DAWN.

BY ANNIE H. WOODRUFF.

When breaks the daw upon the dreaming | When breaks the dawn of hope, the sad- | When breaks the dawn of love, the guilty

Men breaks the daw upon the dreaming earth.

The shadows slowly, surely fade away;
The shadows slowly, surely fade away;
The sheepers wake to work, to joy and beams;
And hall the hetald of the coming day;
And bright and blest the gift of being seems;
Before that sun life's ills all fade away,
And leave the spirit free, and glad, and gay.

glad, and gay. 1

Joint heirs with Him who washed their sins away;
The shadows that have dimmed so long—so long!
Shall vanish at the first glad burst of song.
—Ram's Horn.

AN EASTER SUPPRISE

HERE, I have bought you just what you want most of anything." With these words Gilbert placed the big basket he had brought upon the chair beside the couch where Mrs. Ames was lying, removed his hat, then, quite out of breath, went up to the cook stove from which the invalid's living room was supplied with heat.

The gray haired woman upon the couch aroused herself, and removing the cover from the basket, said, "God bless you, my boy, God bless you, and grant you the pleasantest Easter you have ever had."

"Both se and angel," said Gilbert, "I guess I will be getting home to her before she flies away."

"Will you take the basket back?" asked Mrs. Ames.

"I might as well, "answered Gilbert. Then he began to help Mrs. Ames unpack it.

All the way home Gilbert was trying to discover some plan by which to get Mrs. Ames to church upon the next day. "I never heard her say before that she wanted anything." he mused, "and now that she has spoken, her mind, it is too bad I cannot get the thing she wants. It is funny, too, that one who wants to go to church so NOK

present. That she did want what he had brought very, very much was a fact. Indeed, but for the help that she thus received from Gilbert's mother, she would not be able to live without calling upon the city for help, and that very morning she was wondering if she had food enough in the house to last her over the morrow. It would be a pity if she had not, for the morrow. The control of the morning that the control of the morning that the control of the morning that the control of the con row was Easter Sunday. But, still, did she really want that welcome food more than anything else in the world? Ah, she knew that she did not. She knew that there was one thing that she wanted very, very much more—that she had been wanting for a whole year, but should she let Gilbert know? Should she lessen the pleasure of the lad' by telling him that there was something that she wanted even more than what he had brought.

Gilbert had a dim idea of what was in Mrs. Ames' mind, and asked, "Now, was there something else that you wanted more than these things?"

"I may as well tell the truth," said the old lady to herself, then aloud, "Yes, Gilbert, there is one thing that I want more than anything else in the knew that there was one thing that

I want more than anything else in the world, and that is to attend church upon Easter. There is no Sunday in the world to me like Easter. I was married on Easter, and on this day my husband went to his reward above. It is very, very seldom that I miss passing Easter at the church, no mat-ter how sick I may be."

"Then why don't you go this year?"

said Gilbert.

Mrs. Ames put back into the basket the great apples she had just taken



out, and looking toward Gilbert, wh had now drawn a chair up close to her and seated himself in it, answered, "But how can a poor old body like me half mile away? Why, it is as much I can do to creep across the room."But can't you ride?" asked Gilbert.

"Not without a horse," answered Mrs.

"That is so," said Gilbert. "And it is just a mean shame, it is, that even when there are so many horses in the city, there is not of 'em to take you pony. He then drove out of the stable

"But we won't talk about that now," "But we won't talk about that now," spiden Ames. I shouldn't have spoken about this, but you see you made me, and I am afraid that you will be thinking that I don't half appreciate what you have brought, but wave back. Then he drove down the I Co, yes, I do. What an angel your wone and I am afraid that you wave back. Then he drove down the street.

How packed with meaning this new birth Of all the growing things on earth—Life springing after death and dirth!

Thou, soul, that still dost darkly grope, Hath not this, in its vernal scope, Some radiant resurrection hope.

HERE, I have bought you | mother is to remember me in this

"Why! why! why!" was all that Mrs. and other things are what you wanted the most of anything, are they?" observed Gilbert, with a look of tenderness in his usually roguish black eyes. Mrs. Ames looked perplexed. She did not know what to tell her young caller, who had so often cheered the loneliness of her life with such pleasant errands from his mother as the present. That she did want what he he saw something which surprised him the root of the on reaching home Gilbert carried the basket into the kitchen, and then went for his rake to finish up the spring cleaning he was giving the lawn. As he stepped into the stable for the rake he saw something which surprised him the little white house the next morn work. You will work he able

And where did he go? Ah, he went to the first place he had thought of going when he had first realized that he had a pony of his own, and that was to call upon Mrs. Ames.

She did not live far off, but it took him a long long time to reach her. She did not live far off, but it took him a long, long time to reach her house. Why did it? Simply because he met so many boys and girls he knew, and he must keep stopping and telling all where he got the pony. After awhile he met Will White, his chum, and gave him a ride, allowing him to drive a part of the way.

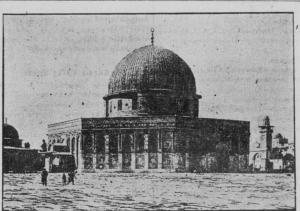
When he reached Mrs. Ames' home he saw her at the window eating one of the apples he had just carried her. "Here, Will, hold, the reins," he said, as he stopped his pony in front of the

"Here, Will, hold the reins," he said, as he stopped his pony in front of the house; "I have an errand here,"

Mrs. Ames, who had seen him coming, met him at the door.

"Here's the conveyance that is to take you to church to-morrow," he said, pointing toward his new present.

"Why! why! why!" was all that Mrs. Ames could say, but when she noticed that Gilbert was waiting for her an-



MOSQUE OF OMAR --- City of Jerusalem.

always been her stall, while near by was a little basket wagon, which Gilbert was certain belonged to the pony, and of course both pony and wagon belonged to him, for he was the only

belonged to him, for he was the only child in the family.

He rushed up to the pony, patted her, threw his arms about her neck, and said, "Oh, you little dear thing, where did you come from, and what is your name?"

The pony tried to answer him in

The pony tried to answer him in pony talk as best she could, but as long as Gilbert had never had a pony

Don't you want a ride right off?"
"I think I will wait a few days,
thank you," said Mrs. Dennis.
"But I can't wait." said Gilbert, so
back to the stable he went, and soon

had the pony harnessed to the wagon He had learned how to harness a horse when he was on Uncle Fred's farm last summer, and he now had no as he had already begun to call hi pony. He then drove out of the stable along the road in front of the window where his mother was, so that she

contentedly in the stall as if that had Gilbert took the longest way to the

Gilbert took the longest way to the church, so that his passenger could enjoy the balmy spring air.

"It is so nice to be out of doors again," she said, "and this is the first time I've been out since fall."

At the church door Gilbert left Mrs.
A mes in care of the sexton, telling him to take her up in front, since she was hard of hearing. Then he drove back home, to walk to church with the rest of the family.

It was a beautiful Easter service.
Everything went to make it so; the

Everything went to make it so; the before, he could not quite unserthis. So back into the house he ran, right into his mother's sewing room, almost into her arms.

"Oh, mother, where did she come from? Do tell me quick." he shouted, evidently forgetting his low home tanes.

"All his mother.

"Dreacher pressive a manner. An pressive a manner of than joyed the service, but none more than did Mrs. Ames and Gilbert, she, because this was her first day at church for a whole year, and Gilbert because he had been able to bring her there; then the fact that there was a pony all his own in the stable at home, ad floral decorations, the music and the "Why, the pony."
"Grandpa sent it to you," replied the mother. "How do you like it?"
"Like it!" exclaimed Gilbert, "why no one could have given me a single thing that I would like half so well.

"All his own in the stable at home, added not a little to his enjoyment, and he could not help thinking of this all the time, even if it was Sunday—yes, and Easter Sunday.—Observer.



The Easter Birth.

The sap released within the tree Is like a prisoned bird set free, And mounteth upward buoyantly

Once more at purple evening dream The tender-voiced, enamored stream Unto the rush renews its theme.

"The Tomb Closed by a Stone."

We know that the door of the Lord's tomb was closed by a stone rolled be-fore the opening. Such a stone was

In a garden about a mile north of the city there was seen a little hollow. A spade was used to deepen this hol-low, and a tomb was found, into which

the court had been falling.

The one of this door was rounded on the cages so that it would roll, and on the nearly at front of, it was something written. This writing is what is called Cufic, but on one has been

is called Cufic, but on one has been able to read it.

The tomb was cut out of the rock, and we must go down a few steps to enter. So Peter and John and Mary are all said to have "stooped down and looked into the sepulcher.".

The floor was so cut that there was a seat left on the side, and in the middle a table was left about six feet by three feet and rising two feet above

alle a table was left about six feet by three feet, and rising two feet above the floor. On this the body would be laid, rolled in linen with fragrant herbs, and on the seat the friends would sit when they made daily visits. After a time the body would be placed in a cavity, and then the cavity would be closed with masonry.

Somewhat like this must have been the tomb of Joseph in his garden, and on some such table the body of the Lord was laid. The stone was then

Lord was laid. The stone was then put in place, and was sealed by a cord fastened with wax to the stone and the wall. Then all was still until the the wall. Then all was still until the Divine saying was fulfilled: "After two days will He revive us; in the third day He will raise us up, and we shall live in His sight."

This was the victory of life over death, of good over evil. So did our Lord show that He is "the resurrection and the life." Youth's Companion.

tion and the life."-Youth's Companion.



Jingles.

The hunted around about Among the garden rows;
And looked in every corner,
But what do you suppose?
Though I've asked everybody,
Not anybody knows
In what part of the garden
The Easter egg plant grows.

II.

Little hen, speckled hen,
Eastertide has come again;
Do me a favor now, I beg.
Lay me a pretty Easter egg.

III. The little white rabbits, so they say, Lay bright-colored eggs on Easter Day; Green and purple and red and blue, I've seen the eggs, so I know 'tis true!



At Easter-Tide. Music and crowds, and day a perfect flower A-blossom from its calyx, night; And we two, captives of the witching hour, Lulled in its leash of song and light.

Before the altar, like the morn's white soul, The lilies breathe their fragrant prayer; And all the air is quick with dreams they

From April's fancy-haunted lair. Dim hopes and thrills, too vague for word of tongue, And strange insistent moods of gloom, As if some strain that Persian Omar sun Were prisoned in their sweet perfume.

Or were our souls at some far Eastertide, Of which to-day is still a part, Before the altar folded side by side Within one lily's golden heart? —John Dahl White.

Lord of Life.

Most glorious Lord of Life! that on this day
Didst make Thy triumph over death and sin
And, having harrowed hell, didst bring

And, naving narrowed nell, didse oring away Cantivity thence captive, us to win; This joyous day, dear Lord, with joy begin; And that we, for whom Thou didst sin, May live forever in felicity!
And that Thy love, we, weighing worthily, May likewise love Thee for the same again; And for Thy sake, that all like dear didst

buy,
With love may one another entertain.
So let us love, dear love, like as we ought:
Love is the lesson which the Lord us
taught.

-Edmund Spenser

-Edmund Spenser.

Those Easter Belles. Those Easter belles, those Easter belles, Full half of them are wicked sells That never hear, nor heed the chime Of church bells—save at Easter time.

howling swells, those howle turning out, in swift pell me Are hastening, bent on nothing else But flirting with those Easter belles.

Those Easter belles, those Easter belles,
How many a lie the poet tells
Who his reluctant muse compels
To sing your praises—Easter belles!
—Madeline Bridges, in Life.

EASTER BONNETS.

I went to walk on Easter Day, In my new Easter bonnet, And every Daffy by the way Had one like mine upon it,



Nurse said 'twas very silly 'Cause I was 'fraid they all would say I copied Daffy Dill'

-E. S. T., in Little Folks.

ORIGIN OF THE ARAB HORSE.

Peculiar Marking of This Type of the Eastern Steed. The eminent naturalist, Mr. Richard Lydekker, reports an interesting discovery in connection with the origin of the thoroughbred horse. Recently he wrote to the London Times asking for the skulls of pedigree horses for the British Museum. In explanation of that request he explains that it was recently noticed that a horse skull from India in the British Museum showed a slight depression in front of the eye, evidently representing the pit for the face-giand dike that of a deer), which existed in the extinct three-teed hipparions, or primitive horses. A similar depression was detected in the skulls existed in the extinct three-total apparions, or primitive horses. A similar depression was detected in the skulls of the races Stockwell and Bend Or and of an Arab horse. Subsequently, Professor Lankéster and Mr. Lydekker ascertained that it exists also in the skulls of the famous racers Eclipse, Orlando and Hermit. Thus far they have failed to detect it in those of any of the ordinary English and Continental horses. On the other hand, it exists in a less well-incorray condition in the tar horses. On the other hand, it exists in a less rudimentary condition in the fossil true horses of India. Apparently, this face-gland rudiment exists in the skulls of all thoroughbred and Arab horses, and is absent in those of European horses. The presumption is that the Arab and the thoroughbred (as has been successed on other grannds) have the Arab and the thoroughired, as has been suggested on other grounds) have an origin quite apart from the horses of Western Europe—presumably from an Eastern form related to the fossil horses of India. To convert this pre-

WORDS OF WISDOM

He who seeks truth should be of no untry.-Voltaire.

norses of lindia. To certainty requires a much larger series of pedigree horse skulls than the British Museum now possesses, and this is why Mr. Lydekker is anxious to secure as many additional specimens as possible.

Receiving a new truth is adding a ew sense.—Liebig.

Deliberate with caution, but act with decision and promptness.—Colton.

The firmest thing in this inferior world is a believing soul.—Leighton. Our true acquisitions lies in our charities; we gain only as we give.—Simms. And let us not be weary in well doing, for in due season we shall reap if we faint not.—Bible.

"Don't be too anxious to show off.
Your friends will have no difficulty in discovering your virtues if you have

There are many people in the world who don't know what they really are till circumstances show them.—Jean Ingelow.

"Hast thou an enemy? Make him thy friend. So hast thou gained a double conquest, for thou hast con-quered both thyself and him."

One thing is clear to me, that no in dulgence of passion destroys the spiritual nature so much as respectable selfishness.—George Macdonald.

If we would be generally good, we must be careful to be good in every small particular, for "generalities are made of bundles of particularities."

The way to get the best out of a man, if he has any reliableness in him, is to trust him utterly, and to show him that you do.—Dr. Alexander Mc-

Education is the futherance of life and education is only when the knowledge acquired gives truer ideas of the worth of life and supplies motives for right living.—Bishop Spauling.

Experiments checked by highly rained officials of the Geological Survey Department of the Government of India show that the demand for coke for the blast furnaces will render prof-itable the extraction at Indian collieries of coal far and ammonium sulphate, both valuable by-products. For this purpose sulphuric acid factories are to be set up in Western Bengal to utilize the hitherto unprofitable deposits of sulphurous copper ore which have long been known to exist in the Chota Nag-pur district.

This means that Incia is about to

enter the field as a producer of both copper and chemical manure as well as of iron and aluminium. Its cheap labor, abundant raw materials, and enormous local markets gives it a position of great advantage in this convention.

Already Indian coal supplies nearly all the requirements of Southern Asia, to the exclusion of Cardiff coal. Indian jute mills have secured almost monopoly of the supply of sacks for the grain producing world. Indian tea is driving Chinese tea before it from St. Petersburg to New York. Iron and steel are already being manufactured on a small scale in Bengal. The de velopments which are pending have the history of the past upon their side.— London Mail.

Things Taught by Animals. Things Taught by Animals.
The following facts remind us that
many of our human devices are not
original with us:
The woodpecker has a powerful little

The jaws of the tortoise and turtle

are natural scissors

The framework of a ship resembles the skeleton of a herring.

The squirrel carries a chisel in his mouth and the bee the carpenter's

The gnat fashions its eggs in the shape of a lifeboat. You cannot sink them without tearing them to pieces. The diving-bell imitates the water spider. It constructs a small cell under the water, clasps a bubble of water between its legs, dives down into the submarine chamber with the bubble displacing the water gradually, until surrounded by water.-Detroit Tribune.

ALL BROKEN DOWN:

No Sleep-No Appetite-Just a Continual Backache.



unable to sleep. There seemed to be no relief until I took Doan's Kidney Pilis. Four boxes of this remedy effected a complete and permanent cure. If suffering humanity knew the value of Doan's Kidney Pilis they would use nothing Kidney Pills they would use nothing else, as it is the only positive cure I

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Mystical Numbers.

The philosophy of Pythagoras was founded on numbers, and the so-called mystical numbers have always interested thinkers. Nine, for instance, is one of them. A cat is said to have nine lives. There are nine crowns in heraldry; possession is "nine points of the law." The whip for punishing evil-deers has nine tails, the idea being that flogging by a trinity of trinities is more efficacious. The hydra has nine heads. Leases are for 99 and 999 years. The angels were cast out of heaven, and nine days they fell. There would seem to be some mystical charm in the number nine, else it would not be mentioned in so many curious onnections. At least it is pleasant to imagine so.—Boston Globe. Mystical Numbers.

Matrimony and Hygiene.

Matrimony and Hygiene.

A scientific gentleman interested in the progress of the race has just suggested that a bride produce to the bridegroom a health certificate, and vice versa. On purely reasonable grounds there may be something to be said for this, but the romantic character of a proposal "subject, my darling, to your producing a clean bill of health," is worth a passing smile. One does not envy the medical man—a public official, it is understood—who will have the duty of telling an impasioned Romeo that his digestive arrangements are inadequate for matrimony.

Church Steeples Barbarous.

Church Steeples Barbarous.

The Rev. Dr. Forbes, secretary of the Board of Church Extension of the Methodist Episcopal Church, has recently spoken as follows: "Steeples are relics of barbarism, and were used to point to heaven when it was thought the world was flat. Now that it is known that the world is round, they point the wrong way, and should be demolished. There is enough money wasted in church steeples to pay the debts of the entire country. Pastors should get rid of their bells and chimes and use the money spent for these articles to supply Sunday schools with libraries."

Reared Among Indians. Senator Menefee of the Oklahoma Legislature spent most of his boy-hood days among Indians. His father nood days among indians. His father died when he was 18 years old, and the child was adopted by Fåstrunner, a chief of une Caddos, with whom he lived for about seven years. In that time he became one of the most expert bareback riders in the Wichita mountain country.

Milk Saloons of Warsaw.

Milk Saloons of Warsaw.

The town of Warsaw may be called the milk producers' Eden, although the milk consumers' Eden it certainly is not. There is probably nowhere such a "milk town" as this. Restaurants are but little frequented. On the other hand, the public frequent the dairies in great number, to chat with friends or read the newspapers, to the accompaniment of a black or white coffee or a glass of cold or warm milk. To close a bargain or to talk bustness, the milk saloon is resorted to; chess and billiards are likewise to be played in these recognized places be played in these recognized places of public resort. But, in spite of this enormous consumption of milk, the supply is most wretched; in fact, it is indescribably bad.—Chicago Jour-

HONEST CONFESSION. A Doctor's Talk on Food.

There are no fairer set of men on earth than the doctors, and when they find they have been in error they are usually apt to make honest and manly

confession of the fact.

A case in point is that of an eminent practitioner, one of the good old school, who lives in Texas. His plain, un-

varnished tale needs no dressing up:
"I had always had an intense prejudice, which I can now see was unwarrantable and unreasonable, against all muchly advertised foods. Hence, I never read a line of the many 'ads.' of Grape-Nuts, nor tested the food till last winter. "While in Corpus Christi for my

while in Corpus Christi for my health, and visiting my youngest son, who has four of the ruddlest, health-iest little boys I ever saw, I ate my first dish of Grape-Nuts food for supper with my little grandsons. I became exceedingly fond of it and have came exceedingly fond of it and have eaten a package of it every week since, and find it a delicious, refreshing and strengthening food, leaving no ill effects whatever, causing no eructations (with which I was formerly much troubled), no sense of fullness, nausea, nor distress of stomach in any way.

"There is no other food that agrees with me so well, or sits as lightly or pleasantly upon my stomach as this does. I am stronger and more active does. I am stronger and more active since I began the use of Grape-Nuts than I have been for ten years, and am no longer troubled with nausea and in-digestion." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

There's a reason.
Look in each pkg. for the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."

A SCHO

Grace Mev. Franks subj The text "One mand: for that fight you." I World

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