

The Prize Egg

An Easter Story

THE shops all along the main street were full of Easter suggestions. One confectioner's window was entirely filled with chocolate covered eggs of all sizes, and a large placard announced: "Each egg in this window contains a valuable and unique prize. All eggs are the same price, 25 cents. Each egg will open on Easter morning."

Passersby paused to look and read the notice, and not a few entered the shop to purchase.

Presently a winsome looking girl and a very tall young man paused in front of the window. He looked inquiringly at her, and she smiled; then they went in, coming out again in a few minutes carrying a small box.

That evening at the girl's home they opened the package and examined the egg.

"Shall we break it," she questioned, "or wait until Easter and see what happens?"

"Oh, let's wait!" he answered. "I don't suppose it will have anything worth while inside, and it may not even open, though of course that could be chemically arranged."

The egg was again put in its box and laid away where the girl promised it would remain until the arrival of the man on Easter morning.

Easter dawned fair and beautiful, and while it was quite early the man arrived to find the girl anxiously waiting him.

They opened the box with care and gently laid the egg on the table. The surface of chocolate was as smooth as when purchased.

For half an hour they watched it closely and were about to give up when the girl noticed a faint crack across the top. Very slowly it spread—in fact, almost imperceptibly—until, quite without realizing how it happened or when, the two halves of the egg lay on the table and between them a small object wrapped in tissue paper.

Very gingerly she tore off the paper and cried in disgust when she saw only a dirty old silver dollar.

"Still," he exclaimed practically, "a dollar is a dollar, no matter how old it is." He took it from her and looked at it closely, feeling it all over, when the eagle opened, and the face of a woman smiled up at him.

"Oh!" Suddenly he raised it to his lips, kissing it passionately.

The girl's expression instantly changed from sweet whimsiness to a jealous fury, and she snatched the dollar from him.

"How dare you kiss that woman when you say you love me!" She fairly hissed the words, and her angry eyes devoured the lovely features of the almost faded picture.

He took it gently from her, holding it tenderly in his hand, while he put his arm around her, and there was wonder in his voice when he spoke.

"Strange and improbable as it seems, that is my mother's photograph."

"How curious!" she murmured from his shoulder.

"You see how thin and worn the dollar is," he continued. "That is because my father carried it for ten years, and then one day absently he spent it. He never knew where or how, but it was gone, and he was never able to find a trace of it, though I don't believe he ever given up trying."

"I think mother felt it until she saw how it worried father; then she made light of it by saying she wondered whose husband was carrying her picture now."

"How glad they will be!" He raised the eagle to look once more into the beautiful tender eyes that, so the girl thought at the moment, were exactly like his.

"I thought I would be afraid of her," the girl said slowly, "but I won't be unless she has changed. Has she?"

"Only to become more beautiful. This was taken before I was born."

"You will change that way some day, dear, and I shall watch you as my father watched her. You do love me, I know it now," he said with conviction, "for you were jealous when I kissed the picture, and you couldn't be unless you cared!"

Once more she gazed upon the picture; then, closing the dollar, she slipped it into his vest pocket.

"Take it to her, dear," she hesitated—and tell her it came out of a prize egg, but that a girl who hopes some day to be loved as much as she is sends it, and—"

"Then," he interrupted, "you're going to say yes today?"

"I'm still in doubt about lots of things, but I do love you, and I want a beautiful mother to love me, and—"

"You darling!" He lifted her off her feet for a second and crushed her to him.

As he put her down they both noticed the egg had closed, and only a faint crack showed where it had been split.

"Yes, it's a strange egg," he said in answer to her questioning, "but what I said about the action of chemicals accounts for the closing as well as the opening. But whatever it is it has served its purpose here in giving me the prize."

In the Garden.
"She, supposing him to be the gardener"—
Dead is our Christ and our hearts cry
"Where?"
We would be true to the loved and fair,
"Still we peer in the tomb behind thee."
Ah! Not there!
But as of old in the open air,
Out in the garden, Lord, we find thee.
—Mary Eleanor Roberts in Lippincott's

Song and Story.....

The Little Boy's Prayer

Dear God, I need you awful bad;
I don't know what to do;
My papa's cross, my mamma's sick;
I hain't no fren' but you.
Them keerness angels went and
brung,
'Stid of the boy, I ast,
A weenchy, teenchy baby girl,
I don't see how they dast.
Say, God, I wisht you'd take her
back,
She's just as good as new;
Won't no one know she's secon'
hand,
But 'cep'tion me and you;
An' pick a boy, dear God, yourself,
The nicest in your fold;
But please don't choose him quite
so young,
I'd like him five years old.
S. M. Talbot.

To My Mother

Most of all the other beautiful things in life come by twos and threes, by dozens and hundreds! Plenty of roses, stars, sunsets, rainbows; brothers and sisters, aunts and cousins; but only one mother in all the wide world!
Kate Douglas Wiggin.

An Unnecessary Fuss

A Scotch minister was walking through a street in the village one misty evening when he fell into a deep hole. There was no ladder by which he could make his escape and he began to shout for help. A passing laborer heard his cries, and looking down, asked who he was. The minister told him, whereupon the laborer remarked:

"Weel, weel, ye needna kick up sic a noise. You'll no be needed afore Sawbath an' this is only Wednesday night."

Not Just What She Meant

The lady had just been introduced to her partner at a dance and was talking to him vivaciously. "Tell me," she said, "Who is that terribly homely man over there?"

The gentleman looked. "That," he said ponderously, "is my brother."

"Oh!" gasped the lady in horrified amazement. "Pardon me. Really, I hadn't noticed the resemblance."

A Desperate Charge

"They charged like demons," said the retired colonel excitedly. "I never saw anything to touch it. The way they charged positively staggered me."

"Whom does he mean?" whispered the man who had just come in, to his neighbor. "Is he talking about one of his old battles?"

"No," replied the other. "He's talking about the holiday he spent at the Swiss hotel."—Liverpool Mercury.

Shortly after the war began a woman received a letter addressed to her by her husband. She opened the envelope, which had already been opened once by the censor, and instead of the expected letter she found a slip of paper bearing these words:

"Your husband is well but too communicative."

A Devotee

She had a vast amount of money but it had come to her quite recently. One day an acquaintance asked her if she were fond of art.

"Fond of art!" she exclaimed. "Well, I should say I was. If I am ever in a city where there's an artery I never fail to visit it."—Lippincott's

His Experiment

The wife of the great botanist beamed at him across the supper table. "But these," she exclaimed, pointing to the dish of mushrooms that had been set before her, "are not all for me, are they?"

"Yes, Mabel," he nodded. "I gathered them especially for you."

She beamed upon him gratefully. What a dear old husband he was! In five minutes she demolished the lot. At breakfast next morning he greeted her anxiously.

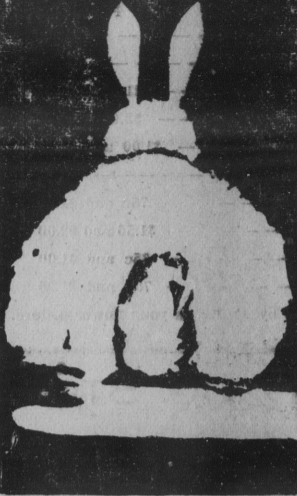
"Sleep all right?" he inquired. "Splendidly," she smiled. "Not sick at all—no pains?" he pressed.

"Why, of course not Archie," she responded.

J. O. Lambert, of Shanksville, owner of a hairless calf, says the freakish critter is growing nicely. Horns have begun to appear on its bare head. An owner of freakish animals has been making inquiries about the calf with the expectation of purchasing it for exhibition purposes in connection with the side show of a circus.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

THE EASTER BUNNY



THIS is only the Easter bunny. Big and soft and white, With little pink nose, so funny, And little stub tail upright.

He's out on his annual errand, Locating nests today, Soon to be filled with eggs, Brilliantly colored and gay.

Don't forget to have yours ready. For on his nightly round He hip, ety hups in a hurry, And late ones won't be found.

—Rosmond M. Pent.

EASTER'S MESSAGE.

It Teaches Us to Rise Anew From Our Selfishness and Sin.

This, to my mind, is the message of the Easter-tide:

We may interpret the resurrection in a dozen different ways; we may believe or not believe that this miracle took place as reported in the gospels. But that Jesus was never slain by the soldiers of Pontius Pilate, but lived to rally his disciples after the agony and terror of Golgotha, to capture Paul and lead him over stormy seas and desert wastes for the preaching of his word, to call "the glorious company of the apostles, the goodly fellowship of the prophets, the noble army of the martyrs," in all ages and places into the service of his kingdom; to speak to us today as he has "spoken of old time unto the fathers" and to "challenge us to live and die for him and his great cause of righteousness"—all this is as certain as that his body was nailed to the cross of Calvary. After the crucifixion, as before, Jesus was alive. He has been alive in every age, even the darkest, that has succeeded upon the hour of this mortal agony, and he is alive today more truly and wonderfully than he has ever been before in human history. Of this we can be sure!

But what about ourselves? Are we also alive—alive as the eleven were alive when they reassembled in Jerusalem and gave themselves anew to the kingdom of God on earth? Have we arisen from our selfishness, cowardice and sin to meet the risen Christ and shine in on my head. The earth gives me its generous asp, but heaven lights me with reflection of unknown worlds.

You say the soul is nothing but the resultant of the bodily powers. Why, then, is my soul more luminous when my bodily powers be in to fail? Winter is on my head, but eternal spring is in my heart.

There I breathe at this hour the fragrance of the lilacs, the violets and the roses as at twenty years.

When I go down to the grave I say, like so many others, "I have finished my day's work." But I cannot say, "I have finished my life." My day's work will begin the next morning. The tomb is not a blind alley; it is a thoroughfare. It closes on the twilight; it opens with the dawn.

In the Tyrol. In the Tyrol the Easter festival is one of great ceremony. During the Easter holidays bands of musicians visit every valley, singing beautiful hymns to the accompaniment of their instruments as they pass along, men, women and children joining in the chorus, bearing lighted torches of pine wood.

CONDENSED REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF THE SECOND NATIONAL BANK

OF MEYERSDALE, PENN'A.

AT THE CLOSE OF BUSINESS, MARCH 4, 1915.

RESOURCES.		LIABILITIES.	
Loans and Investments.....	\$435,270.16	Capital stock paid in.....	\$ 65,000.00
U. S. Bonds and Premiums.....	72,231.87	Surplus Fund and Profits.....	51,932.25
Real Estate, Furniture and Fixtures..	62,499.50	Circulation.....	63,700.00
Cash and due from Banks.....	54,866.82	Deposits.....	444,236.10
Total Resources.....	\$624,868.35	Total Liabilities.....	\$624,868.35

Growth as Shown in Following Statements Made to Comptroller of Currency.

ALSO OUR BIG ADVANCE IN 1914

ASSETS

JULY 15, 1908	-	-	\$262,014.92
JUNE 23, 1909	-	-	\$411,680.13
MARCH 7, 1911	-	-	\$512,574.48
APRIL 4, 1913	-	-	\$605,870.62
MARCH 4, 1914	-	-	\$610,212.34
MARCH 4, 1915	-	-	\$624,868.35

ROCKWOOD

Ephraim Farling left Saturday for the West, where he will visit relatives Mrs. J. D. Snyder and Mrs. Harry Kellar, the latter of Harrisburg, have been spending several days in Pittsburgh, with relatives.

A son was born a few days ago to Dr. and Mrs. C. T. Saylor.

Penrose Wolf, the well known lumber dealer, has purchased the Mosholder farm, formerly owned by the Schaffs, near Rockwood.

Miss Edna Wolfersberger spent several days in Harrisburg and Hagerstown on her return from college.

Dr. Charles J. Hemminger recently accompanied Roy Marlett, aged 15 years, a son of Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Marlett, of Markleton, to the Mercy Hospital at Pittsburgh for an operation for appendicitis. His condition was critical for a time.

Miss Marion Pritts has accepted a position with the Somerset County Telephone as relief operator. The position was formerly held by Miss Critchfield, who has been promoted to regular operator.

Effe Petenbrink, who has been living with Dr. and Mrs. Geo. Spelcher on Main street for the past year, has returned home to Hooversville.

Jas. Critchfield has moved his family and household goods into the R. R. Coleman house on East Broadway. Mr. and Mrs. Critchfield, formerly resided in Johnstown.

The general store of J. C. McSpadden has been sold to B. F. Phillippi and J. C. Enos, of Rockwood. The new purchasers will take charge April 1.

The church council and members of St. Luke's Evangelical Lutheran church tendered their pastor, Rev. John Erler, a reception in the High school auditorium on Wednesday night. The affair was strictly Lutheran and about 250 were present. The high school orchestra furnished the music for the evening. Miss Elizabeth Walker, Philip Schaff and E. E. Dull rendered several solos, while J. R. Shanks gave a cornet solo. Mrs. N. F. Meyers recited. After a well arranged program had been carried out Elder H. Snyder introduced and welcomed the pastor. Rev. Erler feelingly spoke on the subject "Co-operation and Unity" as the one great requisite of a pastor's success. The ladies served a bountiful repast and a social hour was enjoyed.

RACE CULTIVATION

To maintain the highest degree of physical health, it must be accompanied by a healthy brain. One that can work out its own problems in early intercourse with the rest of mankind and co-operate for the preservation of its own species. This is a law of nature.

The Teutonic writers would have us believe that war is necessary to keep up the prosperity of a healthy nation claiming that the whole scheme of nature is to live on itself. This, however, is a mistake. Cannibalism is rare and unnatural.

The self preservation of species means the united effort of individuals to that end. When one begins to live on one's self death follows.

To modify a common but true saying dog cannot eat dog. War kills off the healthy and breeds death. In these days of advanced health measures children should be taught to take plenty of out-door physical exercise but it should not be brutal in character. Their sport should tend to cultivate control, temperate thoughts and kindness.

As war brings pestilence the higher education should not teach the Teutonic interpretation of the laws of

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BUTTER and EGGS, Etc.
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"MARKET PRICES"

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Reference, Dollar Savings & Trust Co.

GREAT ORCHARD SERVICE.

The orchard demonstration service is now in full swing in Pennsylvania. In some of the southern counties the demonstrations have been completed and the attendance shows an increasing interest in the subject by practical fruit growers. The most remarkable feature of this work is that it has resulted in so much better fruits than were formerly produced in the same orchards, that all persons now recognize its real value in bringing forward the reputation of Pennsylvania as a state capable of producing the finest fruit in the world. In every county where demonstrations were given last year the fruits produced in the demonstration and supervision orchards were conspicuous among the prize winners at county fairs and local horticultural exhibitions. The dates for these demonstrations and places at which they will be performed in Somerset county, were given in our last issue.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

FOLEY KIDNEY PILLS FOR BACKACHE KIDNEYS AND BLADDER

nature but that it will lead to the self destruction of the species.

Wars must cease as man overcomes the brute side of his nature although he may be trained in the science of war without becoming brutal. In this twentieth century all questions between nations will have to be settled by international courts. The present war is counteracting the results of great health laws that have been enforced by spreading communicable disease and killing off the able-bodied members of the belligerent nations. To attain the highest degree of health, militarism must be crushed.

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