



# AN EASTER PRAYER

BY H.M. Queen Margherita of Italy

**SWEET JESU**, the bold son of the mountains invokes Thee, as Lord of the eternal snows and Sovereign of the lofty peaks. Incline Thine eyes towards these white plains, that have the likeness of Thy robe, spotless and snowy! Deign, O Lord, to soften the horror for mortals who go through the dangerous paths; and if any should fall by the way and die, receive him into Thy pitiful arms. Softly spread over him the fragrant mountain flowers before the feet of God, that, when his spirit reaches the face of the Lord, the Lord may in His infinite mercy welcome him. And may the golden light that crowns the Alps, which is an emanation of the Divine light, enfold him in glorious peace for ever! Amen.

## AN EASTER IDEA OF MARGERY'S

MARGERY LENOX ran down the steps of the piazza, buttoning her jacket as she went. Patsy, her little fox terrier, hearing the bang of the front door, rushed around the corner of the house to join his little mistress, and together they ran to the corner of the arcade.

"Now, Patsy, dear, you must go back. You ought to be thankful that you can go back, instead of having to sit in a stuffy old schoolroom all morning, when it's so beautiful outdoors. Go, that a good doggie!" And Patsy turned back obediently, if a little reluctantly, and was soon dashing about the wet lawn with one of Margery's old rubbers for a playfellow.

Margery went skipping to school rejoicing in the enticing beauty of the April morning. It seemed to her that the grass and the bursting leafbuds on the shrubbery fairly laughed as she passed them, and as for the robins and bluebirds, they were actually hilarious in their joy that spring had come. The people she met seemed unusually pleasant looking until she came to where Central alley met the street. Just as she reached it three boys rushed out, almost colliding with her as they ran, and looking over their shoulders as if they expected some one were following. Margery checked herself to avoid them and then looked in the direction from which they had come. "They've been teasing old Mrs. Laney," she thought, and sure enough, the old woman stood in her door shaking her fist at the receding boys. While Margery paused the dirty, disheveled old creature stooped and picked up a battered tin can in which a sickly geranium had been growing. With trembling fingers she tried to straighten the plant, and it fell over the edge of the sill again, and Margery could see that the main stem had been broken off near the root. Then she went on, but some way the joyousness of the morning seemed dimmed, and if the birds in the maple trees above her sang as gayly as ever she did not hear them. She was thinking of the tumbled old gray head bending over the broken plant.

In the school room the girls were gathered in a corner discussing a plan which Margery herself had set on foot, the buying of a palm for their Sunday school teacher by the six girls of the class to be presented on Easter morning.



Several of the girls had brought money and tendered it to Margery, whom they called chairman of the committee. To their surprise, she refused

millar with the sight of Mrs. Laney, intoxicated and belligerent, but it is doubtful if they had ever thought of her as Margery saw her now, a friendless old woman, her poor old body worn with long years of hard, incessant labor and her mind weakened by sorrow and loss and most of all by the liquor she had taken to make her forget her hard lot. As Margery went to school her spirits rose. She was saying to herself: "I'm glad I thought of it. The worst was telling the girls and that's over. Now, I am going to enjoy the rest."

Mrs. Laney was still asleep on Easter morning when Margery peeked through the little window, but she had not thought it necessary to lock the door, and opening it softly, the little girl set inside a beautiful white hincynth in a prettily decorated pot. Then she closed the door and ran out of the alley as fast as she could go.

What the old woman did when, on waking, she saw the lovely plant Margery never knew, but she was quite satisfied that her sacrifice had not been in vain, when next morning she discovered Mrs. Laney seated in her doorway holding the pot in her lap and every now and then bending her rough gray head to inhale its fragrance.

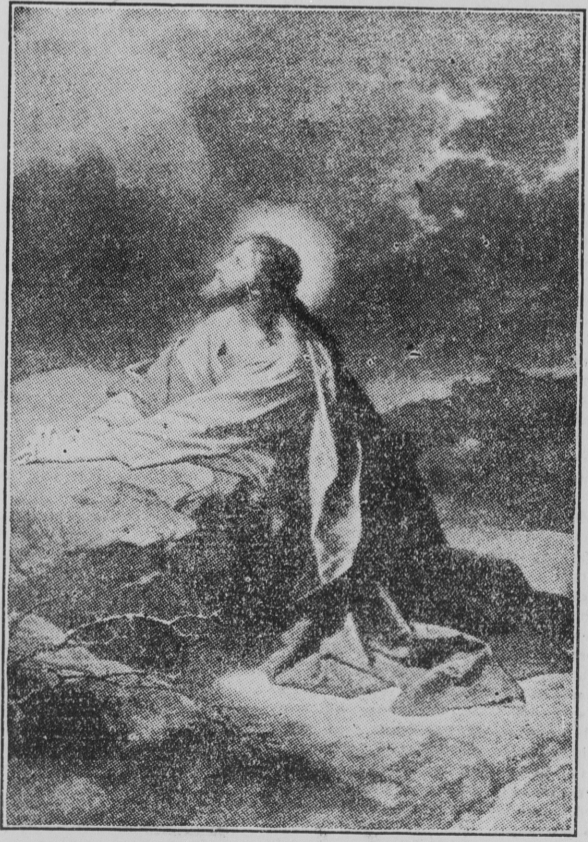
When at last the waxen bells began to fade the old plant mysteriously disappeared, and in its place the bewildered woman found another just as fresh and fragrant, but this time pink. Again the pink one faded and a purple flower took its place, until the colors were exhausted, and Margery was substituting a flourishing geranium in place of the last one, when she was startled to hear a shrill voice behind her call out: "Thanks to heaven, I've found ye at last! And to think the only friend I have do be one o' thim school childer I be cursin' this many year!"

The geranium thrived, but Mrs. Laney did not, and before another Easter came round her hard life was over. To her little friend she had confided her horror of being buried by the town, and, after consulting with her mother, Margery was able to promise her that she need not dread a pauper's funeral.

When Miss Andrews' Easter present was under discussion that year Margery made haste to hand her share over the chairman, saying, with a smile as she did so, "That's so; I won't change my mind this time, girls; there might be another temptation."—Alice D. Baukhage.

### Day For the Children.

Easter is a bright day for the little ones at the fireside of our own nation. The President of the United States comes out on Easter Monday and opens the gate to his big yard, and the happy children take possession and



"CHRIST IN GETHSEMANE."

ty tears came into her eyes. May Gardner slipped her arm around her friend's waist, which gave her courage to answer: "It does look that way, I know, but we agreed to spend only our own money for the palm, and, I have thought of another way to spend mine."

The girl who had spoken first turned away. "Miss Andrews will be flattered when she hears that," she said. Once more the girls started in Margery's eyes. The bell rang and the group broke up, but May waited to give her friend a sympathetic squeeze and to whisper: "Never mind, Marge, I know you're all right."

On her way to school in the afternoon Margery ventured into the alley and peeped through the half-open door of the shanty. The old woman lay asleep on a cot. On the floor beside her was a half-emptied bottle, and on the window sill stood the poor geranium tied with a piece of string to a stick to keep it upright. The stem had been carefully bandaged, but the leaves had wilted and hung limp and dying. The school children had become fa-



of national legislation, come to bestow their Easter smiles on the little sovereigns of the Republic.

## Pluck and Adventure.

A TERRIBLE NIGHT.

MOST women are cowards when there is not much of anything to be afraid of. Young Mrs. Garvin is no exception, and her friend, Mrs. Phelps, also comes under the general rule. In an emergency doubtless they would turn out heroines, but the routine of daily life proves their lack of bravery at every turn.

"That was why, when Garvin had to be away from home one night on a business trip and Phelps was called to his brother's by the latter's illness the two deserted wives united forces. "You come over and stay with me," Mrs. Garvin said to Mrs. Phelps. "My house is safer and looks up better. Why, I wouldn't stay alone for a dozen farms."

"No!" shivered Mrs. Phelps. "Shall I bring Jack's revolver?" Mrs. Garvin shrieked. "Oh, don't!" she begged. "It might go off. I don't know how to shoot it, anyhow. Do you?"

"No," confessed Mrs. Phelps. "I just thought if we knew it was there we might feel safer." They had a cosy dinner and a pleasant evening, but at 10 o'clock they put out the downstairs lights and skurried upstairs in the dark. When Mrs. Garvin finally found the bedroom gas and a match their faces were pale, but they talked fast.

"It is really foolish for us to be afraid," said Mrs. Garvin grandly, as she inspected and locked the windows. "Every door downstairs bolts as well as locks, and the windows all have burglar alarms, though the kitchen alarm doesn't work very well. Do you suppose any one would try to get in there?"

"You can't tell," said Mrs. Phelps. "Burglars always seem to know right where the weak spot of a house is. Let's get to sleep as soon as we can and then we won't worry any more."

Ten minutes after the lights were out Mrs. Phelps sighed. "Are you asleep?" she asked softly.

"No," said Mrs. Garvin. "I'm as wide awake as anything. I was just remembering the awful time Cousin Lettie had with burglars. They were all chloroformed."

"I'd rather be chloroformed than have to know about it," said Mrs. Phelps, gloomily. "I—good gracious! What was that?"

They both started up in terror at the scarping, stealthy noise they heard. Then Mrs. Garvin relaxed. "It's the oak tree next the house," she said in relief. "I might have known. But did you ever hear stairs creak and creak as these do?"

"I never did," said Mrs. Phelps, accusingly. "I never could stand it to live in such a place. I shall cover up my head and go to sleep."

Half an hour later Mrs. Garvin grabbed Mrs. Phelps by the arm, while the latter lady's frantic clutch landed in her friend's hair. For downstairs a door had slammed loudly, suddenly. Now, no door had any possible chance to slam when they came up, because everything was locked and bolted.

"Light the gas!" chattered Mrs. Phelps as soon as she could speak. "Oh, no!" stammered Mrs. Garvin. "Fred says that is wrong—they can see to shoot you then. Besides, I'd have to get up to reach the gas, and I can't move—I'm paralyzed. Sudden shock does that sometimes. Oh, do you think they'll come upstairs?"

"Of course," moaned Mrs. Phelps, who had reached the lowest depths of terror. "Why did I ever come over here? Or why did you leave the kitchen window unprotected? I think it is criminal carelessness. What shall we do?"

"We can't do anything but just wait," said Mrs. Garvin in stony despair. "I think they are at the sideboard silver now. We can't shriek out of the window, for there are storm windows on every one of them. Hush! Listen!"

And they sat and shivered and listened and waited.

The first faint streaks of dawn crept into the room before the two realized that the marauders had been satisfied with what they had found downstairs and nothing was going to happen. Then they crept down fearfully. The kitchen window was undisturbed. It was the door of the china closet which had swung loose and slammed against the wall.—Chicago News.

The same night he opened his door, took a bread crumb impression of the corridor lock, made another key, and soon found himself outside the corridor. From a cupboard he extracted a sheet and a broom handle, which he tied together, and made his way into the prison yard, which is surrounded by a wall topped with broken glass.

Fixing the broom handle between two bottle ends, he threw the knotted sheet over the wall and slid down it into the street. His next move was to break into a house and exchange his prison costume for ordinary attire. For the present, says the *Matin*, all trace of this resourceful criminal has been lost.—London Daily Mail.

### THE JOY OF THE SKEE.

Of all the elusive arts, declares Mr. G. M. H. Hewitt, in "The Pedagogue at Play," the art of the skee is the most irritating. It is not that one falls often, it is not that one usually hurts himself severely, but it is that one falls so inextricably.

You generally roll over with your head down hill, says Mr. Hewitt. One arm is pinned by the heel of one of those lengthy strips of wood, the other arm by the toe of the other. After a few minutes of prostrate and irritated inactivity, you make up your mind where the disentanglement is to begin.

So far so good. The arm is free. Then the other is slowly liberated. Now you realize that you are sitting on your own heels, and you can't get up because you are on the down hill side of your centre of gravity. You can't reverse yourself and get your feet below your head, because you are sitting on your feet. What to do? I have been often reduced to lying there and bellowing for help, and people are singularly un sympathetic; also they come with a camera.

Then when you are half way up out goes one of your feet, dragging you after it into a fresh entanglement. Once fallen, you may put in the greater part of the morning's exercise for body and tongue in getting fairly righted again.

But if you happen to get the snow in perfect order and hit on the proper equilibrium, then it is the best form of motion that you can possibly imagine. Down hill you fly, with your heart in your mouth, but still keeping your feet, with a little spurt of snow spraying away in front of you, past prostrate forms shouting for help, past admiring friends with now welcome cameras.

You glide on to gentler slopes, where you can stand more erect and look around you serenely happy, until the approaching fence or ditch or road warns you to turn your course diagonally across the slope; then you gradually come to a graceful stop, or sit quietly down, thankful that you are safe.

### A GIRL'S HEROISM.

A girl stood one day in the waiting-room of an office in London. She had come in answer to an advertisement, to apply for a secretary's post, and was awaiting her inspection. She needed the position, says the teller of the story in *V. C.*, and she waited anxiously.

Presently she was called into the office and the interview was satisfactory, but she was asked to wait, as there was another applicant for the post to be interviewed. She went into an adjoining room, and through the open door she saw a small, pale woman, nervously answering the questions put to her, and could hear the pitiful story of her husband's death, the small children dependent upon her, and her need of work.

The woman was told, however, that her services could not be accepted, as another person had already applied, and had just received a promise of the position.

The girl listening in the next room had fully understood what was going on, but at this point her heart bounded with joy as she realized that she was the accepted person. The next moment she saw despair written on the face of the widow, and perceived suddenly what this failure meant to her.

"I can't do it; I can't take it from her," she murmured, and without stopping a moment to consider she walked quickly back to the other room, and said quietly to the employer, "I wish to tell you that, on consideration, I find the position you offer would not suit me. Good morning," and she left the office without another word.

### Advice to Animals.

Be kind to man. He needs your love and friendship. When you meet one, take off your coat and give it to him. He needs it more than you do. Do not track him, or try to bite him, or needlessly kill him. Remember that he is only a poor dumb creature, and this is not sportsmanlike.

When necessary, share your haunts with him, and your supper. Do not attempt to eat him. You can get just as much nourishment out of vegetables as out of man. Besides, man is very unwholesome. He is an acquired taste. Do not, even in your moments of playfulness, attempt to annoy or tease man. He has almost as much right to be here as you have.

Besides, you must remember that any practice of this sort reacts upon your own character. When you permit yourself to become needlessly cruel and wanton, you begin to deteriorate mentally and morally. Remember, if you should persist in this course, you might become no better than man is himself. Only in this way can you retain your superiority.—Tom Masson, in *Life*.

## KEYSTONE STATE CULLINGS

MINERS AND OPERATORS MEET.

Miners Surprised by Demands of Operators—Report From Fourteenth Bituminous Mine District.

The first joint convention of the miners and operators was held in Altoona, National Secretary and Treasurer William B. Wilson presiding. The miners and operators presented their respective scales. The miners' scale calls for a 66 cents a ton pick mining rate, a flat differential of seven cents between pick and machine mining, a dead work scale, eight hour day and last year's prices for all other labor.

P. W. Cunningham, of the Fourteenth bituminous district, and C. R. Ross, of the Second bituminous district, comprising what is known as the Irwin field, a portion of Allegheny and all of Westmoreland county, have forwarded to Harrisburg their reports for 1903. During the year there were mined in the Fourteenth district, 6,864,794 tons of coal. The output in the Second district was 8,137,322 tons. The total for both districts was 15,002,116, or about 3,000,000 tons more than the production of 1902.

Fire that started from an overheated flue in the Crawford building, Tyrone, destroyed it and the Templeton building adjoining, a total frontage of 100 feet on Fourth street and 100 feet on Logan avenue. Templeton & Co. sustained a loss of \$2,000 on the building, and \$7,000 on its contents, with \$7,000 insurance. Misses Study & Bouse, milliners, lost \$2,000 on stock covered by insurance; C. C. Vanscoyoc & Co., tobacconists, \$800, insured; Edward Uhl, tobacconist, \$500, insured; Sprankle Bros., meat market, \$500, insured; Ambrose Miller, cigar manufacturer, \$1,500, insured, \$275.

During a drunken revelry of foreigners at Jacobs Creek a table was overturned, starting a fire that destroyed three double dwellings belonging to Mike Bucci, and a single house, the property of Mike Truti. The foreigners, in their wild endeavor to get out of the blaze and within a short time it had spread to such an extent that it was impossible to control it. Many foreigners were severely burned in endeavoring to save their household goods. The loss will reach \$8,000.

Judge O'Connor of Cambria county, declared the law forbidding the employment of boys under 16 years in mines unconstitutional, coinciding in a similar decision by Judge Shafer of Allegheny county. The action was brought against Mine Foreman Evan Jones as a test.

Horse thieves have been committing depredations near Canonsburg recently. A horse and buggy belonging to Miss Quail was stolen. Officers pursued the thieves to Venice, where the rig was abandoned. The thieves made their escape.

The Shelby Steel Tube company's plants at Ellwood City have been purchased by the Clowes Brass and Copper Manufacturing company. After equipping its new purchase the new concern will employ about 500 men.

A second degree verdict was found by a Fayette county county jury against William Palmer, charged with the killing of William Robinson, at Brownsville in January. Both parties were colored.

The decomposed body of a foreigner supposed to be one of the three drowned by the collapse of the bridge at Sharpsville during the recent flood was found floating in the Shenango river.

Fourteen cars were derailed in a freight wreck on the Baltimore and Ohio railroad near Connellsville. Brakeman Thomas Bitner was seriously hurt in the smashup.

Father Patrick A. Lynch, an associate pastor of St. Brigid's Roman Catholic church at Meadville, has been appointed curate of the Reynoldsville parish.

Chief of Police Amos K. Hutchinson, of Greensburg, has returned from Toronto, Canada, with Giuseppe Testa, who is charged with shooting Antonio Rose last February.

Burglars looted the safe in the office of the Eclipse mills at Brownsville, and secured about \$30, besides destroying valuable papers and records. There is no clue.

Antire Dargeli, one of the two men crushed by a switching engine at the Mable furnace, at Sharon, is dead. Montavo, who was with Dargeli, was killed instantly.

It is not into friends' remarks which music earned more mass, which, "I d gin to convene" she is to certain have about tell her. Unfo one no told of rector are worse an lit' consel ly defi, sensib such though that h. RI From no more before how t. The type of with not m the p weigh adding Unfo royal Syst metho few w go thi and t ounce ing be. Stre will o as a v "Lif give u to doi esting happy and I'm morn gymn could "Ho exerci for m duced pound flesh-t the se "Tw take e high minal positio ting t. BEI Hun of the man, to me tribut of an belief est hat ture, I believe, panior of fla truth beings direct aid the. Cyni other ardy, condon who e realize man t at you er mot But do and fr contact the in you as. The tempt own li full so about that th in their tue an solute will yo hilly, in ually d. tall. you ar innocen no me ad ful. I