EASTER MORNING.

Enraptured wakes the glad, expectant earth Beneath the gentle kiss of nature's breath, Whose melody proclaims the morning's birth

birth To whisper of the joy that follows death; While silently the starlights disappear? Before the splendor of the coming morn That thrills the world with strange, ecstatic

As unto her a wondrois life is born; for see! as hurling darkness from the skies The sun appears in radiancy sublime—

The Resurrection to ensymboliz:

While earth and heaven in exultant chime Peal forth in grand antiphonal accord Their anthem, "Rallelujah, oraise the Lord," —Clifford Howard.



the mountain-side billing de the eyes of the convicts, and they were told roughly to push on. Ragged ad worn, the poor women, who had left home and country to tollow their exiled husbands, h ugged pusy, crying babes to tollow their exiled husbands, h ugged h

were anowed a cuplut of water. This was all One of the convicts, a lad of seven-teen, whose handsome face was smirched with blood from a wound on his broad forehead—caused by a blow from the fist of one of the grands—leand wear-by on the "warnak" on his left to whom he was chained. The chain depending from his right hand, and attached to his foot, seemed unusually heavy, for he was weak from loss of blood, but a kick from the guard nearest him forced him to make a desperate effort to push on. His gloasy black hair fell in mat-ted locks over his brow. Doubtles his rank had induced the authorities to show him some marks of favor, for he was more warnly clad than his fellow-convicts, and his head had not been subscript the intermediate of the source of hearts of the intum guard. Twan Smoloff, the youngest convict in the stern despotsm of Russis. He had attempted, with a small band of fol-lowers, to defend his country against the Russian forces, but the courage of his countrymen soon weakened, and atter the burning of Warsaw, they gave up all hope. The Emperor, fearing an-other outbreak from this fiery young smoloff escaped to Germany, wandering over the ontime for eight weary weeks, only to be captured at last, and exile d. No farewell word with mothers, sieters, or sweetheart; no last look at his of home. Huried off likes a common One of the convicts, a lad of seven

weak, only no to be the other at the desired of the control of a rewell word with mothers, sieters, or sweetheart; no last look at his old home. Hurried off like a connton criminal—for defending his country! "I cannot go further." These words force themselves to his lips, and he sinks down drazging his comrade, with him. The guards swear at him, kick him, and finally order him to be stripped and beaten. The women shriek with terror, and cover their eyes, but the sounds of the lash ring in their ears, and long after the tortured youth's lips cease to move, they can hear his piteous cries. At last, the quivering fiesh is hastily covered with the coarse clothing, and he is chained again, acd told to move on. told to ld to move on. "You have a knife on your watch-

chain; sever the veins in your wrist, and put an end to your suffering," whispers the convict on his right. "I cannot," he answers feebly. "I

"I cannot," he answers feebly. "I cannot take my own life." "Better to be dead than suffer this living death!" Give me the knife, 1 will soon put an end to my misery." Smoloff detaches the tiny knife and gives it to the half maddened creature, who surreptitiously severs an artery in his wrist, and bravely bears up, until forced to fall from exhaustion. The

left her st the door of his cabin, and shock his head when she slipped some roubles into his hand. It was night when she reached Tiumen, and found shelter in a miserable inn. As the sat near the fire in the smoky room, she attracted the attention of an old man, who addressed her in Polish. "Are you in trouble?" he asked. She was such a child, in spite of the care ir her tace! "Yes," she replied wearily. "I am a pardoned exile from Obdorsk. I was sent there for drunkenness. I have suffered, too." His worn, attenuated frame and considered proud and cold by strangers, but they little knew the tenderness of the young Princess's heart. Pledged from childhood to lvan Smoloff, only son of the royal house of Poland, she had lavished all her young love on her future locd. When the news of his banishment reached her, she did not faint as his mother did. They were at a brilliant ball. The order was im-mediately given to drive home. Then, with pale lips and white, drawn face, Alba sut down besile her fire, and tried to devise some neans of escape for her

Alba sit down besile her fire, and tried to devise some means of escape for her lover. All night long she paced her room, thinking, thinking, thinking! She mits do something! Six o'clock struck, and still no plan was made by which she could help him. Sinking on her kneer, she prayed for help. The servant, enter-ing an hour later, found her asleep. She seemed dazed when awakened; then she said: "Tell my maid I wish to see her." suffered, too." His worn, attenuated frame and sunkce eyes seemed to echo his words. "Dd you ever see any of the political exiles?" she asked eagerly. "Yes. I met some at Tobolsk. From there they go to the Trans-Baikal Dis-trict."

there they go to the Trans-Baikal Dis-trict." "How long were you there?" She searched his face with her restless eyes to see if she could read there any sign of his having seen her lover. "Five years." He wondered that she expressed no sorrow. It was a long tume to spend in that God-forsaken country. But she was saying to her-seel i "I might have known he had never seen Ivan." Still, something prompted her to tell him. Her heart was aching for some one to advise her. Merely telling our troubles sometimes lightens them. "Tell my maid I wish to see her." When the maid came, she orderel her wraps brought. "But your indyship will change her dress?"

tering out town who was exiled. So handsome and brave. But he was shot near Tobolsk." "Near Tobolsk! How long ago?"

"Six days." "Was he dark, with eyes like a Tartar?'

"Yes. His eyes were like midnight

wraps brought. "But your indyship will change her dress?" No, there was no time to lose. Al-ready much had been wasted. Hastily slipping the fur mantle over her ball-dress, when she had not yet removed, Alba filled her purse with money, and, bidding the maid tell no one where she had gone, she left the house. Making her way alone to St. Petersburg, regard-less of impudent glances from travelers, she thought only of Ivan, who was going iarther from her every moment. It was a dull, cold morning when she reached the city. Snow was falling in great flakes. The Princess drove to the palace, but was refused admission when she toid her errand, as they compelled her to do. For hours she wandered aimlessly through the streets, attracting much attention by her rich attire. At last, weary and heartsick, she entered a church to say a prayer for her helpless lover. As she left the edifice, she was startled by the tramp of soldiers. It was the Emperor's escort. They were pussing up the street in the direction of the palace, the En-peror bowing tight and left to the crowds of people on the sidewalks. Pusning through the crowd, shor ecached his carriage, and implored him to save her lover. He scacely heard her, and, turning to the soldiers, demaried the cause of the disturbance. They rudely forced her back, and the carriage moved on slowly. But she was not going to be repulsed without another effort, and again making her way to the side of the carriage, she repeated her earnest ap-peal. The Emperor requested the sol-diers to tring the maiden closer. With downcast eyes, and cheeks flushing hotly, she told of her love for the exiled nobleman, and again implored Him tash box. tar?" "Yes. His eyes were like midnight skies, with twinkling stars shining through." She seems paralyzed from cold and fatigue, and wonders vaguely how he knows that Ivan's eyes were dark. Is he sane? What does he mean? He is saying that he has seen Ivan! It was only three days ago! Mother of God, is it true? No, she must be dreaming! "Your lover is living," he repeats. "I saw hum at Berezov three days ago. He was trying to reach the coast, expecting to take a steamer for America." It is long before he can make her un-derstand, but he tells her again and again. She starts hastily to her feet. "If will go to him," she whispers, and although he insists that she must wit until morning, she shakes her head. He gives her some advice as to the route, and goes many versts with her, in spite of his feebleness. He can scarcely keep up with her. She seems to have acquired new energy, and almost runs. At day break they find a boatman, who rows her some distance, the old man leaving her at the river bank. "God speed you!" he said, but she thinks only of reaching Ivan, and scarcely looks at the pathetic figure waving his tattered hat at her from her lap. Something like a smile hor-were very near the shore, some women came down to the water's edge, with her curiously, and one of them tossed a piece of bread to her; they thought she was a beggar, her clothes were so ragged, and her golder har was orough. She dares not inquire for Ivan at Erenotice, and again implored His Ex-cellency to pardoa him. "Never will I pardon that rash boy. Go to your lover, and starve with him in the mines." In the mines." The royal party moved on, the soldiers josting her rougaly as they passed. She stood but a moment gazing after them with horror stricken eyes. Go to him? Yes, she would, and stay by his side. The train seemed to drag along, but at last she reached Moscow. Determined not to leave a stone unturned, she called on the Metropolitan of Moscow. As His hair was so rough.

She dares not inquire for Ivan at Bere-zov, but silently searches for him. She feels satisfied at last that he has left the not to leave a stone untilned, she called on the Metropolitan of Moscow. As His Eminence appeared, attired in a brown moire antique robe glittering with jewels, and wearing the white crape hat of a Metropolitan, with diamond cross in front, she forgot her rank, and, falling on her knees at his feet, she kissed the here of his robe. In pressionste tones 200, but sheltby seatches for has left the riles satisfiel at last that he has left the village, and finding a boatman to take her to Obdorsk, gives him more cold than he has seen for many a day. How her head throbs, and the trees seem to be dancing before her eyes. Strange to say, they are very kind to her at the quiet Obdorsk nn—she seeks the most unpretentious one. They nurse her with rough tenderness for days. She talks incessantly of Ivan, but her language is strange to them, and they do not under-stand. In her delirium she rises from her bed and wanders along the coast, calling feebly for Ivan, sinking down in the sand at last from weakness. When she awakens, she finds Ivan's arms around her. "Alba, what are you doing here?" She teils him how she has searched for him. front, she lorgot her rank, and, lating on her knees at his leet, she kissed the hem of his robe. In passionate tones she begged him to use his influence with the Enperor to have her lover pardoned. "My child, it is utterly impossible. If it were any one but Smoloff, there might be hope, but I can give you none. The Emperor will never pardon him." He could but pity her as she left the room with a dazed look on her sweet face. She must go to her lover. The kind old man procured a passport for her, and she was enabled to cross the border. How slowly the train crept! She sat with pale face pressed against the window, watching the snow-capped mountains. After crossing the Obi at daybreak, she was compelled to walk for miles through the binding snow, often falling on the rough stones, but bravely trying to keep up her courage for Ivan's sake. Gusts of snow blew in her face, stinging like lashes, and so ne-times the wind furced her hack, and sho

for him.

"And you did this for me! My dardaybreak, she was compelled to walk for miles through the blinding soow, often falling on the rough stones, but bravely trying to keep up her courage for Ivan's sake. Gusts of snow blew in her face, stinging like lashes, and sone-times the wind forced her back, and she stood still. Her clothes were tattered and soiled when she reached Tobolsk. Here she inquired how long it had been since the convicts had passed. "Then he told her how after the train had left him he had revived, as it would asserverd. "And you did this for me! My dar-ling! How can I love you enough! Off you many times, and longed for one love-iook from your blue eyes, but I never expected to see them again. And lying in the snow, when they left me for dead, I, too, thought for a time that death was very near, and I should never again feel your kiss on my lips." "Then he told her how after the train had left him he had revived, as it would

<text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text>

<text> The shade in the Gold marker than the second provide states of the second provide states and the second states and the

I V

Forty

"Havin months edy. Fo afflicting from elb I felt be Barsapar the rhem a m'niste like man

H

fered with while tail a good several Hood's.'' Hood's

20

FIS

The FIS proof, and new POM covers the buy a coal ied Catale

I A

31

Relieve It has a again, a handful in vain, S.S.S.

S CI

T

A

"T

S

and to Esp

SCHOI This Cromy whose

Espe Dans

Tv

0 001 often a coup quire sump Sc

> ot o nark ougl Sc

> > ric the tar

an Ae Prepar \$75 I.A.L

<text><text><text><text><text><text>

Then from this earthly grossness quit.

ALBA. A STBERIAN ROMANCE. SWIRL of snow from the mountain-side blinded the eyes of the

"Tell my maid I wish to see her."

forced to fall fi order is given to order is given to fire, and all is over. Another convict is chained to Smoloff, and they move on. Ivan Smoloff envied the dead "var-

rat, "and silently prayed for death. It was well-nigh impossible to add "If it be Thy will." There was no escape but mak," and silently prayed for death. It was well-nigh impossible to add "If it be Thy will." There was no escape but by death. He had thought of many ways. Even if he could elude the vigi-lance of the guards, he dared not hope to get out of the country, for the natives were paid three roubles a head for every twarnak."

bound him to the beac values, and ran a few paces. The cold air blew his bair from his forehead, and sent the young blood coursing through his body. He was free; if only for one moment! Running with all the strength he could command, he strained his ear to catch the order to fee

the order to me. "One, two, three—fire!" Six shots rang out on the wintry air. Then three more despatched at the prostrate body. One guard went up and kicked the stiff-ening form outlined on the snow. "Right-med they were gone. ening form outlined on the snow. Augu-about! March!" and they were gone. Night fell and the stars came out, one by one, and blinked at the prostrate figure lying so still and cold, with the life-blood crimsoning the snow, and

"Was—Ivan Smoloff with them?" she "Was—Ivan Smoloff with them?" she asked. "No, he died just before they reached here. He was shot." "Shot!" How the word rang in her ears! How strange white birds in the distance. One stopped. It was only a freight ship going to Alaska, but they kindly allowed the fugi-tives to board her, and as they steamed away from the country that they feared and hated, they felt a load litted from their weary, burdened hearts. It was not until long afterward, in their peaceful American home, that Alba heard the full story of Ivan's terrible sufferings in reaching Obdorsk.—Ro-mance.

ance of the guards, he dared not hope to get out of the country, for the natives were paid three roubles a head for every warak."
At Tiumen the coaviets were crowded into a barge, and carried across the Obi. As they neared Tomolsk, Smoloff was suffering exercutating pain, and in a frenzied moment twisted the chain which bound him to the next "varnak," and in a frenzied moment twisted the chain which bound him to the next "varnak," and the dust step out of the door. She forgot her sufferings exercutating pain, and in a frenzied moment twisted the chain which bound him to the next "varnak," and the dust step out of the door. She forgot her sufferings in reaching Obdorsk.—Romings. Only to get sway from those cruet men, to get beyond reach of their jers.
He was free, if only for one moment lines rouga men stared at her, but the other of fre.
"One, two, three—fire!" Six shots rang out on the wintry sir. Then three more despatched at the prostrate body. One guard went up and kicked the stift boult March!" and they were gone.
Might fell and the stars came out, one the bekenned the same and hised at the prostrate body. Strong, those Tartars, who inhabit this indry black eyes, thinking she was but a child, bries for the source. Thing as still and cold, with the stare out old, with the stare dand pased hair. He doffed has the patient was going into convulsions from there and sunkissed hair. He doffed has show and the bekenned the guards, as all ambroidered skull cap as he is small embroidered skull cap as he

before the characteristic of the second of all this, how for can it leave, what circles can it cut, when it sully liberated. Every dream, whether agreeable or har, assing, whether samshiny or tempestions, and the second of th

Attired in stars we shall forever sit.

Twins of Mixed Breed

A cow belonging to Mr. Weatherby, a well-to-do stockman of Manhattan, rewell-to-do stockman of Manhatlan, re-cently gave birth to a pair of singular animals. They resemble colts more than calves, although both possess rudimen-tary horns and the hoofs of cattle, but in all other respects they seem to be young horses, having long, flowing manes and the tails of colts, only these poor dying men. Who conducted that dream? The Gol of the rocks, the Gol of the sea. The Key, Dr. Bushnell, in his maryolus book entitled. "Nature and the Suparaa rank," gives the following fact that he super confirmed by many tamilies. Captain Yourn dreamed twice one night that 130 miles away there was a company of traders lass of peculiar formation, an Iteling his dream rocks, or peculiar formation, an Iteling his dream to an old hunter the hunter sad. "Why, remember those rocks; those rocks are in the Carson Valley pass, 130 miles away." Taptain Yount, impelied by this dream, athough laughed of by his orean, athough laughed of by his dream, and backets and started out on the experiment traveled 150 miles, saw those dream to state are unsually lobod vessels, these of started in his dream, and finding the suffering ones at the foot of these rocks brought them has to be obtained. The capillaries, or small blood vessels, the soften dream? Weildow, the God of the Bierra Newsdar. Bod has often appared in a mas to re-perhapit is sometime f states in prov-own experience-you have known people of the sar of the pear of the secon-tion take often appared in a sometime. Dr. Graves met, rometime f states in word atory it is sometime f states in word atory and ream to have seen on sluther, Dr. Graves met, and have denerative and started the anown func-perhapit is sometime f states in word atory of the pear of the secon-perhapit is sometime f states in word atory of the brance the mastrate of the start of whas one of the metar is and the ream the ream sluther. Dr. Graves meta-romarkable for benevi-perimetime is sometime for benevi-perimetime the above difference at woldner. Dr. Graves meta-romarkable for benevi-perimetime is sometime a wondervi-the loof had appeared in a wondervi-the and ream that book at wome an wondervi-the have the above down an awondervi-the and ream to a boor woman. The woman was