

THE DAWN.

BY ANNIE H. WOODRUFF.

arth, The shadows slowly, surely fade away; The aleepers wake to work, to poy and The

And hai the herald of the coming day; The word, remining in her robe of light, Rejects the gloomy garments of the night.

When breaks the dawn-the Resurrection born. And death's dark night bath turned to glorious day, When countiess sons of earth arise news morn-

Away its burdens, sorrows swiftly roll, And bright and blest the gift of being scens; Before that sun life's fils all fade away, And leave the spirit free, and glad, and gay.

Joint heirs vich 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.

was to call upon Mrs. Ames.

telling all where he got the pony. Af-

ter awhile he met Will White, his



* * *

NOK, HERE, I have bought you | mother is to remember me in this g just what you want most way, o of anything." With these "If "If she is an angel," said Gilbert,

before she files away."

Т words Gilbert placed the "I guess I will be getting home to her big basket he had brought NON mpon the chair beside the couch where Mrs. Ames was lying, removed his hat, then, guite out of breath, went up to the cook stove from which the invalid's living room was supplied pack it. with heat.

The gray haired woman upon the couch aroused herself, and removing the cover from the backet, said, "God next day, "I never heard her say bebless you, my boy, God bless you, and grant you the pleasantest Easter you have ever had."

"So those fruits and cakes and ples and other things are what you wanted that one who wants to go to church so 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 had brought very, very much was a fact. Indeed, but for the help that she 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 morwas 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 morethat she had been wanting for a whole

chum, and gave him a ride, allowing "Will you take the basket back?" him to drive a part of the way. asked Mrs. Ames. When he reached Mrs. Ames' home "I might as well," answered Gilbert. he saw her at the window eating one Then he began to help Mrs. Ames unof the apples he had just carried her. 'Here, Will, hold the reins," he said, All the way home Gilbert was tryis he stopped his pony in front of the

ing to discover some plan by which iouse; "I have an errand here." to get Mrs. Ames to church upon the Mrs. Ames, who had seen him comug, met him at the door. fore that she wanted anything," he "Here's the conveyance that is to

mused, "and now that she has spoken take you to church to-morrow," he her mind, it is too had I cannot get said, pointing toward his new present. the thing she wants. It is funny, too, "Why! why! why!" was all that Mrs. Ames could say, but when she noticed much can't get there, while there are that Gilbert was walting for her an so many who could go, but you can't swer, she said, "at ten o'clock," get 'em to,"

Then she went back into the house On reaching home Gilbert carried the to see if her Sunday ciothes needed basket into the kitchen, and then went any mending, and Gilbert and Will for his rake to finish up the spring dreve off, choosing the longest way cleaning he was giving the lawn. As home for the sake of the ride, he stepped into the stable for the rake

Gilbert drove up again in front of he saw something which surprised him the little white house the next mornvery much. You will never be able ing. The wagon was so low that Mrs. to guess what it was, so I will tell you. Armes, in spite of her lameness, could thus received from Gilbert's mother. It was a little black pony, standing as get into it with out much trouble.





on the nearly at front of it was some thing written. This writing is what is called Cutic, but on one has been able to read 1t. 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 milddle a table was left about six feet by three feet, and rising two feet above the floor. On this the body would be hild, rolled in linen with fragrant herbs, and on the sent the friends would sit when they made daily visits, done-Beholds its dark, vile denimes depart, Before that glorions, life giving sim; Rejoicing that a dear Redsemer's love Hath power to lit it for His courts above. 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 gurden, and on some such table the body of the Lord was laid. The stone was then put in place, and was sealed by a cord fastened with wax to the stone and And where did he go? Ah, he went the wall. Then all was still until the o the first place he had thought of Divine saying was fulfilled: "After going when he had first realized that two days will He revive us; in the he had a pony of his own, and that third day He will raise us up, and we shall live in His sight."

She did not live far off, but it took This was the victory of life over him a long, long time to reach her death, of good over evil. So did our house, Why did it? Simply because Lord show that He is "the resurree he met so many boys and girls he tion and the life."-Youth a Companion knew, and he must keep stopping and



dimples. I. I've hunted all around about Among the garden rows; And looked in overy corner, But what do you suppose? Though I've asked everybody, Nat anybody knows In what part of the garden The Easter eng plant grows.

11. Little ben, speckled hen, Eastertide has come again; Do me a favor new, I beg, Lay me a protty Easter egg.

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

p -

At Easter-Tide. Music and crowds, and day a perfect flower A-blosson from its calvx, night: And we two, capity of the witching hour, Fulled in its 'cash of song and light.

Before the aftar, bloc the morn's white soul, The lifes breache their frogram praver; And all the air is quick with dreams they

From April's fancy-baunted lair. Dim hopes and thrills, too vague for word

of tought, And strange insistent moods of gloom, a if some strain that Persian Omar sun Were prisoned in their sweet perfume.

Or ware our souls at same far Eastertide, Of which to day is still a part, Before the altar failed side by side Within one lify's golden heart? —John Dahl White,

\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$ do very little. A weak man cannot know anything about the Empire to speak of, because he is surrounded by grand dukes, women, etc., who tell him what they want him to be lieve.

The main difficulty in the whole case is that the Emperor is supposed to do all the thinking for 140,000,0000 of people scattered over the largest territory possessed by any 200000000002 government in the world, with all sorts of different races, re

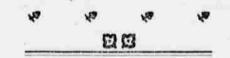
ligions and ideas, and this no man can do, and least of all in a time like this The simple fact is that the evils of the old system have now become absolutely intolerable. And when you add to that fact the sending off of immense

numbers of the best young men in the country to an utterly useless and wicked war, and the pressure of taxation which grinds the people to the dust, you have a situation which none but the very strongest rulers in all human history can cope with. The Czar has no strength of character, no proper education, and is hopelessly unfit to grapple with the situation.

No doubt the worst of the features of the situation have been kept from him

Eighty years ago a struggle took place against the incoming Emperor Nicholas I., but the condition of things was by no means so bad as it is at present. And that Emperor was a very much stronger man than the present ruler. He simply shot down the insurgents in one of the great squares of the city, ordered a number of revolutionists to be hanged, sent the more moderate reformers to Siberia and so stopped the whole difficulty. Not unlikely the ad visers of the present Emperar will try to do the same thing by shooting down the insurgents, and in that way they may have something like peace for some time to come. But important changes cannot much longer be delayed.

The Grand Duke Vladimir is the Emperor's uncle; he is a trained soldier of the old sort and a believer in strong measures, such as have always been practiced in the Russian Empire.



What Is a Gentleman? By George Harvey.

E B

HE president of Harvard has lately used the word gentleman in defining his idea of what a college student ought to be It is a dangerous word, tangled as it is with old-time weak ness and old-time strength, Dr. Ellot has been attacked, here and there, for using it. He mitigated it, however, by associating with it the word democratic. The compound which he described is an admirable creation, whatever may be thought of the felicity of these two words. "A gentle

man," says the president, "is quiet. He does not bluster, or hustle, or hurry, or vociferate. He is a serene person." So far Dr. Ellot has history with him. He goes on: "Another of his qualities is a disposition to see the superiorities in persons, rather than their inferiorities." It is to be feared that historically the kind of superiors with whom "gentlemen" sought to associate would hardly be deemed remarkable for actual superiority today. Gratitude would be due to him who should invent a word containing the valu able part of the meaning of "gentleman" and omitting the class implications New ideals need new words. "Bright thoughts, clear deeds, constancy, fidelity, bounty, and generous honesty" are the qualities attributed by Sir Thomas Brown to the "true heroic English gentleman." Emerson calls a gentleman "the finished man, the man of sense, of grace, of accomplishment, of social power." Ruskin attributes to him fineness of bodily as well as of mental structure. Thackeray, who sometimes laughed at this word, asks, among other things, if a gentleman ought to be a true husband, of decent life, with debts all paid, with wisdom and lofty aims. It would be a rash person who should describe these virtues as gentlemanly. In days of class division each class had its superiorities-the pensantry, the gentry, and the bourgeoisie. Our ideal man today is a combination, and he draws at least as much of his character from the bourgolsie, or middle class, as from the aristocracy .- Harper's Weekly.

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PROMINENT PEOPLE.

Speaker Cannon is a great lover of green corn.

At sixty-eight Grover Cleveland approaches close to the three score and ten mark.

Among the Americans who recently left Paris for Monte Carlo Is James Gordon Bennett.

It has been officially arranged that the Prince and Princess of Wales shall visit India in November and stay until March.

The Japaness emperer's yearly ex-pense of living is limited. For this purpose he draws \$3,000,000 from the national treasury.

Joseph Choate, American ambassador to the court of St. James, has now served longer in that position that any of his prediscessors since the re-ticement thirty-five years ago of Chas. Francis Adams.

General Nogi and General Kuroki are members of the Presbyteriau church, and Field Marshal Oyann's wife is also a member in good standing of that denomination, Admiral Togo is a Roman Catholie

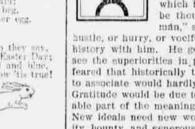
France has a financier at the head of its new ministry. Mous, Maurice Rouvier, the new premier, has been accustomed to say that "So long as the finances of a nation are sound there is nothing to fear."

Senor Modesto Garces, former Pres-Rent of the State of Cauca and now special engineer for the National Gov-ernment of Colombia, is examining the extensive coal deposits on the Pa cific slope with a view to asking bids for their exploitation.

Fifty-six years ago Louis Kessuth led the Hungarian Assembly to declare independence of Austria, and le-came dictator and commander-in-chief in the unsuccessful war which fallowed. A few weeks ago Francis Kossuth, his son, was "unmoned to lowed. the Austrian capital by the emperar.

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T

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?"

year, but should she let Gilbert know?

Should she lessen the pleasure of the by telling him that there was

something that she wanted even more |

than what he had brought.

lad .

"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 the 1 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 matter 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



looking toward Gilbert, who now drawn a chair up close to her thing that I would like half so well. and seated himself in it, answered, Don't you want a ride right off? "But how can a poor old body like me creep to the church, which is a full thank you," said Mrs. Dennis, half mile away? Why, it is as much as I can do to creep across the room." "But can't you ride?" asked Gilbert.

"Not without a horse," answered Mrs. He had learned how to harness a horse Ames

"That is so," said Gilbert. "And it last summer, and he now had no is just a mean shame, it is, that even trouble in harnessing "his own horse," city, there is not of 'em to take you pony. He then drove out of the stable, to church."

"But we won't talk about that now," where his mother was, so that she said Mrs. Ames. I shouldn't have could see him. spoken about this, but you see you made me, and I am afraid that you will be thinking that I don't balf are raise in one hand so that he are the area in the springing after death and dirth! will be thinking that I don't half ap- reins in one hand so that he could preciate what you have brought, but wave tack. Then he drove down the I do, yes, I do. What an angel your street.



MOSQUE OF OMAR .-- City of Jerusalem.

contentedly in the stall as if that had [Gilbert took the longest way to the always been her stall, while near by church, so that his passenger could was a little basket wagon, which Gil- enjoy the baimy spring air.

bert was certain belonged to the pony. and of course both pony and wagon belonged to him, for he was the only time I've been out since fall." child in the family.

At the church door Gilbert left Mrs He rushed up to the pony, patted Ames in cure of the sexion, telling him her, threw his arms about her neck, to take her up in front, since she and said, "Oh, you little dear thing. was hard of hearing. Then he drove where did you come from, and what back home, to walk to church with the s your name?"

rest of the family. The pony tried to answer him in It was a beautiful Easter service, pony talk as best she could, but as Everything went to make it so; the long as Gilbert had never had a pony before, he could not quite understand sweet story of the Resurrection the So back into the house he ran, preacher told in so simple yet so imright into his mother's sewing room, pressive a manner. All present enalmost into her arms. joyed the service, but none more than "Oh, mother, where did she come did Mrs. Ames and Gilbert, she, be

from? Do tell me quick," he shouted, cause this was her first day at church evidently forgetting his low home for a whole year, and Gilbert because ones. he had been able to bring her there;

"What?" asked his mother. "Why, the pony." "Grandpa sent it to you," replied the nother. "How do you like it?"

he could not help thinking of this all "Like it?" exclaimed Gilbert, "why no one could have given me a single

"I think I will wait a few days, "But I can't wait," said Gilbert, se back to the stable he went, and soon had the pony harnessed to the wagon.

when he was on Uncle Fred's farm

The sap released, within the tree is just a mean shame, it is, that even trouble in harnessing "b's own horse," Is like a prisoned hird set free, when there are so many horses in the as he had already begun to call his And mounteth upward buoyantly.

along the road in front of the window

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

And, having harrowed hell, didst bring away Cantivity thence captive, us to win; This jecous 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.

buy. buy, With love may one another entertain. So let us how, dear love, like as we ought: Love is the lesson which the Lord us taught. "It is so tilce to be out of doors again," she said, "and this is the first

-Edmund Spenser.

Those Easter Belles.

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

Those howling swells, those howling swells It was a benutiful Easter service. Now turning out, in swift pell mells, Everything went to make it so; the Are hastening, bent on nothing else, floral decorations, the music and the Bat flirting with those Easter belles.

> Those Easter belies, those Easter belies, These Easter bailes, those parter bears, How many a lie the poet tells Who his relactant muse compels To sing your praises—Easter belles! —Madeline Bridges, in Life.

EASTER BONNETS.

EVENY DAVYY HAD ONE, TOO !

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



then the fact that there was a pony

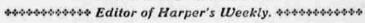
all his own in the stable at home, ad

ded not a little to his enjoyment, and

Again the flower shoot cleaves the clod; Again the grass spear greens the soil; Again buds dot the willow rod.

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

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



Journalism as a Profession

***** By George Harvey, ******

\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$ his craft, what can he in reason expect from others? Precisely there is the line drawn by journalists themselves against the profession of journalism. It is not that they do not really respect themselves and their co-laborers; they do. But by every possible method they convey the impression that they do not. They seem to prefer to be regarded as cynical rather than as sincere; as smart, alert, successful, rather than thoughtful, capable and worthy.

The sneering, silly and inexcusable remark, savoring of the vulgarity of the ostentatiously "solf-made" man, "I am not a journalist, I am a newspaper man," has done more to check the growth of ideals in the eager minds of thousands of young men than any like utterance upon the altar of epigram. Of all of us in this room who have given mind, heart and conscientious endeavor to public service there is probably not one whose perspective, at some point of his career, has not been blurred by this stupid differentiation. The contrast of terms is of course only phrasing and inconsequential. But

the idea conveyed, the deliberate insistence upon being regarded not merely

as cynicists, but as mechanics, if not indeed as day laborers, has been fruitful

of infinite harm, both within and without a profession requiring the greatest

skill of intellect, the finest discrimination between right and wrong, the most

banner of same idealism and the most potent force in the cause of progress

enlightenment and good-will lies in the free press of America.

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forceful form of expresson and the highest order of moral courage. That the most potent agency in the evolution of this American nation should be thus debased, even in appearance, is surely anything but creditable to those responsi ble for it and those who themselves should guard no more jealously their own To see the right is genius; to do it is courage. Unite the two under the

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With big while frills and ribbons gay! Nurse said 'twas very silly 'Cause I was 'fruid they all would say I copied Daffy Dill' -E. S. T., in Little Folks.

The Appreciation of Men of Genius R By Henry M. Alden, Editor Harper's Magazine.

good name than the honor of their craft.



Como

NTH, a comparatively recent period-say the last centuryfew men of great genius were justly appreciated by their contemporaries.' The House of Fame received them not during their lives, and the winds of human adulation blew only over their graves. In their own day they were sought for such personal qualities as were agreeable apart from their works, and there was, happily for their peace of mind, little public coacern as to their domestic interiors or as to their

manners, grave or gay. This immunity was no slight com pensation for the world's apathy or its stinted praise.

We have changed all that. The eminent authors of our time will have no future glory greater than we have given them. The response of the contemporary audience is quick and full, and a beautiful sentiment of affection is developed toward the author, who gratefully rejoices in both the laurels and the love. This mutual feeing shows itself more, at least more extensively, in America than anywhore elsa.