

MOTHER THOMPSON'S EASTER.



HERE now, Jane, you kick the fender while I go through your father's pockets." The speaker was a middle-aged woman with dark brown hair, parted in the middle and plainly combed back over her ears, and snapping black eyes.

At first glance she and her daughter, a pretty pink and white, golden-haired blonde of about fourteen, or thereabouts, seemed the only occupants of the room. The fire had been covered for the night, and the girl Jane sat by it, and when her mother whispered again in a more emphatic tone, "Jane, kick the fender," she proceeded to admonish that unoffending piece of furniture, which, being of sheet iron, and aided by the rattling of the shovel and tongs, made considerable noise.

I have said they seemed the only occupants of the room, but a more comprehensive glance showed that such was not the case.

In the back room, in a sort of an alcove, was a bed, and on that bed lay a man known as James Thompson, and who was husband to the black-eyed woman, while Jane was their youngest daughter.

James Thompson seemed to be sound asleep, so sound that the clang of the shovel and tongs, aided by Jane and the fender, made no impression upon him; but the moment Aunt Harriet, as she was known to the neighbors, removed his trousers from the lower right-hand bed-post, where they hung, and thrust her hand into the pocket, bringing forth a handful of coin, with its peculiar chink, chink, a sandy-haired, gaunt figure raised up in the bed, and said:

"Harriet, woman, what are you robbing my pockets for?"

The black-eyed woman gave him no answer, but turned to the girl, saying, "Jane, go to bed."

The girl crossed the room, opened a door and went upstairs. Then, turning to the bed, the woman continued:

"Now, Thompson, the time has come; we might as well have it out."

Then she drew a small rocker to the side of the bed and sat down, while the man sank back on his pillow with a sort of a groan.

"James Thompson, you and me"—when excited Aunt Harriet always fell into bad grammar—"you and me might just as well come to an understanding, and you needn't groan about it, either. When I married you, near onto twenty years ago, everybody said I married you for your three farms and your money. However that may be, a young woman in exchange for herself should have something, and you know I have made you a good wife and your four daughters and son a good mother. Look back and you'll remember a talk we had when you asked me to be your wife. You remember how you told me that scandalous story of Melissa Orvis, the Cuban girl who worked for your mother."

"Harriet," came again from the pillow.

"Don't stop me, I say. You mind the girl well enough, and you know her child, too; your child was only a little over a year old when I married you, and you know, too, that one of the conditions of our marriage was that you should care for and educate young James Thompson, who I held in my own arms while his mother died and when I had him christened by your name, I had the heart of a woman in me, and I could not have the child in the house with my own children, but you know as well as I do that I have always looked after his raising and his education, and that until he was twelve years old he thought me his aunt and you his uncle."

"Lie still, Thompson. I'm not done yet. You know how stingy and mean you have always been; how, although you are the richest man in the

county, with three farms and two stores, I have had to slave and manage to keep myself and your children clothed. But from this day forth when I ask you for \$5 I want it, and when James Thompson, Jr., graduates you will help him to study law, exactly as though he was our Willie and not the child of Melissa Orvis. Whether I married you for your money or not lies between you and me, but I'll not be a beggar and neither will I feel

that no and my children are getting what should belong to another." Therewith, as though to emphasize her words, she gave the fender a kick on her own account, while her spouse turned his face to the wall, but lay so quiet that she was sure his sleep was only a pretense.

After this a change took place in the household. Four handsomer, better dressed young women did not enter the village church than the Thompson girls, while young Willie, the youngest of the flock, was resplendent in black velvet and brass buttons, which set off his blue eyes and blonde curls and made him look more like an overgrown cherub than ever.

Soon after this young James Thompson graduated. He called occasionally on the family and always spoke of Mrs. Thompson as "Aunt Harriet," although he had long known the story of his own birth, and he also knew that most of the good things in his life had come to him through her.

The day after he was admitted to the bar Mrs. Thompson called on him and told him to draw on them for what money was necessary to start him well in business.

He fell on his knees by her side, and buried his head in her lap, while he poured forth his gratitude, begged to be allowed to call her mother, and told how he would try to be an honor and a comfort to her in her old age.

Everything he did prospered. He graduated, then practiced a term, and was made prosecuting attorney, then State Representative, then went to Congress, and from that removed to New York, whence reports came back that there was no lawyer there more highly respected than he, and no one



HIDDEN DEEP IN THE RABBIT'S NEST THE EGGS OF EASTER LIE.

They told us a wonderful story,
As the days of March went by,
How, hidden deep in the rabbit's nest,
The eggs of Easter lie.

That down in the grass we would find them
Tinted in every hue—
Marvelous eggs of the Easter time,
Mottled and red and blue.

They said we must get up early—
Long ere the break of day—
And hurry out over the meadow land
And chase the rabbits away.

And so we'll go out this morning,
Running our little legs
Almost off in an eager chase
Looking for Easter eggs.

who was piling up more honors or more property.

The years went on, and old James Thompson was called more of a skiff than ever. The two eldest girls were well married, in a neighboring city. Young Elizabeth and Jane were the belles of the county, while Willie was away at college, and, report said, going to the dogs as fast as possible.

No character is without a flaw, and Harriet Thompson was no exception to the rule. And everyone is said to have a hobby, which they ride. This was also true of Aunt Harriet, and her hobby was ridden with such vigor that she almost went roughshod over everybody, and rode it to death.

She was possessed by the devil of good housekeeping. After that memorable night there had been a change in the house. It had been rejuvenated from garret to cellar.

At first the family sat in the sitting-room, to save the parlors; then they sat in the dining-room to save the sitting-room, and then she had a summer kitchen built and they sat in the old kitchen to save the dining-room. Then young Willie, who was home from college, said a bad word, slammed the door and went to the tavern.

Her husband was old and feeble and went to bed to escape her fretting. But young Willie went from bad to worse. He had spent too much money, had played cards and lost, then had drunk and gone utterly wrong. The lad was young and it was the first time he had utterly broken over the traces. He spent a miserable night. He had not been fit to go home, and with the morning came self-knowledge and repentance.

When he got to his home, however, it was an unlucky time. It was the general housecleaning, and it was also the day before Easter. His mother, his sisters and the maids were armed with mops and brooms and brushes, and all the paraphernalia of cleaning. So full was his mind and his heart with his errand that he ran up the front steps, through the hall and into the best parlor, where stood his mother.

"On, Willie; you have not cleaned your feet!"

"Mother, never mind my feet. I want to see you."

"Child, child, how thoughtless you are! Don't you know this is cleaning day, and I am busy, clean up to my eyes?"

"But, mother, I tell you I must see you. Is there not some place where we can be alone?"

She gave a sigh and started, he following. As they reached the dining-room he took a chair and was about to sit down, when she gasped:

"Willie, not that chair! It belongs to the parlor, and, Willie, don't lean on the table cover, you'll muss it! And now, child, if there is anything you want to tell me, be quick, as I've got to go back to the girls. Willie! Willie! don't you know better than to open that window? There's no screen and every fly in the neighborhood will be in the house!"

The boy was young in years and young in wrong doing. Jumping to his feet, he gave the table a shove, threw the chair into a corner and stepped in front of his mother.

"Mother, I came to make a man of me. You have turned me away! Now, I don't care what becomes of me. You prefer your housekeeping to your only son, so make the most of it. I hope I may never see the old house again."

He then strode from the house, and as Aunt Harriet threw herself into a chair a panorama of her life seemed to spread out before her.

She saw her young married life, when she tried to bury her heartaches under her household cares. She had lost her chance. He was gone forever.

was bent over the blonde as he knelt by her side, while the elder brother leaned over the two with his blessing.

Then the three drew near together, while the fire and the candle light and the golden flowers shone around them, and James Thompson told how, in one of the cases before him for trial, he had recognized Willie; how he had taken the boy home and done everything for him. And now he was started on the right way and wished to live and make her happy.

Then, as Aunt Harriet clasped her boys, as she called them, by the hand, she looked first at one and then at the other, and said with proud and happy glances from her eyes:

"My children, cast your bread upon the waters and after many days it will return to you."

stranger, only younger and more blonde than the other, came in.

"Mother! Mother! Can you take back your wandering son?"

The dark head, now nearly white,



"YOU HAVE TURNED ME AWAY."

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The Easter Bride,
Easter flowers,
All the joys of Eastertide—
But the sweetest thing it brings
Is the blushing Easter bride.

White and slender Easter lilies,
Standing tall in pure array—
How the glint of bridal satin
Steals your glory half away!

Easter bells are hardly silent
Ere begins the wedding peal;
Easter buds still deck the altar
Where the Easter bride will kneel.

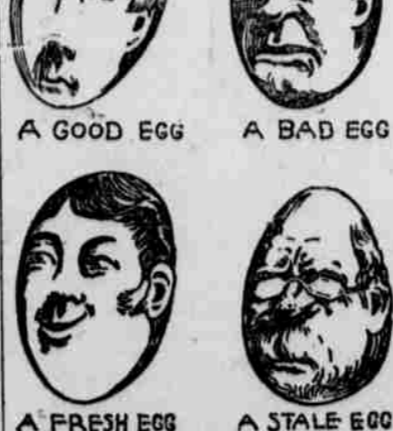
Fashion's fads and fashion's follies
Reign anew at Eastertide;
After Lenten prayers and sackcloth
Salves serene the Easter pride.

Spain's "Easter King,"
In Spain the advent of Easter brings
out a masquer who calls himself
"Easter King." He is garbed in a grotesque robe and wears a tin crown. All wayfarers obey him and the story runs that, ignorant of the personage he was addressing, an Easter King once bade Emperor Charles V. to do him homage by uncovering his head. The Emperor complied with a sigh, and addressing the paschal dignitary said: "My good friend I wish you joy of your crown; you will find the duties of a monarch sadly troublesome, I fear."

Easter Monday and Tuesday.
Easter Monday and Easter Tuesday are both celebrated as holidays in England. On Easter Tuesday the scholars in Christ's Hospital, London, march in a body to the Mansion House, where they are received by the Lord Mayor, who distributes to them "tips" called "Easter bobs." These "bobs" are selected from bright new coins placed in piles on a table before the Mayor, and they range as high as a sovereign in value. The laas also receive as a sort of luncheon two Easter buns and a glass of lemonade.

Easter's Variable Date.
Easter may come as early as March 22 or as late as April 25. In 1818 it fell on March 22 and in 1886 on April 26. It will not come again this century or in the twentieth on March 22, but in 1943 it will fall on April 25.

Some Easter Notables.
A GOOD EGG A BAD EGG
A FRESH EGG A STALE EGG



The Date For Easter.
"Thirty days hath September"
Every person can remember,
But to know when Easter's come
Puzzles even scholars—some.

When March the twenty-first is past,
Just watch the silver moon,
And when you see it full and round,
Know Easter'll be here soon.

"Peace Hath Her Victories"

No less renowned than war," said Milton, and now, in the Spring, is the time to get a peaceful victory over the impurities which have been accumulating in the blood during Winter's hearty eating. The banner of peace is borne aloft by Hood's Sarsaparilla.

It brings rest and comfort to the weary body racked by pains of all sorts and kinds. Its beneficial effects prove it to be the great appetite to be relied upon for victory. Hood's never disappoints.

Salt Rheum—"My mother was seriously afflicted with salt rheum and painful running sores. No medicine helped her until Hood's Sarsaparilla was used, which made her entirely well." E. S. E. MAPLESTONE, 325 Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.

Tired Feeling—"I had that tired, dull feeling, dyspepsia, headaches and sinking spells, but Hood's Sarsaparilla made me a new man. I never was better than now." JOHN MACK, Okaloosa, Iowa.

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Hood's Pills cure liver ills, non-irritating and the only cathartic to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

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PITTSBURGH GLASS CO., Allegheny, Pa.

WANTED—man of bad health that E-I-P-A-N-S-R will benefit. Send 5 cts. to Ripans (Hemlock Co., New York, for samples and book testimonials).

If afflicted with Thompson's Eye Water

see eyes use Thompson's Eye Water

see eyes use Thompson's Eye Water

To Make Diseases Easy.
Lithuania, a province of Russia, has a strange custom, which is intended to protect the bride, should her marriage prove unhappy. Previous to the wedding ceremony the mother, in the presence of witnesses, severely boxes the bride's ears. As time goes by should the benedict prove faithless or unkind, his vow can sue for a divorce on the plea that she was forced into the marriage by her mother against her will, and on that score the verdict of the judge will be in her favor.

Knowledge.
Unless the heart is in perfect sympathy with the head, the comprehension of any great work of art is impossible.—Goethe.

Easy Chances.
A slip may sprain, a thump may bruise, easy chances for pain and trouble. An easy way to cure right off is to use St. Jacobs Oil. It takes no chances and knows what it can do.

The highest price ever paid for a race horse was \$150,000 for the famous Ormonde.

No-To-Bac for Fifty Cents.
Guaranteed tobacco habit cure, makes weak men strong, blood pure. 50c. All druggists.

Knocks Coughs and Colds.
Dr. Arnold's Cough Killer cures Coughs and Colds. Prevents Consumption. All druggists. 50c.

It is believed that aluminum was originally discovered B. C. 49, but if so the discovery was confined to only a few, and was quickly forgotten.

Educate Your Bowels With Cascarets.
Candy Cathartic, cure constipation forever, 10c, 50c. If C. C. fails, druggists refund money.

Frederick Remington, the artist, who is just back from Havana, always used a small, folding pocket camera while in Cuba, designed by him and made especially for his use.

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Ayer's

[The Sarsaparilla which made Sarsaparilla famous]

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The Peabody Medical Institute has many imitators, but no equals.—Boston Herald.



SHE WENT DOWN THE BROAD WALK.

county, with three farms and two stores, I have had to slave and manage to keep myself and your children clothed. But from this day forth when I ask you for \$5 I want it, and when James Thompson, Jr., graduates you will help him to study law, exactly as though he was our Willie and not the child of Melissa Orvis. Whether I married you for your money or not lies between you and me, but I'll not be a beggar and neither will I feel