Yo' hain't mad 'kase I called yer a t'ief yisterday w'en yo' peeped inter de winder?" asked Lucinda.

Cæsar's only reply was to run into the house, and Lucinda, bidding good-by to Sally, continued on her way toward home. But her eyes filled with tears as she glanced at the empty window. Her mother was not at home, and she sat down upon the step and tried to eat some of the cake. But it well-nigh choked her, and she thought of how much Cæsar loved cake, and wondered if he would not eat it. She crossed the grass-plot toward his house and opened the door, and laying two eggs and some cake upon a chair ran quickly home again. But the house was quiet, and the disappointment had been too much for the little heart to bear, and she threw herself upon the floor and again sobbed herself to sleep.

The door softly opened, and Cæsar stepped carefully in, carrying the lily in his arms. With a guilty look upon his round, little face, he set the plant upon the window-sill and glanced toward the sleeper. The big tears were still glistening upon her little ebony face. He did not waken her but softly and hurriedly left the house.

Lucinda was again in dreamland. The lily had returned in all its glory of blossoming Easter eggs, which nodded and smiled at her in a most bewitching manner.

"Cock-a-doodle-doo." Again the crowing of the rooster around her. She awoke and rubbed her eyes. She stared at the window. There was the lily. Once more she rubbed her eyes and looked again. Then she closed her eyes tightly and opened them suddenly, but still the lily retained its position upon the window-sill. Then she rose to her feet and rushed toward it, screaming:

"Whar did it cum from."

She hugged and kissed the big waxen petals that had burst their bloom, almost beside herself with joy.

"I'm gwine to tak' it right ober to Missus Cunnel Anthony's an' git dat dollah an' ha'f, 'fo' dis lily has anodder chance fer to run off an' hide agi'n," she said. And suiting the action to the words she was off to the big house.

Cæsar watched her from his window as she crossed to the Anthony mansion, her eyes shining and her little black face beaming with the happiness that only a little black girl knows.

"I wooden a done took it ef she hadn' a called me a t'ef. Dat jes' made me mad, an' I was boun' ter git even wid dat little niggah. But w'en she done brung dat cake an' aiggs, dis darkey jes' had to tote dat air flowah back agi'n. I done calculate to tell her in de mawnin', an' I reckin as she'll be fightin' mad—gals is suttinly de funniest creturs, an' dis particular gal de funniest what I ever see. Wall, I done put dat air flowah back, an' dey cayn't burn me—dat's one thing sho'."—"Dixie" in New York Evening Post.

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EMMETT BREEDING.
Administrator of the estate of WILLIAM BREEDING, deceased.
Dated at Sacramento County, March 24, 1893. mr25-5tS