

THEY ring again, the bells of earth,  
Beneath the stars that hailed the birth  
Of Judah's king, where softly lies  
Fair Bethlehem mirrored in the skies:  
From out the land of rose and palm,  
From Galilee's immortal calm,  
Their wondrous music mounts and swells,  
For seraphs sing the Easter Bells.

THE lilies in their robes of snow,  
Deep in the chancel bloom and blow,  
The roses lift their heads to see  
Once more that spot by Calvary  
Where rose the Lord, death's fetters riven,  
To wear again the crown of Heaven;  
While o'er the country far and wide  
Earth hails its first glad Easter-tide.

NO more the thorn, no more the tear,  
No more the cruel Roman spear,  
But in their stead a beauty glow  
Far fairer than the garb of rose:  
He rises on the wings of light  
And shakes from earth the hues of night  
The watchful Marys turn aside,  
Bathed in the beams of Easter-tide.

FAIR Kedron's brook that seeks the sea  
Reflects the smiles of Galilee,  
The lily in her beauty blooms  
Beside the saintliest of tombs:  
And "He is risen!" far and near  
The angels chant for earth to hear  
As louder still the music swells  
Of Heaven's holy Easter Bells.

OVER earth the hymns of love and peace  
Bid every creaked sorrow cease,  
And Memory's music sweetly stirs  
The emerald crests of Lebanon's firs;  
The stars of Easter brightly shine  
Upon the groves of Palestine;  
And where He trod the darkened ways  
Sours Easter's endless chant of praise.

WHERE Orient roses in samite  
Bend to the lily's garb of white,  
The bells of Easter tidily chime  
And sanctify that storied crime:  
I hear the notes that grandly rise  
To mark the anthem of the skies,  
And higher yet the psalm swells  
Till all earth hears the Easter Bells!

T. C. HARBAUGH.

44

239

ROAD & FARM  
IMPROVEMENT.

DITCHES AND DRAINS.

Simple Apparatus by Which Any  
Bright Farmer Can Easily Ob-  
tain a Proper Grade.

A device for assisting in getting the  
grade while digging drains is described  
by H. W. Smith, Somerset county, Me.  
I took a piece of board a, a, eight feet  
long, seven inches wide, and nailed on  
two three-cornered pieces, b, b, cut-  
ting out the section of the board be-  
tween them, as shown in the illustration.  
Then I nailed a piece of lath  
across the tops of the three-cornered  
pieces. A piece of clapboard, d, three  
feet long, was sharpened nearly to a  
point on the thin side and nailed di-  
agonally to the side of the eight-foot  
board, thin edge down, so that the



APPARATUS FOR PROPER GRADE.

point of the flapboard would be about  
20 inches above the center of the lath.  
A plumb line and bob is suspended  
from the point above the center of the  
lath. If the lower edge of the board is  
straight and placed in a level posi-  
tion the line will hang at right an-  
gles with it. Have the edge of the  
lath planed. Take a sharp pencil and  
mark each side of the line and cut a  
notch on the lath. To illustrate the  
use of the device, when the board is  
level, if a two-inch block is put under  
one end and a notch cut behind the  
line, the plumb line will indicate the  
grade and the operator will get a two-  
inch fall for every eight feet, eight  
feet being the length of the board.  
—Orange Judd Farmer.

ROADS IN GERMANY.

How They Are Kept in Repair With-  
out Any Appreciable Cost to  
the Taxpayers.

Americans concede that roadmaking  
in Germany is a fine art. Few, how-  
ever, realize that road repairing has  
been reduced to a comparatively cheap  
art as well. I wish devotedly that local  
societies could be formed in order to  
study it, and apply the results of the  
study to country roads in America.  
I spoke once on the subject to an au-  
dience of leading citizens in Ulster coun-  
ty in New York, an ideal country to ex-  
periment in, having all the three chief  
things for success. I mean stones,  
paupers and fruit trees. Germans,  
namely, find that it pays to encourage  
peasants to free their fields of stones;  
the property rises in value—taxing  
value. The stones thrown into heaps  
by the roadside are purchased by the  
district road-repairing commission.  
Poor men, who otherwise would have  
to be supported in almshouses, are  
hired to break these stones, and then  
are trained to the work of repairing the  
roadbeds. The money to pay the  
men is made by auctioning off to  
the highest bidder the crops of the  
fruit trees that were planted on both  
sides of the highway when it was built,  
and which are nourished well by the  
manure that falls along the road and  
is pushed at intervals by a road tender  
under their roots. The purchaser of  
the crop sees to it that his fruit is not  
stolen. The road commissioners have  
no bother about that. And although  
the sale is by auction, it brings in con-  
siderable. Every burgher knows how  
much, because the sales of highway  
fruit crops are published in the local  
newspapers.—Countess von Krockow,  
in Chicago Tribune.

Amount of Seed to Sow.

The amount of grain to sow per  
acre is a question of considerable im-  
portance, since the saving of half a  
peck per acre is \$15 to \$20 on every  
100 acres of wheat sown. It is not  
well to skip the seed, but too much  
is as bad as too little; not only is it  
a waste of seed, but the plants will  
be too crowded to develop in the  
highest degree. The right amount of  
seed, then, is the question, and yet to  
say what will apply in every case is  
not possible. By using averages, the  
proper amount under average condi-  
tions may be stated, but what would  
be too little in a dry summer would  
be too much in a wet one. The im-  
plement used in sowing also has an  
influence on the amount of seed to  
sow. It is generally conceded that it  
is good practice to sow a peck less of  
seed with a drill than with the broad-  
cast seeder.—Midland Farmer.

Farm Lands in the West.

Whatever may be said of low  
prices of farm lands east of the Al-  
leghenies, there is no doubt that  
farms of the central valleys, from the  
eastern to the western mountains, are  
advancing rapidly, and are in de-  
mand at greatly increased prices.  
Plenty of land in Illinois has reached  
the \$100 mark, and farms of the Mis-  
souri valley, from Kansas to Minne-  
sota, are steadily increasing in value.  
As western competition becomes  
more intense, western farmers and  
the congressmen who represent them  
demand expensive irrigation and  
more free farms, while eastern farm-  
ers have failed to ask for government  
supplies of free fertilizers; and east-  
ern gardeners have made no demand  
for appropriations for plant houses  
and other aids to production.—Coun-  
try Gentleman.

209

OWNS LARGEST FARM.

It consists of 14 Ranches, containing  
22,000 Acres, and is Owned by  
a Missourian.

David Rankin, of Tarkio, Mo., owns  
the largest cultivated tract of land in  
the world, says the Cincinnati En-  
quirer. To those who have never vis-  
ited a large ranch the methods neces-  
sary to carry on the vast amount of  
work would seem a great problem.  
Mr. Rankin owns 14 ranches, contain-  
ing 22,000 acres; 700 teams and 220  
men are required to operate the daily  
routine work in the busy season while  
the crops are under cultivation. Each  
ranch has an overseer, who is required  
to make a monthly report and to sub-  
mit the same to his employer. The  
records of the past year's work over  
all the ranches show that a total of  
7,539 head of cattle had been sold for  
\$172,520 and 8,249 head of hogs for  
\$111,846. The total clearance for the  
year 1900 amounted to \$100,000. The  
expenses, including interest, reached  
the sum of \$91,851.15.


The most profitable ranch is the one  
looked after by Foreman George Ross,  
whose yearly report contains the fol-  
lowing statements: Number of acres,  
3,280; cattle, 1,328; net proceeds from  
cattle, \$44,598.90; hogs, 1,232; cash for  
the same, \$17,954.19; expense per acre,  
\$4.39; corn bought, 98,720 bushels.

Mr. Rankin is a close observer and  
soon picks out the good qualities of  
his men. He is pleasant and accom-  
modating, daring and energetic, which  
qualities have won for him the wealth  
he now commands. Besides his farms  
he has an interest in several banking  
concerns, but to these latter he gives  
little attention, and spends most of his  
time riding over the ranches to see  
that proper care is being given the  
stock. Sometimes he lends a helping  
hand in pulling a steer from the mud;  
again he will assist in building a shed  
for the fattened hogs.

NAMING THE FARM.

A Commendable Fashion That Is  
Growing in Favor in the Rural  
Districts of the West.

The farm ought to have a name.  
The boys will love it more, and others  
will respect it more if given this dig-  
nity. After giving the name, mark it  
in a prominent place. The cut  
shows a unique way. Haul a pictur-  
esque boulder to one side of the main



NAME PLACED ON STONE.

entrance. With a sledge hammer and  
cold chisels cut a smooth face upon the  
front, and either cut out the name of  
the farm or paint it on the smooth  
face with black paint. A granite  
boulder will work best.—Orange Judd  
Farmer.

A Mammoth Hay Farm.

Five thousand acres of swamp land  
in Oregon, says the Hay Journal, will  
be reclaimed and made to produce  
hay, if a project set on foot by a live-  
stock company shall prove successful.  
This company has built a dredge,  
with which it proposes to dig a ditch  
60 feet wide and nine feet deep  
through the center of the swamp  
which covers a large proportion of  
Molhuur county. By means of this  
ditch it is proposed to drain the  
swamp and convert it into a great  
hay field. It is estimated that 100,000  
tons of hay can be produced annu-  
ally, where now nothing but swamp  
grass flourishes. A San Francisco  
company has secured a contract to  
operate the dredge, and it is es-  
timated that two years will be re-  
quired to complete the ditch.

Culture of Strawberries.

There are three methods now fol-  
lowed by the best growers, known as  
hill culture, the hedge row and the  
half-matted row. By the first, plants  
are set from 12 to 18 inches apart in  
the row, and all runners kept off so  
that no other plants can form. The  
hedge row method consists in having  
plants from 6 to 12 inches in the  
row, with runners kept off; and the  
half-matted row method is to plant  
in the usual manner with plants 18  
to 36 inches in the row, the first run-  
ners that appear just where wanted,  
until there is a row about 12 inches  
wide, with plants not more than six  
inches apart. After the row is filled  
in this manner, keep the runners off,  
as in the hill and hedge row method.  
—Rural World.

How Weeds Are Scattered.

They may be introduced and spread  
with seeds of grasses, clover and  
grain on the farm. By live stock—  
carried in the hair, fleece or feet; or  
by passing into the excrement. By  
unground feed stuff purchased in  
barnyard manures drawn from town,  
in the packing of trees, crockery,  
baled hay and straw, by wagons,  
threshing machines, etc. Oftentimes  
by plows, cultivators and harrows, by  
railway trains, or boats, by birds,  
squirrels and mice, by water or  
brooks, rivers and by washing rains,  
by the wind, aided by little vings,  
down or drifting snow. And in coun-  
less other ways. 'Tis an enemy that  
must be fought without quarter, till  
exterminated "root and branch."—  
Midland Farmer.

334

WHERE DOCTORS FAIL

To Cure Woman's Ills, Lydia E.  
Pinkham's Vegetable Com-  
pound Succeeds. Mrs. Pauline  
Judson Writes:

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—Soon after  
my marriage two years ago I found  
myself in constant pain. The doctor  
said my womb was turned, and this  
caused the pain with considerable in-  
flammation. He prescribed for me for



MRS. PAULINE JUDSON,  
Secretary of Schermerhorn Golf Club,  
Brooklyn, New York.

four months, when my husband became  
impatient because I grew worse instead  
of better, and in speaking to the druggist  
he advised him to get Lydia E.  
Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and  
Sanative Wash. How I wish I  
had taken that at first; it would have  
saved me weeks of suffering. It took  
three long months to restore me, but  
it is a happy relief, and we are both  
most grateful to you. Your Compound  
has brought joy to our home and  
health to me."—Mrs. PAULINE JUDSON,  
47 Hoyt Street, Brooklyn, N. Y. —  
\$5000 forfeit if above testimonial is not genuine.

It would seem by this state-  
ment that women would save  
time and much sickness if they  
would get Lydia E. Pinkham's  
Vegetable Compound at once,  
and also write to Mrs. Pinkham  
at Lynn, Mass., for special ad-  
vice. It is free and always helps.

IN THE SUPERLATIVE DEGREE.

Tinium is the hardest metal. It looks  
like copper, but will scratch rock crys-  
tal.

The best home-made fire-extinguish-  
er is four ounces of pearl ash dissolved  
in hot water, and added to a pail of  
cold water.

Most deaths during the 24 hours take  
place between five and six a. m., and  
least between nine and eleven in the  
evening.

The largest fir tree in the state of  
Washington has been cut down near  
Arlington, in Snohomish county. The  
tree was 18 feet through at the base  
and 200 feet high. One 20-foot section  
will require two flat cars to haul it.

A VERY STRONG LETTER.

La Farge, Wis. Wm. T. Payne, of  
this place, has written a rather start-  
ling letter to the papers. He says:  
"I was in great pain across my back  
for four weeks, and was taking med-  
icine from a doctor all the time, but  
it did not do me any good.  
"I bought a box of Dodd's Kidney  
Pills, and had not taken more than  
four or five doses before I noticed  
that they were doing me good.  
"They helped me right along, and  
I kept on using them till I had used  
four boxes, when the pain left me al-  
together. One box of Dodd's Kidney  
Pills has done me more good than  
five dollars' worth of doctor's med-  
icine.  
"This remedy has certainly worked  
wonders in my case, and I feel it my  
duty to give it the credit due."

SALZER'S LIGHTNING CABBAGE.

This is the earliest cabbage in the world  
and a regular gold mine to the market gardener  
and farmer.

By the way, there is lots of  
money to be made on ear-  
liest cabbage, beets, peas,  
radishes, cucumbers and the  
like.

For 10c, and this Notice  
the John A. Salzer Seed Co.,  
LaCrosse, Wis., will send  
you their mammoth catalog  
and 150 kinds of flower and vegetable seeds.  
Market gardeners' catalog, 20 postage. K.

ABSOLUTE  
SECURITY.

Genuine  
Carter's  
Little Liver Pills.

Must Bear Signature of  


See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.

Very small and so easy  
to take as sugar.

CARTER'S  
LITTLE  
LIVER  
PILLS.

FOR HEADACHE,  
FOR DIZZINESS,  
FOR BILIOUSNESS,  
FOR TORPID LIVER,  
FOR CONSTIPATION,  
FOR SALLOW SKIN,  
FOR THE COMPLEXION

Price  
25 Cents  
Purely Vegetable, 

CURE SICK HEADACHE.

PISO'S CURE FOR  
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.  
Best Cough Syrup, Tastes Good. Use  
in time. Sold by Druggists.

CONSUMPTION

An Easter  
Bonnet

A ROMANCE OF THE  
GOOD OLD DAYS

By MRS. MANDA L. CROCKER

CHARITY ANN pressed the tiny bit of red wax on the folded paper and tossed her pretty head in coquetish triumph.

For once she had time by the forelock. It was in the days of stage coaches and joke-bonnets, when the average village belle considered it a matter of no small importance to obtain a poem in headgear in short notice, that this all happened.

But the eldest daughter of Judge Bentley had solved the problem of an easter bonnet by ordering it three weeks ahead of time. The city milliner was to forward to her address "a dream of a poke in blue velvet and white plumes," the last of Lent, and she, Charity Ann, would see to the rest. Now, "the rest" meant wheeling the judge out of a respectable bank-note to square accounts and to astonish all Millville; and become the envy of the belle and the admiration of the beaux at St. Catherine's Easter night.

Over and over the ambitious girl planned for the conquest; as she looped up her brown curls on side-combs of "real shell," practiced the opening carol for the Easter service as first treble or good-naturedly washed the dishes for Patty, the planning went on. A part of the plan, also, was to drop a word, now and then, concerning the "love of a poke," much as a careless knitter drops stitches, omitting the motive. So the whisperings began to circulate that Miss Bentley's Easter bonnet was to be a marvel in millinery. And while the whisperings went around and the first treble dreamed of white plumes, the second treble, sitting at her elbow evening after evening, caught the fever of being fashionable and dreamed in unison. Nevertheless, Charity Ann had not the remotest idea that her musical neighbor, whose faded neapolitan dating back three long winters was rusty enough, had laid the afire-whispering to heart; and had determined to "not be eclipsed by any seventh magnitude poke that the Bentleys could order."

As a result Ruth Hamlin surprised her mother one day by a very startling question: "Do you suppose," she began, measuring her words, "that if I should write to Aunt Prudence of my success as a second treble at St. Catherine's, she would send me a new bonnet, if I hinted—very delicately, of course—that I would be the only shabby one in the chorus, in my old poke?"

"Would what?" and the astonished mother waked up suddenly to the weighty interrogative.

"Why, send me a new bonnet, if I hinted," repeated Ruth, impatiently perking

the weekly mail in the rural districts. To this add the curious expectancy of certain interested gossips, and you have the attitude of the waiting groups in and about the Golden Sickle.

Suddenly, and as if by magic, with a prolonged toot from his horn, the venerable and voluble stage driver was in the midst. After the mail was disposed of, the usual array of bundles and boxes were whisked this way and that into the arms of their respective owners, while the meaning nods and covert smiles kept pleasant.

Of all the mysterious packages delivered, however, not one seemed to compare in general interest to the huge, big-flowered bandbox assigned to Amos Bentley, Charity Ann's tall brother. But when Ruth Hamlin put out her hands timidly from the back row to receive a formidable-looking bundle for a girl in her circumstances,

DROPPED THE MISSIVE IN HIS SWEET-HEART'S LAP.

everybody concluded that her rich city auntie had once more tired of an out-of-date gown.

Charity Ann was tying her satin bow under her dimpled chin in a precise bow-knot, when Amos appeared with the expected box.

"Now," he cried in triumph, "you can tangle up Orlando Hines, for he is not proof against starry eyes beneath nodding white plumes; eh! Chat."

"O, you tease!" laughed she of the satin bow, wondrously pleased at the reference to the rich man's son who lately had shown her marked preference. "But never mind now," she added, hastily. "Come along, it is getting dreadfully late to go to practice. I will try it on when I get back."

She was thinking of a little tete-a-tete with that same Orlando, before the rest of the choir came.

Amos deposited the box on the nearest shelf and followed his sister to St. Catherine's, wondering somewhat. Surely Chat's heart was not so vain as he supposed, else she would not have gone without even indulging in a "peek," at least.

Be that as it may, she surely had vanity enough to be painfully shocked when, later, she took from the perfumed depths of the bandbox a pretty combination of gray and olive green, instead of the dream in blue.

"O, my stars!" she almost shrieked, and down went the attractive, yet offensive, millinery into the depths, a despatched affair. The brilliant plan rose up, the whisperings marshalled themselves and Charity Ann's all-conquering perspective became bluer than any poke ever invented. "What shall I do?" she exclaimed, overcome by it all. "O, dear, it is some body's wretched mistake!"

By and by, out of the chaos a bright idea materialized, and Charity Ann seized it.

"It is too late to remedy it," she said, trying to be resigned, "for to-morrow is Easter, and I don't mind it much, anyway; besides I can wear my new gray alpaca now. These colors match it to perfection."

Up came the gray and olive-green combination hurriedly and Charity Ann continued: "See! what a lovely buckle and what a fine, rich plume; why, I declare, it is a lovely poke! As to color," musingly, "why, I have changed my mind at the very last," thinking of the whisperings, "and—well, I have, that is all!" this very decisively.

But while Miss Bentley was thus bravely "changing her mind," Ruth Hamlin was going into raptures over the jewel of a bonnet for which Aunt Prudence must have paid quite a sum, considering the kind of poke she usually wore. And it would go nicely with the blue sash she sent in the winter; likely as not she had that in mind when she chose the bonnet. So the garment was brought out and fresh lace added to the neck and sleeves, while the second treble hummed the Easter carol with delight.

Orlando Hines was woefully behind time at the service Easter evening. He had spent two whole hours inditing a carefully worded note to his lady love offering her his heart's devotion, "if she would accept, this blessed Easter time," hence he was abominably late.

Mortified at his tardiness, the leading

bass stumbled along to his place, dropping the missive into his sweetheart's lap, and in spite of his confusion he could not help but notice how lovely her blue bonnet was.

Ten minutes later when they stood up to sing he saw his mistake. Good heavens! He forgot everything but the awful dilemma he was in. Finally the sub-bass nudged him. "Why don't you sing?" he asked, gazing in blank astonishment into his white face.

Then, with the cold sweat beading his forehead, Orlando Hines began the bass repeat with a desperation scarcely ever entering into an Easter song.

When he sat down again everything was unintelligible pantomime until the second treble beamed at him over her book. She had accepted him for all time! For a minute the crowd melted into hazy dreams and he wondered if the gossips would gossip much if he died then and there? But his good sense came to the rescue; he shut his eyes a moment to collect his thoughts, then opening them, he looked at Ruth. Why, how sweet and graceful she was! He ought to have seen that before. And she was as good and pure as the saints; what more could he desire?

Instinctively his eyes sought the eyes of the first treble, perhaps for comparison, and he saw her look angrily, haughtily down on Miss Hamlin. He had not thought she could do that. Then he was glad that the whisperings had mixed up the Easter bonnet and Orlando Hines as well. So he came to himself, smiled his sweetest and kissed the tips of the fingers of the second treble.

But, be it said to Charity Ann's credit, she was putting on the proud exterior to mask the chagrined interior. From the moment she entered the church, the Bentley banknote, as it were, mocked her from the innocent head of Ruth Hamlin. And, more than that; she saw the fickle Orlando's billet doux fall lovingly into her lap. After that everybody and everything was perfect torture, pure and simple; but the leading bass was judging from appearances only.

And everybody went home from St. Catherine's wondering about one of two things: why Miss Bentley changed her mind from a dream in blue to a poem in gray, and why Orlando Hines came so near breaking down in the opening piece.

Celebration of Easter

THE observance of Easter is almost as old as the Christian Church. It was recognized as a religious festival within 300 years after the resurrection of Christ, but it was not till the eighth century that its celebration became common throughout the Christian world. In the western countries of Europe it was always kept on Sunday, but the churches in Asia kept it on the third day after the 14th of the Jewish month Nisan, whatever day of the week this might be. This was the Jewish rule, which aimed to keep the actual anniversary of the day of the resurrection (as we observe Christmas), while the gentiles preferred to observe the Lord's day which comes next after the actual anniversary. The council of Arles, in A. D. 314, ordered Easter to be observed at the same time throughout Christendom, and the council of Nicaea, A. D. 325, ruled that it was to be celebrated only on the Lord's day, and not on a week day. It was not, however, until the year 714 that the computation of the time of Easter was fully settled and uniformity secured. The rule was then laid down that Easter day is always the first Sunday after the full moon which happens upon or next after the 21st of March. If the full moon happens on a Sunday, Easter day is the Sunday, after.

**Poor Man!**  
Mrs. Boreum Place (on the way to church)—Well, whatever you do, Mortimer, for goodness sake, don't go to sleep in church this Easter!

Boreum Place (wearily)—Don't worry. I'll keep thinking "How shall I be able to pay for that Easter hat and outfit?" That kept me awake all last night!—Brooklyn Eagle.

**Her Blighted Easter.**  
Mr. McSwatt (at the foot of the stairway)—Lobelia, it's time we were off.

Mrs. McSwatt (in a faint voice, from the floor above)—I am not going to church this morning, Billiger. The hired girl has gone and got one exactly like mine!—Chicago Tribune.

**Their Attitude.**  
They now devoutly go to church. Do fashion's autocrats. And while their knees are bent in prayer, Their minds are bent on hats. —Brooklyn Life.

**The Easter Sermon.**  
He—How did you enjoy the service to day?

She—It was simply charming. I never saw so many lovely bonnets in all my life.

**Two Leading Questions.**  
Miss Pansie—What did you pay for your Easter bonnet, dear?

Miss Bloomleigh—I'll tell you that if you'll tell me your age.

SHE SEALED THE ORDER.

up the dilapidated bows on the ancient neapolitan.

"It is not impossible," answered Mrs. Hamlin, after considerable deliberation, "but then—"

"But then!" Ruth flushed with the excitement of anticipation. "I don't care a fig for the 'but then,'" she said, enthusiastically; "if it is not impossible, why is it possible," and away went the second treble to "hint" as delicately as feminine tact could devise.

After this heroic tact in the direction of Aunt Prudence Hamlin's purse, Miss Ruth kept her own counsel and slyly begged her precious secret as she listened to the further whisperings of the "marvel" in blue velvet.

The stage was due at Millville at sunset, and the inhabitants were agog with the excitement usual at the coming of

Type Cut Off

Defective Page