

EASTER

EASTER cannot be that the festival of the resurrection falls together with the springing of the year and the rebirth of the earth. The strange fittingness of times and events only strikes us now and then when we stop to reflect; but this side of life, the beautiful, undulating order of the universe, is what gives man his sense of security; it is the root of all the gayety and the buoyancy with which we tread the appointed paths. What! shall the orbit of the star be mapped out, and the hip-joint of the locust's leg be set so that he can make music through the hot and sultry nights, and the blows that fall upon the yearning soul of man be meaningless and haphazard? Only when we are too tired to think do we feel the necessity of the existent order of the universe.

It is not to detract from the value of a symbol, therefore, to realize that it is in its essence of the intrinsic nature of the human heart, the result of that inevitable preoccupation of man, and that in all ages, all climes, he has reacted in some way or other against the numbing conclusion of a possible ending. In the lowest tribes and the farthest days some care was taken to provide the dead with solace on the long jour-

ney, dark and mysterious, upon which they were supposed to go. Who can look unmoved to-day upon this relic of a past age, in a negro cemetery, and see the toys laid about a little child's grave, the photographs and favorite possessions about those of the older human child, without being touched by this groping of the mind into the darkness beyond which it cannot yet see clear. In its own way this is a reaffirming of the unity of all life; it, too, is a realization that it is the same universal life showing a new face. Man himself, myriad-minded, confused by feeling one thing at one time and a wholly new one at another, yet holds ever in some dark chamber of his thought, the conviction that all things are one, and that multifariousity is but a way of looking, by turns, at the parcelled kingdom of the universe. It is as in the child's song of a new poet:



"What does it take to make a rose, Mother mine?"
 "The God that died to make it, knows, It takes the world's eternal wars, It takes the moon and all the stars, It takes the might of Heaven and Hell, And the everlasting Love as well, Little child."

No atom of dust, no star-burst nor trailing comet, must fail to the making of the whole perfection which is the thinking body of divinity. All the snows and the storms, the short, cold winter days, go to the making of the sweet and wasteful hours of the long twilights. It is just this faint taste and premonition in the air of what is to come which makes spring the season of deepest gladness; it is a foretaste of desultory wanderings through a warm-breathing earth when the unexpected visitations of the best thoughts fall, such thoughts as can only deign to come in blessed idleness and renewal of all life, could recklessly hazard a doubt of lasting blight? How often, in looking upon Greek vases, we see the flowerlike wilted figure of Persephone falling lax in the arms of the fiery charioteer Aidooneus. And who can forget—who, at any rate, that has ever looked upon the keen-eyed pitiless sorrow of the wandering Demeter of Cnidus, in the British

which seemed to suffer sudden eclipse in death, and its reaction, till, from the annual reassuring himself that even as the seed falls into the earth and darkness, not only to come forth in due season in more glorified aspect, so the soul of man suffers momentary and partial eclipse to be born more gloriously; but alas! not within the scope of our vision.

The festivals of Demeter were held in the spring and autumn. The 7th of April was the day set apart for the games of Ceres. Demeter corresponds to Belus in Babylonian and Armaiti in Zoroastrian mythology. Armaiti, too, wanders in sorrow from place to place. She caused all growth and pervaded the whole material world, even being said to dwell in the hearts of men, and fructify there into fair activities and noble pursuits.

How intimate and familiar, how strangely modern and near, seems the last great fact of resurrection, as we turn to it from the more ancient aspects! How sonorous and living are the words of the medieval ritual:

Die nobis, Maria, quid vidisti in via?
 And the detailed verification of the antiphonal chant:
 Sepulchrum Christi viventis et gloriam videri resurgentis.

To know One risen from the dead, to feel the life once reaching only a handful of folk on a strip of land by the Mediterranean, now filling the world and leading men everywhere, is to know that as surely as the spring follows winter, so surely does life follow death, and how little it matters what the forms of that life be, since at least we know that nothing is lost.—Harper's Weekly.

THE CHRIST OF THE ANDES

(Colossal Statue on Boundary Line Between Chile and Argentina.)

See, where it stands in its beauty,
 Where the earliest sunbeams shine;
 Tall and stately and splendid;
 The Christ of the Boundary Line!

Forbidden the evil impulse
 That leadeth to pain and crime;
 United the faith of nations,
 A compact outlasting Time!
 Telling the coming of Man,
 Who is born in the Image Divine;
 Like a grand, full, chord of music,
 The Christ of the Boundary Line!



As we view this beautiful statue
 From the mountain paths below,
 As we see its Face supernal
 In the sunbeams' latest glow;
 'Tis a Christ whose warning nations
 Of a present peace the sign;
 A Psalm and a prayer in marble,
 The Christ of the Boundary Line!

PLUCK and ADVENTURE

A FOX HUNTER'S TALE.
 Professor John F. Draughon, of Nashville, Tenn., who doubtless owns one of the best packs of fox hounds in this country, while talking with several fox hunter friends recently, told some practical jokes on himself. What makes the stories more interesting is that Professor Draughon is a man of considerable means, being president of thirty business colleges, the biggest chain of business colleges in the world.

One of the stories related by Professor Draughon is as follows:
 "One of my greatest pleasures—perhaps my greatest—is to take some of my friends in my automobile with the trailer attached—the former carrying five passengers, the latter carrying fifteen or twenty dogs—and go to the country for recreation.

"Some time ago I had an engagement with a party of gentlemen—Captain T. M. Steger, his son Will, J. J. Anderson and Judge McMorrough—to go on a chase. They were very enthusiastic in the matter, expecting to emerge from the chase full-fledged, experienced hunters. Wishing to get as early a start as possible, and being naturally of a hospitable disposition, I invited them to dine with me. They declined my invitation, pleading impossibility to leave their business as one excuse, and a fear that I would not give them enough to eat as another; and as I would have to go through town to reach the hunting ground selected, they proposed to join me in town. I agreed to this, as also to the hour and meeting place they suggested. The place of meeting was on Broad street, near the depot, at 6 p. m. I rushed home, made the necessary preparation, and drove hurriedly back to town, stopping at the appointed place, but as I arrived a little before the time agreed upon, the colored boy who looks after my dogs asked permission to 'bum around town' for awhile, which was granted.

"I remained in the car, whiling away the time by watching the numerous passers-by. In a few minutes a traveling man, on his way to the train, stopped and looked at the outfit and me. He began to admire the trailer attached to the auto, it being, as he said, the first vehicle of the kind he had ever seen or heard of. He then began to notice the dogs, asking, 'Whose dogs are they?' 'They are Professor Draughon's dogs,' I replied. 'How long,' said he, 'have you been working with dogs?' 'I have been working with dogs off and on all my life,' said I. He next made this inquiry: 'Are you fond of hunting?' I replied: 'I am very fond of hunting.' He then became more communicative, furnishing me with the following particulars about himself: 'While I am a traveling man, I am also a member of a hunting club in the North. Our club owns a kennel, and we have some very fine hounds. I notice, however, a remarkable difference between these hounds and ours. I see that Professor Draughon's hounds are marked black, white and tan, English style. They are the most beautiful dogs I have ever seen. I have no doubt but that the South has better fox hounds than we have, because Southern people know better how to train fox hounds than we do. And, by the way, do you know where we could get a man to train our fox hounds—some one who is fond of hunting and has the Southern experience in the work?' I replied: 'No, I do not know where you could get such a man; it is very difficult to get a good man, one who understands his business and who is reliable.'

"About that time the traveler spied a brush lying in the car. Of course, the brush immediately got all his attention. 'You have a brush here, I see,' said he; 'and it is from a red fox, too.' 'Yes,' I replied, 'we always carry one along for good luck.' 'I would certainly like to have that brush,' he said. I preserved a dignified silence in response to his implied request for the brush; in fact, I was rather opposed to parting with it. He continued to admire it, however, saying: 'It is the most beautiful brush I ever saw, and there is nothing I would like better or appreciate more than a brush from a Southern fox.' I could stand his importunings no longer, so I said: 'Take the brush home with you. It is a fine one, but Professor Draughon has more at home.' His gratitude was overwhelming. 'With all my heart I thank you,' he said. 'I shall preserve this brush as long as I live.' Then, taking a quarter from his pocket, he handed it to me, with these words: 'Here, my man, take this and buy you some cigars to take with you to the chase.' It is needless to say that I was visibly touched with such liberality. He then took from his pocket a card, and, writing in the left hand corner the name of the kennel club of which he was a member, he handed the card to me. 'Now, here is my name, with my address,' said he, 'and I want you to remember it. If you ever get out of a job just write to me or to the club whose name is on the card. This is a recommendation from me, and will be accepted as such by any member of the club. My train is now about due to leave, and I must go. Good-bye.' He was gone before I could thank him, but on the chase that night I smoked his memory."

"I swallowed my heart and my rage, as I have done many a time and oft since I have worn this uniform, and, in fancy, saw myself go down into the brig for thirty days. The brig means handcuffs or ankle irons, a diet of two hardtacks and a tumbler of water three times a day, with full rations every fifth day. I have seen men come out of the brig looking like the end of a forty days' fast in a monastery. I have seen men in for three days wearing double irons. They looked like pirates. Their crime was smoking out of hours.

"To return to my own case. On Friday night Lieutenant Dorn sent for me and gave me a kindly talk, winding up with the promise that he would make a sailor out of me. I was on the shore list for the next morning, but for reasons of my own tarried on the ship. This same officer, noticing me, asked why I was there. I answered: 'Broke, sir.'

"He told me to go to his room and where to find \$10, which I was to take, get ashore as quickly as possible, and not to forget to return it on the next payday. — From 'Three Years Behind the Guns,' in St. Nicholas.

TRUSTEE'S SALE

Of a Valuable Manufacturing Plant.

By virtue of authority vested in me by a mortgage, or trust deed, from the American Production Company, now Pittsburgh Industrial Iron Works to the undersigned as Trustee, dated December 1st, 1903, recorded in the office for the recording of deeds in Jefferson county, on Jan. 21, 1904, in Mortgage Book S, page 85, and in pursuance of a written notice of request, accompanied by a bond, of the holders of a majority in value of the bonds outstanding as in said mortgage provided, I will offer for sale upon the premises by auction or outcry, on Thursday, the 7th day of May, A. D. 1904, at 10:00 o'clock a. m., the following real estate, to wit:

All that certain piece, parcel or tract of land lying and being situated in the township of Winslow, county of Jefferson, State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows: Beginning at a post on the north side of the Front Run branch of the Buffalo, Rochester and Pittsburgh Railroad, twelve feet from the center of the track opposite the point of the switch running into the American Production Company's building, thence by a ninety degree (90) curve to the right, twelve feet from the center of said railroad, eight hundred and seventy-six (876) feet to a post; thence by a ninety degree (90) curve to the right, two hundred and fifty-six feet (N. 25 degrees E. 258 ft.) more or less to an iron post, forty-two (42) feet from the center of said railroad, thence by a ninety degree (90) curve to the right, two hundred and fifty-six feet (S. 4 degrees E. 258 ft.) to the place of beginning, and containing five and three tenths acres (5.3) more or less being part of a larger tract of land conveyed to the Reynoldsville Land and Improvement Company by the Central Land and Mining Company, and divided into lots by the Reynoldsville Land and Improvement Company to the American Production Company by deed dated June 1st, 1903.

The above described land lies adjacent to Reynoldsville borough, a flourishing place, surrounded by a densely populated district, crossed by the Pennsylvania and Erie electric railroads, and has erected thereon one building 75 feet in width by 216 feet in length, with a one Northern Engineering ten ton electric crane, traveling the entire length thereof, and one Cupola; also one building 65 by 309 feet, with a boiler house attached; also one two-story office building with a cinder and one story brick or hollow tile building used for pattern shop.

Each of the above described buildings are of fire proof construction throughout with cement floors, metallic window frames and sash, and cement and metal roofs. The buildings are located along the Front Run branch of the E. F. C. R. R., with a private switch running between them.

The buildings have the following machinery, tools and implements listed therein, viz: Three steam boilers and stock, one 17 1/2 x 21 Buckeye engine and 20 K. W. generator, two air compressors, one steam pump, one M. J. honing F. and M. punch and equipment, one Cleveland E. & F. punch and equipment, one McSherry's 13 1/2 inch squaring shears, one Bliss No. 25 cutting and grinding machine, one Sibley & Ware vertical drill press, one equipment, one Snyder 2 1/2 inch back geared drill press, one Hamilton 1 1/2 inch back geared drill press, one Hamilton cutter and dies, one 18 in. x 16 in. lathe, one McSherry's 8 in. by 61 in. bending roll, one 9 inch tool grinder, two large motors, one small motor, one Brown & Zohrman radial drill and equipment, one 12 in. tool grinder, one Helles & Jones angle shears, one 63 in. vertical punch, one Reade shear and punch, one Allen 3 1/2 in. Gapan riveter and dies, one Northern Engineering ten ton electric crane, one Wilcox Bros. 19 in. bending rolls, five steel jib cranes, one wood jib crane, two air receivers, one supply tank, one McSherry hand power shears, one McSherry's foot power punch, one Robinson foot power folder, one Peck and Stone foot power shears, one McSherry's 28 in. hand power break, three blacksmith's forges, tools and equipment, one J. V. Openberg hanging clamp, three hand forges, one Tate & Jones of Iowa, complete equipment of drills, complete equipment of taps, complete equipment of small boiler maker's tools, seven pneumatic riveters and dies, three pneumatic motors, five pneumatic clippers and cutters and tools, four pneumatic jacks, and constitute a plant as a whole, ready to be put in operation as a plant, workshop or as a foundry and plate works. The land, buildings, machinery, tools and implements, described and mentioned in and covered by said mortgage, will be sold to the highest bidder, free and discharged from taxes and liens of record.

TERMS OF SALE.
 Thirty-three and one-third per centum in cash when the property is knocked down, and the balance in two equal annual payments with interest, to be secured by a bond and mortgage, which shall be a first lien on said property. The purchaser shall have the right to pay the whole of the purchase price in cash if he so desires. If the holder or holders of said bonds, or any of them purchase said property, they shall have the right to apply for the par value, or their proportionate share of the proceeds of such sale, with accrued interest, of the bonds held by them, on said purchase money.

G. M. McDONALD, Trustee.

CAUGHT IN PRAIRIE BLIZZARD.
 "Last Sunday was the twentieth anniversary of the great blizzard of 1888 in Nebraska and Northwestern Iowa," said G. D. Riggs the other day. "I was living in O'Neill, Neb., at the time and had just left the office to go home to dinner when the blizzard struck.

"I started to cross the street to a drug store, but when I reached the other side I found myself half way down the block from my destination. 'The fine wind driven snow flakes filled the air so that I couldn't see my hand before me. I finally worked my way back to the drug store, where a number of other men had taken refuge from the storm.

"School had just been dismissed for the noon recess, and we knew that nearly 300 children were out in the storm. Securing long ropes the crowd started out to rescue them. We found them huddled in doorways and by the sides of buildings. The children caught hold of the ropes and were led to shelter by their rescuers, whose sense of direction gradually returned to them. Every one of the 300 school children in the town was got home in safety.

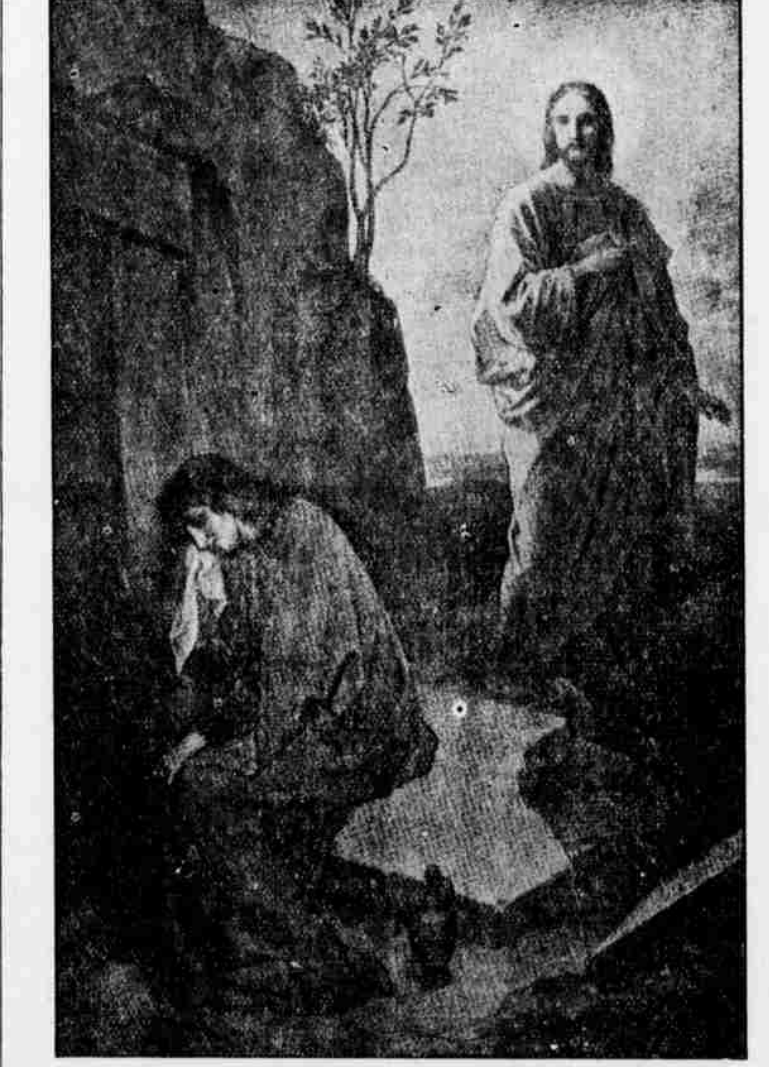
"But seven school teachers were frozen to death in the country during the blizzard, and thousands of cattle died. The thermometer fell from about the freezing point at noon to twenty degrees below zero that night. It was the worst blizzard I ever saw, and I never want to experience another like it."—Des Moines Register and Leader.

STORY OF A KEY AND DISASTER.
 You may be interested to hear of a thing which happened to me in Brittany last summer. I had to sign some railway transfers before the nearest British Consul, who was at Brest. I locked up the papers and railway stocks in a Breton cupboard as high as the ceiling and very solid. I kept the key in my pocket. When my cousin and I were ready to start I took out the key and it would not open its own cupboard. The servants came in turn and tried in vain. We had to miss our train to Quimper, which was our first stage to Brest. Now our village blacksmith was very rough and ready, so the next morning I said I would try the key myself once more, before he perhaps ruined my lock.

The key fitted perfectly and we went. But, imagine, we found at the station great placards posted up telling of the awful wreck of the Brest train the day before, and it was the train in which we should have been but for the obstinacy of the key. We saw the carriages all fallen into the river, and the dead and dying were in the hospital at Quimper. We feel this to be a preservation wrought from the next world that is so near.—Mrs. Hodgson Pratt, in Light.

NOT WORTH ARGUING.
 "That old skinfint. I earned \$5 for him once."
 "You mean you earned \$5 doing some work for him?"
 "Put it any way you like. I mean I earned the \$5, but I never got it."
 —Philadelphia Press.

A "hurry" microbe is said to have been discovered. If there is any way of arranging a contest, suggests the Washington Star, the odds will be considerably in favor of that old-time champion, the "lazy" microbe.



THE RISEN CHRIST. (Hofmann.)

EASTER PROMISES.

"There is no death!" the flowers say,
 "In faith we hide our souls away,
 While tempests desolate the earth,
 And patient wait the promised birth."

The south wind chants, "There is no death,
 I come and winter is a breath;
 Against his falling walls I set
 The snowdrop and the violet."

Glad prophets of the life to be,
 A kindred spark abides in me,
 That, like the wind, no thether knows,
 And yet is comrade to the rose.

Thus mother earth, thy gracious breast
 Gives all thy tired children rest,
 Where, sheltered from the storms, they bide
 The coming of the Easter tide.
 —From "Sword and Cross, and Other Poems," by Charles Eugene Banks.

A PROBLEM.



Which laid it?
 —From Life.

AN EASTER GREETING.

"Peace, My peace, be unto you!"
 Hear, ye valleys! list, ye mountains!
 God's breath on the streams and fountains,
 As He maketh all things new.
 In the tree tops, rustling, pendant,
 Hear His garments move transcendent,
 Bush and shrub are trembling, too.

"Peace, My peace, be unto you!"
 Hast thou heard, dull world, the greeting?
 Dost thou rise, the Master meeting,
 Working wonders rare and true?
 At His footprints falling lowly,
 Let us kiss His garment holy,
 Of fresh green imperiled with dew.
 —From the German of August Franz.

The percentage of foreigners in Holland is one and one-half.

EASTER'S REDEMPTION.

Let me arise freed from the bonds
 Of foolish, fettering creeds,
 Tuned to the holy truth that meets
 The spirit's needs;



Roused from the torpor of a cloot,
 Remade into Thy image, God,
 —Susie M. Best, in The Independent.

Belgium has over 200 boot and shoe factories giving employment to more than 200,000 hands.



EASTER LILY VASE.



THE ANNUNCIATION.

Museum, can forget the grief of the desolate mother and the resultant sterility of the earth, the sad news handed on by Hecate, who heard the ravished maiden's cry, and by Helios, who saw the theft. Then Zeus, taking pity upon the earth, sent Iris with a message to Hades ordering the redeliverance of Persephone to her mother, that the grief of death might not be devastating and overpowering. So it has always been in the mind of man, this strange anguish and despair at the glowing human life