the opal tints of evening; a smiling ex-panse of sea, with a long line of curling how hard, how unjust," he flashed out, breakers lashing the sandy beach- "hath been my lot, and a man may re that is what Rosa might have seen as pent, Rosa." she atood by the calla lily hedge, with the faint breeze stirring the magnolia but yesterday," she said coldly, "Is

Yet R is doubtful if she saw anything. Her eyes held a dreamy faraway look, and the waving green branches outlined like lacework way."

against the evening sky, the windruffled stretch of sea and the scent of command—see that thou dost not re-

In her arms was a profusion of lilies, spray upon spray, almost more than her slender arms could carry, for the her face, the white mist that, like a dim from the sea.

On the still, languorous air, suddenly clear, sweet note rang out-the sacred music reached Rosa's ears, arousing her from her reverle. Dis- them." engaging one slender hand she made the sign of the cross; her lips moved could not know that her hands were sorrow and many the tears among the

but of haggard countenance, was ap- the pitiless words that fell, like molten been so bad as to keep everyone away proaching under the shadow of the fire, and scorched themselves into his from the White House grounds on eggacacias

But Rosa only heard the vesper chimes.

Nearer the man drew until he stood ly away. humbly before her, his head bared, his shabby hat in his trembling hand. in them. He stood metionless, as on awaiting his sentence.

bre wa fingers worked convulsively.

tretch of azure sky, changing to thy sake that I-" he checked himself

lilies of the chancel."

tar for thy dear sake."

said the Padre, solemnly.

"Madre de Christo," the people mut-tered. "It is a miracle."

BASTER AT THE WHITE HOUSE.

Time Honored Practice of Letting

the Children of Washington Roll

Eggs on President's Grounds.

Easter Monday in Washington is an

ones of Washington have congre-

children, children innumerable, rolling

If the day is pleasant it is a sight to

days and weeks and great has been

their anticipation. But genuine is the

little spirits who will not be daunted

by snow or cold or rain when it comes

If the day is pleasant and the air

balmy and the turf warm and green,

what a time the children have. Such

games as they invent to play with their

grounds look more like a juvenile fair

than anything else-an egg fair and

the biddy hens around Washington

must needs have been very diligent

for many days before. If the day is

fair, too, the glorious Marine Band,

the finest band in the country, plays

eggs on the grassy slopes.

to rolling eggs.

And it was a miracle of love.

"I saw thee drinking in the plaza that thy repentance?"

"It is killing me, adorado, every hand is against me. I am weak, unworthy, but I can forget in no other

the wilderness of bloom were lost up- peat it," said Rosa in icy tones, "And now go, for I would hasten to the chapel to carry my flowers for the chancel." He raised his eyes imploringly to

morrow was Easter day. Tall and stately as a lily herself, Rosa stood, lost tory. Thou art so far above me—like in meditation, her face scarcely less the saints. Rosa! Rosa! I am unfit "Madre de Dios. I am in purgafair and pure than the waxen blossoms, to touch thee—yet, I am going away and as colorless, save for the scarlet forever. Give me one of thy lilles mouth with its haughty curves. A only one, carita, because they are, like pure, proud face was hers, and cold as thou art, as pure as the angels of God." He reached out his hand timidly, but the place. The green grass of the year to year. squadron, was stealthily marching in Rosa drew back as if his touch were White House lawns is covered with profanation.

"They are sacred lilies," she said, coldly. "I have none to spare. They chimes of the old mission bells. The are for the chancel-to be placed upon be remembered. The children have the altar. A thief may not touch been looking forward to the festival for

He winced and shrank away. clenched until the nails made cruel little ones if Easter Sunday should There was a sound near at hand of marks in her tender palms. He only be cold and rainy with promise of a slow, halting footsteps. A man, young, saw the stern, accusing eyes and heard bad Monday. Yet no weather has ever soul

rolling day. There are many hardy As one who had received a mortal stab, he turned and walked despondent-

It was Easter day in the land of per-He raised his eyes, full of dumb wist-fulness to her face. The passionate and summer is paradise. In the early love and despair of a tortured soul was morning, as the gray curtain of fog eggs—games of infinite variation conrolled back to the sea, and the sun, taining infinite amusement. a disk of golden flame, bathed sea and Sweet and high the chimes of the sky in a flood of glory, Rosa wended bells arose and fell. Something like her way to the chapel to add the last a sob escaped the man's lips; his thin, touches to the decorations for the Easter service.

> sweet music, and the children dance and gambol to its strains. Truly it is children's day in Washington, Wonderfully Colored Eggs. By 9 o'clock in the morning the grounds are actually taken possession

of by the youngsters, little with wicker baskets and vari-colored eggs, wonderful eggs of green and blue and red and purple and gold and then eggs of lovely combination, and with beautiful figures, such as would make a wise hen cock her head on one side and wonder greatly what happened

to her plain white eggs.
All sorts and conditions of children and their way to the President's aska, alone, in her search for gold. The railroad had not been built that ones are dressed in very shabby garments with elbows out and toes peeping from their little shoes. They perhaps have only three or four plainly colored eggs boiled in a piece of purple or red calico. No French nurses accompany them, carrying eggs with gilt picures, but they can roll their eggs and themselves on the green grass and soil their frocks and trousers to their heart's content, and they will enjoy the holiday perhaps more than their more fortunate companions. Usually the mothers of these little men and women ome with them, tired-faced women often, looking as though it had been a worst of any. I made up my mind that long day since they had enjoyed such a I would search for gold and copper in of mothers and older sisters, talking together pleasantly, but keeping watchful eyes to see that the little ones do though I had no fear, there were min not get lost in the crowd or stray too uten when, in climing, I did not dare to

It is a good natured crowd. The big policemen standing around possess no terror for the little ones on egg-rolling day. They know that all that big po licemen are for on Easter, is to keep grown up people from interfering with the little ones who are rolling eggs. And when the little people-get lost now and then, the big policemen are there to take them in charge and tell them not to cry until their mothers and sisters find them again. Then there are great rivakies among the children. Some of them are regular little gam! ers. One little fellow gets hold

and turned her sombre eyes upon him. gathered. Men were running to and picking eggs with his acquaintances or acquaintances he finds, and wins swidenly receded, leaving it as white way to the town. He was hatless and their eggs from them until finally he strikes some other little fellow who has a harder egg than his, and then he

And some of the little rascals gamble on what is a "sure thing," with a is almost beyond ordinary computa chapel. The Padre is with him, but china egg, sized and painted to resemtion. If I am not mistaken the dis She raised her head proudly and nothing can avail him now. He went ble a genuine egg, or with a hen's egg turned. Ah! but Diego was brave. eggs they contest for, until some sharp belt in the Death Valley. little fellow finds out the game they but himself. Two lives hath he rest are playing. As the day advances and Malcom's trip by the fact that the Inthe children get hungry, the peanut dan halfbreed that she took into the ita; it is not to trouble thee that I that it had blotted out his transgree- man and the popcorn man and the can- desert where so many strong men have ly man at the gates do a thriving bus- died is "Bill Kee," who is "Scotty's"

The Children of Presidents. President Harrison's two grand children witnessed, with great enjoyment,

the outcast, the despised, the heart went out among the crowd of happy children, and they rolled eggs with the Suddenly his eyes caught the white other children, as common clay as their gleam of waxen blessoms upon his associates, not the children of the breast; a great awe entered his face. President of the United States, but the "Jesu Maria," he murmured. "The children of an American citizen. Perhaps a little extra watch was kept over "Nay, but thine own, Diego mio," them, but they didn't know it and they sobbed Rosa, brokenly. Her arms were thought that Easter Monday was the about him, her tears were upon his happiest day in their little lives.

"Thine own, adorado," she whis- The Roosevelt children are past the pered tremulously; "all thine-the age of egg-rolling; but they enjoy with illies of Diego. I have robbed the al- the President and Mrs. Roosevelt, watching the gay throng of young-"This is the day of resurrection," sters who comp over the White House grounds on Easter Mondays.

There was a time however, when the children of Washington did not roll eggs on the President's grounds. Not that they did not roll eggs though,Oh no! The have always rolled eggs on Easter Monday. But they used to roll ways was his business, but mathematically the mathematical strength of the force. Catching runations of the force. them in the Capitol grounds, down the steep terrace which was on the west front of the Capital. Then there came a time when the Capitol grounds were changed, and a big flight of steps built event in the lives of the children which where the terrace used to be, and some is ahead of any other day in the year dyspeptic in Congress objected to the exepting Christmas and Fourth of July. children romping on the smooth grass Why? Because Easter Monday means egg-rolling. For many years the little General Hayes was President then, and he heard of it, and how dissapoint-

of the big sward and rolling their eggs. gated by the hundreds and thousands ed the children were because they had to roll eggs Easter Monday in the beau- no place to roll their eggs that year, tiful grounds surrounding the home of and the kindly man said: "Why let the President of the nation. There is them roll their eggs on the White no sign to keep off the grass and there House grounds and enjoy themselves." are no restrictions. The children own And thus it has been ever since, from

BRAVED DEATH VALLEY. Nevada Woman Penetrated Fastness for Wealth-Was Accompanied by

Only Half Breed. weird Funeral Mountain, of Death Valley, Nevada, are to yield rich offerings of copper and gold ores as a no means the best part of Pompell's Bill Allas-The Terror. The records show that he and You should read this story, and, if you live in the You should read this story, and, if you live in the

Once Lillian Malcolm, according to her story, crossed the Chilcoot in Al- a short time when

MISS LILLIAN MALCOLM.

more hazardous than her lonely journey through the Chilcoot, years ago. "No white person has ever visited dangerous runaways. the spot where I viewed the great copper deposit until I made my way here," she said in a recent interview. I have never before seen such rugged. he was worth said the veterinary. less in mountains as the Funeral Range presents. To climb up almost perpendicular grades means to slide down others before the objective point can happy in his last transfer. be reached. I have been a prospector for ten years and have passed much of my time in the mountains of Alaska, Colorado and other places where there is gold. The Funeral Range is the

the foothills of the Funeral Mountains. I was compelled to cross the range to I wished to go, and alget where look back, but only kept right on. "There were many places where misstep meant sure death. All there

was to do was to go head. Once started there was no way to stop without confessing defeat. Finally I found what I was looking for. At first I could handly believe my eyes. I had reached a point about twenty-five miles from the line of the Clark road and sixteen miles from the line of the 'Borax Smith' road, when the ledge loometi up im-

mensely. "Then I was happy, I have studied minerology, geology, and other lines leading to mining, and I have done assessment work with my own hands in deep shafts. In short, my experience has been such that I believe that I am competent to know whether my mineral discoveries are valuable.

"The ledge stands up clearly from fifty to seventy-five feet, with both gold and copper in it-but more copper than gold. Millions maybe there in easy reach—a quantity that I believe covery is valuable not only for its stepped back a pace; her beautiful out this morning with the fishermen, run full of plaster of parks they will richness but also because it opens up and, in coming in, the boat was over- go around, and, of course win all the knowledge of an entirely new copper

Picturesqueness is added to Miss

regular picule of it and staying all lines into the mineralized regions of Nevada, of the topographical features of the country to be crossed in order to bring her copper and gold dis-coveries reasonably within transportation facilities, and the place that formerly required weeks for her to reach will soon be made accessible, when the present railroading surveys are carried out in rails. There is plenty of timber ton, the former home of General Lee, in the Panamint Mountains that can fonce believed that I loved such a bowed his head on his and grouned aloud.

The man bowed his head on his and grouned aloud.

"Diego," said a voice, stifled with sobs.

He opened his eyes feebly and gazed about him in a vague bewilderment. Had some one spoken, or had he droamed it? Why was he in the chapel—the place sacred to the saints—he, or at the control of the utilized for mining purposes, and the toot of the steam whistic may yet be heard in the fearful fastnesses of desolation that have so long appalled purposed. Ruth and Esther, were real little democrats. They took their own eggs and precious metals.

POMPEH, THE VALIANT.

Story of the Hero of a Hundred Bad Runaways.

Pempeli, of the New York mounted police squad, and one of the most intelligent members of the force, was retired from active service the other day. When the stroke of the auctioneer's fiammer put the big bay out of service, he was saved from the ragman's cart and night hawk cab by the de votion of his fifteen-year friend and comrade, Mounted Policeman Redmond P. Keresey, of the West 152d street

police station. Pompeii had spent nearly twenty years in the service and knew the rules of the department better than many a roundsman. He was the show tics was his diversion. He could add, subtract, divide and multiply, and for years had been a source of delight to the school children along Seventh Avenue, where he was on duty between 110th and 153d streets.

The children would gather around Pompeil in the afternoons and talk to

## Good at Mental Arithmetic.

When a sum in arithmetic was given him Pompeii would listen attentively to the figures, ponder over them for a moment, and then announce the answer by striking the ground with his left forefoot. If the answer was tne half of something Pompeil indicated it by bending his foreleg at the knee and holding it for a moment. His friends insist that he could tell time by looking at a watch and announce the hour and half hour in the same way as he did his sums.

result of the successful prospecting of service. The records show that he and Miss Lillian Malcolm, who it is stated, his master have stopped more than a discovered these deposits on a ridge hundred runaways in the last fifteen that towers three thousand feet in the years. In several instances lives were air. In making this find she was ac saved. Policeman Keresey and Pomcompanied only by an Indian half- peli have been almost inseperable ever since the latter joing he force. Again and again the comre s were parted for resey was transcinct to another, ferred from one 1 but each time the oliceman managed sent after him.

> Hurt While St sping Rusaway. A short time cofore the arrival of Prince Henry in New York, Pompeii was badly hurt while stopping a runaway at Seventh avenue and 125th street. Two days later, while acting as a guide for the Prince some dirt work got in the wound and blood poisoning set in. Keresey managed to get placed on reserve duty and gave all his time to nursing Pompeii back to health. The police veterinary condemned the horse as unfit for duty, but Keresey managed to evade the decision for a few days. Then Pompell made a spectacular run along the avenue and stopped a bad runaway in such style that nothing more was said about retirement,

The fatal day was only put off, how ever, and last month the big bay was sold at auction at the stables of the West 152d street station. Keresey was on hand with \$400, all the ready money he could scrape together, determined not to be separated from his old friend.

## Hurt While Stopping Runaway.

Keresey himself bears some scars gained in the fierce rushes he has of the children are beautifully dressed in silks and laces and have French furses to watch over them and carry their eggs for them, while other little with Pompeli's aid he was stopping

Only one man had the heart to bid against Keresey so he ransomed his old friend for \$50, about twice what Then Keresey started on a vacation. When last heard from he was spending it on a bit of a farm he has at Rve. N. Y., and with him went Pompeii,

The average annual consumption of popcorn in the United States is three hundred carloads.

The flower "pink" was not named after the color, but because its edges were "pinked" or punctured.

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adorado, by the love thy didst once bear me, that thou wilt forgive me, na- from him and sped toward the crowd day. In the old chapel a hard battle was "Then hast dared to come to me after fought. A battle for a life by tireless all thy dishonor and crime. Know I hands that would not recognize defeat:

disheveled, and, as he drew near, she

him in and are carrying him to the

cued from death, and I, for one, declare

saw that his face was ghastly.

"IN HER ARMS WAS A PROFUSION OF LILIES."

as the Hies upon her heaving bosom.

The name fell involuntarily from her

"It is I, Rosa mia." faltered the man.

He lifted his hand with a swift mo-

'Nay, spare me, I beseech thee, car-

"Thou," she cried in cold scorn

I once believed that I loved such a

am here. Only the desire to see thee | sions-

"Diego."

hunkily.

unwilling lips.

mouth hardened.

words upon her lips.

As if from a dream, Rosa started | Down on the beach a crowd had

A swift crimson flooded her face and fro. One hastened toward her on his

Mon of pain and arested the unspoken Thanks to his courage, all were saved

on the beach.

far zway. Not Afraid of the Policeman.

of a very hard egg and he goes around

"It is Diego Bernello," he said, loses a lot of eggs. breathlessly. "They have just brought face to see thee sions—

The speaker broke off abruptly and before I go away forever hath lent me courage. I cannot live near thee and ashen, and he thought she would have know that I have lost thee. Tell me, fallen.

The speaker broke off abruptly and little groups under the trees, sitting around on blankets and shawls and eating lunches, for they are making a railroad builders, now constructing

the egg-rolling from the porch of the not—is it not known to all the town— at last when they were despairing, a White House facing toward the that only thy uncle's name and money shudder ran over the prostrate form. Washington monument and looking Washington monument and looking saved thee from just punishment in "The Virgin be praised. He hath past and across the stomac to Arling-prison? And once I plighted my troth moved," whispered one near him.