

Easter Lilies and Easter Bells.

Easter lilies and Easter bells: Sweet the story their coming tells. Faith and Hope, the lilies sing: Peace unto the soul they bring. High, Salvation's anthem swells In the music of the bells. Easter lilies and Easter bells: Sweet the story their coming tells.

Pure and fair are the lilies of Easter: Sately, and gently, and white; Dainty and deep are the bells that ring Easter.

Chime with the coming of light, The song and the story, The love and the glory, That live in the Kingdom of Right.

Out of the song and the fragrance of Easter.

Welcome, and blessed, and clean, Conch the risen and glorified Master, Being glad words of good cheer, And work in the garden For them that seek pardon, With peace for the sorrowing here.

Out in the meadows the lilies are blooming,

And deep in the vales and dells Brightly her sisters their sweet heads are lifting.

Under the Easter-tide spells, The spring birds are winging, And gayly are singing, The story the Magdalene tells.

Out in the morning came Mary and Magdalene—

Dew-damp of night in her hair; Weeping and pale, in the first morn of Easter,

Came she, faithfully, there, And heron's the story— Sweet Charity's glory— The story the lilies declare.

Out of the chiming of soft bells at Easter:

Out of the lily's perfume; Out of the choir of birds of the spring-time;

Out of its myriad bloom Comes over the story Of Christ's risen glory, That manna with promise the tomb— William Lightfoot Vischer.

THE GREATEST SOLDIER.

An Easter Story by Opie Read.

The great war was nearing its close. It was the evening when men looked back upon the noonday of slaughter. At the front all was expected. In the conquered states civil law began to lift its head. But even here there were independent bands to be captured or destroyed. One band was headed by Lit Braze. The soldier who studies the moods of his enemy was not slow to learn the whims of Braze. One night in a down-pour of rain the colonel commander of a post remarked:

"We may expect that fellow now."

And he came, his horses dashing madly, and with sabers glittering like evil snakes in the air. But he was driven back.

One day the colonel sent for Capt. Lane.

"Captain," said he, "I am informed that Braze and his men are lurking in the Gath neighborhood, about 30 miles from here.

The band is greatly reduced in numbers. Take your company and finish them."

The captain saluted and withdrew. He rode forth at the head of his troops. Along toward nightfall he picked up a guide.

"He is a dashing fellow, and it is a pity to kill him," said the captain to the guide, who with him at the head of the column.

"I guess he's dashing enough" the guide replied. "He knows how to fight and then get away."

"I imagine that he's young and handsome," said the captain.

"Wait till you see him," the guide remarked.

We Have Left the Old Year

AND

Caught up with the New One.



Our Beef, Pork and Mutton

Is killed here, not shipped in, and is consequently, FRESH AND SWEET. If you want something Choice, Juicy, Sweet and Cheap, Call and you will get it. OSCAR HAWKINS will have charge of the block.

OUR GROCERY STOCK

At present, as it was in the past, UP-TO-DATE

Thanking you for past favors we are yours truly,

Sharp & Donley

It was thought best, after a certain time, to dismount and advance on foot. The country was wild. All night the captain and his men wandered about in the woods. Beneath a big tree the commander halted to rest.

"Let me poke around and see if I can find him," said the guide.

The captain turned upon him. "Look here, I am beginning to suspect you, if my suspicions become a little stronger I'll hang you up to this tree."

The guide laughed. He had nerve. "You may suspect me all you please," said he. "If I try to throw you down you may hang me up. I want you to catch him—or kill him, rather, for he won't give up. I once belonged to his gang."

"Ah, then of course you want him killed," replied the captain. "Very well," he added, "go out and see if you can locate him."

The guide, with his neck thrust out glided away among the trees. "Boa constrictor," said the captain watching him.

At daylight the guide returned. "I have found him," said he. "And he couldn't be in a better place—down in a hollow. He thinks he's hid away where nobody can find him. It isn't much bigger than a sink-hole, the place isn't, and you can station your men all around and pick him and his men like shooting turkeys. Come on."

"Sergeant," said the captain, "keep your eye on this fellow and if you catch him in a lie shoot him down."

The sergeant saluted and took his place beside the guide.

They found Braze situated just as the guide had reported.

"We will make short work of him," the captain whispered. "Wait. What are they doing? They are holding Easter services. Who is that gray-haired man preaching?"

"That's Braze," the guide answered. "Let me pick him." He cocked a carbine.

"Wait," the captain commanded. "Why did he take up arms? Do you know?"

"The union guerrillas hanged his son."

"What for?"

"Because they could."

"What was the father doing at the time?"

"Praying beside the death-bed of a federal soldier. He

was a preacher.

"Listen. They are singing. Keep low, everyone."

They crouched in silence till the hymn was done. Then the guerrilla preacher began to pray. He thanked the Lord that peace was near at hand. He prayed for his enemies. He asked the Lord to forgive those who had injured him. He spoke of his son and sat down, sobbing.

"About face," whispered the captain.

Through the woods the soldiers marched, sullen, and with many a dark look cast at the captain. The guide was disgusted.

"Why didn't you kill him? You had him in your power."

"Silence, sir. I shall make my report to the colonel."

"And so will I. You had him and you let him get away. I believe you said something about hanging me. It may be my turn to say something about hanging to you. Oh, you can't do anything with me now. The men are all hot at you, and you'll be in luck if they don't string you up themselves."

The captain tapped the butt of a pistol and the guide rode on in silence.

The colonel was sitting in his tent when the captain's troop rode into camp. The guide jumped off his horse and hastened to the colonel. The captain slowly followed. When he entered the tent the colonel was in a rage. For a time he could not speak. At last he uttered the word: "Traitor." The captain smiled.

"Colonel," said he, "you are a Christian, and when you are calmer you will agree with me. I was sent to kill those wretches I found them—their leader was preaching to them of the Resurrection—an old man preaching to a congregation in rags. They had decked a stump for an altar. The sun was just rising and fell upon it. And what you may call treason, but which I call was a tenderness, fell upon me. I saw a sort of misled John Brown praying. Sincerity was his accent. Faith was his watchword. The great guns of war were hushing one by one. Birds were building their nests. And I said to myself: 'Does my country in the glory of her victory want the blood of these poor misguided wretches?' And I believe it was the spirit of my country

that whispered: 'No.' I admit that I have disobeyed orders. I make no defense, except that I could not find it in my heart to murder them. Colonel, I am covered with wounds. I enlisted as a private and I have fought my way up. You have commended me for bravery. You know that there is no treason in my nature. You know that I love my country better than I do my life. In New England my father is preaching—praying for the souls of men. And the old man standing in the valley with the sun upon his gray head reminded me of him. I will take off my sword; I will—"

A shout arose. A soldier came running into the tent. "Braze and his men have come in and surrendered," the soldier said.

The colonel reached forth and grasped the captain's hand. "Keep your honored sword," he said. "Mercy is the greatest soldier."

People Going West or Northwest Should not fail to write John DeWitt, Traveling Passenger Agent, Burlington Route, St. Louis, Mo., in order to get the best rates, the best train services and those traveling comforts which characterize this railroad. Letters of inquiry will always be answered with that fair dealing which has made the Burlington Route what it is—the road that can take the best care of you to any point in the west. 47-9 tf.

Deficit.

The Globe-Democrat as solemnly as an Owl declares the Dingley bill raised a sufficient sum for governmental purposes and "It is the war expenditures which make the deficit at the present time." The G-D. has forgotten that there is such a thing as subtraction and that subtracting the war bills from the entire expenses still leaves a deficit which bids fair to swamp McKinley just as it did Harrison. The G-D. also ignores the fact that it was the (Cleveland) Democratic administration that piled up a surplus that Harrison squandered and that the present administration has declared its intent to convert Central Pacific bonds into cash so as to make a little better showing and raise funds to fool the people with just as was done with the Union Pacific mortgage.

Personal And Literary.

Senator White, of California, and Senator Mallory, of Florida, are cousins.

Money has been contributed for a life-size statue of Thomas Hughes, the author of "Tom Brown's School Days," to be erected at Rugby.

The Critic says that a number of American magazines have been after Gen. Kitchener to ask him to write his experiences in the Soudan, but he has declined all offers.

A gold nugget about as big as a hickory nut is a characteristically loud decoration of the watch chain of Senator Hanna. It is a Klondike product and was given by some church people in Cleveland.

The late William Black in youth undertook to be a painter, but abandoned art for literature. It was his story, "A Princess of Thule," which made him famous in 1873, although several of his other novels had preceded that one.

Dr. James E. Cocke, of Boston, who stands in the front rank of the medical profession there, has been blind since childhood. Strange as it may seem, he is an expert surgeon, and is regarded as an authority on hypnotism. He has written a number of medical and other scientific books.

At a recent sale of autographs in London a letter written by Washington to Lafayette went for \$30; a Washington plain autograph brought \$20; President Zachary Taylor's signature, \$0; President Garfield's, \$0; Gen. Grant's, \$6; Jefferson Davis', \$3; Washington Irving's, \$5; Benjamin Franklin's, \$10; Emerson's, \$2.50; Holmes', \$8, and Longfellow's, \$7.50.

A beautiful trait of Dr. John Hall's character was brought out by his regard for the English sparrow—an immigrant from the same side of the Atlantic as himself. He used to throw out a handful of crumbs from his breakfast table, and watch the sparrows eat them. It made him feel as if friends from his fatherland were breakfasting with him.

Bill Nye was once chatting with Senator Shirley, of Maine, and remarked upon the fact that he (Nye) was born at Shirley in the senator's state, adding that the town had doubtless been named for one of the senator's ancestors. "I didn't know," said the senator. "that there was such a town in Maine as Shirley." "I didn't know it, either," said Nye, "until I was born there."

Love And Avoirdupois.

Love makes 128 pounds of a girl feel no heavier than a feather on a fellow's knee.—Norristown Herald. And the same fellow would have his leg cramped out of shape by a 75-pound wife.—Fulton Times. That would depend somewhat upon whose wife it was.—Danbury News.

The Sure LaGrippe Cure.

There is no use suffering from this dreadful malady, if you will only get the right remedy. You are having pain all through your body, your liver is out of order, have no appetite, no life or ambition, have a bad cold, in fact are completely used up. Electric Bitters is the only remedy that will give you prompt and sure relief. They act directly on your Liver, Stomach and Kidneys, tone up the whole system and make you feel like a new being. They are guaranteed to cure or price refunded. For sale at B. O. Wood's Drug stores only 50 cents per bottle.