

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 frozen ways; lead them, protect them in the dangerous paths; and if any should fall by the way and die, receive him into Thy pitiful arms. Softly spread over him the gentle cold shroud; and as soon as his soul abandons his earthly body, may he ascend to God's throne. O Blessed One, hear my prayer! Look Thou on all the deeds of his life; find out the noble thoughts that have sprung from his heart, and scatter them like 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 avenue.

"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's 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 play-fellow.

Margery went skipping on to school rejoicing in the enticing beauty of the April morning. It seemed to her that the grass and the bursting leaf-buds 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 pall 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 morn-

"CHRIST IN GETHSEMANE."

Margery blushed and the quick an-

to take it, urging her friend, May Gardner, to take it in her place. "But why don't you take it, Margery? You started the plan." Margery was silent for a moment trying to gather courage to face the girls' surprise and displeasure.

"Because," she said at last, not very bravely, "I can't give anything toward the palm, and it wouldn't be fair for me to choose it."

The girls were silent for a moment. Then one of them said, meaningly: "It's a queer way to do, I think, to talk up a plan and get people interested and then back out when it comes to paying your share."

Margery blushed and the quick an-

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

milar 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 peeped 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 hyacinth 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 to be one of 'em 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 land 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. Bankhage.

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

lar can be omitted altogether and a yoke above the shirrings only used, making a shirred waist with plain yoke that gives quite a different effect. The model is made of white crepe de chine, with trimming of Venetian lace, but innumerable suggestions might be made, all the soft materials of the season being well adapted for shirrings.

The waist is made over a fitted lining and is itself shirred at the upper, gathered at the lower and is closed invisibly at the back. The yoke collar is circular and can be finished separately or with the waist, its neck edge being finished with a stock, or it can be cut off at indicated lines and the bertha portion only used, or, if liked, the lining can be faced to form a yoke, the shirrings at the upper edge of the waist making the finish and the entire yoke collar omitted. The sleeves are mounted over fitted linings and are full at the elbows, shirred at the shoulders and finished with gauntlet cuffs, that are omitted when elbow sleeves are desired.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is four and one-half yards twenty-one inches wide, four yards twenty-seven inches wide, or two and five-eighths yards forty-four inches wide, with five-eighths yards of all-over lace and three and one-quarter yards of applique to trim as illustrated.

The Spring Shirt Waist.

The salient features of the styles for spring, in all waists, is the extreme breadth of shoulder; indeed, in many of the imported models this breadth reaches half way to the elbow, hence yoke effects promise to be a prominent part of all the dressy waists and also of a great number of shirt waists, whether of pique or of thin lawn. Long epaulet straps, bands of let-in lace, folds, shirring, sleeve caps, etc., are all pressed into service in the development of the new mode. Plain shirt waists are given a modish touch by an inserted band of lace or embroidery simulating the drop or 1890 yoke.

BLOUSE OR SHIRT WAIST.

Simple Fashions

New York City.—Deep yoke collars make a characteristic of the latest waist and give all the drooping, long-shoulder effect that is required by fashion.

Linen Collars.
 Linen collars of the stiff sort are in again, after a season of disfavor, but while the severely plain linen collar is seen, the modish stiff collar bears an embroidery of dots or tiny flowers or scrolls. Sometimes its edge is scalloped and buttonholed, sometimes its narrow stiff linen hem is joined to the collar with open work, and altogether it is a linen collar of a distinctly coquettish type that is with us now.

The Newest Gloves.
 The newest gloves for reception and evening wear show delicate pink, blue and mauve linings. A spray of flowers, to match the lining, is often embroidered or painted on the back of the glove. Forget-me-nots, violets and arbutus are favorite blossoms.

Robe Gowns.
 Robe gowns of voile or similar light fabrics, combined with lace and fagoting, are often very beautiful.

Black Velvet.
 Very smart is a black velvet gown trimmed with white satin whereon is braided silver cord.

Blouse or Shirt Waist.
 Bandings in Oriental colors are to be noted among the features of linen and cotton waists as well as of those made from wool and silk. This smart and novel May Manton model suits materials of all sorts, but is shown in heavy white linen with bandings of the same material. The vest effect, obtained by the narrow front, is exceedingly becoming and quite novel, yet in no way

WAIST WITH FANCY YOKE COLLAR.

A Late Design by May Manton.

BLOUSE OR SHIRT WAIST.

detracts from the simplicity and usefulness of the waist, which is equally well adapted to the entire costume and to wear with a separate skirt. Fronts, back and sleeves all are tucked to simulate box pleats, which give tapering lines at the back and provide fullness over the bust.

The waist consists of fronts, centre front, back and sleeves, with fitted waist and sleeve linings that can be used or omitted as preferred. The centre front is plain and is stitched to the right front, hooked over into the left beneath the tuck, so making the closing invisible. The sleeves are tucked to be snug above the elbows and form full puffs below, the centre tucks being extended to the cuffs, so giving the line that is so notable a feature of the season.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is four and one-quarter yards twenty-one inches wide, three and five-eighths yards twenty-seven inches wide, or two and one-eighth yards forty-four inches wide, with five-eighths yards of all-over lace and three and one-quarter yards of applique to trim as illustrated.

BLOUSE OR SHIRT WAIST.

eighth yards forty-four inches wide, with one and one-half yards of banding five inches wide to trim as illustrated.

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ANCESTRAL GRAVES.
 Ancestral graves prove one of the most serious obstacles to railway making in China, and whenever possible the engineers have avoided them. Sometimes exorbitant prices are demanded for the removal of an ancestor's remains, but through the influence of Chinese interested in the railway something like uniformity has been arrived at, and the average price now paid for a grave is twelve four (about ten shillings).

Feng Shui presents another obstacle. The literal translation of the term is "wind, water," but it is best explained as a system of geomancy which rules the daily action of the Chinese as a race from the settling of a date for a marriage or a funeral to the location of a city. The site of every city, town or village has been fixed by geomancers after consulting the oracles; each community has its guardian dragon or some such hypothetical monster, and we see the individual who proposes to cut it in two with tunnel or railway track.—Engineering Magazine.