

THE STORY OF A BONNET

It made up my mind for sartorial that Jenny (you know that she had named the day in her own sweet way—the day she would marry me?) Should have the prettiest bonnet that ever the store folks made— One that would throw a rainbow jest twenty miles in the shade!

BLOSSOM'S EASTER DAY

LILIES did not grow in Easton court. The only superfluous article which the children who lived there knew anything about were bits of broken bottles and waste papers. Squalor, misery and unhappiness there were in plenty, but no flowers, no Sabbath days, no happy children—that is, excepting Blossom—Blossom, whose long-lashed violet eyes and shining curls set her apart from all the other alley children like a bit of heart-case; whose little crutch went tapping through the halls all day, and who sat on the rickety stairs at nightfall ready to call out a cheery greeting to her mother when she turned into the dark alley.

Blossom was very rich. Her mother did day's work for the wealthy people on the avenue, and, besides, Blossom's mother had not always lived in the alley. So when Blossom's glad cry: "Hurry up, mamma, I'm waiting for you," would ring out on the foul air, the alley children would hurry to the stairs and look with wondering, wistful eyes at the scene which never failed to take place. Blossom's mother was never too tired to kiss the winsome face and Blossom's arm always caught her mother in a rapturous embrace. Then they went in and shut the door, and the alley children were so poor, so poor.

Out in the great city the Easter story was being told again and again one Saturday evening, and after her bit of work was done Blossom's mother told her a new story of a little girl who, ever so long ago, went to church on Easter morning, and who talked to the lilies and palms while the minister preached to the big people.

It was a fine old church, with a great organ, and windows so beautiful that the sun made violet, and gold, and purple lights on the floor. "And the little girl sitting there in her white dress did not know, my Blossom, that some day she would grow up and have great trouble to bear."

"Poor mamma," exclaimed Blossom, and then she fell to cuddling the hard hand in her sweet baby way and with the exquisite imagery of childhood went to the beautiful church herself, hearing the wonderful music, and seeing the lights and flowers. The vision filled her waking thoughts, her prayers and her dreams that night, and when she awoke with the sun of Easter morning shining across her face, there was a tremulous hope in her heart that dawn in the alley she would hear some one crying: "Christ is risen to-day," and then the response: "He is risen indeed," just as her mother used to hear it in her old home.

But Blossom heard only wicker and evil words, so she went back to her world of "make believe" and said blithely to her mother: "Now put on your prettiest dress, mamma, and I'll put on my white dress, and the lace cap, and the little slippers with

big bows, and we'll go to church and hear the big organ and, O mamma, couldn't we do it honest truth—for sure, I mean?"

"I am afraid Blossom, that you and I would look queer in a fine church," she answered, sadly.

"O mamma, please," coaxed the child, sitting up in bed, her little hands held out pleadingly.

A torturing wave of homesickness swept over Blossom's mother. "If I only could go," she murmured, and wise little Blossom said cheerily: "We will, mamma; I'll take care of you." Then they both laughed as if there were no heavy shadows in Easton court, and nothing but joy and love in the world on Easter morning.

"We shall have to start early, then, dear, before the people go to church, and you shall see the lilies and then we will come home and have a happy Easter by ourselves," said her mother.

After one awe-stricken whisper, Blossom did not speak again to her mother. She felt as if she must have died and gone to Heaven, for never in her happiest flights of imagination had she dreamed of anything so beautiful as that which she saw on entering the church. They sat down under the gallery and Blossom's mother, white-faced and weary, leaned her head against a pillar and closed her eyes. There was a lump in the child's throat; her pleasure gave her such keen pain. The organist was playing a slow, sweet melody that throbbled through the church like a psalm of rest, and Blossom, unable to control her tears, stood up leaning heavily on her crutch and wiping her eyes with her little coarse handkerchief.

An early worshiper, a lady whose crumpled draperies floated about her like a sable cloud, moved down the aisle. She caught sight of Blossom sobbing among the shadows and went over to her, laying one caressing hand on the top of the crutch and the other on Blossom's shining head. Blossom did not start; for she had reached the stage when nothing could surprise her, but she looked up into the fair, haughty face and smiled through her tears.

"What is the matter, little girl?" the lady asked, in a voice so musical that

in Heaven when God lets me show mamma how I can run."

Blossom's mother turned uneasily and the child went over to her. "You went to sleep, mamma, you were so tired," she said, in quaint apology; then, turning and smiling brightly at her new friend, she said: "I guess we must go now, for mamma said we could only stay with the lilies until the people came; she said we would look queer; do we?"

"Stay to service with me," pleaded Mrs. Raymond, but Blossom's mother would not be persuaded, and went away, leaving the child under Mrs. Raymond's protection.

Blossom has never forgotten that wonderful Easter day. The triumphant music, the perfumed air, the glorious promises of resurrection and life, fell with untold power upon the innocent child life. She was unconscious of the notice she attracted to the pew of the wealthy Mrs. Raymond, who had not been to service for months, and who had been so bitter in her grief over the loss of her only son that her best friends had avoided her in the hours when she most needed them. Blossom had not felt the bitterness, so she leaned confidently against Mrs. Raymond, bringing to her the first real comfort she had known. Looking down into the child's rapt face, she found her best help in the warm human sympathy of the loving heart beside her, and as her quivering nerves stilled a little the tender triumph of the pulpit message added its healing balm to the hurt in her troubled heart.

Blossom rode home in a carriage that day, and the wonder of it all had not left her when a servant in livery returned with several large boxes of Easter lilies, roses and ferns. There was a perfumed note with a dainty monogram tucked between the lily stems, and Blossom's mother read it aloud to her.

"Dear Blossom," it ran, "I want to send you something from my little boy. I think he wishes you to give these flowers to all your friends in Easton court to help them remember that there is no darkness where Jesus is."

Blossom sat with her hands folded over her knee, looking down at the mass of blossoms at her feet. "It all



BLOSSOM'S MOTHER TOLD HER A NEW STORY.

Blossom smiled again and gave her head a little shake to send the tears flying.

"It's so—so nice," she answered, reverently. "Aren't you glad the lilies tell about Jesus?"

The lady did not answer her in words, and as she stooped nearer the child, lifting the dimpled chin in her palm, she said with passionate tenderness: "Poor little girl! You are a cripple like my little boy; I am so sorry for you."

"Oh, is he lame, and will he be here to-day? He won't mind his lameness when he sees the lilies."

"He is not here; he is risen; and I am alone," answered the lady, her voice sharp with pain.

"Do you mean that he has gone to Jesus?" asked Blossom.

There was only an affirmative nod for answer, and Blossom, whose childish idea of ministry meant loving put up her hand and stroked the face of the stricken woman beside her, as she did the tired mother's when the hard day's work was ended. "Poor lady," she said, softly. "I expect God is letting him gather Easter lilies for Him to-day. Mamma thinks God has gardens in Heaven because there are so many folks like me who never had any flowers down here. I never saw an Easter lily till to-day, and won't it be nice when we all go to Jesus for me to tell your little boy that we talked about him to-day down here?"

Mrs. Raymond was crying—crying as she could not cry when they carried Donald's casket from the house; crying as any oppressed heart will cry when relief comes, and still Blossom's voice went steadily and sweetly on: "I guess you are lonesome without your little boy and that makes you cry, but some day when you go to see God, your little boy will already be there, and he'll run right up to you without his crutches. Mamma says God doesn't have crutches there, and I think I'll be the happiest little girl

came true," she said, softly; "we did go to church, and God let me see the lilies. God can do anything, can't He, mamma?"

"Yes, my Blossom, He lets us have all that is good for us," answered the brave, trusting mother, who, in the midst of her toil and pain and poverty, had learned to keep the true Easter in her heart.

Many Easter days have come and gone since then, and now the lilies blossom royally at Easton court, for Mrs. Raymond, thoroughly awakened from the selfishness of her grief, tore away the old buildings whose environment laid so cruel a hand upon the children of the court, and in their stead built up Donald house, in memory of the boy she loved and well-nigh lost. Blossom and her mother have rooms in the new house as in the old.

Sometimes when Mrs. Raymond has taken leave of them she remembers her first meeting with them, and, retracing her steps, takes Blossom's face between her hands while she says: "God bless you and keep you sweet in this garden for many years, my Blossom," and Blossom, whose presence is like a benediction in Donald house, can repay her friend only by the daily unfolding of her own Christ life.—Minnie Waite Roselle, in Baptist Union.

At Eastertime. At Eastertime, oh, who can doubt that He who calls the violets out of their brown graves beneath the rime will wake us, too, in His good time? Are we not more than many flowers? Oh, sweet the lesson of the hours At Eastertime. —May Riley Smith.

A Calculating Mind. "Did you observe Lent this year?" "Very carefully," answered he. "I think I succeeded in denying myself enough things to pay the cost of an Easter wardrobe."—Washington Star.

THOUSANDS OF FAIR WOMEN HERALD PRAISES FOR PERUNA.

Catarrhal Dyspepsia and Nervous Prostration Make Invalids of More Women Than All Other Diseases Combined.



Peruna is the woman's friend everywhere. It is safe to say that no woman ever used Peruna for any catarrhal derangement but what it became indispensable in her household.

Letters from Women. Every day we receive letters from women like the following. Women who have tried doctors and failed; women who have tried Peruna and were cured.

Miss Katie Klein, 6125 Bartmer avenue, St. Louis, Mo., writes: "Peruna has done me more good for catarrh than the best doctors could. I had catarrh so bad, but after taking Peruna it is entirely gone, and I feel like a different person."

Miss Anna Prescott's Letter. Miss Anna Prescott, in a letter from 216 South Seventh street, Minneapolis, Minn., writes: "I am sincerely grateful for the relief I have found from the use of Peruna. I was completely used up last fall, my appetite had failed and I felt weak and tired all the time. My druggist advised me to try Peruna and the relief I experienced after taking one bottle was truly wonderful."

"I continued its use for five weeks, and am glad to say that my complete restoration to health was a happy surprise to myself as well as to my friends."—Anna Prescott.

A constant drain of nervous vitality depleting the whole nervous system causes the mucous membrane surfaces to suffer accordingly. This is the condition called systemic catarrh. It very nearly resembles, and there is really no practical difference, between this condition and the condition known as neurasthenia, or nervous prostration.

Peruna will be found to effect an immediate and lasting cure in all cases of systemic catarrh. It acts quickly and beneficially on the diseased mucous membranes, and with healthy mucous membranes the catarrh can no longer exist.

Peruna a True Friend to Women. Mrs. F. J. Lynch, writes the following from 324 S. Division street, Grand Rapids, Mich.:

The Peruna Medicine Co., Columbus, O. Gentlemen—"I earnestly recommend Peruna to any suffering woman, as it cures quickly. Last year I had a most persistent cough which nothing seemed to cure. Two bottles of Peruna did more for me than all the doctors seemed to do. In a couple of weeks I found myself in excellent health, and have been enjoying it ever since. Hence I look on Peruna as a true friend to women."—Mrs. F. J. Lynch.

Peruna is equally efficacious in curing catarrh of the throat as in curing systemic catarrh or catarrh of the stomach. Catarrh is essentially the same wherever located. Peruna cures catarrh.

Peruna Makes You Feel Like a New Person.

Miss Mary Coats, a popular young woman of Appleton, Wis., and president of the Appleton Young Ladies' Club, also speaks in glowing terms of Peruna. A letter recently received from her by The Peruna Medicine Company, of Columbus, Ohio, reads as follows:

"I am glad to call the attention of my friends to Peruna. When that languid, tired feeling comes over you, and your food no longer tastes good, and

small annoyances irritate you, Peruna will make you feel like another person inside of a week.

"I have now used it for three seasons, and find it very valuable and efficacious."—Miss Marie Coats.

Diseased nerves are traceable directly to poor digestion, and poor digestion is directly traceable to catarrh. With the slightest catarrh of the stomach no one can have good digestion.

Very few of the many women who have catarrh of the stomach suspect what their real trouble is. They know they belch after meals, have sour stomach, a sensation of weight or heaviness, a fullness, irregular appetite, drowsiness, gnawing, empty sensations, occasional pain—they all know this; but they do not know that their trouble is catarrh of the stomach. If they did they would take Peruna.

Peruna cures catarrh wherever located. As soon as Peruna removes catarrh from the stomach the digestion becomes good, appetite regular, nerves strong, and trouble vanishes. Peruna strengthens weak nerves, not by temporarily stimulating them, but by removing the cause of weak nerves—poor digestion. This is the only cure that lasts. Remove the cause: Nature will do the rest. Peruna removes the cause.

If you do not derive prompt and satisfactory results from the use of Peruna, write at once to Dr. Hartman, giving a full statement of your case and he will be pleased to give you his valuable advice gratis.

Address Dr. Hartman, President of The Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, O.

UNDER THE SNOW.

Chastly Truths Revealed on the Disappearance of Winter's White Mantle.

Deadly dangers lurk in the ground left bare by the departing snow. All winter long there have been accumulating deadly disease germs.

These have been protected and kept alive by the covering of snow and now, with the first warm days, these death-bringing microbes are awakened by the rays of the sun, and as the ground dries they are carried to all corners of the community in the dust that is blown everywhere by the Spring winds.

The human body at this time is particularly susceptible to these germs, especially the germs of fevers. The system has been depleted by the foregoing winter. The blood is sluggish and filled with impurities. The nerves have not recovered from the tension they have been under for the past months. The stomach, the bowels, the kidneys, the liver are all at their worst.

It is therefore, not strange that these germs of disease find fertile ground in which to thrive, flourish and develop into deadly ills. Spring is the time of year when one should fear an attack of fever, especially when the system is depleted, one should dread any severe illness. The vitality is at a low ebb, there is less power of resistance to throw off disease, and it is on this account that fatalities are so much greater during the Spring months than at any other time of the year. There is but one way to ward off such dangers, and that is to fortify the human

body so that it will become impregnable to the germs of invading disease. Today this takes Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy. It will build you up quickly, it will reestablish your waning appetite, it will give you restful nights of sleep, it will give you vim and vigor to the nerves, and it will dispel all existing poisons that have accumulated in the body besides counteracting the effects of others that may accumulate.

Following is an instance that will illustrate the wonderful power of Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy. Sheriff James T. Stevens, who is sheriff of Hyde Park, Vt., says:—"I have used Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy especially as a blood purifier. I had a very severe humor on my arms, accompanied by a very bad itching, so severe that I could not sleep nights, causing me great inconvenience by the loss of sleep by the itching. A friend advised me to take Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy, which I did with the most satisfactory results, for the trouble has entirely disappeared, and I can now rest comfortably at night and have none of my former misery from the burning, itching sensations."

Remember Dr. Greene's advice will be given to any one desiring the same absolutely free if they will write or call upon him at his office, 35 W. 14th St., New York City.

Dainty Desserts. Can be made with Burnham's Hasty Jelly con. Delicious jellies from purest ingredients. Dissolve a package in hot water and set away to cool. Get a package at your Grocer's to-day. There are six flavors: orange, lemon, strawberry, raspberry, peach, wild cherry and the unflavored "cafffoot" for making wine and coffee jellies.

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