

EASTER FLOWERS.

Bring ye white lilies
With never a stain,
Nurtured by sunshine
And soft-dripping rain;
Bring ye deep pansies,
As sweet as Faith's hope,
Hyacinths, heart's-ease,
And heliotrope.

Bring ye white blossoms
As pure as the flakes
That float in the air
When the winter-storm breaks;
The lilac-tree blooms
And the jonquils unfold,
So bring ye their treasures
Of purple and gold.

Clear fell the sunshine
At morning and noon,
And dripped the warm rain
With a musical croon,
Till out of earth's darkness
And out of the gloom
Came forth the bright buds
In the rapture of bloom.

The almond-tree blossoms,
The world is awake,
So sing ye glad anthems
For sympathy's sake,
And every sweet flower
In thankfulness bring
To bloom on the shrine
Of the new-risen King.
HATTIE WHITNEY.

Easter Wooding's Dream.

An Easter Story.

Who has not heard of Devon County? Devon, bonnie Devon, with its most Italian skies, its hazy stretches of rolling "tors," its crystal streams, its coast-combes, through which the sea foam rushes white as carded wool, and those deep, winding lanes, almost over-arched with honeysuckle and wild-brier, the delicious windings of which seemed designed by Cupid for his devotees alone.

Charles Kingsley tells how Grenville, cousin of William the Conqueror, drew around him those sequestered spots his trusty Saxon serfs and free Norse rovers and dark Silurian Britons, whose mingled blood still gives to Devonians their brave men and beautiful women.

Certainly John Maddock and Esther Wooding fully sustained their native country's reputation. Sweethearts they had ever been since the days when they went, hand in hand, to the white stone school-house on the hill above Bideford. And now John was first mate on an Indian ship, and he and Esther had met to bid farewell ere he sailed away on his long, perilous voyage.

It was the Easter Eve of 1832. Spring's sweet breath filled all that southern clime; and as the lovers nestled in one last, passionate embrace, Esther felt as she had never felt before—a strange reluctance to let her affianced one go.

"I know you will come back again, John; but do you know I have an oppressive dread of some foreboding evil?"

"Cheer up, my dearie, for come back I surely shall, and, maybe, with enough of this world's goods to settle our home in Bideford."

He kissed her with a caress which drew the whole soul through their lips and hurried to the distant street to catch the stage to Plymouth.

Across the heathery hills he rode, whence had flamed the beacon light that told of proud Spain's dread Armada's defeat. But John Maddock dreamed that Easter Eve of love and peace, not war; of life yet to come, when he and Esther should walk its flowery pilgrimage together.

His ship, the Serapis, conveyed a British regiment to India. When he reached Plymouth the quaint old streets were filled with a crowd, gathered to see the redcoats pass to the beach.

"A life on the ocean wave,
A home on the bounding deep—"
So ran the refrain of the band, and the men strode lustily along, their steps and voices keeping time and tune.

The vessel sailed away amid women's sobs and men's hurrahs, and that Sunday morning they watched her drift until the highest peak faded against an opalescent sky and she disappeared below the dip of the sea.

The Serapis raced before the wind like a bird past the Gambian Coast and lay in the doldrums in the Gulf of Guinea, while soldiers sweltered and swore and sailors whistled for a breeze. They moved again, and when off Port Nolloth, South Africa, a great Atlantic gale struck her, and for two days they rode at the mercy of the elements. Crash went the foretopmast, then the bowsprit, and afterward a jury mast rigged by John Maddock and the gallant crew, who toiled in vain to save the ship.

The captain stood with John on the poop that night, and heard the distant breakers on the shore.

"No hope for her, Maddock," said he, sadly, with a shake of his grizzly head. "We have done all—"

The remainder John never heard. Just then she struck. He was thrown clear off the poop, overboard. He looked around. There reared the stern almost perpendicularly. She had run into the jaws of a rock-riven chasm, which gripped her like a vice.

The mainmast snapped with a crack; the breakers lashed her sides; and, with a dash, one great wave flooded her waist.

"Oh, that cry of despair, how it haunted John's ears! He caught a falling spar and floated clear of timbers and cordage.

The nose of the vessel was high up in the rocks, dotted here and there with black figures. They had nothing to hold to, and one after another fell into the seething caldron beneath into full twenty fathoms of foaming water, which dashed its spray upward until it sprinkled the feathery palms along the bank a hundred feet above.

"None can live in such a sea as this," muttered John to himself, clutching his spar the tighter.

On came another breaker as the lion leaps upon its prey. The Serapis parted as if severed by a knife. She dived down, and the next wave rolled over her with a hissing surge of triumph. A great sea-chest floated out; he grasped it in the nick of time and spun out with it from the deadly embrace which was the grave of the vessel.

How long John Maddock floated that horrible night he could not remember. The tide had set toward the shore again, and he neared a small inlet, where the current ran like a millrace. Dead bodies were strewn along the beach, and huge, lazy cormorants floated in the morning twilight above his head, looking like specter vampires.

He had almost reached the shore when a voice hailed him:

"Is it you, Mr. Maddock?"

"Yes," replied John, feebly, for he was worn out. "Who are you?"

"Three of us, sailors all, sir. We managed to scramble on some rigging. Look out for sharks. They're having a fine time this morning," added the man, with a groan.

They dragged him from the chest, fainting with exposure and fatigue. There stood, or rather knelt, the four solitary survivors of the wreck of the Serapis.

"Men," said John, when he had recovered somewhat; "let us thank God and commit our comrades to His mercy."

And he repeated the words of resurrection faith, mingled with thanks for their deliverance, with a fervor such as only men of their experience can appreciate.

The day had fully dawned. The castaways spent it in burying the dead and building a fire to dry their sodden garments.

"Keep a sharp lookout for a vessel, while I go and hoist a signal," said Maddock.

Hard by the sand stretch where they landed was a small cave in shaly rock. That night they slept there, barring its entrance with timbers. And here we must leave the four companions to go back to Devon once more.

The women left weeping on Plymouth shores were destined to weep again. The Serapis never reported at Calcutta and hope deferred made many loving hearts sick with apprehension. Easter of 1833 came, but with it came no joy, rather the confirmation of the worst fears.

The captain of a homeward-bound vessel had sighted some derelict wreckage of the Serapis. He brought the news to Plymouth, and the day afterward, just as the church bells summoned the worshippers to the joyful adoration of the Eastertide, all Bideford knew that Esther Wooding had lost her stalwart, noble sweetheart. Many an eye was moist and many a heart hot as the thoughts of his kindness were recalled with gratitude and tears.

Meanwhile, poor Esther, sad with unutterable sorrow, wandered down to the bar and watched the smiling sea, so treacherous and calm, as though at any moment it may yield up her dead.

"Oh, John! My own John! Why had I not kept you here! I knew evil would befall you!"

So she moaned, wailed the man of the wind answered her across the rustling reeds of Bideford Pool.

"Really, darter, beent y'u grivin' tu much?" said her querulous and wayward old father. "John Maddock is gone, sure enow, but don't maze yourself with trubble, child."

Truth to tell, the old man had already found John's successor, did he dare but name him.

"I want to see y'u in some good man's home before I die," he added, peering up into her face.

"Don't talk of dying, father, nor of my having to leave you. I hope both are equally distant events," replied Esther, with her sad eyes looking surprisedly upon him.

The old man shuffled before that clear, melancholy gaze, and turned to some other subject of discussion.

Her womanly instincts had told her that Ralph Colwell loved her. Ralph was rich, and though of middle age, a man of goodly presence and fortune. He had watched Esther's winsome face and trim figure glide past his office and over the bridge with a sigh of reconciled disappointment. To him the prospect of having Esther as his wife was, indeed, a tempting one, for he loved her with the quiet, deep strength of a mature man, who had not hitherto known the love of woman.

Now John was lost at sea, as all supposed, and Ralph Colwell's aspirations revived. He had been her father's generous friend, but he never presumed upon it; and when the Serapis had lain beneath that terrible rock of the African coast for over a twelvemonth, he timidly and thoughtfully urged his suit upon Esther, only to be met with refusal.

But men of Ralph's temperament are not easily turned aside from their purposes, and he could afford to wait. Her father died in June of 1833, and the house was left unto her desolate, Ralph proved, lover, friend, philosopher and financial resource all in one. He never intruded his rejected suit. His constant love by thoughtful watching won the day without this.

"I have little to give you in return for your devotion, Mr. Colwell," said

Esther, gently, "but I am deeply sensible of all your goodness to me and mine."

"I only ask you to let me love you until you can love me in return, Esther. Grant me your hand, and I shall be the happiest of men."

She did so, and the wedding was fixed to take place on March 27, 1834; Easter Sunday followed on the 30th. The idea that John could have survived never occurred to her. That was an impossibility, as she thought, so unmistakably had the record of the vessel's loss been given. And yet Esther Wooding felt her depression in greater degree as her nuptials drew near.

The 24th of March came. She was sleeping alone in her father's and her own home. For none would have interfered with her in those quiet days of honest neighborhood. When she retired to rest a fierce storm tossed the branches of the trees before her window, and the thunder of the surf as it sent the pebbles flying up the beach was distinctly audible.

No wonder she dreamt of John! She saw the shutter of rock, her lover's form hurled from the poop, and the doomed vessel going to pieces on the shore. John's white face was distinctly visible, floating over bounding billows, and she awoke in terror.

The next night her depression was deeper than before. And, stranger still, she dreamt of John again. But this time the storm had ceased, and there was a great calm. She could see the beach where her lover had landed in safety, and he seemed to wave his neckerchief, her parting gift, as though signaling a passing ship. When morning's dew light stole in through her casement, Esther arose, and felt that most unreasonably and yet effectually had her sorrow left her.

She reproached herself for this light-some mind, but it was in vain she did so.

"Tomorrow is the wedding day," she murmured, with a sigh.

The thought disturbed her as it had never done before. And that last night she lay down to sleep and dream again. This third time she stood on Plymouth Quay, and, from the spot where Drake and Hawkins played their game of bowls, she looked, with a crowd, at an incoming ship, which fired her gun and saluted the colors.

"What vessel is that?" asked Esther in her dream, of the harbor-master.

"The Vulture, Indianan, young lady," he responded, gallantly doffing his glazed hat.

John, her John, the one she deemed dead and buried in the Atlantic off the African coast, stood on the stern and waved his handkerchief.

The dream ended, and Esther once more arose, to find herself humming a tune, the first thrill of her once merry voice for two years.

"But this is my wedding day!" And at the returning thought her face blanched and her music ceased. "Oh, I cannot go to the altar today!" declared she to herself. And through the early hours she stole quietly away, with a borrowed team, to Plymouth.

Why to Plymouth? Esther did not know, or said she did not. An indefinable motive power had led her away from her plighted word. And, surely enough, she was on the quay that afternoon, not in her dream, but in reality.

Now where was John? The reader knows more than Esther did as yet. John and his three companions stayed on the island for many long days and nights, watching for some passing vessel, hunting, fishing and cheering each other with words of hope.

The four survivors had need of patience, for more than one vessel bore down, but they did not see their frantic signalling, or, if they did, heeded it not.

At last the neckerchief which Esther had thrown around John Maddock's neck was floating to the breeze at the top of a lofty palm tree. A vessel bound for Australia caught sight of it shortly afterward and took the four mariners of the Serapis from their solitary state.

Then followed the voyage onward to Calcutta and John's immediate return on board the first packet leaving for England.

With this brief interlude, we can resume our place by Esther's side upon the quay at Plymouth. She dreaded being followed, but none had put in an appearance from Bideford as yet. The western sea was all aflame with the glory of the setting sun when a ship sailed in the cove. It was strangely familiar to her. Now, it was the vessel she had seen in her dream!

She turned around. Was she dreaming again? There stood the harbor-master, glazed hat and all.

"What ship is that?" queried Esther, in a low, strained voice.

"The Vulture, Indianan, young lady," he replied, and touched his hat.

"Why should he not? He did so last night," thought Esther. "Then John is on that ship," she said.

"John? Who's John?" queried the harbor-master.

Esther heeded not. She ran alongside the nearing vessel. A bronzed figure stood on the stern. It was John.

"I knew you would come," she remarked, very quietly, five minutes later, and then fainted in his arms.

The next afternoon they were married. All Bideford gave them an Easter welcome; for was not this a resurrection of the dead? And Ralph Colwell winced, but bore his trouble bravely, as he gave the bride away, saying: "She is yours, John, but now her father is dead, I claim the right to stand in his place to you both."

Today the aged John and Esther Maddock live in the home left them by Ralph, and this Eastertide their

grandchildren gather to listen to this, my story, told annually by their adored grandfather.

STRATEGY OF A GRIZZLY.

Rakes Corn Near the Barn and Then Pails Chickens In.

Nat Wetzell, a St. Louis commission merchant, has a huge grizzly bear, caged behind strong iron bars in the rear part of his place of business. The bear was sent to him by some friends in the Sierras. Within a few days after the bear was imprisoned on the premises, Wetzell missed one and then another of the chickens he had turned out to fatten on the scraps and refuse and for a time he was at a loss to know what was taking them off. When the number had increased to a point where patience ceased to be a virtue he set a watch for the miscreant, and in due time discovered that the big grizzly was devouring them as fast as he could lay paws on them. The brut's process of capturing the luckless chicks would do credit to certain classes of mammals that do not go about the earth on all fours, and when he discovered how the thing was done, Wetzell had a hearty laugh in spite of his loss.

Corn had been thrown into the bear's cage in great quantities. As it disappeared with due regularity, it was supposed that bruin was enjoying it immensely, but the shaggy-coated old fellow was wiser than his keepers knew. He learned before he had been imprisoned a single day that chickens liked corn pretty well, and as he liked chickens better than corn, he decided that a fair exchange would be good for his constitution.

Acting upon this theory of the case, the bear scraped together the corn as fast as it was thrown into the cage and pushed the piles out close to the bars, where the chickens could pick it up. When no one was around he would set his great paws down upon the head of an unwary chick and drag it into the cage, to be devoured at his leisure. Not so much as a squawk ever escaped his victims, and for this reason his little game was not discovered until his thievery had so decimated the poultry yard that discovery could no longer be avoided.

Yesterday, when Wetzell entered the store he found old bruin sitting on his haunches, and in such apparent good humor that he at once attracted attention. Going back to the cage, the proprietor found that the bear had scraped a pile of chicken feathers fully a foot deep over into one corner of the enclosure, and had evidently made his bed there the night before. The quizzical smile on bruin's face seemed to ask what more could a good bear want than plenty of tender chicks to eat and a soft place to sleep.

Now the old fellow's rations of corn have been cut off, and it is Wetzell's determination to give him to Forest Park for the zoological department, provided the city will have him.—St. Louis Republic.

Glass Skates.

The newest feature of interest in the New York ice rinks is the use of glass skates. It is found that skates with glass runners are far better, both for speed and ease in gliding for pleasure, than are the skates with metal runners, and several pairs are now being used in one of the metropolitan rinks. The inventor has succeeded in reducing the glass to a hardness that insures an edge which practically never becomes blunt. The tempering process remains a secret, but it is a fact that severe contact with hard ice does not fracture the glass. To look at these skates one would not suppose they were made of anything else than metal, for the runners are always colored, in order to disguise the substance of which they are made. The coloring process is arbitrary, and tints in the case of ladies' skates are always made to correspond with the colors of the wearer's costume. The runners of these skates are attached directly to an especially made shoe which laces from the heel up the back. The combination not only gives a skate which is perfectly easy in motion, but the high shoe stiffens the ankle to an extent which greatly aids in the enjoyment and adds to the safety of the exercise.—Washington Star.

Lioness Owned the Car.

Among the freight placed in the baggage car of train No. 6 on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad leaving Chicago recently, was a lioness in a wooden cage, shipped by Francis Ferrier and intended for a local show.

After the train had left Cayuga, G. C. Lapham, baggage master, who was checking his way bills, saw the lioness crouching on the top of some baggage. Looking the animal straight in the eye he backed toward the door at the other end of the car, and as he threw open the door and rushed out the lioness jumped, but he escaped.

When the train arrived at Pittsburg an iron cage was wheeled against the side of the car, the door opened and the lioness driven into the cage. In the eighteen hours she was in possession of the car, she tore open nearly every piece of baggage.

Olive Oil for the Hair.

When the hair shows a tendency to fall out the very best thing to stop its coming out and promote growth is the abundant use of genuine olive oil. Saturate the hair thoroughly, and keep it saturated for a week, until the dry scalp has absorbed all it will, then wash with pure soap and water. If this operation is repeated every two or three months, the effect is said to be marvelous.

WIT AND HUMOR.

Up-to-Date Jokes and Witticisms From the Comic Papers.

THE TIRE QUESTION.

Wearly Watkins—I see some of the papers is agitatin' the wide-tire question again, for better roads.

Hungry Higgins—I don't know much about wide tires, but I know I got a life-long one.

AN IMPOSSIBLE FEELING.

Miss Wabash—Oh, dear! I feel awfully blue this morning.

Miss Emerson (of Boston)—How absurd! It is a physical impossibility to become cognizant of colors through the sense of touch.

A NEW GAME TO HIM.

"Jacob, what are you doing running around the streets, when you should be in school?"

"Well, ma, you told me to learn some games which I could play without tearing my clothes, so I'm playing a new one called 'truant.'"

CHICKEN HAD AN ALIBI.

"Won't you try the chicken soup, judge?" asked Mrs. Small of her boarder, not noticing that he had gone beyond the soup stage in his dinner.

"I have tried it, madam," replied the judge; "the chicken has proved an alibi."

THE TEACHER TAUGHT.

Father—Do you think my son possesses any ability as an artist?

Instructor—Well, yes. In one branch of drawing he can give me pointers.

Father (proudly)—Indeed! In what branch?

Instructor—Drawing corks.

SEEING IS BELIEVING.

"No, I don't believe there is an old maid in the world who has lost all hope of marriage."

"We've got one on our street. She says she'll never marry."

"Do you believe her?"

"I believed her as soon as I saw her."

MUCH ELABORATION.

Victim (angrily)—Don't call me a gent. I don't like it.

Book Agent—Well, if you wish it, I will elaborate the gent into 'gentleman.'

Victim—If you don't get out of here I will do some elaborating myself. I will elaborate a cad into a cadaver.

ABSOLUTE ACCURACY.

Mistress—Your name is Maginnis, you say. But what is your first name?

Maid—Mem?

Mistress—What is your first name?

Mary, Bridget—

Maid—It's me second name ye'd be after. That is Mary. I was a Maginnis before I was a Mary, don't ye mind?

THE NECESSARY QUALIFICATIONS.

"Mr. Penn," asked the managing editor, "do you think you could do editorial work?"

"Ah—I don't know," answered the poet and essayist,

"Do you think, for example, that you are sufficiently misinformed to write an able article on the currency question?"

COULDN'T GUESS WHAT IT WAS.

Mrs. Maundley—Do your daughter and her husband live happily together?

Mrs. Oldham—Alas! I'm afraid not. My daughter says they do, but every time I go to visit them there seems to be something present to mar the serenity of their lives.

LOWER THE HATS.

"I think," said the young man, "that if you would give me a chance I could derate the stage."

"Oh," replied the manager, "there's no need for that expense. The stage is high enough, and everything would be all right if we could only get the ladies to remove their hats."

BRIGHT, BUT DISTANT.

"But are you able to support a wife?" asked the girl's father, after the young man had filed his application for the position of son-in-law.

"My finances are not a burden to me at present," was the reply, "but I have brilliant prospects before me, and—"

"Oh, I don't doubt that," interrupted the old man, "but do you think you will ever be able to catch up with them?"

IN TENNESSEE.

"I've nothing to give you, my poor man, except a piece of pie."

"That'll do, ma'am. I kin eat a pie, Thanky."

"Have you any occupation?"

"Yes'm. I'm a snow-shoveller."

"You didn't expect to get any opportunity to shovel snow in this part of the country, did you?"

"None. That's w'y I come down here. They was too blamed much of it up in Michigan."

SENSIBLE FELLOW.

She threw the fellow overboard, and never saw him more.—

She thought he would swim back to her, but instead he swam ashore.

THE POET EPIGRAM.

"Let who will do the country's fighting I ask only to stay at home and write the country's war songs!"

DIFFERENT.

Souffal—So you and your sweetheart are one at last.

Doieful—Well, er, we may be called a married couple.

FIDELITY TO THE PATTERN.

His Mother (profoundly shocked)—Johnny! Johnny! You will break my heart! That is the most dreadful language I ever heard a little boy use!

Johnny—We're playin' street cars,

mamma. I'm the motorman, an' Ben's drivin' a coal wagon an' won't get out of my way.

A GENTLE INSINUATION.

The Maid—Miss Ethel is not in, sir, but I'll tell her you called.

Algy—Aw—thanks. Tell her right away, please, so you won't forget it.

PROOF.

She—A woman is braver than a man.

He—What! Why, a woman is afraid of a mouse.

She—Yes, and a man is afraid of that same woman.

HOW SHE TOOK IT.

"You have looked upon my face for the last time," he resolutely declared as he put on his hat.

"What are you going to do," she cried, "raise whiskers?"

UNFORTUNATE.

"I'm afraid I have lost a patient," said the young physician who realizes the value of making an impression.

"Didn't you know what remedy to prescribe?"

"Perfectly. That part of it was simple enough. But I couldn't think of the Latin for 'mustard plaster.'"

HIS RULE.

"I suppose you have your own ideas as to the proper line of warfare," said the Spanish official.

"Yes," replied the general. "Seven words to the line is the average upon which I base my calculations."

FORTUNE'S FLUKES.

Tales About Lucky Strikes That Give a Poor Man New Hope.

If there is anything that makes a poor, toiling man happy it is to read about flukes that have made fortunes.

For instance, there was a captain of a vessel plying between England and Australian points who made a lucky strike when convicts were taken to New South Wales.

A "time-expired" man came to the mariner and begged to be taken home. The former convict had no money, but he would gladly give his plot of land for transportation.

The captain accepted the terms, and great is the joy of his descendants, for that plot is now occupied by a wharf, and it is valued at \$1,125,000.

A Limerick tobaccoist believed himself to be ruined by a fire that destroyed his ship. The next day he found tons of snuff that had been in the fire. Curiosity prompted him to open the caskets. He found that the action of the flames had materially improved the aroma and pungency of the snuff. The discovery made him very rich.

The discovery of the Mount Sheba Mine was purely a fluke, and its output of gold is the greatest of any mine in the world except in the Klondike district.

A bank clerk in London heard that there was a rich deposit of gold at a certain place at the Cape of Good Hope. He set about forming a provisional syndicate among his fellow clerks and they raised about \$1,500 among themselves. A mining engineer was sent out. He made a thorough investigation, but found no gold. He had decided to give up the search, and was ready to leave for home when he ran across a mine.

"Well, stranger," he said, "I guess you are on the hunt for the shiny. Taint here, boss."

"Have you a claim here?" asked the engineer.

"Yes; and I want to make tracks over the country. That's my claim up by that camel's hump. You can have it for \$100, and here's a sample of the quartz. That claim ain't worth its weight in gold, but its worth every dollar I ask for it."

The engineer examined the specimen and decided that there was gold in it. He acted quickly.

"I'll tell you what I'll do, mate," he said; "I'll give you \$80 on the risk of losing it."

The bargain was struck and the claim carefully explored. An abundance of gold was found in the most unlikely veins. Today the shares, the face value of which is \$100, are worth \$500,000 each.

Wickedest Villain on Earth.

The death of Tai Won Kun, father of the King of Korea, which was made known to the minister of that country yesterday, will simplify its politics. He was probably the wickedest villain in earth, and for fifty years had been at the bottom or the top of all the mischief that has occurred in the Hermit Kingdom. He was Regent during the minority of the King, who inherited the throne from a childless uncle, and ruled with the most brutal despotism for a quarter of a century. It was while he was at the head of affairs that we had our little war with Korea, which resulted in opening the country to foreigners. He was the foe of all forms of progress, and particularly hostile to missionaries and modern improvements. He murdered thousands of people who stood in his way or refused to bend to his will, and it took three years for the Government to get rid of him after the King became of age. Twice he was the prime mover in plots to assassinate his own son, and three times attempted the assassination of the Queen. The last attempt was successful in 1895.