

EASTER'S ANSWER.

OS death end all! Does earth complete the story? Is there no sequel to life's broken tale? Sounds there some call, Fringed with the gleam of glory, From a gloomy shadow of the vale?

THE STORY OF HIS THANKFULNESS—A GOOD EASTER LESSON.

"The war the hero fights in is not the war for me! The war my soul do fight in, Must end in victory! 'Tis not a war of flesh and blood; I fight for my rights in God; A kingdom, with my rights in; Oh, that's the war for me!"

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for small luxuries. He had even debated whether it would be more advisable to cook them or invest their value in tea. He was a dear lover of "the cup that cheers but not inebriates," and had stunted himself in its use.

"Come, let's go and take a peek at the nest!" Speck won't keep. She's a-cacklin' yet; but I know she won't keep. She seen me put my hat on it, gran'pa, an' she never said nothin'.

Tom Towlesley suffered himself to be dragged to the chicken house, where he surveyed and commented on the egg and on Speck's reliability as a layer to Ethel's entire satisfaction.

"An' I can have 'em for Easter, can I, gran'pa?" "Yes, 'I low you may!" Towlesley replied, stroking her sunny curls. "I low you may."

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woolly control her impulses. Her ears had been set on the pleasure to be afforded by those Easter eggs. She leaned her head on his heaving breast and gave way to a flood of tears.

"There, there, don't cry," he urged. "We'll not sell 'em if you don't want 'em. I'll 'ply to the Board of Charities, which, luckily, I'd have to do anyhow when we'd eat up the wuth' o' the eggs."

It had been a matter of pleasurable pride to Tom Towlesley that he had been able, in his feeble old age, to escape what he could not regard as the ignominy of an appeal for charity.

"No, gran'pa, we won't not anybody to help us. I'll sell the eggs. They'll bring a lot. I know they will. On'y 'I did so want to color 'em with the sassifras."

Her tears flowed apace, but she endeavored to wipe them away, slipping from his arms as she did so.

Tom Towlesley was too greatly overwhelmed to reply, or even question or restrain her.

He heard her pass into the kitchen; but had no thought of what she intended to do. The silence that followed soon grew so oppressive that he went in there to question her.

She was gone, and likewise the eggs, all but one. It rested in painful loneliness on the center of the kitchen table, and on it a tear still gazed like a pearl.

Then Tom Towlesley knew that Ethel had taken the eggs, reserving this one, and hurried with them out into the garden.

He went to the gate with the intention of calling her back, but she was not to be seen. Then he returned to his seat in the chimney corner, with a strange pang at his heart.

Within twenty minutes Ethel returned, carrying in the basket a little paper of meal and a square of meat; both of them scarcely a load for the bright and active six-year-old.

"There, gran'pa!" she exclaimed, a little thrill of exultation in her voice. "The throry man said he give me big measure. I reckon it's enough to do a month."

She darted into the kitchen. "An' here's the egg I saved, gran'pa! You can color it with sassifras, an' we'll imagine it's a whole dozen, can't we?"

Thus aroused, Towlesley put the iron kettle on the stove, placed water in it, a sufficient quantity of sassifras root, and, at the proper time, the egg. He moved about silently, as if a great calamity impended, or had already befallen him.

Then, while the coloring process went on, he looked at his knees and pondered on his heart to her, as if he were only another child.

It was a touching scene, and there were witnesses to it—unwitting, unintentional witnesses.

The landlord had come quietly into the little yard with a gentleman whom he was showing over the place with a view to its sale.

The words of Ethel and Tom Towlesley came to them through the half-open window, and were of such a character that they were forced into listening.

PITH AND POINT.

—A woman who enters politics must remember that chivalry is left outside; judgment henceforth rules, not sentiment.

—Many men spend a dollar to save ten cents; they wear out a nickel's worth of shoe leather in getting a gift of two cents' worth of grindstone from a neighbor.

—When you get into a tight place, and every thing goes against you, till it seems as if you could not hold on a moment longer, never give up then, for that is just the place and time that the tide'll turn.—Harriet Beecher Stowe.

—Hope is a prodigal young heir and Experience is his banker; but his drafts are seldom honored, since there is often a heavy balance against him, because he draws largely on a small capital, is not yet in possession, and if he were, would die.—Colton.

—A man may have a right to stint himself of comforts, and even necessities, if he prefers to employ in other directions the money thus saved, but he has no right to deny his wife, his children, his servants, their proper comforts and luxuries that he may buy old china or rare books.—Once a Week.

—Recreation is to the mind what whetting is to the scythe. He, therefore, who spends his whole time in recreation is ever whetting, never mowing; his grass may grow and his seed starve; as, on the contrary, he who always works and never recreates is ever mowing, never whetting—laboring much to little purpose.

—The little dwarfed flower that springs into life in the crevice of some rock, shut in from sun and rain, grows struggling toward the light, and as it withers gives forth a perfect seed, which the winds bear to more favorable soil. So it is that the influence of a woman may not be felt by the nature on which it falls, but its spell may be borne to more yielding hearts, and there blossom in gladness.

—We talk of joyless people, and yet, though there may be a few of such, they are not often met with. To nearly every one, even though he be in the severest situation, there is something that gives him pleasure. And hidden beneath exterior that appear to be wholly despairing there is frequently a gladness that amounts to an exhilaration. Like the "eye" of the desert, they gleam even in the starlight.—United Presbyterian.

HOPE FOR SPINSTERS.

A Railroad Agent Devises a Scheme for Facilitating Marriage.

C. T. Lewis, who is the agent of the Canada Pacific railroad at the important station of Indian Head, Northwest Territory, has come before the world with a transportation scheme which would have been hailed with delight by Adam and Eve, had it been possible to put it into practical operation at the time of their infirmed withdrawal from the Garden of Eden, and which, though lying fallow and dormant in human imagination through all the years that have followed Adam's emigration, has lost nothing of its intrinsic elements of popularity.

Mr. Lewis calls, and calls loudly, for the introduction by all the railway and steamship lines of the civilized world of a "passenger's return rebate marriage certificate." He says it is needed in Indian Head, and would doubtless be welcomed everywhere else. He has beguiled the tedious intervals between trains at Indian Head by writing a book on "the subject," which, in this era of erotic literature, is as fresh and welcome as the earliest daisy of the spring. It is indeed "a daisy," for in it the author devotes the fertility of his brain and the eloquence of his pen to the furtherance of a scheme which shall render lawful wedlock more popular than ever.

It is the belief of Mr. Lewis, fostered by a long experience in the Northwest, that nothing is so much needed out there as population, and he has noticed with pain that although the influx of males is considerable, the majority of the newcomers leave their girls behind them. The "return rebate marriage certificate," which is urged upon all railroads to adopt, is designed to facilitate a speedy union of loving hearts. This is the way the railroad literature puts the proposition and explains how the inspiration dawned upon him.

The idea came to the author amid the din and bustle of railway life when trying to explain to a pioneer young man who had confided to us the story of "the girl he left behind him," which he related with pathetic interest, that our great railroads had no means to distinguish between him and any other passenger who had no interest in the country. That as common carriers we could offer him only ordinary rates, and when he positively charged the railways with their high east-bound fares as being really responsible for his misfortune in not being able to return East and fulfill his matrimonial engagement, we were forced to defend our position; hence the proposed rebate certificate. That silenced all his arguments and filled him with enthusiasm at the possibility of such a thing being accomplished. This young man's experience is the key to the situation, and only illustrates the cases of hundreds of others that are continually occurring.

Mr. Lewis then goes on to explain the form of the rebate certificate he would have the railroads issue. It is a printed document which any man going West or elsewhere, who is about to marry, can purchase for a nominal figure at any railroad office. Upon the reverse side a space is left for the copying or alteration of the marriage certificate which is given to all brides when their felicity eventuates. This certificate, when backed by the original of the purchaser has taken to himself a wife, entitles the couple to materially reduced railroad fares during their honeymoon. Mr. Lewis has given considerable attention to the subject and thinks he has "got it down fine." Under no pretext whatever can the certificates be made to provide for any rebate in the railroad fares demanded of mothers-in-law.—Minneapolis Tribune.

YOUTH'S DEPARTMENT.

HARRY'S EASTER EGGS.

The top-knot biddy, with yellow legs, Was Harry's, and every morning He gave her orders for Easter eggs. While he scattered the oats and corn, Day by day, for a week, he fed Harry of every kind of egg. Chosen eggs of yellow and red, And Squaw-corn, white and blue.

"Now, Biddy Top-knot," I heard him say, Easter will be here soon; A dozen eggs, at least, you must lay By to-morrow afternoon; Red ones, Biddy, the nicest kind, And yellow and blue, real right. Skipped and striped and spotted, now mind, 'Zat you make 'em zactly right."

But in spite of feeding and coaxing, too, His biddy would only lay, Instead of red and yellow and blue, Just one white egg a day. And Harry's patience was sorely tried, For Biddy's eggs were all the same, And stroked his biddy, and softly sighed, "I think she will do her best."

On Easter morning, wasn't it fun To look at him through a crack— He went to the nest, as he'd often done, But soon came capering back, With his apron full of Easter eggs, Striped and speckled and gay; The top-knot biddy with yellow legs Was patted and praised that day.

He told mamma just how it befell; She listened aghast and again: "Wasn't that a pious and noble deed! On the shelf his wonderful hen, And when he had come to share his prize With Susy and Katy and Ned, The mamma looked ever so wise, But never a word she said. —'Youth's Companion."

HIS OTHER PREFERENCES.

Why Charley Failed to Secure a Very Desirable Place.

Charley was whistling a merry tune as he came down the road, with his hands in his pockets, his cap pushed back on his head, and a general air of good fellowship with the world. He was on his way to apply for a position in a stationer's store that he was very anxious to obtain, and in his pocket were the best of references concerning his character for willingness and honesty. He felt sure that these would not be much doubted in his obtaining the place when he presented these credentials.

A few drops of rain fell, as the bright sky was overcast with clouds, and he began to wish that he had brought an umbrella. From a house just a little way before him two little children were starting out for school, and the mother stood in the door smiling approval as the boy raised the umbrella and took the little sister under its shelter in a merry fashion.

Charley was a merry fellow, and like most boys who indulge in teasing or rough practical jokes, he always took care to select for his victim some one weaker or younger than himself. "I'll have some fun with those children," he said to himself; and before they had gone very far down the road he crept up behind them, and snatched the umbrella out of the boy's hands.

In vain the little fellow pleaded with him to return it; Charley took a malicious delight in pretending that he was going to break it or throw it over the fence, and as the rain had stopped, he amused himself in this way for some distance, making the children run after him and plead with him tearfully for their umbrella.

Tired of this sport at last, he relinquished the umbrella as a carriage approached, and, leaving the children to dry their tears, went on toward the store.

Mr. Mercer was not in, so Charley sat down on the steps to wait for him. An old gray cat was basking in the sun, and Charley amused himself by pinching the poor animal's tail till she mewled pitifully and struggled to escape.

While he was enjoying this sport, Mr. Mercer drove up in his carriage, and passed Charley on his way into the store. The boy released the cat, and following the gentleman in, respectfully presented his references.

"These do very well," Mr. Mercer said, returning the papers to Charley. "If I had not seen some of your other references, I might have engaged you."

"Other references? What do you mean, sir?" asked Charley in astonishment. "I have past you this morning when you were on your way here, and saw you diverting yourself by teasing two little children. A little later a dog passed you, and you cut him with the switch you had in your hand. You snatched a stone at a bird, and just now you were delighting yourself in tormenting another defenseless animal. These are the references that have decided me to have nothing to do with you. I don't want a cruel boy about me."

As Charley turned away, crestfallen over his disappointment, he determined that wanton cruelty, even though it seemed to him to be only "fun," should not cost him another good place.—Winnie E. Kenney, in S. S. Times.

COURTESY.

True Politeness Everywhere the Same—It Consists in Doing the Kindest Things in the Kindest Way.

Spenser had an idea that courtesy went with gentle blood, for he said: "Of course it seems, men 'wante' do call. For that it there's most useful to abound. We can go back to a much older and higher authority, however, and find the command laid upon all, whether high or low degree, 'Be courteous.' Indeed, I believe the root of good breeding is in the Golden Rule, and more of it than most us practice in it in the Thirteenth chapter of I. Corinthians. Of course there are men who think truth must be bluntness, and sincerity must be rudeness; that a pig isn't a pill even, if it happens to be sugar-coated! Do not be deceived. I wish you may receive into your hearts the truth that real courtesy is not inconsistent with a kind sincerity. The gentle nature shows itself in the gentle man. I believe a true gentleman might go anywhere in the world, and never be mistaken for anything else, though he might be utterly ignorant of the varying customs. 'Courtesies are different in every country, but true politeness is everywhere the same,' so Goldsmith expresses it; and there is an old nursery rhyme which runs: 'Politeness is to do and say. The kindest things in the kindest way.' Not long ago I made a visit of some weeks at a friend's house. While there

THE HEATHEN CHINESE.

They Are Full of Superstitions and Like to Be Humbugged.

The Chinese are full of superstitions, and many of them firmly believe that the foreigners make medicines out of human beings. The massacre at Tien-Tsin in 1870, in which twenty foreigners were killed, and among them a number of French nuns, was caused by the report that the sisters were killing children to get their hearts and eyes for medicinal purposes, and the trouble in Corea last spring was caused by the circulation of the stories that the missionaries were grinding up children's bones to make medicine. This report was started by the Chinese, and the latest attempt of the kind I find to-day here at Shanghai. It appears in a tri-monthly illustrated magazine which the Chinese publish and which sells for five cents a copy. This contains a full description of how the foreigners make their medicine, with ghastly illustrations from the severed trunks and the cut-up limbs of human beings. In one cut man in American clothes are bending over great furnaces in which the heads and legs of men are boiling, and beside which great baskets and tubs of cut-up humans lie. The men are stirring the steaming mass and the picture makes one think of the witches' caldron in "Macbeth." In another cut is shown the machinery for the bringing up of the bones and flesh. A dozen old skeletons lie upon a table, and a man with a shovel puts the ghastly mass upon the scales for weighing. In another room the medicine is packed up to be sent away, and young ladies in American dress with waterfalls and French heels are busy at it. I asked the manager of the magazine whether he believed in such stuff, and he replied that he did not know and asked if it was not really true.

The Chinese themselves do not believe in necromancy and there is no body-snatching here. They believe that the heart is the seat of thought, that the soul exists in the liver, and that the gall bladder is the seat of courage. For this reason the gall bladders of tigers are eaten by soldiers to inspire them with courage. The Chinese doctor ranks no higher than the ordinary skilled workman. He gets from fifteen or twenty cents a visit, and he often takes patients on condition that he will cure them within a certain time or lose his fee. He never sees his female patients except behind a screen, and he does not pay a second visit unless invited. His pay is called "golden thanks," and the orthodox way of sending it to him is wrapped in red paper. The dentists look upon pulled teeth as trophies, and they go about with necklaces of decayed teeth about their necks or with them strung upon strings and tied to sticks. Toothache is supposed to come from a worm in the tooth, and there are a set of female doctors who make a business of extracting these worms. When the nerve is exposed they take this out and call it the worm, and when not they use a sleight of hand by which they make their patients believe certain worms, which they show them, came from their teeth. I have heard persons tell of Chinamen who claimed to have had ten worms taken from their mouths in a single day, and I saw a patient in an actual way upon a patient in the street here. China is as full of superstition as the West India islands, and the people like to be humbugged quite as well here as we do in America.—Frank G. Carpenter, in Chicago Times.

Without abuse The grand old name of gentleman. Let us not forget also that to "do the kindest thing in the kindest way" will affect our manner toward those who are poorer, or in a lower position, or in any way less fortunate than we. Ah! what rare delicacy it requires then, not to put on airs, not to seem superior, not to condescend in our politeness. There is a very serious side to this subject. The outward act reacts upon the inner self. He who thinks manners are of no consequence, and persists in being careless or rude, runs great risk of growing coarse in spirit. There is also much to consider in the real good to others, as well as the pleasure we afford them, by the regard we pay to the amenities of life. The great question of influence comes in here, and so you see responsibility attaches itself to what we sometimes call trivial things. My boys, be courteous through and through, and do not forget the exhibition of it. You know a cockroach is one who only affects to be a gentleman. But you want to be a real gentleman. Remember what Tennyson said of his friend: "For who can always act? but he To whom a thousand memories call, Not being less, but more than all The gentleman he seemed to be. Best seemed the thing he was, and joined Each office of the social hour To noble manners, as the flower And native growth of nobler power." —N. Y. Observer.

AMBITION.

A Much Misused Word—Striving to Excel in One's Occupation.

"My son Peter is very ambitious," remarked Mr. Sanders, in the village grocery store. "Is he, indeed?" said Mr. Coldcheese, the grocer. "I'm glad to hear it. Wants to be a lawyer or doctor, I suppose?" "Not at all."

"You don't mean to say he wants to be a professor?" "No," replied Mr. Sanders, quietly; "his ambition is to be the best carpenter in the county."

Thereupon the grocer and all the store loungers burst into merriment. Ambition to be a good carpenter. Ha! ha!

Yet Mr. Sanders and his son Peter were right and the laughers were wrong. Ambition is a much misused word. When a boy aspires to achieve wealth and fame in what are known as the law, medicine or the fine arts—he is said to be ambitious, and his parents are congratulated. Perhaps he does not succeed, as, in fact, only a small percentage do succeed, and then he is commiserated over his failure; but he is still looked down on the one who is engaged in mechanical labor.

"Oh, yes, John Thompson!" I remember him—a builder or engineer, I believe. Well, John never had any ambition, you know? What nonsense! Ambition to succeed in any branch is none the less ambition. The one who strives to excel as a shoemaker, to make the very best pair of shoes that can be made, is ambitious. So with the carpenter, the blacksmith, the painter, and even the man who digs a ditch.

The desire to reach by fair and honest means the highest position that is attainable in one's occupation is ambition of the purest kind. Nor does this prevent any one from seeking fame and money in other pursuits; on the contrary, it helps to raise one step by step until the fullest ambition is satisfied.—Golden Days.

What Boys Should Do.

Horace Mann gives this bit of advice to boys: "You are made to be kind, boys—generous, magnanimous. If there is a boy in school who has a club foot, don't let him know you ever saw it. If there is a boy with ragged clothes, don't talk about rags in his hearing. If there is a lame boy, assign him some part of the game that doesn't require running. If there is a hungry one, give him part of your dinner. If there is a dull one, help him to get his lessons. If there is a bright one, be not envious of him; for if one boy is proud of his talents, and another is envious of them, there are two great wrongs, and no more talent than before. If a larger or stronger boy has injured you, and is sorry for it, forgive him. All the school will show by their countenance how much better it is than to have a great fuss. And remember who said: 'Love your enemies,' and 'Bless them which curse you.'"

Eggs for Market Only.

If your object is to keep hens for the purpose of selling eggs, do not keep a lot of useless males to feed. The presence of a male has no influence whatever on the laying of the eggs, and, if anything, he is a nuisance when not desired. Bear in mind, also, that eggs laid by some part of the year will keep three times as long as will those that contain the germs of chicks. The best-laying breeds are the small ones, such as Leghorns, and more of them can be kept together than of the larger kinds. For eggs use the Leghorn, or a cross of the Leghorn, and keep no males. If you desire eggs for hatching make up a special yard for that purpose and get rid of the males as soon as the hatching season is over.—Farmer's Home Journal.

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