



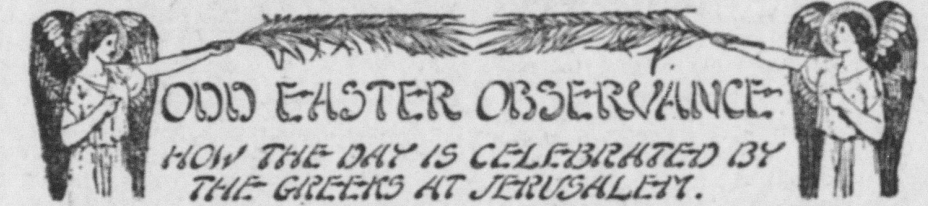
EASTER

Christ the Lord is risen to-day
Sons of men and angels say
Raise your joys and triumphs high
Sing, ye heavens, and earth reply.

Hail the Lord of Earth and Heaven!
Praise to Thee by both be given!
Thee we greet triumphant now!
Hail the Resurrection Thou!

King of glory, Soul of bliss!
Everlasting life is this.
Thee to know, Thy power to prove,
Thus to sing, and thus to love!

Charles Wesley



ODD EASTER OBSERVANCE
HOW THE DAY IS CELEBRATED BY THE GREEKS AT JERUSALEM.

It is half dramatic, but, taken all together it is wholly interesting to move with a caravan of the Christian world toward the earthly city of David for the keeping of the solemn Feast of Easter. For when the light of spring is calling out the destinies of song in ripple of leaf, and throat of bird, and in the longings of the human heart, Easter glows across a world proclaiming that some Jerusalem, "abode of peace," arises forever through the mists of distance on the horizon of human aspiration.

Jaffa is the port of Palestine where the pilgrims land, whose goal is the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, and the facade of the "Holy Fire." Jaffa, oldest among old cities of the world, to whose shores the Greek sent its Perseus, whose harbor has seen the Pharaohs of Egypt, the brave Macabees, the shadow that shook from the fist of Saladin, the curve of Coeur de Lion's lips, the glint on Baldwin's crowns, and the great light in the eyes of Saint Louis, king, as he bore, barefooted through the town, the crown of thorns to his ship—this old, old Jaffa, fez-shaped town set on a hill, looks desolate and presents nothing interesting. But the valley is bright with pomegranates and olive groves. The sky is baptized with beauty, and those long bands of burning fire that thread the Mediterranean off shore, seem like dawn streaks of the holy fire which these souls have come to seek — this kaleidoscopic crowd jostling its way on, and elbowing its way out, and surging still forward through Jaffa's long, narrow street; Armenian, Syrian, Greek, Coptic, Latin, Russian, Abyssinian pilgrims who are bound to Jerusalem in these signal days of the Christian year.

Their garments flutter like flame between little Jaffa's dark rugged walls; crimson and dark reds of Russian garments; the curious, gamboge colored caftans worn by the Armenian peasants; the Syrian yellows, the dull blues of the Abyssinian's cloak; the poor, shredbare browns of the Coptic's raiment, and the broadcloth of the rich Israelite who also is in the throng pressing forward to keep his Passover in Jerusalem.

The little donkeys that are kicking fore and aft, and surveying you with a glance that upset the gravity of Abraham and Plato, are dressed out with bright saddlecloths and trappings, for they are going from Jaffa to Jerusalem. These detestable little beasts are executed in eight tongues plus 399 fringed with unparliamentary language, in Russian, Syrian, Coptic, Abyssinian, Greek, Armenian and Italian. Nay, with all the scope of the English alphabet from D to N, from the English tourist. But these little Oriental donkeys are lords of the situation until you are well seated



ON THE WAY TO EMMAUS.

valley of Jeremiah, is the little town of Naplous, the Neopolis of Herod. From this point vegetation disappears completely. You leave behind the palm gardens and the tawny orange trees, the white houses and gypsy sheds. A two hours' ride through a mountainous, desolate looking country brings the pilgrim to an open spot where a long line of wall surmounted by scattered towers comes suddenly into view. A shunt shivers down the long file of pilgrims, followed by a profound silence:

JERUSALEM!

The prelude to the first sight of the Holy City is the cry of twenty ages for the manifest God. The Mosque of Omar tops the sacred hill, but the face of God's Son crowns Jerusalem forever. Your own heart beats answer back to the heart beats of that Man who walked the streets off there. Through those highways thread the surging longings of earth, dashing themselves now against Buddha, now against Mahomet, now against the bleak wall of unbelief, now against the varied foam on the seas of the soul that forever must lift white hands of prayer. And as you stand and look toward those narrow highways of Jerusalem beyond the long, solemn line of wall, you hear again a great, broad cry: "I AM THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD."

The atmosphere that envelops Athens is Poetry, the mist that arrays old Rome is Power. But the cloud that rests upon Jerusalem is Veneration.

There seems no rest, however, for the tossing, eager throng that is now passing on through the gate of Jaffa toward the last earthly resting place of Christ. But one does not pause to sum up the tangle of argument, controversy, pros and cons which have raged around the most sacred of all the "Holy Places" in Jerusalem, the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. It is the heart that dictates, not the head that disputes, as you stand within its enclosure and witness the grip of the actual wide world upon a great idea, and the grasp of the soul upon a great ideal. For, since the third century of the Christian era, this pavement has been worn by the feet of passionate pilgrims, of stately kings and of calm browed philosophers. The twin domes of the Holy Sepulchre rise in majestic grandeur above the buried city of Jerusalem. Between these domes, a Turkish sheikh was, centuries ago, established by Saladin to mount guard over the pilgrim throng within the building. Underneath the domes is the portal of the Crusaders, a Christian facade

JESUS APPEARS TO MARY MAGDALENE.



From the painting by Burnard.

"Now when Jesus was risen early the first day of the week, He appeared first to Mary Magdalene, out of whom he had cast seven devils."

"And she went and told them that had been with Him, as they mourned and wept. And they, when they had heard that He was alive, and had been seen of her, believed not."

up there, how you survey the cross fire of the eyes in the crowd half a mile or more below who cannot join the chameleon throng pressing on through the gates of little Jaffa!

Through the rich shadows of thought your pilgrim path leads on through spaces of sun in the valley gardens around this little Jaffa. You pass by hundreds of Persian water-wheels, crackling like the shading of the Nile valley. It is the month of April, and the Jaffa gardens are enchanting. The perfume of orange, lemon, apricot is an Araby of attar. Seven miles of blossom—and beyond stretch the plains of Laron, mentioned in the Bible, extending along the sea from Gaza to Mount Carmel on the north. It is a vast and impressive outlook. Across the undulations of plain the crystal shimmer of the mirage flits. Afar, a squad of Arab horsemen, outlines itself on the burning haze. On the northeast rise the mountains around Samaria. At Rama, the ancient Arimathea, we pass an old convent resembling a fortress rather than a monastic establishment, if one can judge from the thickness of its walls. The view from the parapet is magnificent, and the convent is surrounded by tall Oriental palm trees, which greatly enhance the picturesqueness of the solemn place.

Farther on, beyond the sheen of the cascade that forms through the

strangely at variance with the mental imagery around it. In front is the large open court, thronged with relic mongers, who are offering their sacred wares that will soon be borne to every part of the known world. Above the courtyard—bridges, walls, stairs lead in and out to galleries and chambers within the church. The great building is all an odd tattered mass, but laced together with the sigh of all the centuries for Light!

You enter. At one side is the ultimate splendor of the Greek Church that triumphs in its possession of Constantine's basilica and of the rock of Calvary. Yonder in that deep corner is the squalid poverty of the two Coptic and Syrian chapels. Across these shrines, across the jeweled geometry of the Greek glitter, threading through the great syllables that were first silvered by the voice of Homer, breaks the melodious and dulcet chanting of the Latin Church. Stand still and listen to History in these varied voices that are supplicating the Father of All. It is Easter even. Above the great rotunda of the nave soars the dome of the Holy Sepulchre. The sky is seen through the opening in the centre which, like the Parthenon of Pericles, admits the Orient morning. You are watching, breathlessly, in the gallery on the north side. Below you is the Chapel of the Holy Sepulchre, divid-



ed into two parts: the Sepulchre and the "Stone of Angels." It is a forest of white tapers. On its north side is the round aperture from which the Holy Fire is to stream for the great Greek Church. On the south side, the fire outlet for the Armenians, who will light the Syrian, Coptic and Abyssinian tapers. This Chapel of the Sepulchre seems to soar, verily, above the packed-in mass of pilgrims around it. Behind this long line gleams the Turkish soldiery—to keep order. Directly behind their scarlet fez another circle, wedged-in of pilgrims.

For fully two hours there is a very awful silence. You hear only the sigh of expectation from the great, gaunt throng around the sacred chapel. Suddenly, the circles reel and sway. A tangled group within the inner zone starts to run in a frenzy of long-sustained suspense. The delirium is communicated. Twenty, thirty, fifty, one hundred men are tossing one another up; they are leaping up to each other's shoulders. The cry, "This is the Tomb of Jesus Christ!" is taken up, voice after voice, by the whole throng, till the swaying, reeling belts of beings begin a torrent, a storm, a whirl around the whole great rotunda. It is a maelstrom of men. It swirls a huge vortex around the Chapel of the Sepulchre. That chapel is in awful silence still; but presently to be the great central syllable of all. Yonder, from out the Greek Church, streams an embroidered procession. Its solemn chant and cadences that have echoed from the Caesars to the Tiber, that have thundered from the throne of Constantine to the Battle of Navarino, mingle with the yelling of the voices of the pilgrim-mob. This mob drives the Turkish soldiery from the church. Its on-seething rush bears the Greek Patriarch Damianos from within the procession toward that still silent Chapel of the Holy Sepulchre. And its door is shut.

The rotunda is now an uproar like the oceanic phases and phrases of Homer. Hundreds of bare arms are stretched out toward that silent Chapel of the Sepulchre off there. Still it speaks not. Beside the aperture a Greek priest stands waiting.

Suddenly a bright flame flashes across the tiny window. The sustained excitement of the next few moments will never be forgotten as long as life lasts. The fire is caught by the pale-faced priest. And slowly, grandly, gradually—then quickening as the burning of sunrise on the sea, the sacred fire leaps from wave to wave of humanity, kindling from taper to taper, caught from hand to hand, till the whole Church of the Holy Sepulchre is a sheet of fire, an acreage of flame. Every candle has a voice, and the tremblings of the traveling light are only the shuddering sobs and cries and thanksgivings of the loving, pathetic throng who believe that God Himself has descended upon the holy tomb within the silent darkness of the sepulchre, and once again across a world said, "Let there be Light!"

Amidst the oriental confusion, the clamor, the color, the riot of devotion, the Greek patriarch Damianos is borne out of the church on the shoulders of the pilgrims, in a half-fainting state. And it is at this moment that to a horseman at the gates is given the sacred fire to bear quickly to the lamps around the Silver Star in the midnight cave of the Nativity of Bethlehem—the lamps that are never extinguished. It is at this moment that still another horseman gallops rapidly away from the courtyard of the Holy Sepulchre, bearing the lighted taper northwards to Jaffa, to the ships that are swinging at anchor in its harbor, waiting to bear the Holy Fire to Russia, to the shrines afar on her desolate Siberian Steppes, and to the patriarchs Spiridon of Antioch, Konstantinos of Constantinople, and to Sophronius of Alexandria.

When evening comes, the pilgrims throng back into the church, and, like children in a father's home, lie down to sleep within the great rotunda's calm. They are waiting for the midnight service. You, too, return to think and ponder—and to pray. For, strange and barbaric, isolated as is this scene of to-day from any experience in your life, it has stirred the deep consciousness within, that upon this historic pavement is the grip of the actual world upon a great idea; and the grasp of the soul upon a great ideal, who said, "I am the Light of the World!"—Lucy Cleveland.

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CAUGHT IN THE ICE.
We often read stories of Arctic explorers caught in the ice up in the polar regions, and how their ships are surrounded, held fast, and in some cases cracked like eggshells. But to have a great steamer, with 500 passengers aboard, hemmed in by ice fields in a well known harbor, is a novel happening which made the spring voyage of the transatlantic liner Mongolian famous this last year. The Mongolian, late in May, 1909, was sailing into the harbor of St. John's, Newfoundland, on the way to Halifax, when a mighty ice field bore down on her, hemming her in on every side. For twenty or thirty miles the ice stretched out to sea, varied by bergs and hummocks. It wedged into the harbor, blocking it entirely; and the Mongolian, entirely surrounded, was soon tight in the ice pack.

Since the Mongolian was not built for Arctic voyaging, this was a very dangerous position. A sudden increase of pressure might crush the steamer in a moment. At once, from the narrow harbor opening left unchoked by ice, two small but stout vessels came out to the rescue. The sealing steamer Diana pushed into the ice, ramming and opening it with all her might, to make a lane for fresh water. The coastal steamer Prospero also did her best to reach the ice-bound Mongolian. But the ice mocked their efforts. The sea seemed to grow as they attacked it.

By night the Prospero herself was surrounded and caught. The Diana had come within a mile of the Mongolian, and was stopped there, helpless; and still the ice pack was gathering, and not only St. John's, but every bay, harbor and inlet to the southwest was now choked with ice. Some of the icebergs being fifteen hundred feet high, with many lesser peaks. Seals and one polar bear were seen on ice floes—a true polar scene.

Five of the passengers, unable to stand the strain of anxiety, undertook to reach the land over the ice field. The captain assured them there was no immediate danger. Many of the brave fishermen of St. John's were now on the ice field, journeying toward the steamer, bringing messages and advice from the land, and they reassured the other passengers. But these five men and women determined to get to the shore. Hand in hand they mounted the hummocks and picked their way over the broken ice, aiding like children on the smooth places. Watched anxiously, both from the Mongolian and the shore, they struggled to the border of the ice field at the harbor mouth, where only a strip of water lay between them and the town. There a tug, which had been awaiting them, took them ashore.

Their safety encouraged the others to remain on the ship until the last, since it was now evident that even if the Mongolian were crushed, all hands could easily take to the ice field and be rescued from its shoreward edge. The Diana and the Prospero, free again, were still not able to get any nearer. Another night came on, but now the pack was moving, under a change of wind, and breaking up slowly but surely. The steamer rose and fell with the swells; she became little by little more free; and at the dawn of the third day, with all steam up, she began to nose about through the ice field, and slowly, painfully, thread her way between the broken masses. The great ice jam was over, and the Mongolian left her involuntary Arctic experience behind—not to be forgotten, however, but to remain in the memory of every passenger, and to pass into the stories of the fishermen.—Forward.

HANDEN DOWN.
"Yes; I have a rich brother."
"Does that do you any particular good?"
"Oh, yes. I get all his old suspenders."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Owing to the rapidly growing population of Germany, especially in the industrial cities and towns, and the relative scarcity of productive land, the nation becomes each year more dependent upon foreign countries for its food supply.

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