

A Washington physician has offered \$100 to any one producing a well-authenticated case of hydrophobia in either man or dog.

The Philadelphia North American asks "if the theatre hat is to be legislated against, what is to be done with the men who crowd out between the acts?"

McKinley is the first President to have a "Mc" in his name, says the New York correspondent of the Philadelphia Ledger. It is a singular fact, considering the prominence of the Scotch and Irish blood among the American people, that not a single "Mc" has served as President, Vice President or Speaker.

Suez canal traffic has been the most remunerative ever experienced, amounting to almost \$16,000,000. Great Britain supplied two-thirds of this, while not a single ship under the United States flag passed through the canal.

During 1896 the United Kingdom purchased on this country 17,930 horses, compared with only 10,351 in 1895. England bought nearly 12,000 horses in Canada, or no increase over a year previous.

A young widow in France whose husband left her all his property on condition that she should forfeit the whole, except dower, if she married again, was inclined to contract a new marriage, and prudently went to the local court to see if there were any escape.

AN EASTER STORY BY FRANCOIS COPPEE

NEVER!" cried Bourguel, rising with violence and throwing his napkin on the table. "Never! Do you hear me? Never!"

For two years the same dispute had been springing up between the old couple—just as now at the end of their evening meal. For it was two years since they had fallen out with their son, Edward, who, in spite of their opposition, had married a woman picked up somewhere in the Latin quarter.

All Bourguel's ambitions had been realized. At college Edward was a brilliant pupil, and the old peasant who had come to Paris many years ago, carrying his shoes on his back and a little silver tied up in a corner of his handkerchief, had the satisfaction of seeing his son congratulated and loaded with prizes by the Minister of Instruction himself.



"YOU NEED NOT EXPECT A SON FROM EITHER OF US."

right soon. It will be easy to find some pretty girl, with a good education like his, who will make him happy, and of whom we can feel proud!"

But one day the imbecile had the audacity to inform them that he had adored this girl, and was determined to make her his wife. This was too much. If Bourguel did not fall with a stroke of apoplexy it was a miracle indeed; the veins in his neck were swollen like cords.

But the stubborn, ungrateful boy had outraged them to the end, and now he was married to this doll of his, and living on a wretched clerk's salary, in the suburb of the city—like some vagabond! Poor old couple! How their son's conduct had made them suffer for these two horrible years!

again and again. And at every new attempt Bourguel was furious and made a terrible scene. Their home became a purgatory. These two old people, who had nothing to reproach themselves with, who had loved each other faithfully, who had lived and toiled side by side for more than thirty years, became almost hostile.

Left alone in the soft light of the lamp in the comfortable parlor, the poor mother, who was still true to her white linen caps, would quietly drop burning tears on her knitting and pray for her boy. Bourguel had lost all love for his home, now that he had continually a sad face to look upon.

Bourguel was from the province of Marche, and possessed very indistinct notions on antiquity. Still, he had some inkling of the story of old Brutus, and felt highly flattered to be compared to such a personage.

Easter Sunday has come—a joyous, bright, happy day, merry with the chiming of bells and the promise of warm spring days. The city itself looks gay and coquettish.

Bourguel, who sat up last evening at the cafe till midnight, wakes up very late. He is in a horrible mood; and what man would not be, I should like to know? Last night, at the usual hour, he had again to listen to his wife's absurdities.

This is not a mystical doctrine. All those who in this life have attained some knowledge of their spiritual natures will testify to its truth. The change from a natural to a spiritual living is like the growing of a plant whose seed we have sown.

As the spiritual nature of such a man begins to develop, the purer, higher elements in him grow stronger, and one by one the baser sort die. Hate dies, and revenge, and anger. Cruelty dies, and all unkindness. Narrowness of mind dies, and contempt for the frailties of others.

Like all other holy days, Easter became a holiday. In some countries the people dance about a heap of flowers at Easter; in others they distribute colored eggs and have great "egg-fights," in which the owner of the hardest egg wins.

from church with a large bunch of box plant. She places it on a little side table, and suddenly the whole room is filled with the strong, fresh odor. Bourguel is no poet; he has not a very refined nature. Yet he is impressionable for all that—like you or me—and the sight of the green branches recalls far off memories.

But is Edward really so wicked as all that? Of course a fellow ought to honor his father and mother, and obey them; but then, are not youth and love sufficient excuses for many a fault? He watches Mother Bourguel with moist eyes, as she goes to place a spray of box above Edward's picture on the wall—a picture of their boy in his college suit, when they felt so proud of him and of his studies.

She throws herself in his arms and kisses him frantically, all over his face, takes his head in both of her hands, and whispers in his ear. The other day—she couldn't help it, really—she went to see their boy. He is so unhappy to have offended them. And if he has not come a hundred times to beg their forgiveness, it is simply because he did not dare.

Bourguel feels oppressed—he is choking. Putting a trembling finger on his wife's lips: "That will do!" he says. "Send for a cab. Let us take some of these sprays to them in 'sign of peace,' and bring them home with us!"

It seems clear that a pure spirit will arise from the seed of a pure body, and a loving spirit from the seed of a loving body. If the body we sorrowfully put aside has been one full of charity, helpful, kindly, and eager to speak tender, pitying words—one that has thought no evil, and has believed all things, and hoped all things, and endured all things—can any one doubt what should come of such a seed planting?

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HIDING EASTER EGGS. Climbing o'er the great straw stack, And hunting thro' the hay, Finding all the new-laid eggs, Then hiding them away In the queerest kind of places— Boxes, baskets, holes and kegs, Stealthily they come and go, Hiding Easter eggs.

From the eldest, twelve years old, Down to the youngest born: Striving whose the greatest store, Laid by for Easter morn! Drinking youthful happiness To the very drags, In the early, chill spring days Hiding Easter eggs.

He who finds another's store, He may add it to his own. So, throughout the lengthening days, The secret fan goes on. Old Speckle, and the top-knots, proud, White Leghorns brought from Clegg, Cackle most exultantly Laying Easter eggs.

They never, to their very best, Can fill a nest a day; Some dimpled hand or dirty fist Perforates them right away. No matter where they hide themselves, In haymow, boxes, kegs, Sharp eyes will find, as soon as laid, And hide again their eggs.

Hugh, the younger, five years old, His gran'ma's mending bag; Josand Sam have an old box, Together 'neath the straw, In the old, abandoned stable, High on the harness pegs, Hans' "Ole Charlie's nose basket With Jeanie's Easter eggs.

Down on the sloping hillside, Way out behind the barn, Where, underneath a patch of sod, Song and sate from Laura, He'd hollowed out the sandy soil, And hid some old paint kegs; Jeanie slyly goes from day to day Hiding Easter eggs.

Fair and bright dawns Easter morn, And ends the secret strife. Each one brings out his hidden store— Old emblems of new life. A corn basket full to the brim! No longer mother begs For eggs. All have their fill Eating Easter eggs.

Curious Customs the Origin of Which is Lost in Antiquity. The distribution of eggs at Easter has descended to us from the greatest of the Chinese Spring festivals, inaugurated more than seven hundred years before the Christian era.

These eggs were given and received with the familiar Easter greeting, "Christ is risen!" and the answer, "He is risen, indeed!" Germans first introduced games into the Easter celebration. Eggs were hidden about the lawn or grounds or in the house.

Eggs are colored by means of aniline dyes. By the addition of horns, ears, tails, legs or fins eggs may be transformed into many grotesque figures.

DEFIANCE. Come on, ill-visaged demons, of Despair, and Despair, Come on! I hurl defiance, and will face you anywhere; I am armed for battle royal, and will fight you, both; My weapons, good discretion and a never-failing sword.

When I scent a fight impending, with anons like these, I avoid hot, sudden biscuits, nor bolt fresh and cheese; I don't "load up" with coffee, with fruits with cream, And then, awake, lie wondering why my paths so hopeless seem.

Some of our happiest moments are spent in air castles. The man who rocks the boat should be made to paddle his own canoe. "Fisherman's luck"—When he can find some one who believes him.—Puck.

"Madge can read her husband's life book." "Yes; like a blank book."—Norristown Herald. Trying to look like a sheep has never yet produced any wool on the back of a goat.—Ram's Horn.

The man who takes a short-cut to success generally has to go back and learn the regular road.—Life. Cholly—"I believe I am getting softening of the brain." Doctor—"Are you sure it was ever hard?"

"Do you enjoy novel reading, Mr. Belinda?" "Oh, very much; once associated with people in fiction that one wouldn't dare to speak to in real life."—Tit-Bits.

Drawbacks of Art—"Isabel, you haven't painted any angels on the presentation cards." "No; I can't make them look stylish without big sleeves."—Chicago Record.

A Hunter's Fancy. The last buffalo killed in Jefferson County was on May 23, 1872. A man rode up to the ranch of Columbus Palmer and reported that he had seen a buffalo in a draw a mile or two west of Palmer.

An Eccentric Count. The late Count Ernest von Dönhagen, by whose death the town of Regensburg in Bavaria came into the legacy of 15,000,000 marks, was a brilliant soldier and a gay gambler.

J. R. Morse, an American, has the contract for the first railway in Korea. It will connect the port of Chemulpo with Seoul, the capital, a distance of twenty-five miles, and will cost \$1,850,000.