



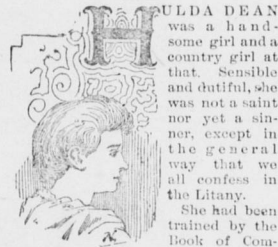
Fair lilies wet with pearls of dew
 Look up through fragrant leaves,
 The morning stars are shining through
 The clouds that woke our fears.

Then shout on earth, "Good will to men!"
 While "Peace" the angels sing—
 Our buried Christ is risen again,
 Our Saviour. He is King!

— Eliza K. Bradford.

HULDA'S EASTER WAT.

BY WILL VISSCHER



HULDA DEAN was a handsome girl and a country girl at that. Sensible and dutiful, she was not a saint nor yet a sinner, except in the general way that we all confess in the Litany.

She had been trained by the Book of Common Prayer so far as religion went, and had the Catechism and the Apostles' Creed by heart, as well as the morning and evening services, and was well up in the Collects. In short, she had been confirmed, but I solemnly believe that she often smiled, in a sly sort of way, when in the response she said: "We are miserable sinners."

She wasn't miserable a little bit, but was, for the most part, the happiest sort of a girl.

Being interested in a blonde nor a brunette, but just a pleasant medium as to complexion, I think she averaged pretty fairly in all things about that standard, and she probably had something like that estimate of herself, for the very reason that she was so well balanced.

People, generally, who were acquainted with her, liked Hulda, and I was very fond of her. I could afford that because I was old enough to be her grandfather, at the time of which I write—and am yet, as to that. Her father and I had been schoolmates, comrades-in-arms and life-time friends. Indeed, our fathers and grandfathers had been, before us.

For three generations, and well along in the fourth, our people—mine and Hulda's—had lived in the same respectable town in Kentucky, or at least on adjoining farms so close to the town that we were considered as town people, and we had been christened in the same little church and at the same



HULDA IN THE QUICKSAND.

baptismal font for the last three generations, including Hulda's.

George Dean, Hulda's father, got "the California fever," however, about the same time that he began to get some twinges of rheumatism and a touch of the asthma, so he emigrated to the Golden State when Hulda was fifteen and bought an orange ranch in the valley of San Bernardino. Of course he knew nothing about raising and marketing oranges, and as a consequence he was well on the road to grief by the time he had learned; and it was about this time that I, Jack Gillette, an old bachelor with more money than anything else except love for George and his youngsters, happened on his way and furnished him with sufficient funds to keep the wolf and the sheriff away from his door. But he felt poorer than ever after he had given me his notes for the money lent him. It was his way to consider himself that much worse off than nothing until the notes were paid, and as

he seemed to get some comfort out of that sort of misery I just indulged him in it.

However, about that same time Easter was getting close at hand, and I bought Hulda an Easter bonnet, or hat, whatever they call it. The bit of stuff was cute, too. As little as it might have been expected of me, I had taste in that way. I knew what would suit Hulda's style of beauty, and I knew a great deal about the other "fixin's" she was getting for spring wear, so I astonished everybody interested by my selection, made one day at Los Angeles. It must be confessed, however, that I told the young salesman from whom I purchased the affair all about Hulda, except her Christian name. Some women are blooming fools about names, and I suspected that this one didn't have enough everyday common sense to know that Hulda was a wholesome, sensible name that fitted my donee much better than any garment or bit of millinery she had in stock, not excepting kid gloves. I even showed the young woman a photograph of Hulda, and so—Well, the Easter hat was a success.

Easter Sunday came, and as promising a day as ever dawned in the sky. I rode horseback with Hulda over to Riverside that morning to church, and I was as proud of her as if I had been a cavalier of the olden time and she the ladylove I had won in the tourney. Oh! how she could ride. She was a Kentucky girl and sat her beloved filly as if she belonged there and didn't depend upon the cinch of her saddle for her life, as do so many would-be horsewomen I see now and then that make me shudder. They ride for a fad, and don't know enough about a horse and his trappings to even be careful.

My fifty-five years had not affected my horsemanship. But we won't speak of that further than to say I was raised on a horse; yet I was never raised on a backing bronch. They are not horses. They are only poor imitations, and I never mounted one—never shall while the walking is good.

We went to church at Riverside, admitted ourselves publicly to be "miserable sinners" several times, heard the sermon and—Hulda's hat simply eclipsed the aggregation. Then we started home.

How Hulda's filly got into that quicksand in crossing the creek is something I have never entirely settled in my mind, but she went clear out of sight for a minute, it seemed, and Hulda with her, but I made a grab at her—Hulda, I mean—and got the Easter hat first. That was not what I mostly wanted, however. I wanted Hulda, so I threw away the hat, and somehow we landed on the bank, all there, except the Easter hat. That floated off down the stream like any other wreck. The filly came out, too, and stood dripping and trembling on the shore.

Hulda first looked decidedly frightened, and puckered up her mouth to cry, but thought better of it when she saw I had mud in my whiskers and was ridiculously disheveled one way or another, and more or less disposed to say things that would have emphasized the "miserable sinners' confession!"

But did you ever notice how quickly a woman can shake herself out and look presentable? Well, that was what Hulda did. She had been with that filly in the quicksand and water and was as wet as a drowned rat. But blessed if she didn't give herself a few touches some way, and in five minutes looked as pretty as before, only a little older and somewhat more graceful and dignified.

Femininity seems to partake of this characteristic all the way through. The filly had given herself a few shuddering shakes and fixed her toilet nearly right. I gathered bunches of eucalyptus leaves and wiped the side-saddle some, spread a big bandanna handkerchief over the seat, and in twenty minutes from the time the accident began Hulda and I were cantering over the mesa, within twenty minutes' ride of George Dean's house.

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Hulda's blue eyes sparkling with fun beneath the white scarf that was tied over her nut brown hair, some tresses of which were flying in the spring breeze with the ends of the silken turban that had taken the place of the Easter hat.

John Pendleton was a young Methodist preacher who had graduated at a Virginia college where they turn out any quantity of his professional "cloth," and he had come to California in search of such of the lost sheep of Israel as might be wandering on the ranges of sin in and about the San Bernardino valley. That is to say, the California conference of the Methodist Episcopal church south had set him on a circuit in that region, and he had been "riding" it something more than a year when this end of this chronicle begins, which was just one year, to a day, as measured by Easter, after the quicksand baptizing that Hulda and her filly got as narrated in the paragraphs preceding the constellation of stars that glitter in the white firmament just at the head of this long paragraph.

Pendleton was a very good young man, but he was enough of a "miserable sinner" to retain a strong love for some patrimonial acres and the ancient



THE MINISTER SHOWING THE HAT.

mansion with white pillared porticoes appertaining thereto, out in the Old Dominion, that would one day become his as the only heir of Judge Pendleton, of Fauquier county. The reverend John preached with much eloquence and earnestness, but he also wrote poetry and played the piano—the two last predilections being more and stronger evidence of the "miserable sinner" in him.

It was, perhaps, the poetry side of him that made him expose on his pulpit at the Pomona Methodist church, where he was preaching on this Sunday, a pretty Easter hat of the preceding year's style, and solicit a claimant for it, after telling how he had caught it the year before while fording Rincon creek on that Easter Sunday afternoon as he rode toward Riverside to preach that evening in the Methodist church of the new city.

And Judah Dean, George Dean's maiden sister, who lives with him and who is as old as I am, if she's a day, and admits it to me, while she says both of us are quite young yet, was in church at Pomona on the occasion mentioned, for Aunt Judith is a perverse old lady, a dissenter from the established religion of her family, having apostatized when a girl while spending some years in "the Elinoy" with a maternal aunt of her own, a Methodist and far away from the protecting wing of Protestant Episcopacy. Moreover, Aunt Judith just doted on Methodist preachers and has offered many a yellow-legged child in her time upon the altar of her devotion to those good and reverend shepherds and gentlemen.

Did any woman ever forgo an Easter bonnet? Not to my recollection, and I am older now—much older than when I bought Hulda the hat and afterward pulled it from her head. Aunt Judith recognized that hat in-

stantly, and she didn't wait until "class meeting" was over to say soj either. She claimed it for her niece, then and there, and invited Mr. Pendleton home with her to see the young lady to whom it belonged.

He went, and Hulda's blue eyes made him more of a "miserable sinner" than he was before. But Hulda wouldn't marry a man who had to ride any circuit that conference told him to ride. She admitted that it was good and lovely and Christie, and all that, for them to do it, but she was so constituted that she must live at home. So she does. John preaches yet, but only in the little chapel on his own farm in Fauquier county.

I just came from there a few days ago, where I attended the christening of Hulda's second baby and first son. He was baptized "John Gillette Pendleton."

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ARRANGEMENT OF PASSENGER TRAINS. FEB. 11, 1894.

LEAVE FREELAND.
 6:05, 8:25, 9:30, 10:41 a. m. 1:35, 2:27, 3:45, 4:55, 5:50, 6:25, 7:12, 8:42, 10:40 p. m. for Drifton, Jeddo, Lumber Yard, Stockton and Hazleton.
 6:05, 8:25, 9:30 a. m. 1:35, 3:45, 4:55 p. m. for Mauch Chunk, Allentown, Bethlehem, Philadelphia and New York.
 6:45, 8:55, 10:41 a. m. 2:27, 4:55, 6:58 p. m. for Mahanoy City, Shenandoah and Pottsville.
 7:30, 10:50 a. m. 1:50, 4:34, 6:58 p. m. via Highland Branch for White Haven, Glen Summit, Wilkes-Barre, Frishton and L. and B. Junction.

SUNDAY TRAINS.
 11:40 a. m. and 3:45 p. m. for Drifton, Jeddo, Lumber Yard and Hazleton.
 3:45 p. m. for Delano, Mahanoy City, Shenandoah, New York and Philadelphia.

ARRIVE AT FREELAND.
 5:50, 7:18, 7:26, 9:19, 10:56, 11:59 a. m. 12:58, 2:15, 3:44, 4:58, 5:57, 10:32 p. m. from Hazleton, Stockton, Lumber Yard, Jeddo and Drifton.
 7:30, 9:05, 10:50 a. m. 2:15, 4:54, 6:58, 10:32 p. m. from Delano, Mahanoy City and Shenandoah (via New Boston Branch).
 12:58, 4:40, 8:57, 10:32 p. m. from New York, Easton, Philadelphia, Bethlehem, Allentown and Mauch Chunk.
 9:30, 10:50 a. m. 12:58, 5:40, 6:58, 8:57, 10:32 p. m. from Easton, Philadelphia, Bethlehem and Mauch Chunk.
 9:30, 10:41 a. m. 2:27, 6:58 p. m. from White Haven, Glen Summit, Wilkes-Barre, Frishton and L. and B. Junction (via Highland Branch).

SUNDAY TRAINS.
 11:31 a. m. and 3:31 p. m. from Hazleton, Lumber Yard, Jeddo and Drifton.
 3:31 p. m. from Delano, Hazleton, Philadelphia and Easton.
 7:31 p. m. from Delano and Mahanoy region.
 For further information inquire of Ticket Agents.

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Time table in effect September 3, 1893.

Trains leave Drifton for Jeddo, Eckley, Hazle Brook, Stockton, Beaver Meadow Road, Roan and Hazleton Junction at 6:00, 6:10 a. m., 12:40, 4:00 p. m., daily except Sunday, and 7:03 a. m., 2:33 p. m., Sunday.

Trains leave Drifton for Harwood, Cranberry, Tombleton and Deringer at 6:00 a. m., 12:30 p. m., daily except Sunday; and 7:03 a. m., 2:33 p. m., Sunday.

Trains leave Drifton for Onedia Junction, Harwood Road, Humboldt Road, Onedia and Sheppard at 6:00, 6:10 a. m., 12:40, 4:00 p. m., daily except Sunday; and 7:03 a. m., 2:33 p. m., Sunday.

Trains leave Drifton for Onedia Junction, Harwood Road, Humboldt Road, Onedia and Sheppard at 6:00, 6:10 a. m., 12:40, 4:00 p. m., daily except Sunday; and 7:03 a. m., 2:33 p. m., Sunday.

Trains leave Sheppard for Onedia, Humboldt Road, Harwood Road, Onedia Junction, Hazleton, Stockton, Hazle Brook, Eckley, Jeddo and Drifton at 6:00, 6:10 a. m., 12:40, 4:00 p. m., daily except Sunday; and 7:03 a. m., 2:33 p. m., Sunday.

Trains leave Sheppard for Onedia, Humboldt Road, Harwood Road, Onedia Junction, Hazleton, Stockton, Hazle Brook, Eckley, Jeddo and Drifton at 6:00, 6:10 a. m., 12:40, 4:00 p. m., daily except Sunday; and 7:03 a. m., 2:33 p. m., Sunday.

Trains leave Deringer for Tombleton, Cranberry, Harwood, Hazleton Junction, Roan, Beaver Meadow Road, Stockton, Hazle Brook, Eckley, Jeddo and Drifton at 6:00, 6:10 a. m., 12:40, 4:00 p. m., daily except Sunday; and 7:03 a. m., 2:33 p. m., Sunday.

Trains leave Hazleton Junction for Onedia Junction, Harwood Road, Humboldt Road, Onedia and Sheppard at 6:00, 6:10 a. m., 12:40, 4:00 p. m., daily except Sunday; and 7:03 a. m., 2:33 p. m., Sunday.

Trains leave Hazleton Junction for Onedia Junction, Harwood Road, Humboldt Road, Onedia and Sheppard at 6:00, 6:10 a. m., 12:40, 4:00 p. m., daily except Sunday; and 7:03 a. m., 2:33 p. m., Sunday.

CHRIST IS RISEN FROM THE DEAD.

"Christ is risen from the dead, and became the first fruits of them that sleep."

Over the whole world to-day rings the anthem of the resurrection. Beginning in the far east, it runs with the dawn to the limits of the occident, is sounded from every church bell, is voiced in every hymn of praise, rising up to heaven like a psalm of hope and promise. The winter is past, and Nature has set man again the lesson, which since time began she has spread out before him in the earth, that book which may be read by the unlearned as well as the wise, by the savage as well as civilized man. There is no death, there is no effort that sinks into the dim void and becomes naught, there is no cessation of soul influence. The summer comes and its glory passes, the harvest time of our lives wanes, the fields are brown and barren, and looking over them sadly we grieve that all of our hopes were not brought to fruition. When the frosts of age cover our heads we sometimes say with the great soul that voiced his agony in a dark hour: "Youth is a blunder, manhood a struggle and old age a regret."

Yet we have lived and loved, and that is within itself a boon. From the grave where were laid our crucified joy, our blameless offerings to untoward destiny, our loved and noble ideals, shall arise a glorified spirit to guide others down the rough way to the place where the "great light" shines. No path of sorrow in the vale of life is virgin to the naked feet of our shrinking souls. Wherever the water is deepest, and the shadows fall darkest, there trod the martyrs of the ages, and, though they found a sepulcher at the end of the journey, being dead, they yet live and speak with undying utterance.

Did you ever stop to think of the wonderful symbolism of the divine emblem of this fast and feast of Christendom? Like other symbols, it is the plaything of the thoughtless, and performs its humble office as a material factor. It is a food for the body, and thus the bulwark of the soul. The egg is the sacred emblem of the creation and the resurrection. The Holy which sends up its fragrance from a million altars upon Easter day is fair, but its odor is lost in the encircling air, and the hours bear away upon their bosom its beauty, and it is gone. When men, in their days of innocence, worshipped the egg, and saw in it the cradle of the universe, they had received into their souls the heart-throbs of truth. Within the egg, formless but perfect, is the element of new life. Its shell—the earth and sky; its white—the sun; its yolk—the moon; and all the emblems of created forms subservient to the needs of the organized creature. The Finns, the Persians and the Teutons of old, in this symbolism, clasp hands with the Christian upon Easter day, and the past finds another tie of brotherhood with the present.

Christ is risen from the dead! Long ages passed when it seemed to the waiting nations that He was yet in the tomb, and in the sleep of death had forgotten the world. Toil, stripes and anguish were the portion of His people, for the poor are His. Wickedness wore the robe and crown and filled the earth with sighing. Even then there were brave hearts that looked up through the clouds and listened for the anthem of the resurrection. It was heard at last, and liberty of thought, faith and conscience was proclaimed. The ceremonies of error are cast off and lie in the open sepulcher, and with them are the broken shackles and rendered fetters.

— LOU V. CHAPIN.

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