The EASTER SUBSTITUTE

by S. E. KISER

NEVER, said Frederick Bronson.

"But, father," Billy replied, "you haven't seen her. You haven't any right to say what you have said about her, merely because you once quarreled with her father, and still cherish a grudge against him."

"Whether I have any right to say it or not, you may as well give up the idea of persuading me to ever have anything more to do with you if you marry her. Rather than receive a daughter of Henry Brooks as a member of my family I'd cut off my right arm. If you wish to break my heart and have me disinherit you go ahead and marry her—if she'll have you. Now you know exactly where I stand."

Billy Bronson looked at his father steadily for a moment and was silent. He thought of Helen Brooks and it was with difficulty that he controlled himself. He was strongly inclined to tell his father to do his worst—to fling defiance in his face. He kept his head, however, and without betraying his emotion, asked:

"What was the trouble between you and her father?"

"I don't care to speak about that now," the older man replied. "He is dead. Let him rest in his grave. I merely give you notice that no daughter of his can ever set her foot inside my door—much less expect me to receive her as a member of my family."

"But Helen is the loveliest girl in the world," Billy fervently replied. "If you could only see her I know you'd change your mind. Besides, do you think it is fair to hold her responsible for anything her father may have done?"

"I don't hold her responsible. I merely don't want a daughter of

"Now You Know Exactly Where I Stand."

Henry Brooks to become the wife of my son. As for her being so lovely, that's all bosh. I suppose her experience on the stage has given her a mastery of the arts that young women of the world learn, so that she has been able to cast a spell over you. Take my advice and have nothing more to do with her. I don't believe any girl can lead that kind of a life and remain good."

"If Helen isn't good and pure," Billy indignantly replied, "there isn't a good and pure girl in the world. She hasn't really been on the stage, you know. She has merely sung in opera a few times. She says she doesn't care for the life and would much prefer to find a place in some church choir."

"I suppose she has merely been saying that to pull the wool over your eyes. But it doesn't interest me at all. I don't want to hear anything more about her. You'll oblige me by never referring to her again in my presence."

"Very well," said Billy, squaring his shoulders and permitting a set of his jaw to become a little more determined than ever. "I'll never bother you with the subject again—only I wish you would tell me what her father did to make you feel so bitter. I think you owe me that much, if you expect me to regard your wishes concerning Helen."

"It was a business matter. He was as bitter against me as I have been against him; so you may console yourself by remembering that if he were alive he would be just as strongly opposed to you as I am opposed to his daughter. Now let the whole thing drop. I refuse to discuss it any further."

Billy spent a wretched night. He was unable to sleep and spent the long hours thinking of Helen and trying to make up his mind to give up everything else for her. When morning came he was fully determined. In fact he had been determined from the first, but he had debated the question with himself in all its phases, and had been unable to arrive at any other conclusion than that Helen Brooks was more to him than everything else in the world.

He decided, however, that it would be useless to make his decision known as long as a declaration was unnecessary. There was one thing that bothered him more than his father's opposition to Helen. That was his fear that she would never consent to be his wife if she learned that their parents had been enemies, and he felt that he was in honor bound to tell her. While he was thinking the matter over at breakfast he was called to the telephone and informed that Mrs. Wallingford, the soprano of the church choir of which he was the director, had been stricken with appendicitis and would be compelled to undergo an operation at once. This would make it impossible for her to sing on Easter, which was only three adys away. Elaborate preparations had been made for an extra musical programme, and Billy was perplexed.

Mrs. Wallingford had the reputation of being the best soprano in the city. People crowded Rev. Dr. Williamson's church as much on her account as on account of the eloquence of the minister. Without a good soprano, the Easter service would be sadly marred.

Billy hurried to Dr. Williamson to consult him about it.

"We simply must have somebody who can take Mrs. Wallingford's place," said the reverend gentleman. "Easter is the occasion of all occasions when we ought to have our choir at its best. You must find somebody—somehow."

Billy suddenly brightened.

"I will find somebody," he said. "I think I know a young lady who will come."

"Get her, by all means, if she can sing," the clergyman urged, and Billy hastened to Helen.

"I have an engagement for you for Easter," he said. "Will you come?"

There was a sparkle in her beautiful eyes, and a look of gladness overspread her face as she replied:

"I should think I would. You don't know how sorry I have been to think I was not going to have a chance to sing anywhere on Easter. Tell me all about it."

He hastily explained the situation and she agreed with much enthusiasm to fill Mrs. Wallingford's place.

"Only it's too bad," she said, "that the engagement had to come because of another's misfortune. You will have very little time and I will need to rehearse, you know."

When Easter Sunday came Billy Bronson was in a state of nervousness such as was not at all common to him. He had never worked as he had worked during those three days, and he felt ready to collapse when he took his place in the choir. Looking out at the immense congregation, he saw his father in a pew well down toward the front.

When Helen rose to sing her solo Billy held his breath and watched his father. He saw the old gentleman

Never Heard Such Singing Before.

lean forward in his pew as the rich, sweet, sympathetic strains floated out He had never heard such singing before, and the loveliness of the singer entranced him. The sternness faded out of Frederick Bronson's countenance; the spirit of Easter crept into his breast, and a look of glad benevolence overspread his face.

Dr. Williamson's sermon proved to be the most eloquent he had ever preached. He had found his text in the Second Epistle of Peter: "And in your godliness brotherly kindness; and in your brotherly kindness love."

Frederick Bronson had been proud to consider himself a hard-headed man of business. He had become rich by pursuing a course that was uncompromising. He had the reputation of being relentless in dealing with his foes, and while he was always honest, according to the letter there may have been times when he was not exactly so in spirit. He began to wonder, as he sat there, listening to the preacher, whether he had been altogether fair in his dealings with Henry Brooks. It had never before occurred to him that he might have been in the wrong. Now he was not so sure that all the virtue had been on his side. He half regretted some of the things he had said to his son concerning the daughter of his dead enemy.

At the end of the service Mr. Bronson was in a very mellow state. He had hardly seen Billy for three days, and he wanted to grasp his son by the hand and offer him a word of congratulation on the success he had achieved in carrying out the musical program of the morning. When he had reached the vestibule he paused and looked back, but Billy was talking with a group of his friends.

He drew a deep sigh and went outside. His limousine was waiting for him at the curb. He was about to step into the vehicle when a hand was laid on his shoulder, and, turning, he looked into his son's radiant face.

"Hello, Billy," he said. "Get in. We'll ride home together."

"Won't you wait a minute, father?" Billy replied. "There's some one whom I want you to meet."

"Who is your new soprano?" Frederick Bronson asked.

"I will bring her out and introduce her to you," said Billy, and he rushed back into the church.

Mr. Bronson was holding the door of the limousine open when they approached him.

"Father," said Billy, "I want you to let me introduce Helen Brooks."

The old gentleman straightened up suddenly, was silent for a moment, and then, taking Helen's outstretched hand in his, said:

"This is the finest Easter day I ever saw. Come on, let's go home before somebody else gets you away from us."

Madonna with the Holy Child

Lighter Side of Easter

(By HENRY HOWLAND.)

WHAT do you think of my Easter hat, Bessie?" Mrs. Waddums asked when the maid entered and found her admiring herself before her mirror. "It's kind of nice," Bessie replied. "I almost bought it myself yesterday; but they told me, when I tried it on, that it wasn't young enough for me, and that it was intended for a middle-aged person."

Ten minutes later Mrs. Waddums had informed Chargit & Sellum that her hat didn't suit her, and that she would return it, with the hope that they would have the decency to let her have her money back.

When Henry Waddums had been informed by his wife that the hat had been returned and that the price had been refunded, he went to the maid and said:

"Bessie, you did that very well. I'm going to authorize Mrs. Waddums to raise your wages a dollar a week."

Dropped.

Gladys—So you're keeping Lent? What have you given up?

Myrtle—Two of my beaux. I really didn't have any regular evenings left for them any way.

Never Deceived.

A man may not be able to tell the difference, but a woman always knows whether an Easter hat is home-made or not.

Not Always.

"I suppose you sometimes feel sorry that your children are all boys."

"Yes; but never at Easter time."

Quarantined.

"Drummond's a lucky chap, isn't he?"

"Why do you thing so?"

"His wife and daughters have all been down with the measles during the last three weeks, and couldn't get out to have anything made for Easter."

INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

(By E. O. SELLERS, Director of Evening Department, The Moody Bible Institute, Chicago.)

LESSON FOR APRIL 12

THE JOURNEY TO EMMAUS.

(Easter Lesson.)

LESSON TEXT—Luke 24:13-35.

GOLDEN TEXT—"Who is he that shall condemn? It is Christ Jesus that died, yea rather, that was raised from the dead, who is at the right hand of God, who also maketh intercession for us." Rom. 8:34.

We turn aside today to consider as the Easter lesson a well-known event in connection with the several appearances of our Lord after his resurrection; one of the many infallible proofs, Acts 1:3; I Cor. 15:4. The narrative of this journey is one of the most beautiful post-resurrection stories, simple, clear and of great value. It is related, evidently, by an eye witness. The Cleopas mentioned is not the son of Mary, John 19:25. The name of the second pilgrim is but a conjecture, though we somehow feel it was Luke himself. The journey was about seven and one-half miles and most likely they were returning to their homes after the Passover. Somewhere on the way a stranger joined them who asked the nature of their conversation, and the cause of their evident sadness (v. 17). In astonishment, Cleopas answers, but the stranger continues and adroitly draws out their entire story.

Interesting Progression.

I. Their Disappointment, vv. 13-24. It is all too evident that they did not expect a resurrection and that, filled with perplexity and discouragement they were on the verge of despair. It is interesting in this lesson to observe the progression (1) "and they talked" v. 14; (2) "and they found not," v. 23; (3) "and they saw not," v. 24; (4) "and they constrained him," v. 29; (5) "and they knew him," v. 31; (6) "and they said . . . the Lord is risen," vv. 32, 34; (7) "and they told," v. 34. As they "talked" it was revealed that their loving hearts were full of sadness and empty of faith, yet to talk is often the only way to find relief from the gnawing of grief. There seem (v. 15 R. V.) to have been two opinions and in their slowness of heart and unbelief they did not recognize their new companion. In response to his query they told how this Jesus had been delivered, condemned, crucified, and then revealed that this was to them the end of all things, for said they, "We had hoped that it was he." Are we willing he should have part in our every conversation? Continuing they told the amazing tale related by the women and, moreover that their statement of an empty tomb had been verified by certain women who had gone to investigate, but, in conclusion, they again reverted to their sadness by saying "They found his body" and moreover, "Him they saw not." Such mystery, such disappointment was too great. Still there was a trace of faith remaining in that he was still to them "a prophet mighty in word and deed," but he was not Christ the son of the living God. The trouble was they were expecting a man (v. 21), and to remove the man meant to remove all hope. His death was a mystery and not necessarily a part of the work of redemption and thereby a proof of his being the Redeemer of Israel. They must have remembered his words (v. 21), yet three days are now past and still they had not seen him. The report of the women was to them only an "idle tale (Luke 24:11), still it was incomprehensible that "Him they found not."

Cause of Sadness.

II. His Appointment, vv. 25-35. Evidently the journey was continued and he gently rebukes them for their slowness of heart to believe the record of their own prophets. All sadness, practically, arises from unbelief in the Word of God, Phil. 4:6, 7; Rom. 8:28-32. He interpreted to them the true Messianic teaching of their own scriptures. He charges them with folly not to believe "all" of the record (v. 25). True wisdom is not that of skepticism which cuts out portions of the word, but, according to Jesus, it consists in believing all of the Scriptures. At last they reach Emmaus, still, let us remember, not knowing who it is walking with them. The road beyond was dangerous and "they constrained him" to accept their hospitality. As he sat at the table partaking of the ordinary evening meal, he assumed the place of the host, took the bread, blessed it and broke it. Instantly those old familiar acts and words revealed to them who it was that had walked by the way. In that moment they knew him, and immediately he vanished. As one awakening from a dream they seem to have had a vague realization and to have known nothing of any fear, but now with a new gladness in their hearts at the verity and reality of things they hastened back to Jerusalem where "they told what things were done in the way and how he was known of them in breaking of bread," v. 35.

III. Teaching Points. This narrative is so full of teaching and yet so clear and simple that it is hard to suggest any ordinary deductions therefrom. The story does, however, reveal the interest of the risen Lord in the doubt of these two disciples. That they were probably not of the twelve is evident by the fact that when they returned to Jerusalem they found the eleven assembled (v. 33). Thus we see him going to those outside of that inner circle, also, two who loved him seeking a solution of the mystery and consolation for their sad hearts. First hiding his identity, he drew from them their story. He then took them back to their Scriptures, with which they must have been familiar, and revealed to them that this mystery was according to these holy writings.

Uric Acid is Slow Poison

Unseen in its approach, hard to detect in its early stages, and cruelly painful in its later forms, uric acid poisoning is a disease too often fatal.

Bright's disease is one of the final stages of uric acid poisoning. It kills in our country every year more men and women than any other ailment except two—consumption and pneumonia. Bright's disease and uric acid poisoning usually start in some kidney weakness that would not be hard to cure, if discovered early, so it is well to know the early signs of kidney disease and uric poisoning.

When uric acid is formed too fast and the kidneys are weakened by a cold, or fever, by overwork, or by overindulgences, the acid collects, the blood gets impure and heavy, there is headache, dizziness, heart palpitation, and a dull, heavy-headed, drowsy feeling with disturbances of the urine.

Real torture begins when the uric acid forms into gravel or stone in the kidney, or crystallizes into jagged bits in the muscles, joints or on the nerve tubings. Then follow the awful pains of neuralgia, rheumatism, gout, sciatica, neuritis, lumbago or kidney colic.

"I don't know what ails me."

It is but a further step to dropsy or Bright's disease.

Be warned by backache, by sediment in the kidney secretions, by painful, scant or too frequent passages. Cure the weakened kidneys. Use Doan's Kidney Pills—a medicine made just for weak kidneys, that has been proved good in years of use, in thousands of cases—the remedy that is recommended by grateful users from coast to coast.

CONFINED TO BED

A Story of Terrible Suffering From Kidney Disease

Mrs. Eliza Kirk, Main St., Spencer, Ind., says: "When my back began to get lame, I didn't pay much attention to the trouble and as the result, I got worse. If I made a sudden move, the pain in my back was like a knife thrust. The next symptoms were dizziness, languor and a worn-out feeling. I went to the doctor, but his medicine didn't help me. I began to have terrible nervous spells and in three months, I was a physical wreck. My limbs and hands became useless from rheumatic pains and I had to be fed, dressed and helped at every turn. My limbs swelled and I would rather be dead than go through that suffering again. All that time, I was in bed and opiates were my only relief. The kidney secretions were in awful shape. When I had almost given up hope, I began using Doan's Kidney Pills and five boxes put me on my feet. Eight boxes cured me. For over seven years I have remained cured."

"When Your Back is Lame—Remember the Name"

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS

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HIS MIND ON HIGHER THINGS

Scholar Unable to Sit Down and Reason Quietly on Matters of Everyday Life.

A monument was recently unveiled to the memory of Henri Poincaire, the famous mathematician and physicist, who was a cousin of the president of France. The occasion recalls a story or two of his remarkable absent-mindedness.

Almost every day Poincaire left his money lying about somewhere. Finally his mother sewed his purse into the pocket of his coat. But one day, when he had dressed in a hotel, he put on his overcoat without the coat, and left that lying on a chair. Needless to say, he never saw the purse again.

One evening he was looking in a closed bookcase for a manuscript. During the search he set the lamp on a shelf in the case, and in a moment of abstraction closed the door of the cabinet, and sat down in darkness. After he had pondered for a time on the disappearance of the light, he came to the conclusion that he had suddenly become blind. That seemed to him quite possible, since his eyes were weak, anyway, and he groaned at the thought of his deplorable condition. Suddenly, to his surprise, a stream of light appeared coming from the adjoining room and he remarked, with much satisfaction: "My sight seems to have come back again." Not even then did he think of the lamp in the bookcase!—Youth's Companion.

Water for St. Petersburg.

The city council of St. Petersburg is considering a measure appropriating $25,000,000 for a supply of pure water, to be drawn from Lake Ladoga, 40 miles away. On reaching the Ladoga pumping station the water will be driven into reservoirs and filters, whence it will flow through the pipes unaided to the capital and there distributed. The capacity of the works, which will be ready in 1920, is calculated for a population of 4,500,000.

DRY SCALE COVERED HEAD

2760 Tamm Ave., St. Louis, Mo.—"My little daughter's head began with a dry harsh scale covering it. First it got a white scale over the top and then it got a dirty brown scab with pus under it. Her hair came out in less than a week and her head itched and bled. She had no rest. I had her wear a scarf all the time, it looked so badly. She was so sore and had such big brown scabs on her head that the teacher would not let her attend school.

"We took and had her treated for three months with no relief. She kept getting worse until I tried Cuticura Soap and Ointment. I used the Cuticura Soap every third day and the Cuticura Ointment at night. In three weeks her head was well of sores. Two cakes of Cuticura Soap and one box of Cuticura Ointment completely cured her." (Signed) Mrs. Walter Rogers, Nov. 28, 1912.

Cuticura Soap and Ointment sold throughout the world. Sample of each free, with 32-p. Skin Book. Address postcard "Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston."—Adv.

The Reason.

Cause and Effect—"It must be great to be a man! One dress suit lasts for years and years, and a woman must have a new gown for every party." "That's why one dress suit lasts a man for years and years."—Judge.

If you wish beautiful, clear, white clothes, use Red Cross Ball Blue. At all good grocers. Adv.

She Quieted Him.

"Didn't your husband storm when you showed him your milliner's bill?"

"I should say he did."

"Well, what did you do?"

"Oh, I showed him the dressmaker's bill and then he was speechless."

Putnam Fadeless Dyes do not stain the kettle. Adv.

School teachers in Italy receive less than six hundred dollars a year salary.

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Skill.

Son (a golf enthusiast)—You must acknowledge, father, that it requires a great deal of skill to drive a ball a hundred yards—

Old Farmer—Shucks! It doesn't require half as much skill as it does to drive a pig 50 feet.

Important to Mothers

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it

Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher

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Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

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CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are responsible — they not only give relief — they permanently cure Constipation. Millions use them for Biliousness, Indigestion, Sick Headache, Sallow Skin.

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Every woman can be strong and healthy. Don't resign yourself to a delicate life.

If you suffer from headaches, backaches, nervousness, low spirits, lack of ambition, or have lost all hope of being well again—it's more than an even chance that you will speedily regain your health if you will try

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This famous remedy is the result of years of patient research by a physician who has made women's peculiar ailments a life study.

Since its introduction—more than forty years ago—thousands of women in every part of the globe have testified to its wonderful merits. You, too, will find it beneficial. Try it now. Your dealer in medicines will supply you or you can send 50 one-cent stamps for a trial box. Address R. V. Pierce, M. D., Buffalo, N. Y.

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Rheumatism, Sprains Backache, Neuralgia

"Yes, daughter, that's good stuff. The pain in my back is all gone—I never saw anything work as quickly as Sloan's Liniment." Thousands of grateful people voice the same opinion. Here's the proof.

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"I was troubled with a very bad pain in my back for some time. I went to a doctor but he did not do me any good, so I purchased a bottle of Sloan's Liniment, and now I am a well woman. I always keep a bottle of Sloan's Liniment in the house." —*Miss Matilda Cotton, 364 Myrtle Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.*

Sciatic Rheumatism.

"We have used Sloan's Liniment for over six years and found it the best we ever used. When my wife had sciatic rheumatism the only thing that did her any good was Sloan's Liniment. We cannot praise it highly enough." —*Mr. Farigo, Des Moines, Iowa.*

Sprained Ankle Relieved.

"I was ill for a long time with a severely sprained ankle. I got a bottle of Sloan's Liniment and now I am able to be about and can walk a great deal. I write this because I think you deserve a lot of credit for putting such a fine Liniment on the market and I shall always take time to recommend Dr. Sloan's Liniment."—*Mrs. Chas. Rouse, Baltimore, Md.*

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