The Farmington Times.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

—BY—

THEO. D. FISHER

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The Farmington Times.

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The Farmington Times.

PUBLISHED IN THE INTEREST

—OF—

ST. FRANCOIS COUNTY.

The columns of the TIMES are always open to the people of the county to express their opinions on all public questions of local importance.

THE BATTLE CONTINUED.

Severe Fighting All Day Monday with Filipinos Commanded by Aguinaldo in Person.

REBELS HAVE DESTROYED BRIDGES.

Gen. MacArthur's Column Had Advanced Beyond the Lines of Intrenchments—A Filipino Circular—The Unpremeditated Shelling of Paranaque.

Manila, March 27, 11:25 p. m.—Gen. MacArthur's division spent the night and morning at Maykawayan, the next station beyond Polo. After reconnoitering his front, he pushed along the railroad in the afternoon towards Malolos. If the statement of the 23 prisoners captured today is true, the main body of the enemy has retreated to Malolos.

No More Trenches.

But there are no more trenches to encounter, although now thirty villages, including the larger settlements of Bulacan and Guiguinto intervenes.

At every railroad station circulars have been pasted, signed by the Filipino commander-in-chief, Antonio Luna, ordering all spies and bearers of news to the enemy to be shot without trial, and instructing that all looters and ravishers be shot in the same manner. Further, all towns abandoned by the Filipino troops are first to be burned.

The Filipino Circular.

While deploring the existence of war, the circular maintains the undeniable right of the Filipinos to defend their homes, lives and lands against "republican dominators who would kill them, their wives and children," adding that this motive ought to impel all Filipinos to sacrifice everything.

The Shelling of Paranaque.

The shelling of Paranaque was not premeditated. The turret ship Monadnock anchored off the town, and the insurgents, emboldened by the long silence of the warships on guard duty, opened fire on her with muskets, with the result that one man was killed and three more wounded. The Monadnock then destroyed half the town, including the church.

An Exciting Experience.

The Washington regiment had an exciting experience and displayed much gallantry. The soldiers found a band of insurgents concealed in a stone house over which the French flag was flying. A private volunteered to set fire to the building. He did so, and the troops approached while it was burning, and the Filipinos had apparently fled. But they were greeted with a sudden volley from the balcony of the house, resulting in the building being cleared of the enemy in short order.

Our Men Suffered Severely.

Manila, March 27, 7:40 p. m.—A thousand Filipinos, composing the rear guard of the rebel army which is retreating on Malolos, Aquinaldo's headquarters, made a stand in some strong intrenchments about Marielao, across the Marielao river. In the engagement six Americans were killed, including three officers, and 40 were wounded.

Filipinos Were Surprised

Manila, March 27, 7:40 p. m.—The American forces advanced from Meyonuyan, the brigade commanded by Gen. Harrison Gray Otis being on the left of the railroad and Gen. Hale's on the right. They eventually discerned white roofs and steeples among the green trees beyond the river, looking not unlike a Massachusetts village. The rebels had an unfordable river in front of them, and they poured in a fire so effectively that it showed that they were veterans, probably members of the native militia which the Spaniards organized.

Artillery Settled Them.

The American artillery put a dramatic end to the battle. Approaching under cover of the bushes, to about sixty yards from the trenches, the artillerymen emerged upon an open space commanding the town. When the Americans appeared they gave a great yell and the Filipinos were panic-stricken, about a hundred seeking safety in flight while a white flag was raised by those who were in the trenches who also shouted, "amigos." (Friends.)

Prisoners Taken.

Col. Funston, with 20 men of the Kansas regiment, swam across the river to the left of the railroad bridge and captured 80 prisoners with all their arms.

The Pennsylvania regiment captured 40 prisoners.

By this time the right of the Filipinos was demoralized.

Battle Continued All Day.

Washington, March 28.—A cable dispatch has been received from Gen. Otis saying that the battle continued all day on March 27, with the loss of about 40 on the American side. He says that the troops will press forward in the morning. Aguinaldo commanded the insurgents in person. It is supposed that the dispatch was sent on the evening of Monday.

Fayne Moore Discharged.

New York, March 28.—Mrs. Fayne Strahan Moore was discharged upon her own recognizance by Justice Furman, in the supreme court, under the charge of "badgering" Martin Mahon. She was, however, held in $1,000 bail on the charge of stealing silverware from the Waldorf-Astoria.

John Henry Collins Sentenced.

Topeka, Kas., March 28.—John Henry Collins received the death sentence for the murder of his father with the same placid demeanor that has characterized his actions from the first.

First Trip of the Season.

Detroit, Mich., March 28.—Navigation between Detroit and Cleveland was formally opened when the Detroit and Cleveland Navigation Co.'s steamer City of Detroit steamed out on the first trip of the year. A hundred passengers were aboard.

Every Vessel Grain Laden.

Chicago, March 28.—Practically every vessel at this end of Lake Michigan has been chartered and loaded with grain, awaiting the opening of navigation.

SEVENTY-TWO HOURS' FIGHT.

Where Do the Rebels Get Their Supplies—More Troops for the Philippines—The Casualties.

Washington, March 28.—The duration of the battle outside of Manila is beginning to attract the attention of army strategists, as it is a very important element in determining the strength of the men, the supplies of ammunition and stores and the spirit of the army. The first blow was struck before daybreak last Saturday, and the fighting continued all that day, again on Sunday, and now on Monday.

The reports show little night fighting, except in repulsing an insurgent attack Saturday night.

Seventy-Two Hours of Fighting.

With yesterday the fight had lasted 72 hours. Judged by the standards of great battles, such as Waterloo, Plevna and others mentioned by army authorities, this is a long and intensely arduous engagement.

But the fighting about Manila is quite different from the standards of civilized armies, as it is a running brush conflict, with only occasional issues between organized bodies of troops.

Long Battles of the Civil War.

Some of the battles of the civil war lasted many days, notably the battle of the Wilderness and the fighting about Richmond.

In speaking of the element of endurance Gen. Sternberg said yesterday that he had gone for seven days in the continuous fighting around Richmond without renewing the supplies originally issued before the fighting began. The main question in these long-continued fights is to have all supplies, stores, etc., kept abreast of the fighting force, so that there can be no exhaustion. In this respect all the reports of the fighting above Manila are most gratifying to the authorities here in showing that the quartermaster, commissary, medical and signal stores are well up with our fighting lines.

Insurgents Supply of Ammunition.

The belief is expressed at the war department that the Filipinos are manufacturing the ammunition that is being used with such recklessness.

When Gen. Greene was in the Philippines he went to the Filipino camps and remained some time among them. His report to the president shows that the Filipinos obtained quite a large supply of arms and ammunition when they captured Cavite, and they had theretofore obtained a supply of Remington and Mausers.

Gen. Greene also found that the Filipinos had established a factory for the manufacture of ammunition for these rifles, and this factory probably is still in operation and furnishing a sufficient supply to the insurgents.

Troops and Transports.

A short time ago the Zealandia and Puebla left San Francisco with the Ninth infantry, bound for Manila. By the first of April four transports are expected to arrive at San Francisco from Manila, and they will return with reinforcements for Otis about the 15th of that month. The Hancock will take the Twenty-first infantry; the Warren, eight batteries of the Sixth artillery and recruits; the Newport, 250 marines and recruits, and the Morgan City six companies of the Thirteenth infantry.

A little later the Ohio will arrive, and return with the remainder of the Thirteenth infantry.

The Senator is also expected later in the month, and can take 1,000 men.

The use of Chinese as litter-bearers is said to be a device to save our own men for the more serious work. The Chinese carry a light bamboo litter and being accustomed to the climate they can travel twice as far as an unacclimated carrier. The main point, however, is that the fighting force is kept intact.

The Casualty List Causes Regret.

While the casualty list is a source of profound regret in army quarters it is said to be comparatively low considering the number of men engaged and the duration of the action. This is accounted for by the long range shooting of the insurgents, who do not shoot at a mark, but in the general direction of our lines. While these stray bullets do considerable harm in our lines, it is far less than the results of close-range volleys from solid ranks of insurgents in the open or from a considerable number of sharpshooters.

ENGLISHMEN ARE SURPRISED.

The Great Capacity of American Works a Revelation to Them—A Comparison.

London, March 28.—The order for 26 locomotives given by the Great Northern railway to the Baldwin Co. of Philadelphia, is causing much comment in engineering and official circles here.

The contract stipulates the delivery of the locomotives in four months, and it seems that the British manufacturers need 18 months to do the work.

Mr. H. J. Ivatts, chief locomotive superintendent of the Great Northern railroad, who is now in the United States with other English railroaders, studying the American automatic coupling system, writes that he is surprised at the capacity of the American works.

Raised an Interesting Question.

London, March 28.—Mr. Joseph H. Choate, Jr., has decided to study law in the Middle temple, and has applied for admittance. His intention is interesting just now, as a discussion is raging among the benchers as to the advisability of admitting aliens to the English bar.

Under Orders for Manila.

Washington, March 28.—John L. Tiernon, First artillery, has been assigned to command the battalion of light artillery under orders for Manila.

Cigarettes and Slot Machines to Go.

Jefferson City, Mo., March 28.—Missouri house yesterday passed the bill prohibiting the sale of cigarettes or cigarette wrappers in the state, under a penalty of a fine from $10 to $100; also the bill making it a felony to operate slot machines. The house yesterday afternoon indefinitely postponed the two-and-one-half cent passenger bill, engrossed yesterday morning. The noon trains brought friends of railroads, who had the bill brought up and killed.

GETTING NEAR MALOLOS.

Gen. McArthur's Advance Within Six Miles of Malolos, the Insurgent Headquarters.

THE GUNBOATS SHELLING BULACAN.

A Night Attack by the Enemy at Manila Repulsed with Heavy Loss—The Enemy Slowly Falling Back Contesting Every Inch—Lawton's Men Busy Around Pasig.

Manila, March 27.—MacArthur's advance guard reached Bulacan, six miles south of Malolos, this evening and made a reconnaissance.

They found the city partly burned, but the fire seemed to be confined to the lower portion of the place, the most valuable residences and business houses remaining intact.

Bulacan is poorly defended, our scouts report, and the town probably will be taken to-morrow.

After the fight to-day at Marila, Gen. Harrison G. Otis' brigade occupied the town. The main body of the army is encamped there to-night, but Gen. Hale's brigade rested on the other side of the river, serving as a rear guard.

Hawthorne's battery shelled the insurgent trenches opposite Pasig today, and Maj.-Gen. Lawton's command, stretching from Paranaque to Pasig, southeast of Manila, was kept busy in disposing of insurgent skirmishers.

Paranaque is in flames, having suffered severely from the bombardment by the Monadnock, but the town is held by the rebels and the exact situation there can not be determined at this time.

Getting Close to Malolos.

Manila, Tuesday, March 28.—Cooperating with the army, the armed gunboat Laguna de Bay steamed up before Bulacan at daylight this morning and is now shelling the insurgent position there. Three Americans at this writing have been wounded.

MacArthur's division crossed the Marila river on a pontoon bridge and is now advancing.

Heavy fighting is expected this afternoon.

During the night we sustained an attack at Marila.

The insurgents were repulsed with severe losses. But five of our men were killed in the engagement and 34 were wounded.

Later the insurgent chief, Garcia, came down from Dagupan by train with 1,000 riflemen and 4,000 bolomen and took positions near Marila.

The South Dakota regiment and the Third artillery, acting as infantry, were thrown forward to meet the attack. The South Dakota troops charged brilliantly across the open ground on the east of the railway to the edge of the jungle and lost ten killed and 11 wounded, including three lieutenants.

The Third artillery, on the right of the railroad, charged splendidly and lost nine men wounded, two mortally. The insurgent position was carried, and we took 16 prisoners.

East of the river, insurgents in a trench offered stubborn resistance. Lieut. Critchlow, with two guns of the Utah Light battery, and Davis with a navy pistol forced 50 rebels to surrender at close quarters—100 yards.

The remainder of the insurgents escaped with severe losses. We counted 40 of the enemy's dead.

MacArthur's command is now moving into Bulacan, the rebels, however, resisting doggedly.

A CABLEGRAM FROM DEWEY.

The Admiral Advises the Navy Department of the Disposition of the Vessels of His Fleet.

Washington, March 28.—Admiral Dewey has cabled the navy department the situation of positions of the American vessels of his fleet. The dispatch follows:

Manila, March 27.—Secretary of the Navy, Washington: The Olympia and Oregon, the Monadnock, Monterey, Calloo, Manila and the Helena occupying strategic position at Manila bay. The Boston and Charleston, the Concord and Petrel cruising off Luzon. Have sent Bennington to Hong Kong to dock. The Princeton is at Singapore, repairing propeller. The Nanshan has gone to Guam. Iris will sail shortly for Iloilo with coal. Will dispatch Solace as early as possible.

[Signed.] DEWEY.

THE SON OF COL. EGBERT.

Prompt Recognition by the President of the Worth of the Colonel of the Twenty-Second.

Washington, March 28.—Sunday Gen. Otis cabled the adjutant general that the son of Col. Egbert was a private in his father's regiment; that he had a fine reputation, both as a gentleman and as soldier. The adjutant general has cabled the president's order that young Egbert was appointed, subject to the usual examination, second lieutenant in his father's regiment.

Caught at It.

St. Louis, March 28.—Edward Huelsmann, aged 19, who has been employed at office boy in the city hospital for nearly two years, is under arrest charged with pilfering from letters sent to patients. He was entrapped by means of decoy letters.

Reinforcements at Negros Island.

New York, March 28.—A dispatch to the Herald from Iloilo, island of Panay, says: The transport Indiana has arrived here with reinforcements for Negros island, where the situation is still satisfactory.

A Good Seal Catch.

San Francisco, March 28.—The British sealing schooner Geneva, which, for the past six weeks, has been cruising off the California coast, has put into Port Ross for water. As the result of her short cruise she has 1,213 sealskins on board.

Dr. James O. Murray Dead.

Princeton, N. J., March 28.—Dr. James O. Murray, dean of the university, died at 9 a. m. He passed away quietly after an illness of several weeks.

THE MISSOURI LEGISLATURE

Proceedings of the Fortieth General Assembly.

JEFFERSON CITY, March 22.—Yesterday the house passed Senator Drum's bill to appropriate $100,000 for the establishment of a new insane asylum in southeast Missouri. It was amended so as to provide for a tract of land in connection with the asylum of 320 acres. The old bill only called for 160 acres. Of the 113 members in their seats all voted for it. A statement is made that all the other asylums are full. The location of the new asylum will be determined by a commission to be named by the governor next summer.

The house engrossed a general road law. It provides that all work on the roads shall be performed by contract. Road districts are to comprise not less than three nor exceeding six square miles, and three commissioners shall be elected for each district. The poll tax shall not be less than $1.50 nor exceeding $3. Towns and villages incorporated in a road district shall pay 25 cents on the $100 for road tax.

The senate passed Senator Rollins' bill authorizing the appointment by the governor of a state board of barbers to pass upon the qualifications of those who desire to follow that avocation. As amended it will apply only to St. Louis and Kansas City. It was introduced and passed at the instance of the barbers' organizations of St. Louis and other cities.

JEFFERSON CITY, March 23.—The house committee on elemosynary institutions has made changes in the clause in regard to the bill to repeal the law creating the state board of charities. Tuesday night a majority of the committee decided to report the bill favorably. Wednesday afternoon the committee held another meeting and a majority of the committee decided to report it adversely.

The house spent more that half of yesterday considering for engrossment a bill appropriating $116,886 of the taxes received from insurance companies for the years 1897 to 1898 to the various counties and the city of St. Louis for school purposes. An amendment was tacked on to appropriate $25,000 for the ensuing two years from the same fund and for the same purpose. Pending discussion the bill was laid over.

The house passed a resolution providing for a constitutional amendment, under the terms of which only felony cases are to be investigated by grand juries. The resolution was introduced by Mr. Woodfolk, of Lincoln.

The senate committee on municipal corporations submitted a favorable report on Senator Drake's bill to prohibit city councils from granting franchises for street railways except upon petition of a majority of owners of abutting property along the proposed route.

Senator Wilson's bill to provide that garnishments against a railroad for the wages of an employe shall have no effect until after a judgment has been obtained passed the senate. This measure is intended to operate against a class of money lenders who thrive in the large cities and are generally known as "sharks."

The senate passed Senator Clay's bill to prohibit officers of mining corporations from acting as judges, clerks or witnesses of elections.

JEFFERSON CITY, March 24.—The house, yesterday, killed the stock yards bill.

The Drabelle election bill, which, applies only to St. Louis and Kansas City, passed the senate without opposition. Judges and clerks of election may be appointed by the election commissioners without the approval of the circuit court, now required. It is provided also that there shall be registration at the office of the election commissioners every day, except Sunday, in September of each year. There is to be a general registration every four years.

The bill which passed the senate, providing that a member of a fraternal society may make his benefit certificate payable to any person he may designate, will be reported unfavorably by house committee on fraternal insurance.

Dr. W. W. Boyd, of St. Louis, appeared before the house judiciary committee and urged the passage of the Devoy social evil bill, but with an amendment enlarging the district in which it is proposed to confine the houses of ill-repute of St. Louis. Dr. Boyd thinks that if the Devoy bill passes the house it will go through the senate. He said that it was not the purpose to license evil in any form, but simply to concentrate it within one district and attack it with all the moral influence available.

JEFFERSON CITY, March 25.—The appropriations bill passed by the house went through the senate yesterday. Having the emergency clause, they will become effective as soon as signed by the governor. Following are the appropriations: For the public schools, one-third of the revenue, which will amount to about $500,000. For the purchase and redemption of state bonds, $7,500,000. For assessing and collecting the revenue, $350,000. For interest on the public debt, $710,000.

The joint and concurrent resolution providing for an additional road tax, offered by Mr. Hamilton, of Daviess, was passed in the senate. The resolution provides that an amendment to the constitution shall be submitted to the people of the state at the next general election authorizing county courts to levy an additional tax not to exceed 15 cents per $100 of valuation of road and bridge purposes. St. Louis, Kansas City and St. Joseph are excepted.

The house killed the Bolton bill, providing for an annual registration of all pharmacists and the payment of a fee of $1 for each registration.

Senator Wilson's bill, aimed at money "sharks," and framed by Harry Hawes, vice-president of the St. Louis police board, passed the house, and only needs the signature of the governor to become a law. It provides that any person, firm or corporation who shall take or receive over 2 per cent a month for the use or forbearance of any money or property shall be guilty of a misdemeanor, punishable by both fine and imprisonment.

Dr. Tubbs of Osage, scored a victory in the house by the passage of his bills placing the excise commissioner and the chief oil inspector of St. Louis on salaries. The bill goes to the senate.

JEFFERSON CITY, March 28.—What little life that was left in the bill reducing railway fares was squeezed out yesterday, when the measure was indefinitely postponed in the house by a vote of 81 to 41.

By a vote of 91 to 2, the house passed the anti-cigarette bill. It is short, and reads as follows: "It shall be unlawful for any person to sell, give away or otherwise dispose of cigarettes or cigarette wrappers in the state. Any person or persons found guilty of a violation of this act shall, upon conviction thereof, be fined in a sum of not less than $5, nor more than $100."

The house also passed a bill to make slot machines gambling devices. The old law makes the operation of gambling devices a felony. The maximum punishment is two years in the penitentiary, and the minimum six months in jail. This law designates a number of gambling devices, among them being keno tables, poker outfits, etc., and in these the Delaell bill, which passed the house, inserts the following: "Slot machines, stand or device of whatsoever kind or make, however worked, operated or manipulated." It seems this law is intended to catch all kinds of slot machines, from the small concerns which yield chewing gum in response to a penny dropped in the slot to the more pretentious machine large enough to accommodate a bushel of nickels.

The senate passed a house bill, introduced by Mr. Whitecotton, of Monroe, to provide that private corporations may dissolve through the process in the circuit court.

—Practically every vessel at the Chicago end of Lake Michigan has been chartered and loaded with grain, awaiting the opening of navigation.

NOTES OF INDUSTRY.

We export oysters to Europe.

China exports 11,000,000 fans annually.

Iron furnaces with a capacity of 4,000,000 tons a year are idle because they are out of date.

The value of the average annual production of the earth has been estimated at $10,000,000,000.

Experiments have been made with glass as a substitute for metal bearings. The result is greatly reduced friction.

If all the lands suitable for cultivation of sugar cane were utilized in Cuba the island could produce enough sugar for the entire western hemisphere.

An experiment in storing eggs was recently tried at Leith, where some 50,000 Scotch, Irish and Danish eggs were sealed in an apparatus for four months, after which only a small proportion of them were found addled. The air in the store is cooled and allowed to circulate freely round the eggs, which are turned periodically to keep the yolk surrounded with albumen. This is done by mechanism.

RING loud, O bells of Easter,
Your peals through space ring,
With joy the fair earth greets you
Through all the notes of spring,
Ring in all peace and gladness,
Ring out all strife and tears,
As onward through the ages
You've rung the passing years.

Ring clear, O bells, your message
Throughout all nature thrills,
It all things living touches,
As when from Judah's hills
There rose the light triumphant
O'er death and mortal fears,
And dawned that first great Easter—
The Easter of the years.

Ring sweet, O bells, your lesson
Unto each heart to-day;
That all before the Master
May but life's lilies lay;
Ring soft—ring low, your chiming
May bridge some past—its tears,
For those, perchance, who mourneth
Some Easter in the years.

Again, O bells of Easter,
Ring out in thrilling peal,
That we, through all our pulses
The new-born glory feel
God's living, loving presence,
As each new spring appears
In all that breathes around us,
Throughout the march of years.
—Beatrice Harlowe, in Woman's Home Companion.

MRS. WHITAKER drew up her little brown and white pony with an expression of disgust on her face and waited until the wagon, with the long box covered with an old black shawl, had passed her on its way to the village burying ground.

"Another pauper's funeral," Mrs. Whitaker murmured, looking over her shoulder, as she drove on past the town farm.

Again Anne Whitaker's lips curled. "Old men and funerals, right next door;" and this time she struck the slow-moving pony a gentle blow with her equally slow-moving whip.

Now Mrs. Anne Whitaker was not a hard-hearted woman. She was only an indignant land owner who found her handsome farmhouse almost ruined for residential and property purposes by its proximity to the poor farm. This farm, adjoining Mrs. Whitaker's, had been left to the town last year.

"It's not that I don't want the paupers to be comfortable," said Mrs. Whitaker, as the pony trotted up the driveway toward the barn; "but I must say I don't care to have them right under my nose."

Mrs. Whitaker, not finding her man about, unharnessed the pony and led him into the stall and then went indoors to discuss with Hannah, the only other occupant of the big house, the disadvantages of the locality.

Meantime in the poorhouse, next door, a little child was sobbing her heart out in an upper room.

"You hadn't oughter have taken her away before her mother died, if she did make a fuss," said the daughter of the woman who looked after the poor-farm, "I'm agoin' up to see her."

She went up two flights of stairs to the garret room where a child was seated on an old box in the corner. The child stopped crying, half frightened as she entered. The girl sat down on a trunk opposite

"Look here, Ruth, you mustn't cry any longer," commanded the matron's daughter.

"I want my mother," sobbed the child, with new courage.

The girl hesitated a moment. "Well, you can't have your mother," she answered at last, frankly, "she's dead, and gone to Heaven."

"Oh," said the child, slowly, "you didn't tell me. Mamma said she thought she was going to die, but they didn't tell me; they just carried me away."

"Well, for gracious sakes!" cried the girl; "you took on so about her bein' sick that we had to. You ain't goin' to cry any more, are you?" she added, coaxingly.

"No, I ain't," answered the child, gravely.

"There, that's a good girl;" the matron's daughter rose and gave the dark locks an affectionate rub. "I knew you wasn't goin' to be naughty."

The girl went downstairs and left Ruth sitting very still upon the box in the corner and thinking hard, with her eyes fixed on a cobweb just across the garret.

"My mamma has died and gone to Heaven," the child meditated, solemnly. "I told her if she went up to Heaven first, the next thing she knew she'd look around and see me there. I ain't going to stay in this horrid place without her. I'm going to die myself and go and see her, right straight off. I'll put on my best nightgown, and I'll lie down in the bed and put some flowers at my head"—some kind person had placed a bouquet by her mother's bed the last time Ruth had seen her lying sick and still—"and then I'll die and go to Heaven." She rose now and, stepping to the window, peered between the dusky festoons at the blue sky, as if she expected to see the angels already descending to bear her away.

At last she went quietly down the stairs; she must find the flowers first, and to go out of doors by the back way she must pass through the kitchen. The girl was at the stove frying doughnuts, and looked up as Ruth entered.

"Hullo," she said; "have a doughnut?"

These doughnuts were not for the inmates of the farm, and it was a rare honor to be offered one. For a moment Ruth forgot her errand, it was so warm and sweet. While she was eating it, standing close by the fire, the girl's mother, who was sitting in the kitchen, spoke:

"To think to-morrer should be Easter."

"I know it; I hope it'll be pleasant."

"What is Easter?" asked Ruth, timidly.

"Law sakes! what a heathen she is," cried the woman.

"Easter," said the girl, oracularly, balancing a doughnut on the end of her fork, "is the day when Christ rose from the dead, as all the dead shall rise."

Ruth, as she stood in the corner, ate her doughnut and pondered over the words.

"I guess to-morrow'll be the best day to die in," she decided, watching with hungry eyes as the girl bore the pan of doughnuts off to the matron's private larder; "that's the day the dead shall all rise."

The next morning brought Easter, a fair and glad day for many as well as for little Ruth; for was not this to be the day on which she should rise to her mother in the skies? She went out into the garden directly after breakfast to gather some flowers. After much searching Ruth discovered in a swamp far from the house, a pussy-willow bush, with the catkins clinging gray and soft to the shining brown twigs. She picked a great bunch of these and bore them home in triumph. Suddenly she remembered something; her mother's lament the night before she lost all knowledge of where she was, that she must die in the poor farm; how bad she felt about that. "I don't think mamma'd want me to die here," she murmured, with a little sob of disappointment in her voice.

It was at dusk of that Easter day when a little white-robed figure stole softly out of the back door of the poor house, and, creeping slowly along in the shadow, came at last to Mrs. Whitaker's back gate. Then it fairly flew up the pathway, and paused at the door. But the door was locked, and there was no key in sight. A sudden memory came to Ruth of the day when she had been to walk with the girl at the poor-farm, and the girl had taken the key from under the mat. She reached down now and felt beneath the mat. Yes, there it was. She fitted the key in the door, turned it quickly and found herself in Mrs. Whitaker's pleasant kitchen, where the fire glowed in a safe, subdued fashion, and the dining-room showed through the half-open door.

But Ruth wasted scarce a glance on these beauties. She had seen the brown and white pony go down the road some time since, and she planned

LOOKING OVER THE LITTLE WHITE FIGURE.

to die and be done with it before the pony's owner should return.

She wiped her cold bare feet carefully on the kitchen rug; it appeared to her most fitting to die in bare feet; then, holding the big bunch of pussy-willows closely, she crept softly up the stairs to the handsome square chambers. She was awestruck with their size and grandeur, and it took her some time to decide which one was suitable for her laying out; but at last she selected Mrs. Whitaker's own bedroom. She placed the pussy-willows in a vase on the table at the head of the bed, and then she opened the window wide.

"I should think that would be big enough for the angels to get me through, if they're careful," she said, aloud; she had not seen her mother carried away in the poorfarm wagon in the long, black box.

She climbed solemnly up into the great high-posted bed, lying quietly in the center of it, her little close-cropped head against Mrs. Whitaker's spick and span shams, her small, bare feet projecting, pink-toed and chill, from the edge of her carefully drawn-down nightgown. She folded her hands across her breast, closed her eyes, just as she had seen her mother on that last day, and waited—waited through the seconds that the tall hall-clock ticked solemnly from below the stairs, waited while they turned to minutes, and even to an hour; but the angels were waiting, too, the guardian angels of little Ruth.

While she waited the brown and white pony was ambling down the road, bearing Mrs. Whitaker home after the church service. She had left Hannah on the way to make a call on her family and was now alone. The peace of Easter was smiling on her lips and the joy of Easter was shining in her eyes; for Easter has always the largest meaning to those, left as she, alone in the world. She drove up the driveway to the barn, lighted the lantern and unharnessed the horse—the hired man had his Sundays out; then she came to the back door. The sight of the key projecting from the lock brought another frown to her face.

"Hannah's getting careless," she said, as she stepped into the kitchen. She sat down a moment before the fire in the darkness, then rising, lighted a lamp and went slowly up the stairs to put away her bonnet and shawl.

She came into her bedroom, placed the light on her bureau and turned about toward the bed. She gave a sudden cry, not a shriek, but something between a moan and a sob and put her hand to her side. But after a still moment, she went to the bureau, picked up the lamp in a steady hand and walked gravely to the bedside, looking over the little white figure from the dark, roughened hair to the pink-toed feet. A hint of a smile came to the corners of her mouth.

Now the child opened her big black eyes, saw the faint smile and tranquilly closed them again.

Anne Whitaker frowned. Was it a trick being played upon her?

"What are you doing here?" she demanded, still holding the light and still peering down into the child's face.

Ruth opened her eyes again with a look of appeal in them. "I'm dying," she answered, calmly, and then closed her eyes.

Mrs. Whitaker jumped so that the chimney almost fell from the lamp; she hurried to the bureau, placed it there and then came back to the bed.

"Do you feel very bad?" she queried, anxiously.

A piteous frown came to the child's forehead. "Please don't 'sturb me, I want to die;" she had screwed her eyes more tightly together this time.

Mrs. Whitaker straightened up. "Oh, you do, do you?" then she bent over the bed. "Have you taken anything?" she asked, solicitously.

The child looked at her now. "No, I didn't have anything that was good enough. You can get most everything in Heaven, can't you?"

Anne Whitaker retreated a pace and sat down in the nearest chair. She did not answer until she realized that Ruth was still looking at her inquiringly.

"Yes, I guess so," she began, hastily. Then she felt a draft of cold air. "I guess there isn't much doubt about your dying if you lie there with that window open;" she went toward the window and closed it.

"Don't shut it; how can the angels come in?" Ruth sat up in bed and looked at her.

Anne Whitaker looked back at the thin little face and the sad, dark eyes, and a lump came into her throat.

"They can come in at the door, I guess," she said; but she was not thinking of the words.

She went over to the child, who had lain down again, and touched her bare, chill feet. "You're going to catch your death a-cold," she affirmed. "I'm going to put my shawl over you."

The child unfolded her hands and spread them out in appeal. "Won't you please let me die? This is such a nice house to die in."

Again Mrs. Whitaker retreated. "What—what do you want to die for?" she stammered.

"'Cause my mamma died, an' I want to go an' see her in Heaven; an' it's a more joyful place than the poorhouse."

Mrs. Whitaker had always prided herself on being a woman of resource. She sat down on a chair opposite the bed and studied the little figure perplexedly. Suddenly there was a movement of the small nose, a wrinkling of the smooth eyebrows, and the next moment the still form was shaken by a convulsive sneeze.

Mrs. Whitaker sprang to her feet. "There's one thing sure," she declared, impressively, "if I let you lie there that way I might as well be a murderer and done with it. Wanting to die, indeed! Don't you know the Lord's got work for you in the world, and it isn't right for you to die?"

Her voice rose in her indignation louder than she knew, from the clothes-press where she was extracting her biggest and warmest gray shawl. When she turned again toward the bed, two great tears were stealing from beneath Ruth's dark lashes and making slow way down her hollow cheeks. Mrs. Whitaker groaned and choked and sat down with the shawl in her arms. Then, what seemed like a brilliant inspiration came to her.

"I've got some apple tarts downstairs; they're brown an' crispy, and there's one that's just about big enough for a little girl. I should think she'd like to have something to eat before she dies."

The child's mouth moved convulsively at the corners, but this time it was not with grief.

"And I've got a cooky that's round, with sugar on the top and a hole in the middle." Mrs. Whitaker smiled broadly as Ruth sat up.

"And could I take one to mamma, too?" she asked.

"Oh," answered the triumphant lady, "your mamma has everything she wants in Heaven."

The child smiled. "Then I guess I'll wait till I get there, too," she said, and lay down again.

The shawl twitched in Anne Whitaker's hands; she longed to gather the forlorn little figure into her arms, but she did not feel that she could use force toward the child; she must manage her, she had always been so good a manager.

"Do you know what day it is?" she asked, presently, feeling her way carefully.

"Yes, that's why I died to-day," was the answer, still with tight-shut eyes.

"To-day is the day that Christ rose from the dead to teach us that as He rose, so shall we all rise," began Mrs. Whitaker, gently.

Ruth was looking at her now. "But I can't rise," she said, plaintively; "'cause you keep 'sturbing me."

"You might"—Anne Whitaker drew a long breath, was it sacrilegious?—"you might play you had been dead and"—she paused.

A gleam of interest shone in Ruth's face. "But this isn't Heaven," she protested.

"The Kingdom of Heaven is within you," Mrs. Whitaker quoted, with both freedom and truth, as she approached the bed with outspread shawl. "It isn't Heaven, but we might be good and make it seem like Heaven."

The child put up her hand as if to ward off the shawl.

"But God isn't here and mamma isn't here."

"God is everywhere," answered Mrs. Whitaker; and Ruth looked about half startled. "But He is a spirit, and you can't see Him." She dropped the shawl over the child now, and as she wrapped it about her she finished more softly: "Your mamma isn't here, but you might play for a little while that I was your other mother."

"Not my real mother?" Ruth asked, wistfully.

"Oh no," Mrs. Whitaker said, hastily; "only a play mother."

The child said no more, but let herself be wound up in the shawl and sat quietly on the edge of the bed while Mrs. Whitaker brought out a pair of her long woolen stockings and drew them over the little, unresisting feet. There was still a slight disappointment in Ruth's face when the great, gray shawl was fastened with a safety pin firmly beneath her chin.

"Now be careful when you go downstairs and keep tight hold of the banisters;" and Mrs. Whitaker came a step behind with a firm clutch on the small, gray-shawled shoulder.

She placed the child in the great rocking chair in front of the stove and laid out all her goodies on the table; apple tarts and cookies and preserves and cold meat and bread and butter and rich, warm milk. Then she went upstairs and brought down an old sacque of her own that Ruth might put on, and so have her arms free; and they both actually fell to laughing as she rolled and rolled and rolled up the long hanging sleeves.

Mrs. Whitaker was amazed and fearful when she saw Ruth eat; the little girl, whose mind seemed fixed on heavenly things, had a hearty appetite. At last, for fear the child might, indeed, die from overeating, her hostess suggested that they rock together in the chair before the fire.

"I always said that your farm wasn't rightly managed," she thought indignantly; "they don't have enough to eat. I don't know but I'd better let myself be put on that committee."

At this moment little Ruth looked up with a smile on her face, from which all traces of disappointment were fast vanishing. "I think this must be almost as nice as Heaven; just but for mamma."

Mrs. Whitaker smiled grimly. "I guess Heaven is a good deal within us, even with the poorhouse next door."

Hannah made an unusually long call on her family, so Mrs. Whitaker thought, holding the little, shawl-wrapped figure in front of the dining-room fire. But when at last she entered, her mistress' commands were ready.

"Hanna, you go over to the poor-farm and tell them that Ruth's over here and going to stay, and I'll send John for her things in the morning."

Hannah stood still, gaping, in the dining-room doorway. "Well, I never!" she announced, with her usual freedom; "what on earth have you been doin'?"

Anne Whitaker smiled with her lips against Ruth's dark locks. "Well," she said, slowly, "we've been having a resurrection. You see, this little girl came over here to"—she was about to add "to die," but changed it suddenly "to live."—Frances Bent Dillingham in N. Y. Independent.

THE EASTER LAMB.

An Old Custom That Is Still in Vogue in the East—Relic of the Jewish Passover.

Among the Christians of the East it is customary to purchase a young lamb to be eaten at Easter. This is evidently a relic of the Jewish Passover. During Passion Week lambs are brought into every town and village by the hundred, their white wool often dyed red in patches in order to enhance their beauty in the eyes of purchasers. The usual price asked for the little animal is from 20 cents to two dollars, the prices varying according to the locality where the sale takes place.

It is a great event for the children of the family, who may be seen in every town leading the little pet about the streets and competing with each other to see who shall give it the nicest handful of grass. Ribbons and artificial and natural flowers are all used to decorate these little creatures in preparation for the sacrifice. Wreaths of flowers encircle their necks and legs, and knots of gay ribbon are tied to their tails and wool. So attached do the children become to the lambs that the father often has a struggle to bring about their slaughter, and for this reason two lambs are sometimes bought, only one being killed for the Easter festival.

Thereafter the "spared Easter lamb" becomes the children's inseparable companion. It follows the little girls to the pasture or cemetery close by, or runs behind the donkey which the boys are riding to the vineyard or mulberry grove.

At night the little ones dispute who shall have it for its bedfellow, and they go to sleep with their arms about the soft little neck of their playfellow.—N. Y. Tribune.

Easter Eggs in Russia.

The Easter egg is used in the Russian church as a symbol of kindly feeling between the clergyman and his flock. At the conclusion of the services the members of the congregation "click eggs" with the priest much as glasses are clinked when healths are drunk at banquets.