

RINGING THE EASTER CHIMES IN TRINITY CHURCH STEEPLE, NEW YORK.



Rejoice! rejoice! the jubilate bells  
Clamor and clang in the morning gray,  
Bibble and break in the wave-long swells  
Of the wind that rises at dawn of day.  
Rejoice! they peal from the tall white steeple,  
Rejoice! they call to the listening people,  
Farther and nearer, higher and clearer,  
Sweet with the message of hope and love,  
They swing, they ring, unto men they bring  
The tale of the life that came down from above.

Rejoice! rejoice! for death no more  
Shall hold us captives and chain us fast;  
The strain of the reign of death is o'er,  
And the tyrant of tyrants is slain at last.  
Rejoice, O sea that is brimmed from the river!  
Rejoice, O leaves that in sunlight quiver!  
Farther and nearer, higher and clearer,  
The glad bells ring in the Easter morn;  
And over the earth, in its dole and death,  
The fulness of heaven's own life is born.  
—Elizabeth Chisholm, in Harper's Bazar.

HER EASTER GIFT.

BY ANNA E. HAHN.



**ABOUT** everybody in our church will have a new suit for Easter," Elen Lee assured her cousin. "You must not think of wearing an old one, Mariel."

"Certainly not!" said Mrs. Lee, with decision. "Nobody in our set goes to church on Easter Sunday without an entirely new dress. You should know better than to think of wearing an old one, Mariel. I will not have my niece looking shabby on that day."

"And if you go with us," added Elen, "you should be careful that the difference in our costumes is not sufficient to attract attention."

Mariel Earl looked from one to the other of the speakers with troubled eyes.

"I did not plan to buy a new dress while in the city," she said, anxiously. "I still have part of the money I brought with me, but I want to save it for mamma's outing. She needs one, and you know since she lost her money through the failure of that bank, we are obliged to economize."

Mrs. Lee's face darkened visibly.

"You must know, Mariel," she said, sternly, "that I had nothing to do with my sister-in-law's bad investment, and it does not interest me in the least. However, while you are my guest I expect you to dress as becomes your station as my niece."

Mariel was much troubled by her aunt's decision that a new dress was an Easter necessity. When alone in her room, she took from her purse all that remained of the little sum she and her mother had scraped together for her visit to her city aunt. There were only a few of the bills left, and she had meant to keep them for her mother's summer outing.

"She needs an outing, too," mused Mariel. "I'll do without a new dress, and keep this money for her, no matter what aunt says. She knows nothing about economy and self-denial, and will not forgive mamma for that bad investment. But no matter what she or Elen may say, mamma shall have her outing, and one of my old dresses must do for Easter."

And going to her closet, she brought forth a dainty gray silk, showing trace of more or less wear.

All that day and the next was spent in pressing and remodeling, but, although the gray silk looked quite fresh and pretty, it still had something of a "made-over" appearance.

"It looks as if it had come from a pawn-shop," declared Elen. "I can tell a made-over dress as far as I can see. It is of no use, Mariel. It will not do for St. Paul's on Easter Sunday."

Mariel looked at her cousin with half-terrorful, half-angry eyes.

"Very well, Elen," she said. "Then I'll remain at home and not disgrace the congregation of St. Paul's on Easter Sunday."

This decision relieved the mind of Elen, for, as she confided to her mother, she did not care to take Mariel into society oftener than was necessary.

"Her baby face and rustic airs please my gentlemen friends unaccountably," she said, coquishly. "I think her both affected and designing; but they think her all artless simplicity."

"Her visit will soon be over," consoled Mrs. Lee. "It will be a long time, I fancy, before she is invited to make us another."

Poor Mariel was not aware of the real cause of her aunt's and cousin's increasing coldness. She did not dream how it galled them to see wealthy and handsome Captain Leland, for whom they had long angled in vain, so attracted by her modest and pleasing face and manner.

She knew that her cousin was

prematurely worn and faded by a fretful disposition and much fashionable dissipation. She knew, too, that her own cheeks were fresh and dimpled, her violet eyes like twin stars, and her abundant tresses like burnished gold; but she was too ignorant of the worth of mere physical beauty to set much store by it.

Her mother had often talked about beauty of mind and heart; but had said little about physical beauty, except to quote the old adage, "beauty is only skin deep."

While Mariel thought little about her personal appearance during her visit, she was delighted with the novelty of city life.

Her hearty and innocent enjoyment of everything made her all the more pleasing in the critical eyes of Captain Leland, who was weary of the designing butterflies of fashionable life.

Mariel could not help wishing, as she sat alone in her room on Easter Eve, that after all she might accompany her aunt and cousin to St. Paul's on the morrow.

She would have enjoyed the Easter anthems and decorations. The new costumes would also have been a pleasing sight, for she liked fine feathers as heartily as any city belle.

"But I could not enjoy a new dress procured at the expense of mamma's visit," she mused. "Poor, self-denying mamma! She plans for my pleasure, and I must plan for hers."

Presently the door-bell rang, and she heard the voice of Captain Leland in the parlor. She listened gladly, expecting every moment to be summoned down to meet him; but when a half-hour's waiting brought no summons, she could not repress tears of disappointment.

"Sure, miss, and it's not crying ye are, I hope!" cried the kind-hearted maid, entering with lights. "Faith now, and are ye homesick this blessed Easter Eve?"

"A little homesick and a little lonesome, too, Maggie. But don't mind me. I shall feel better presently."

"Ye ought to be in the parlor with the company," declared sympathetic Maggie. "No wonder you're homesick, all alone by yourself. Didn't Miss Elen send for you?"

"I'm afraid she has forgotten me. But no matter, I'm not much lonesome, Maggie."

"Miss Elen has a trick of forgetting her cousin when the captain's around," grumbled Maggie, going down the stairs. "But never mind, my lady; it's myself will remind the captain of Miss Mariel."

And she stationed herself in the hall to await Captain Leland's departure, and smiled at Maggie as she officiously opened the door for him.

"Miss Mariel knew you were in the parlor, captain," she said, glibly. "But she couldn't come down—poor dear—because she wasn't sent for. She's a bit lonesome, too, this blessed Easter Eve, and can't go to church to-morrow."

"Can't go to church?" echoed the captain. "Why not, Maggie? She is not ill, I hope?"

"No, indeed! But she's worn all her dresses—poor thing—and her aunt and cousin say nobody goes to St. Paul's on Easter Sunday save them as has bran new ones."

"Ah—indeed!" stammered the captain.

Then he went down the steps, whistling softly.

Half an hour later he again rang at the Lee's door, and was admitted by officious Maggie.

"Here are some flowers for Miss Mariel. Take them right up to her, my good girl, and tell her there are more churches in the city than St. Paul's. There is one just around the corner here, where new Easter suits are not doomed a necessity. Tell her to try that to-morrow. It is rather plain, to-be-sure, but fashionable churches are not always the best."

And he departed without more ado, leaving delighted Maggie beaming over a basket of violets.

"What an odd message! Why did he send it, Maggie?"

"I'm sure I don't know, miss!" declared Maggie.

But she chuckled audibly as she went down stairs.

"Deceivin' a game two can play at, Miss Elen," she muttered mysteriously.

On Sunday morning Mariel watched her aunt and cousin sail forth to church in their beautiful new costumes and "perfect loves of bonnets," and found it difficult to repress a sigh of envy. However, she did repress it. "Fine feathers are only for those who can afford them," she said consolingly. "The Lees are rich and can dress as they please, but we Earls are poor and must govern ourselves accordingly. I have always been contented with my humble lot, and will be so still. There is nothing gained by envy and discontent. I will do the best I can and be satisfied."

Then she remembered Captain Leland's quaint assurance that there were churches in the city where new Easter dresses were not deemed a necessity.

"I have been acting as if fashionable St. Paul's were the only church in the city," she said, reproachfully. "I will cling to my old faith in simplicity and contentment, and celebrate Easter by attending the plain church around the corner."

And she put on her made over gray silk and pinned a cluster of violets on the lace at her throat.

"Even aunt would admit that violet and gray look well together," she said, smiling, as she set out for the plain church around the corner.

Whether her aunt would make the admission or not, the violet and gray were very becoming; and as she sat in the plain church, listening to the Easter anthem, she reminded a certain observer of the Easter angels he had once seen in a rare old painting.

The observer felt a thrill of gladness when he saw the purple flowers at her throat, and then a thrill of tenderness as he noted the violet eyes and hair of burnished gold curling above the white brow. He marveled, too, at the earnest eyes and thoughtful brow.

"She is much interested in the Easter sermon," he thought. How attentively she watches the minister."

But Mariel's thoughts were not all on the sermon; they turned sometimes to her mother, who was now probably sitting in the country church, clad in her well-worn black morino.

Poor mother, so patient and self-denying! How good Mariel was that she had not been selfish and spent for finery the money that would give her a much-needed rest and outing!

She would be the housekeeper the coming summer, and her mother should have a vacation. It was more these thoughts than the Easter sermon that gave the fair young face and violet eyes the angelic expression so admired by the observer.

As Mariel moved slowly down the crowded aisle after the sermon, some one stepped to her side.

"You have lost something, Miss Earl," said Captain Leland, holding up the cluster of violets.

Mariel put her hand to her throat, and finding her violets gone, blushed bewitchingly.

"I am glad you thought my violets worth wearing," continued Captain Leland. "Your cousin told me that you did not care for flowers and music, and that even the Easter anthems and decorations could not tempt you to St. Paul's this morning."

Mariel blushed again.

"My cousin's mistake was quite excusable," she said, quietly. "She has not known me long enough to be acquainted with my likes or dislikes. Indeed, I had a good and sufficient reason for not going to St. Paul's this morning."

"May I inquire what your reason was?" asked the Captain, gently.

And then Mariel told him how new Easter suits were a necessity at St. Paul's, and how, if she emptied her purse for finery, her mother could not have the much-needed summer outing.

"Somebody had to do without something," she concluded, "and of course when the choice lay between my new gown and mamma's summer vacation, the gown had to go. Now you see just how poor we are, Captain Leland."

And Captain Leland assured himself that the girl who was such a thoughtful, hopeful daughter would make a most excellent wife.

"Poor or not," said he, "you are nearer my ideal than any woman I ever met. Do not turn away, Mariel, but look at me with your truthful eyes and tell me that the fond hopes I have cherished since I first met you are not in vain."

Mariel lifted her violet eyes to his for a moment, and although she spoke no word, he was quite satisfied.

They walked slowly home through the bland Easter sunshine, and when they reached Mrs. Lee's house, Captain Leland went in and asked that astonished lady's permission to marry her niece.

And that was Mariel's Easter gift—an honest man's loyal and loving heart.

"A basket of Easter flowers for you, Miss Mariel!" she announced, a moment later, standing almost breathless in that young lady's room. "Elegant violets, smelling like the country and the blessed spring. Captain Leland, miss."

"Oh, the lovely, purple things!" cried Mariel. "They remind me of my mother and my country home. How thoughtful of Captain Leland to remember that I'm a country girl, exiled here among brick walls!"

"And he bade me to tell you, miss, that St. Paul's is not the only church in the city, but that there's one around the corner here where they don't need new dresses for Easter. You might try that to-morrow."

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Each eye she meets me at the gate—  
Her brow has risen on it.  
And for one kiss she gives me eight.  
(That means an Easter bonnet!)

Each dish that most delights my eyes  
The table has upon it.  
And, "Dear, try this, and this!" she cries.  
(That means an Easter bonnet!)

My slippers always are in sight;  
My smoking cap—I do not;  
She strokes my hair: "You rested to-night!"  
(That means an Easter bonnet!)

Such kind attention! Never saw  
The like! Heaven's blessing on it!  
God bless both wife and mother-in-law!  
(That means an Easter bonnet!)

—Atlanta Constitution.

A Juvenile View.

"Tell me, mamma," Dolly prays—  
At my knees she sweetly begs—  
"Is it the Welsh rabbit lays  
All these yellow Easter eggs?"

What It All Means.

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A New Cure for Consumption.

Dr. Viquerat, of Geneva, after a long study of tuberculosis, has reached some extraordinary results. Twenty-seven tuberculous patients of the second or third degree have undergone his treatment (subcutaneous injections of the serum of asses), and twenty-five, who had been given up by their physicians as lost, are to-day entirely cured. An authoritative report gives the names and addresses of the twenty-five patients treated. As a result of this success a philanthropic Genevan has founded in Geneva the Viquerat Institute for the treatment of persons whose case is looked upon as hopeless.

—New York Advertiser.

Early Bible Printing in This Country.

The history of Bible publishing in America discloses the fact that Philadelphia has played a most important part in this branch of bookmaking. The first Hebrew Bible published in this country was printed by William Fry, of Philadelphia, in 1814. This was the second American book in Hebrew characters, the Press of Harvard College having issued in 1809 an edition of the Psalms. The Sauer Bible, of which reprints are still in existence, was printed in Germantown in 1743, and the first Deity Bible reprinted in America was published in Philadelphia in 1790.—Philadelphia Record.

Natural gas has been piped into Salt Lake City.

FASHION'S FOIBLES.

WHAT SOCIETY WOMEN WEAR AT THE NATION'S CAPITAL.

Popularity of Neck Bands—Rhinestones and Silver the Rage of the Day—Mrs. Cleveland's New Portrait.

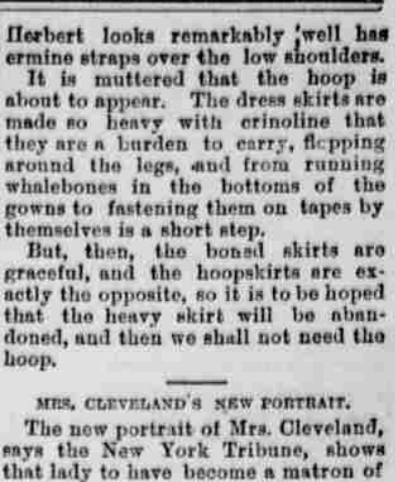
CANDOR compels a disinterested person to confess that the late fad in collars is not pretty, says a fashion writer in the Washington Star. It was the Princess of Wales who set the pace with it. For years and years she wore the "dog collar" of black velvet, which bade fair to strange woman-kind before it died out a little, and now comes the crush collar, and the collar of jewels, worn first by the Princess.

At some of the recent receptions in official life the bands of red velvet twisted about fair necks would have suggested innumerable sore throats and kerosene and flannel, if it had not been that the velvet was sewn with precious stones. It is not a pretty fashion, and it will soon go out, for all but the dowagers with double chins and the wrinkle about the neck that comes one for every ten years of one's age after twenty-five. If the neck is fit to be bared at all, it needs no banding of jewels or harness of velvet to enhance its beauty. There is something incongruous about a toilet where the shoulders are bared and the throat had a yard of dry goods tied about it. The debutante sensibly refuses to adopt the muffler, but wears instead a slender, thread-like gold chain, with a dainty pendant, such as a pansy with a diamond heart, or a ruby heart with a golden arrow piercing it. Another pretty pendant is a cluster of forget-me-nots in blue enamel, or dead gold set with turquoises, to represent the lover's flower. As a gage d'amour

Herbert looks remarkably well has crumpe straps over the low shoulders. It is muttered that the hoop is about to appear. The dress skirts are made so heavy with crinoline that they are a burden to carry, flipping around the legs, and from running whalebones in the bottoms of the gowns to fastening them on tapes by themselves is a short step.

But, then, the bonnet skirts are graceful, and the hoopskirts are exactly the opposite, so it is to be hoped that the heavy skirt will be abandoned, and then we shall not need the hoop.

MRS. CLEVELAND'S NEW PORTRAIT.  
The new portrait of Mrs. Cleveland, says the New York Tribune, shows that lady to have become a matron of



MRS. CLEVELAND'S LATEST PICTURE.

plump proportions. Her pretty coloring remains, but her face is losing its girlish contour, has lost much of its charm. But the expression is gentle and kind as ever.

Mrs. Cleveland is much absorbed in caring for her children, who are healthy and merry youngsters. They



GINGHAM GOWNS FOR SPRING.

these forget-me-nots are quite the favorites, and come in lockets, pendants, rings and pins.

Just now there is a perfect craze for rhinestone ornaments. The tops of side combs are set with them, and the knot at the top of beauty's head has a dagger with a hilt incrustated with them. From there down to the toe of the pointed slipper every buckle and pin, in sight and out, is set with the imitation diamond. Even the hook on the bit of a satin girdle, called by courtesy a corset, has a gem set on its top, and the silk stockings that accompany elaborate tea gowns have rare lace insertion set in the instep, and this lace is spangled with jewels! They are "only imitation," but they cost a lot.

are said to look like her. The portrait of the young mother, herewith presented, is from a copyright photograph by Bell, of Washington.

A Law Breaker's Diplomacy.  
A Portland man who has just returned from a hunting trip in the forests of Northern Maine vouches for the entire truth of the following story, as he had indirect from the Sheriff.

A man who lives in Mount Katsbin region went into the office of a Justice of the Peace a few days since and inquired about the penalty for hunting deer with dogs, and very particularly as to whether one-half the fine did not go to the informer.

The Justice consulted the game law, and assured him that it did.

"Very well," said the man, "I want to complain of myself and settle."

The Justice could not back out, and so gave the transgressor "a clean bill of health" upon payment of one-half of the penalty.

It seems that the man got wind of the fact that the game warden had got the "drop" on him on his deer poachings with the dogs, and was only waiting an opportunity to arrest him. Hence his shrewd bit of diplomacy.

—Eastern Argus.

Silver grows in favor in my lady's estimation, as well as in Congress. The woman who cannot afford to carry around three or four pounds of silver is not doing her duty. It enters into her hairpins, buckles, card case, pocket book, lorgnette, opera glasses, the dangling chains and bon bon boxes, umbrella handles, bag and bundle markers—in fact, there is scarcely an article of attire into which a woman does not introduce some silver. It isn't an extravagant idea, either. Silver never wears out and never goes entirely out of fashion, and gathers beauty and value with age if its workmanship is of a high order.

"Sweet violets" are as omnipresent as rhinestones. Whole bonnets are made of the French confectious by sewing the single flowers thickly over a shape, and a bridge of singly twisted violets passes under the chin. For the tiny opera bonnet two bunches are affixed over each temple to a slender band of velvet, much after the fashion in which the wife of the Chinese minister wears her curious collection of artificials, and the back of the frivol is fastened by a big bow of ribbon. The bow is not quite as big as a Gainesborough hat, but as it comes exactly in the range of vision of the one just behind this bow might just as well be a handbox, for it shuts off the stage effectually.

"Some in rags, and some in tags, and some in velvet gowns," is the way the old jingle ran. It runs the same way now, only that the velvet is more common. For a study in black and white, a gown of black velvet striped with white satin is extremely elegant. It has the glove fitting corsage, the very latest in bodices, and has an odd little pannier effect that is particularly becoming to slender people. The last picture taken of the cabinet women represents Miss Herbert in a pannier gown, and it makes her look like a Dresden china shepherdess. Another gown in which Miss

Mrs. John D. Rockefeller.

Mrs. John D. Rockefeller, wife of the Standard Oil magnate, leads a quiet and unassuming life in New



Mrs. J. D. ROCKEFELLER.

York. She pays little attention to the fashionable doings of the metropolis, but is charitable and prominent in church work. Although the wife of the richest man in America, her name is rarely found in the list of society dames who take part in Gotham's leading social functions.