

EASTER LILIES.

Bring lilies, Easter lilies,
For those who languish now
On weary beds of sickness,
With fever-throbbing brow.
Oh, bid them breathe their fragrance,
And look with joy above
To God, who sends the lilies,
Pure messengers of love!

Bring lilies, Easter lilies,
And strew their spotless bloom
Where bends some lonely mother
Above a tiny tomb.
That she who weeps in anguish
May find a solace there,
Since He who guards the lilies
Will for her darling care.

Bring lilies, Easter lilies,
Unto God's holy place,
And wreath about His altars
Their sweetness and their grace;
Where kneel His true disciples,
While happy children sing
Of Christ among the lilies,
Our Risen Priest and King.
—Ruth Raymond.

"OVER THERE" AN EASTER MESSAGE

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER

It was a rather long ferry, and the boat forged steadily onward against the tide. On the forward deck closest to the chain stood a lady in deepest mourning, carrying in her hands a splendid sheaf of American Beauty roses. Their glorious color and sweet perfume, their long stems reaching nearly to the hem of her dress, and their lustrous number made her a conspicuous object to her fellow passengers. "My! they must have cost a fortune!" exclaimed a thinly clad young girl who stood a little distance off, admiring the magnificent bloom, and secretly wishing that she had only one such rose to carry with her to the bedside of a sick mother. The hopeless dejection in the lady's face touched all who saw her with swift sympathy, for she looked as if she had lost everything she cared for, and as if she could never be comforted again. The contrast between her pallid countenance and the superb flowers in her arms was not more marked than that between her bare garments, wearing something of the same look of absorption that was evident in the brooding face of the lady.

He, too, had his tribute of flowers, beautiful Bermuda lilies that he carried in a large tin pail filled with water. Yet the man's look was that of one who had somehow passed through sorrow and come out on its other side, having gained the victory through faith, while the woman's was that of one who as yet had seen no stars shining through her cyphresses.

The wind blew fresh and chill, although it was an April day, and just before Easter. The lady drew her wrap a little closer and shivered. The boat was approaching the dock. The man stepped to the lady's side, and, lifting his cap, said gently, "Pardon me, madam, for intruding, but I see we are going to the same place, to the cemetery, with our flowers. Mine were brought me by a sailor friend. I am too poor to buy them. Yours have cost much gold, but we both know the meaning of loss and pain, and I hope we both know the message of the flowers; they mean that there is life beyond, and that we shall see them, the dear ones, safe at home by and by."

The lady thanked him, and they stepped from the boat to the pavement. A carriage was in waiting for her, but the man walked. Presently she stopped the carriage and waited for him, inviting him to a seat by her side. Abruptly she spoke: "You believe that we shall find our lost ones again?"

"Yes," he said, simply. "I believe every word that Jesus ever said, and He said, 'In My Father's house are many mansions.' My little Mildred is waiting for me over there. She is just as much mine as her sister at home, only one is pale and suffering and cannot sleep at night and may never walk again, while the other is full of health and strength and beauty in the homeland."

"Ten weeks ago," the lady replied, "I was the mother of an only son. He was everything that a mother's heart could wish, an athlete in body and mind. He filled my life with pride and joy. He was taken mysteriously ill, and in three days he was gone. My husband is dead, and I have no other child. I cannot see an inch beyond the grave where they laid him. I cannot think of my Harold sitting still with a golden harp and resting forever. He was not tired, he did not need rest, he had life before him, and death snatched him away."

"Yes," answered the new friend, as the horses walked slowly up the hill and then passed through the cemetery gate into the beautiful God's-acre where so many sleepers lay peacefully beneath the grass and flowers. "Yes, I can understand, but don't you know the word in Revelation where it says that His servants shall serve Him? I can't think of my Mildred as sitting still and singing. She was one that flitted about like a butterfly in the sun, and she loved to wait upon others. I think the dear Lord has set her some task over there that her little hands can do, and he has found a place for your boy. I did not bring all my lilies for Mildred. I have saved some to make Easter Sunday happier for Sophy, and I think that is what Mildred would like. Good-by, dear lady, and may God bless you."

They went on their separate ways, and on the return journey they did

not meet, but the man's faith had kindled a little warmth in the woman's heart, and the ice therein began to melt. She left her roses on the mound that covered her boy and hid him from her sight. But that evening she went to a Settlement in which he had been interested, and although the young men were mostly Hebrews, to whom Easter in its Christian significance was a mockery, she bore to them a gift, not merely of fragrant flowers, but of sweet womanly love. She said to the leader of the group with whom Harold had often met, "I want to do something for these boys



"PRESENTLY SHE STOPPED THE CARRIAGE AND WAITED FOR HIM."

for Harold's sake, to keep his memory green. You must tell me what to do."

She sent other flowers to a hospital in which there were many crippled children, and the nurses told her a day or two later that she would have been more than repaid had she seen the eager clutch of tiny claw-like hands, and the light on little wizened faces when a flower was laid beside every pillow. Her regret was that she had not asked her fellow passenger his name. She would have been glad to have helped the daughter whom he had mentioned as an invalid in his home. He had said his word in season, and apparently passed altogether out of her sight. This is a little world, however, and in it unlikely things are always happening.

The Easter music in its triumphant cadences had floated up to join the angels' song, the Easter flowers had faded and summer had come. Long rows of great houses on stately New York avenues were closed for

the summer, and those who lingered latest were preparing to depart to the seashore or the mountains. Harold's mother had lingered long, but she was going at last, and the express company were taking to the station her trunks and boxes. Stepping out to pay the expressman who had placed her trunks in the wagon, she was struck by something familiar, and suddenly recalled her friend of Passion week. She took his hand and looked into his eyes, her own filling with tears, not wholly sorrowful. "Oh, I am glad to see you!" she said. "You opened the door for me, although you did not know it, into a new world, a world of courage and of good cheer. What you said that day led me to study my Bible, and now I believe that heaven is a reality. I can wait for it. Tell me where you live. I want to get acquainted with your little Sophy and her mother."

Something like a falling curtain for an instant obscured the steady courage and quiet serenity of the man's strong face. "It will be so good in you," he said. "Sophy has a lonely time of it, poor child. Her mother has been insane for three years." Then the curtain seemed to rise. "It is the will of God," he said. "God knows what is right."

The lady deferred her journey for a day that she might visit the little flat which was the home of her friend, the expressman, where his daughter Sophy sat by the window most of the day. The neighbors were kind and the father was accustomed to doing much woman's work, so that the little flat had a homelike aspect. The first visit was one of many continued after the summer had gone, and a skilled physician was found who was able greatly to benefit the invalid girl. So the blessing of Easter made a long path of brightness in the little home as in the large one.

One never knows on what errand

PREPARING EASTER EGGS.

Various Colors For Dyeing Them—
How the Dyeing is Done.

Most of the youngsters are likely to put in a good part of this week in dyeing eggs for Easter. The best preparations for staining the white shells of the eggs are logwood and Pernambuco wood steeped in boiling water. These give very pretty shades separately, and mixed together give a very pretty shade of violet. Spinach water gives to the eggs a delicate shade of green, while onion juice water gives a golden yellow color. After the eggs are dipped in these preparations and rubbed hard with some lard and butter and then rubbed with a soft cloth they will develop a highly polished surface.

Variegated hues may be obtained by laying young and tender grasses and leaves on the surface of the eggs and holding them in place by winding strips of cotton around them and then boiling them in water in which logwood and Pernambuco wood have been steeped.

It is very easy to apply initials and monograms by using a hard pen dipped in aqua fortis just before they are treated to their color bath. There are any number of preparations to be bought at the drug stores which make very pretty effects.

Books and post cards are coming more and more into favor as Easter gifts, and there is also the usual profusion of rabbits made up of all kinds of things, including candy.

Carrying the News to Mary.

When the news was first spread That Christ was arisen indeed from the dead,
Very great was the joy of the angels in Heaven;
And as great the dispute as to who should carry

The tidings thereof to the Virgin Mary.
Pierced to the heart with sorrows seven,
Old Father Adam was first to propose,
As being the author of all our woes;
But he was refused, for fear, said they,
He would stop to eat apples on the way!
Abel came next, but petition in vain,
Because he might meet with his brother Cain!

Noah, too, was refused, lest his weakness
Should delay him at every tavern-sign;
And John the Baptist could not get a vote,
On account of his old-fashioned, camel's-hair coat;
And the penitent thief, who died on the cross,
Was reminded that all his bones were broken!

Till at last, when each in turn had spoken,
The company being still at a loss,
The angel who rolled away the stone
Was sent to the sepulchre all alone,
And filled with glory that gloomy prison,
And said to the Virgin, "The Lord is arisen!"

—Longfellow's Golden Legend.

The Easter Story.

Tell again the wondrous story,
How one morn at break of day
Weeping women bringing spices
Came to where the Saviour lay.
How the angel, white and shining,
Said, "The Master is not here;
He is risen! He is risen!
Tell the news and do not fear."

Now we call the glad time Easter;
And when Easter comes each year
Every living thing rejoices,
All the bells ring out good cheer.
Blossoms come to trees and flowers
That have slept the winter long,
And all joyous little children
Sing the glad some Easter song.

EASTER IN JERUSALEM.

Ceremony of the Divine Fire at the Holy Sepulchre.

An event of Easter Sunday in Jerusalem is the ceremony commemorating the tradition of the rising of the celestial fire from the sepulchre of Christ.

The Greek Patriarch enters the sanctuary of the sepulchre, the door closes behind him and the surging, tossing, tumultuous multitude await the coming of the fire.

Suddenly out of the right hand window in the wall of the sepulchre shoot flames of fire and in an instant every one of the thousands has produced a candle and dashes forward to light it at the mystic fire.

The light thus taken from the Holy Sepulchre is instantly carried to all the Christian villages round about Jerusalem, and feet footed young men vie with one another in being first to light their local shrines with the divine flame.

A writer in the Travel Magazine records having seen two rival runners put down their candles and indulge in a sanguinary battle with knives and sticks until the light of one of them is put out. There is no joke meant here; each is striving desperately to extinguish the flame of the other.

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THE LAUGHING BEAN.

Wouldn't you be surprised if you went into the garden some warm summer day and the cabbages or potato vines or berry bushes commenced to laugh? You don't think such a thing would ever happen outside of Fairyland? Well, perhaps not just that, but there are plants that do things just as wonderful—plants that eat insects, some that eat animals, others that tumble about wherever they want to go, and now a traveler tells us of running across one that gets influenza and coughs just like a boy or girl who has a very bad cold.

"I heard a cough and looked behind me nervously; for I was stalking gazelles in that lion-colored waste, the Sahara Desert; and, having gotten rather too far south, I expected at any moment to become a pincushion for the poisoned darts of the dread Houaregs," says the traveler.

"But no one was there. The flat desert quivered in the sunshine, and here and there a dusty plant stood wearily. But, though I commanded the landscape for a radius of fifty miles, not a living creature was in sight. Another cough. I swung round quickly. The same plant, yellow with dust, drooped in the dry heat. That was all.

"Hack! Hack!" It was at my left this time. I turned again. A like plant met my eye. The thing was growing rather ghastly. As I regarded this last plant, a cough came from it. It shook all over, and then, tightening up as a man does when he is about to sneeze, it gave a violent cough, and a little cloud of dust arose.

"I learned afterward that the plant is the coughing bean, which is common in many tropical countries. In the long, dry heats, this wierd growth's pores become choked with dust, and it would die of suffocation were it not that a powerful gas accumulates inside it, which, when it gains sufficient pressure, explodes with a sound precisely like the human cough. The explosion shakes the plant's pores free of their dust, and the coughing bean is in health again."
—Home Herald.

A GOOD DEED.

One winter evening when Tom, a country boy, well clad in homespun, was riding home from the postoffice on his pet horse, Major, he saw an old man limping along by the roadside. As he drew nearer he noticed that the old man's foot was bleeding and every time he lifted his foot his face showed the great pain he was suffering. Tom, who had always been taught to be kind to the aged, was touched with pity and jumped off his horse and began to question him. In reply to his inquiries, he learned that the man had been chopping wood and when he was almost finished the log slipped and the ax fell on his foot and cut it. The man said he lived about four miles from there, and he did not think he would get home that night. Tom noticed he had no coat, so he took his off and put it on the man; he then lifted him on his horse and they started on. Tom walked along, leading the horse and supporting the man; although he was very tired, he would not admit it. When he reached the man's home, he carried the old man inside. He was given some hot food. The old man was very thankful. Tom then started for home, for it was growing late and cold. When he reached there, he found his mother anxiously awaiting his arrival. After telling the cause of his delay, his mother was touched with pride and joy to think her son had been so kind.—Florence M. Dorgan, in Weekly Witness.

Dr. E. S. Bailey, of Chicago, announced at a medical convention in New Orleans that he had discovered in radio-thor, made from pitchblende, a substitution for radium, cheaper and better in its effects.

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