

**EASTER GLORY.**

May Christ, the risen Savior,  
O'erflow your heart with light;  
And may His gracious favor  
Make all your Easter bright.

Upon the wings of the morning light  
Something is borne to the waiting earth;  
Something that's new and strange and  
bright,  
Waking the world to a newer birth.

Breezes are blowing o'er hill and lea,  
Flowers unfolding in bud and bloom,  
Birds are stir in each nest or tree,  
Valleys are bathed in sweet perfume.

Over the meadows the sunshine lies—  
Tenderly breaking from zone to zone,  
Cavels are lifted to arching skies,  
Chimes from the steeples are swung or  
blown.

Out on the mountains the wild flower  
springs;  
Far on the river the mist wreaths curl,  
High up above us, like great white wings,  
The clouds sweep forth from their gates  
of pearl.

Ah, what is it, this glow in the air,  
Gilding the day, tho' the skies were dim?  
What is it, that thrills thro' the soul's deep  
prayer,  
This sense, in the heart, of a whispered  
hymn?

Christ is risen! Oh, marvelous word,  
Speaking forever thro' sounds and signs,  
Lift Thou each soul like a soaring bird,  
Up where the light of the Risen One  
shines!

**EASTER TO EASTER.**

"There's no use talking, Theodore!"  
"Theodore!" interrupted the young man  
explosively.

"Yes, Theodore, I believe that is your  
name," was the reply in a crushing tone;  
"but as I was about to say, I shall never  
marry a farmer. I was born for a higher  
sphere, one broader and more—more—  
well, more to my taste."

"Exactly!—(with mock humility)—and  
would it be presumption for a poor, mis-  
erable doid of the valley like myself to  
ask what you propose to do?"

"I have my plans, sir, but you are not  
likely to sympathize with me in them, and  
words are only wasted."

"Very true, but, oh, Bab—"

"My name is Barbara, please."

"Hing it all!" cried the young man,  
springing to his feet and grabbing his hat.  
"I may as well go now as later. It's  
all over, I know, but it's terribly hard to  
realize; terribly hard to forget all the jolly  
old times we've had together when you  
was Bab and I was Theod, but it has  
been coming on, this change, ever since  
you came home from your visit. I thought  
it might wear off, but now since you've  
said it I—oh, Bab, little Bab, I've always  
loved you and never had a thought or plan  
that you wasn't in since I can remember;  
how can I give it all up?"

And then the great, true-hearted fellow  
dropped back into his chair and buried his  
face in his hands. Barbara, who had  
risen too, stood looking down at him, not  
knowing whether to laugh or cry. She  
remembered that in other days she would  
have done the latter to have seen  
"Theod" in distress; but now—well, things  
were so very different now, and when she  
tried to imagine one of those well-dressed  
men, to whom her cousin had introduced  
her, crying because a girl had refused him,  
she did laugh outright.

Theod did not look up, but he heard,  
and as soon as he could control himself,  
he rose again, saying:

"Pardon my weakness, Miss Barbara;  
I will not trouble you again. I am sure  
I wish you all success in whatever you  
undertake, and many happy returns of  
this Easter Day. Good-night!"

"Good-night!"

Barbara's voice sounded a little queer,  
even to herself, but she stood where he  
left her until the door was shut and the  
sound of his familiar footsteps had died  
away; then, with cheeks unusually red,  
she went to her room.

"He'll be out all right to-morrow,  
but I had no idea I would get rid of him  
so easily to-night. What a silly he is,  
angry, to suppose that I could ever be  
content with him and 'the dear old folks,'  
as he calls them, on a farm."

Much to her surprise, Theodore Vane  
did not return on the morrow, or any  
other day, though she saw him ride by a  
number of times. It was annoying, espe-  
cially after a letter came from her city  
friends telling her they had found her a  
position as "saleslady" in a store. She  
did so want to tell Theod (she called him  
that to herself), but though her little  
brother told him the news, he came not.

Barbara's parents, like all sensible  
country people, did not want her to go to  
the city. She had education enough to  
teach a district school—and her help was  
needed in the family, but she was deter-  
mined. She could not afford to thus let slip  
what she called "the opportunity of a life-  
time"; and so she did just when spring  
was bursting into beauty.

She just cried the least bit when she  
bade her mother good-by, but tears were  
not befitting a young woman going out to  
make her fortune and she was not a little  
ashamed of herself. During her five  
weeks' visit with her relatives in the city  
she had imbibed some ideas, chief among  
them that living in the country was a dis-  
grace, and that any show of tenderness  
or feeling was vulgar.

Barbara's first letter home was full of  
news concerning her journey, her new po-  
sition and the good time that each evening  
brought. Her aunt was going to move,  
however, and in order to be near her busi-  
ness she must rent a room and board her-  
self.

The next letter told of a small apart-  
ment in the third story of a lodging house,  
its meager furnishing and how dreadfully  
tired she was at night.

"She'll be comin' home soon," laughed  
her father, but the mother looked trou-  
bled.

After that the letters were usually writ-  
ten in a hurry, sometimes sad and some-  
times with a forced gaiety. More than  
once her mother urged her to come home,  
but only once did she refer to the matter,  
then to say she would come at Christ-  
mas.

The weeks and months rolled round, and  
the old farm house was full of festal pre-  
parations, for Barbara would arrive on the  
twenty-seventh. Three days before  
Christmas a postal card, hastily scrawled  
on the counter, had announced as much,  
and that the holiday travel kept her in her  
place until nine and ten o'clock at night.

The morning of the twenty-seventh  
found the family early active, and by  
train time father was at the station, and  
everything in readiness at home.

"They're comin'!" shouted Ted, as he  
decried the white blaze in Major's face  
far down the road.

"They are coming!" was echoed all over  
the house and by the time Ted had dis-  
covered that his father was alone, the  
mother and two sisters were at the door.



Poor, bewildered father could only say  
over and over again: "I can't tell anything  
about it; she wa'n't there—that's all I  
know."

The day dragged wearily on, and still  
no word. All the good things were set  
away; probably she would come to-mor-  
row. Again father went to the station,  
but she returned alone and still no word.  
The third morning was but a repetition of  
the others, and then mother said that  
somebody must go and see what the mat-  
ter was.

"You better go," father said, helplessly;  
and she went.

"Oh, Bab; my darling child!" was what  
she said, as she stood on the threshold of  
the barren, third-story room, and looked  
at the flushed, unconscious face on the  
not-over-clean pillow.

"Don't you know me, dear; don't you  
know your mother?"

But the girl only babbled on of the  
spring in the orchard, the apple blossoms,  
the birds' nest in the cherry tree, Old  
Matta's kittens in the hay mow, and  
Theod.

"She came home from the store looking  
pale and tired," her landlady said; "I  
happened to meet her in the outer hall.  
She always speaks pleasantly and pays  
promptly for everything she gets, so I've  
learned to like her, and noticed particu-  
larly how bad she looked. 'I'm going  
home to-morrow, Mrs. Case,' she said,  
'and won't be back till after New Year's,'  
so when she wasn't about next day, I  
supposed she'd gone. It was just getting  
dark when Mr. Done—a bachelor next  
door to her—came and asked me what  
the matter with Miss Burns; said some-  
body had been moanin' and takin' on in  
her room all day. (He writes stories or  
something; anyway, he's awful poor and  
allers in his room.)"

"I went right up and found the poor  
child ravin' in fever as you see. I sent  
for my own doctor, and he's doing his  
best. I didn't know where you lived, but  
I loved to hunt through her papers to-  
morrow, if nobody come, to see if I could  
find out. I'm so driven with work and  
trying to do for her, I hain't had time to  
do nothing else."

In the weary weeks following, spent by  
Mrs. Burns in that cheerless apartment,  
while life and death fought for supremacy  
over the frail Bab, the former learned  
from her wanderings how bitterly she  
had repented her choice, and how terribly  
homesick she had been. She learned, too,  
how the young girl had repented her of  
scorning the honest love of an honest  
man.

It was Easter Sabbath again, and even-  
ing, when, for the first time since one  
year before, Theod and Bab were alone;  
he so strong and manly, she so white and  
frail.

"Now that the other railroad is com-  
ing," he was saying, as his dark eyes rest-  
ed anxiously on her face, "father and

mother have consented to sell out, and we  
will move to town. My uncle has offered  
me a third share in the store, and—and—  
well, I thought maybe you would recon-  
sider your decision of a year ago if I could  
offer you—"

"Theod, Theod; don't, don't!" she broke  
out. "If ever you loved me don't remind  
me of my folly; however, I have this to  
say"—brightening and smiling through  
the ready tears—"if ever I am married it  
will be to a farmer. I have had enough  
of town life; give me the country with  
its manifold beauties and luxuries. 'God  
made the country, man made the city,'  
surely."

"What a glad Easter Day!" was what  
Theodore said as he bent tenderly over  
Barbara's chair at leaving, "and what a  
joy it will be to the dear old folks; the  
thought of giving up the old home is well  
nigh breaking their hearts."

"One can learn a good deal of the world,  
and one's own heart as well, from one  
Easter to another," was what Bab said  
to herself, as the outer door closed; "but  
I knew a year ago that I could not live  
without Theod"—Farm, Field and Fire-  
side.

flowers and streamers of ribbon. The  
first maiden who chances to be near is en-  
treated to seat herself in the chair, which  
is then seized by the lawless fellows, who  
start off at a full run. For the young  
woman's liberation a kiss is demanded by  
each youth.

**The Spirit of Easter.**  
O illy crowned angel of Easter,  
With smiles on her radiant face,  
While Love reaches out of the darkness,  
To hold us in clinging embrace;  
Till Hope, happy Hope, shall awaken  
From the languor of purposeless dreams,  
And more us to earnest endeavor  
By whispers on glorious themes!

O beautiful spirit touch gently  
Our souls with thy quickening breath,  
Till out into life and its duties  
They leap from this torpor of death!  
Able till our hearts shall discover  
The blessings that circle us now,  
And our thoughts grow as pure as the lilies  
That droop o'er thy radiant brow!



**The Moravian Way.**  
One of the most significant and pictur-  
esque celebrations of Easter is that of the  
Moravian Christians, of whom there are  
many congregations in the United States.  
At Bethlehem, Pa., and other towns  
where Moravians abound some musicians  
with brass instruments go at earliest  
dawn to the roof of the church and play  
music signifying the calling forth of the  
dead. The people immediately flock to the  
church and begin the service of the day,  
most of it being musical. At a given  
signal the entire congregation rise, and,  
preceded by the ministers and trumpeters,  
leave the church and march to the cem-  
tery. In Moravian cemeteries all the  
gravestones are alike—small, flat slabs  
laid upon the graves, "for," say the sim-  
ple, literal people, "in the grave all men  
are equal." The procedure of the service  
is so timed that the music-prayerful re-  
joicing reaches its highest expression just  
as the sun rises.

**An Economical Idea.**  
"Dear me!" said a pretty little wife to  
her husband one Easter evening. "Why  
can't such lovely days last longer? Such  
music! Such flowers! Such dresses!  
Upon my word, I wish next Easter Sun-  
day could begin to-morrow."

"So do I, with all my heart and pocket,"  
exclaimed her husband, "for there  
wouldn't be time for you to order a new  
Easter bonnet."

Then the pretty little wife pouted.

**A Festival of Festivals.**  
To the church, Easter is the festival of  
festivals. Christ's work for man was  
then completed. This church celebrates.  
It is, indeed, a day of triumph, for death  
is conquered, man is redeemed, his sal-  
vation secured and eternal life is his.  
Christ's resurrection assures man's res-  
urrection, hence there is good reason for  
songs of jubilee, and the heart of every  
Christian should send forth joyful notes  
of praise to the risen Lord.

**A Not Unpleasant Custom.**  
In Russia many men and women greet  
whenever they may meet on Easter  
morning with a kiss and the announce-  
ment, "The Lord is risen." A distin-  
guished American civil engineer was thus  
greeted a few years ago by an innocent  
and sweet-faced chambermaid at a hotel  
at St. Petersburg, and no explanations  
would pacify the gentleman's wife.

**TWO EASTER MORNINGS.**

1638.

1899.



**NOTED INDIAN SCOUT.**

**MAJ. DRANNAN, THE CAPTOR OF CAPTAIN JACK.**

**A Veteran Plainsman Who Has Been a Fighter and Hunter for Fifty Years—Some of the Exploits in Which He Figured.**

One of the most famous Indian scouts and the last of the great hunters and trappers common in the Rocky mountains fifty years ago is Major William F. Drannan, who still sees service among the Nez Percés of Idaho. He carries a knife with which he has scalped thirty-five Indians, after having killed them in fair fight.

It was Major Drannan who captured Captain Jack, the chief of the Modocs, in 1873, and put an end to the Modoc war. The conflict between the United States troops and the Modoc Indians broke out during one of Major Drannan's periodical attempts to "settle down" and farm. Couriers dashed up to his ranch, their horses covered with foam, and brought the news that Captain Jack and his Modocs had gone on the war path.

The whole settlement was soon in a state of great excitement. The Indians killed all the defenseless ranchers they could and then fled to the lava beds of Idaho and entrenched themselves in a cave. Somebody had to ride to Jacksonville, a hundred miles away, to warn the town and bring re-enforcements to the regular troops. Nobody cared to undertake it. Major Drannan saddled Black Bess and started at sundown. All night long the sharp eyes of the scout and the sagacious nose of his pet mare picked out the trail as unerringly as a bloodhound. Before sunrise the Major rode into Jacksonville and told the sheriff to gather a strong posse, as Captain Jack was on the war path and murdering settlers by the score. General Wheaton, in command



MAJ. WILLIAM F. DRANNAN.

of the regular army forces stationed at Linkville, sent for Major Drannan and commissioned him to organize a scouting force. With this force he scouted a strip of country about forty miles long every day in front of where Captain Jack and his men were entrenched in the lava beds, because the officers feared an uprising of the Utes as well. Not an Indian showed his head. Their stronghold was nothing more than a big cave in the lava rock, but it was absolutely secure. There was only one place to get in, a narrow passage, but there were numerous rifle holes on the east and south sides.

General Wheaton determined one day on taking Captain Jack by storm and for three days the whole command, backed by howitzers, were turned loose on the Indians. The assault failed. General Wheaton lost sixty of his men, while the Indians did not appear to have been singled.

General Canby took command and tried to take Captain Jack by storm himself. He lost 100 men and failed.

A conference was arranged between General Canby, his chaplain, Colonel Thomas, two interpreters, and Captain Jack, all without arms. Before it was held Major Drannan went to Colonel Miller, Canby's aid, and said:

"Colonel, if the general ever goes to that council with Captain Jack he will never come out alive."

The Major repeated his warning again and again, but Captain Thomas said, "The Lord will protect us," and General Canby laughed at the idea of treachery.

The conference was held and General Canby, together with Colonel Thomas and George Meacham, interpreter, were traitorously shot down by the Indians.

**Capture of Capt. Jack.**  
Major Drannan then had the cave surrounded by a double ring of guards, knowing very well that the supply of horse meat on which the Indians were living was about exhausted. Soon he found that Jack was sending the squaws and children away, to save food. Every Indian that attempted to escape was captured by Drannan and his men. They all said, "We heap hungry."

One night Drannan, scouting as usual, crossed the trail of three Indians. One track was quite large and long, a second smaller, and one quite small.

"Captain Jack, his squaw, and their little girl are running away," said Drannan to Black Bess. "They are starving, and they've started out to Clear creek to catch fish."

The Major had been in the saddle twenty-four hours, but he never hesitated. He took up the trail and followed it as rapidly as he could push ahead. Across miles and miles of gravel ridge there was nothing to go by except sometimes a bent twig or a pebble turned by the feet. Finally the Major looked down in the valley from

the top of a high ridge, and caught sight of the three Indians. He trem-  
blingly put his field glasses to his eyes, and, sure enough, it was Captain Jack, his squaw and little girl.

"Where are you going, Jack?" asked the Major, as he rode up to the big chief who had been causing all the trouble.

"Heap hungry," said Jack, dejectedly. "Guess go Clear creek catch fish."

A few hours later the old scout rode into camp with his three prisoners. The capture put an end to the Modoc war.

Drannan avenged the murder of the Davis family, which was a sensational horror of the plains thirty years ago. An inoffensive family of settlers was killed in cold blood by a party of Mexican greasers, who then made off with their cattle. The deed was laid to the Ute Indians.

"No," said Drannan, with his usual sagacity, "this is the work of greasers."

Lieutenant Jackson detailed him a squad of men and he started in pursuit. He traveled all day and about 9 o'clock at night Black Bess sniffed the air curiously.

"Here's their camp," said Drannan, triumphantly. Sure enough, by the light of the dying embers the little posse could discern the forms of the greasers. The cattle feeding near were those taken from Davis' ranch.

"We'll give you five minutes to get ready," said the Major to the Mexicans, who pleaded abjectly, as they were surrounded. At the end of five minutes they were lined up and shot.

Drannan started on his remarkable career from St. Louis with Kit Carson in 1847 and when 15 years old killed his first Indian or rather two of them. Major Drannan is to-day lithe and agile and stands 6 feet 2 inches in his stocking feet. He still cuts bear meat and sleeps on an elk-skin bed.

**BORN TO GRUMBLE.**

**Some People in Every Community Who Are Never Satisfied.**

In every community there are chronic growlers, always finding fault with the existing condition of things, and no better satisfied with attempts that are made in the line of improvement.

A Western village had been sorely scourged by fire, its principal business portion having been burned twice. There was no fire department, the citizens apparently being of the opinion that it would be too expensive.

Among them was a man of the name of Grinders, who, while invariably grumbling at the lack of enterprise displayed by the business men of the place, opposed any and every attempt to organize a fire department. "We are taxed too heavily already," he said.

But after the second disastrous fire there was such a clamor for better protection in the future that the town trustees purchased a chemical engine, with hooks, ladders and the usual paraphernalia, provided a room, and a volunteer company was organized.

"It's a waste of money," said Grinders. "It will be twenty years before there's another big fire. Mark my words. Lightning doesn't strike three times in the same place. You'll see."

Several years passed without any real occasion for the services of the new fire department. The company, it is true, turned out in response to several false alarms, and always made a creditable display when on parade, but Grinders was irreconcilable.

"Look at it!" he exclaimed. "Five hundred dollars thrown away—absolutely thrown away! I told you we shouldn't have any more fires, but you wouldn't listen to me."

One day, however, a fierce blaze broke out in one of the stores in the rebuilt business district. The fire company was promptly on hand, and by strenuous exertions put out the flames before much damage was done. The work of the "fire boys" was creditable in the highest degree, and it was the general opinion that they had saved the town from a third calamity.

"What do you think of our fire department now, Grinders?" asked one of the exultant merchants—the one, in fact, in whose store the fire had started.

"Hmph!" growled Grinders. "How much did you lose?"

"Only about thirty-five dollars," replied the merchant. "Mostly empty boxes. The boys put the fire out before it got into my goods."

"Hmph!" growled Grinders again. "Five hundred dollars to put out a thirty-five-dollar fire!"

And after that he grumbled worse than ever.—Youth's Companion.

**The "Lady" Question in Germany.**  
Germany is having its "ladies" and "gentlemen" question. A controversy has arisen with regard to the style which should be adopted in addressing married women. There are, in the language of the fatherland, four names whereby that delightful class may be designated—gemahlin (consort), gattin (spouse), frau (lady), and weib (wife). To save the not infrequent disputes and heartburnings which arise from impertinence and ignorance in the use of any one of these terms, it is now proposed that one shall be officially allotted to each of the recognized gradations of the "scale social." In this manner, a general's wife shall be known as his "consort"; she of an official of the next lower grade shall be that happy person's "spouse"; the middle-class partner becomes her husband's "lady," and the workman's helpmate is simply his "wife."—New Orleans Playmate.

Pruyn—Have you heard that horrible story about old Stiffe being buried alive? Dr. Bolus (hastily)—Buried alive? Impossible! Why, he was one of my patients.—Exchange.

Some men walk so lazy and worthless on the streets that you know they are on their way to a saloon.