

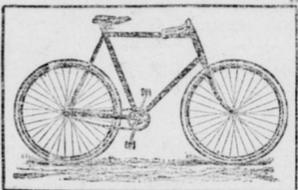


"All the World Loves a Winner"

Our 'Ninety-Seven Complete Line of

Monarch Bicycles

are the Supreme Result of our Years of Experience



MONARCH CYCLE MFG. CO. CHICAGO NEW YORK LONDON

Retail Salesrooms: 153 Dearborn St. Chicago 87-89 Ashland Ave. Chicago

LITTLE LOST BIRD.

Story of a Sioux Papoose Found on Wounded Knee Battlefield.

The adopted daughter of Mrs. Clara Hewick Colby, the eminent suffragist, who recently addressed the New Citizens' club of Pittsburgh, is a full-blooded Sioux Indian. The story of the little maiden formed the theme of a supplementary chat by Mrs. Colby, as interesting to those who heard the tale as the eloquent address of the speaker had been on the selected topic, "Equality Before the Law." The babe was rescued from its dead mother's arms four days after the noted battle at Wounded Knee creek, in South Dakota, six years ago. Col. Colby was in the charge made by the United States troops against the Indians at that time.

The uprising had its inception from the ghost dance. Orders had been issued for the disbanding of Big Foot's band. The order aroused hostility among the Sioux, and without hesitation the "medicine" man threw a handful of earth into the air. This was a signal for the Indians to fire. The United States troops, Custer's old regiment, under command of Col. Forsyth, charged back, and after the battle was over "nothing that wore a blanket was alive." The slaughter of the Indians was terrific. The next day a terrible blizzard set in, and for four days the dead were left alone in the ravine where the battle had waged.

On the fourth day the babe was discovered. A bullet had killed the squaw, but as she fell she had gathered her blanket closely about the child. This, with the heavy covering of snow, had kept the baby warm. It was almost perished from hunger, but soon rallied when placed in the care of some Indian women.

As the women crooned over it and slowly nursed it back to life, they constantly wailed: "Zintka Launni," meaning "poor lost bird." Col. Colby and wife, who have no family, were touched by the incident, and as the parents of the babe, both full-blooded



LITTLE LOST BIRD.

Sioux, had both perished in the battle negotiations were made for the purchase of the little one. This was accomplished, and for six years little Zintka has been cared for with devotion by her foster parents.

The blanket and little bonnet worn by the baby are treasured possessions of Mrs. Colby. The little bonnet had been wrought with great skill by the squaw mother. It is of soft leather, exquisitely worked with colored beads in geometrical patterns, and with a special design on either side of a United States flag. Mrs. Colby states that she never looks at the two little flags, wrought by the poor Indian mother, without a feeling of intense sadness that a United States bullet should have ended one loyal life. The little flags, if nothing else, Mrs. Colby says, would make little Zintka dear to her foster parents.

The training of the little one, Mrs. Colby says, will be watched with interest. Full-blooded, beyond a doubt, and of a tribe that has proved itself almost unconquerable, the development of the child with civilized surroundings will in the future have weight. Zintka attends kindergarten now, and

the differences between her and other little ones have not yet been marked enough for comment. In disposition at home and in the kindergarten she is extremely affectionate, willful, but amenable to reason. She is a model Sunday-school baby, and asks questions of other bright children. She is fond of music, and in her baby fashion makes harmony on the piano. One peculiarity, however, is her ability to read the thoughts of those about her. She has on several occasions interpreted looks from strangers and impudently answered their unspoken inquiry in her own baby fashion. She is obedient. Mrs. Colby says, as any little lassie in a favored home. Her skin is brunette and her hair, long and silky, readily yields to the civilizing curl papers.

Mrs. Colby is one of the prominent officials of the National Woman's Suffrage association and editor of the Woman's Tribune, the organ of the body. Her home is in Beatrice, Neb., though her duties call her frequently to Washington, D. C.

MISS BAUDET'S EYES.

From Hazel the French Actress Had Them Changed to Black.

Miss Louis Baudet's eyes on her last visit to this country were a light hazel. Now they are a dark, rich brown, which at times deepens into a jetty black. The change in the tint of Miss Baudet's eyes was brought about by Prof. Henri Placide Dumont, the famous Parisian oculist, demonstrator-in-chief at the Ophthalmic institute, and member of many scientific societies. Miss Baudet's hair is a rich, reddish brown. The actress suggested one night to Prof. Dumont that he ought to remedy nature's unkindness and make her eyes the same color as her hair. So he consented. The operation was simple. Miss Baudet was prepared for it by a three days' bathing of her eyes with liniments which softened the exterior of the "ball." Then followed some days' confinement in a darkened room. Next she subjected her eyes to vapor arising from chemicals, the components of which are only known to the professor. She says she "smoked" her eyes for an hour or more daily for one week. They soon began to change color. Little patches of brown appeared on the clear hazel. These patches spread until the color appeared mottled. Dumont suspended operations for a week, and then resumed them. The "smoking" was continued for three days longer, at the end of which time Miss Baudet's eyes were of the rich hue they are now. She declares that her eyesight is better than ever.

Dr. E. S. Peck, of No. 53 West Fifth street, New York, has turned the eyes of animals different colors. He caused a rabbit to have one red and one green eye. He said: "The eyeball is rotated inward by means of forceps, a hypodermic syringe is passed through the back part of the white of the eye containing a weak solution of permanganate of potash, or of yellow or red prussiate of potash, or of nitrate of silver, or of soluble Prussian blue. In a few hours these fluids will have entirely traversed the vitreous humor of the eye and will have passed through the canal outside of the lens and into the anterior chamber in front, and will finally be forced under the colorless external coat of the eyeball. The length of time for such transmission varies in different animals and with different fluids. The usual time spent in these transmissions is from three to six hours in the human eye."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Since for Roast Eggs. Put half pint milk on the fire to boil, put in it a small onion, in which you have stuck one clove. While it is boiling rub some stale white bread on a wire sieve or grater. You will want two tablespoonfuls of crumbs. When the milk boils, put in the crumbs and half an ounce of butter. Let these ingredients simmer gently for about ten minutes. Take out the onion and clove and add half a teaspoonful of salt and a few grains of pepper. Mix well and serve hot.

West Eggplant Him. He made a bet that he could eat a score of Easter eggs. But the eggplant proved a feat. That knocked him off his legs. Eggplant, he ejaculated. With an expressive smirk. "This Easter lay, which me has lamed, Is most eggs-holding work!"—Detroit Free Press.

WHEN THE WORLD WAKES.



HAT will come to pass when the world shall take seriously the lesson of Easter? Not satisfied with flowers and the sound of music, and congratulations that Christ is risen, what will take place when the world wakes from its own sleep and rises itself? It throws off its graveclothes, it rolls away the stone from the mouth of its tomb. It rises from death. It begins really to live in the eternal life.

"What then? "A thousand million people, sons of God and His daughters, will begin on that Easter morning, whenever it shall come, to engage themselves in God's affairs first and their own afterward, and then only as their affairs relate to His; as in the rush of a great battle a brave soldier for a few moments forgets his own danger, even his own life, in the determination that the colors shall go forward and a certain ridge be won. On that Easter morning the souls of all men and women, all youths and maidens, all boys and girls, shall start up and control their bodies and their minds. To-day, on the contrary, the body of a man and his mental machinery generally control his soul and keep it under. When of a sudden he acts from faith, or hope, or love, the three attributes of his soul, he sets it down himself as something exceptional. He is a little surprised that it all turns out so well. Life controls the tools, and the treadmill and the fly wheel no longer keep the life down to their place of dead and mechanical movement.

"This life is eternal and abundant. This is the secret of life with which Easter has to do, the secret of faith and hope and love."—Edward Everett Hale.

A DAY TO REJOICE IN.

The observance of Easter Sunday throughout Christendom is not only a memorial of the central fact in the Christian religion, but gives occasion for a variety of beautiful customs. With the earth bursting forth in its glories of budding plant life, and the heavens glowing with a warmer sun, and all nature smiling through the fresh fragrance and subtle warmth, it is a fitting season for the chief festival of the Christian year. "The Bright Day in the East" is the bright day in the west, and wherever the sun shines the ancient rites of the Saxon goddess, Eastre, born in paganism, have been assimilated and given a new meaning in the Christian civilization of this later day.

The gaudy decorations of the heathen races, which were the tangible expression of their festival delights, have an ample suggestion in the personal display that is now one of the attributes of the Paschal feast. No pagan goddess could address herself more directly to the preparation of her Eastre raiment than the woman of to-day to the selection of her Easter costume. But no idle variety mars the delights of the present custom. By a most desirable consensus this day is reserved for the first appearance in the garments of spring, and as if swayed by a magic Christian wand the dark and heavy attire of winter falls away and there stand revealed the bewildering beauties of a new life.

From the rising of the sun, the first symbolic event of the day, there is a series of events that complement each other in testifying to the more serious import. No memory is more lively in after years than that furnished by the various egg customs of Easter handed down from ages gone by, and no custom is more directly suggestive of the new life it typifies. But through them all, says the Chicago Tribune, runs the central idea of joy and reverent happiness, a day to rejoice in, a day for light hearts, a day for the renewal of all the forces that contribute to the better life of the world, in fact, Easter day.

THE EASTER SERMON.



He—How did you enjoy the service to-day?  
She—Oh, it was simply charming. I never saw so many lovely bonnets in my life.—Detroit Free Press.

Swedish Easter Customs. The peasantry of Sweden believe that Easter eve is an occasion upon which supernatural influences prevail to a very great extent, that all devils and witches are then abroad, and that the fairies hold high carnival. All this changes with the dawn of Easter morning, for then no evil spirit dares stir abroad. All things evil know that Christ, who has triumphed over death and the grave, has risen in glory to curtail their power and ultimately destroy them. It is also a Swedish superstition that all horses and mules fall on their knees on Easter morning.

Not Joyous to Him. "I never could abide the Easter season," Soubrette—Why, I think it's lovely—new bonnets, new gowns—Barpatormer (sadly)—Yes, but so many old eggs.—Brooklyn Life.

DORA'S EASTER SERVICE.



HE church was a blaze of beauty. Thousands of beautiful flowers filled the chancel with white loveliness, and scented the air, and the body of the church seemed a radiant garden, for everybody was out to celebrate the Easter in an array of rich costumes and beautiful head-dresses.

Among the latest comers was a stylishly dressed lady with her little girl, who marched up the aisle beside her in that contented consciousness of being well clad, which seems the birth-right of the gentle sex.

They took their places in a vacant pew, which had evidently been reserved for them, and the little girl was no sooner seated than she began to tug at her mother's sleeve.

"Mamma," she said, in a very audible voice, "where's the eggs?"

"Be still, dear," said her mother.

"But I don't see the eggs," complained the little girl. "Is it up there by the flowers?"

"Now, Dora, be quiet or mamma will have to take you home."

"But I want to see the eggs, mamma."

By this time half the congregation



SHE WAS CONSCIOUS OF BEING WELL GOWNED.

was interested in the child and the mother's face showed her vexation.

"Dora," she said, rather crossly, "you must be quiet. There are no eggs here. Mamma will let you have some pretty eggs when she goes home."

"Blue eggs?" asked the child.

"Yes, dear."

"An' red eggs?"

"Yes."

"Mamma!"

There was no response, and the little girl pulled at the mother's sleeve.

"Mamma!"

"Well, Dora, what do you want?"

"Let's go home, mamma."

"Dora, do be quiet."

"Mamma! Let's go home an' get the red an' blue eggs."

"No, not now, Dora. Be quiet, like a good little girl."

"But I want to go home an' get the eggs."

The lady made no response.

"Mamma!" said the child.

No reply.

"Mamma!" she said again. "See that man up there."

"Yes, dear, that is the minister."

"Well, look at his head. He ain't got any hair on it."

"He still, dear."

"It looks just like an egg, don't it, mamma?"

"Dora," said the mother, very crossly, "if you do not be still I shall punish you when we get home."

"But, mamma," said the child, "his head ain't blue like my eggs is goin' to be, is it?"

Without a word the mother lifted the little girl down from the pew, and taking her by the hand, led her from the church. Her face was rather red, but not entirely vexed, for she knew every one was looking at her, and she was conscious of having the most expensive hat in the congregation. And the last thing I heard the little girl say was:

"I guess they ain't got any chickens in this church, has they, mamma?"

ELLIS PARKER BUTLER, A Gentle Reminder.

He had been reading an Easter bonnet pleasantly aloud to her, but she did not join in his "ha-ha."

He read it over, but she was silent and unappreciative as before.

Then he grew a little indignant and exclaimed:

"Great Scott! Maria; haven't you any sense of humor at all?"

"Really," she replied, "you can't expect anybody to laugh at what he doesn't understand. It has been so long since I've seen an Easter bonnet that I honestly don't feel like assuming that I know what one is."—Washington Star.

A Festival of Festivals.

To the church, Easter is the festival of festivals. Christ's work for man was then completed. This the church celebrates. It is, indeed, a day of triumph, for death is conquered, man is redeemed, his salvation secured and eternal life is his. Christ's resurrection assures man's resurrection, hence there is good reason for songs of jubilee, and the heart of every Christian should send forth joyful notes of praise to the risen Lord.

Size Isn't Everything. "Thirty-five dollars for that blamed little hat! Why, confound it, a dollar bill would cover it."

"Yes, Henry, love, and so would it cover a thousand dollar bill."—N. Y. Journal.

Not Joyous to Him.

Barpatormer—I never could abide the Easter season.

Soubrette—Why, I think it's lovely—new bonnets, new gowns—

Barpatormer (sadly)—Yes, but so many old eggs.—Brooklyn Life.

THE LESSON OF EASTER.



OW passing strange it should be that the hope of advanced civilization should cluster about a tomb and that the faith of Christianity should rest upon the voice of one

who came back from the land of everlasting shades. Mighty was the advance from the trifling wall of the Hebrew poet, when he sang the despairing dirge: "Man is like the beast which goeth downward," and the sublime, triumphant prose-hymn of Paul: "Now is Christ risen from the dead and become the first fruits of them that sleep."

The church in all its ages of existence has logically maintained that Easter is the brightest and best of all the holy days of the year, properly interpreting those words of the great apostle to the Gentiles: "For if Christ be not risen from the dead, then our preaching is vain and our hope is vain." Moses met death on Nebo's cloud-girt peak, while angels only made his burial sure; Elijah was borne heavenward in a chariot of flame. Jacob, his head on a stony pillow, saw the pure spirits of Heaven ascending and descending, from the celestial to the terrestrial sphere; Enoch walked with God and was not. Adam, Noah, Isaiah and other worthies heard the voice of God and felt the benison of His blessing in their souls. But no responsive call had ever come up out of the illimitable depths to the anxious inquiry: "If a man die shall he live again?" The Hebrew theology and literature were saturated with materialism and one of the most influential of the Jewish sects denied the doctrine of the resurrection. It is true that Job saw through the gloom the glints of the promise when he said: "I know that my Redeemer liveth and that He shall stand at the latter day upon the earth; and though after this life worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God." Yet the Uzzite cursed the hour in which he was born and the womb which gave him birth.

Christ had overridden death in the calling back to life the daughter of Jairus, the son of the widow of Nain, and the brother of Mary and Martha. But these miracles were regarded more as evidence of His personal power than as precedent for the calling back of others to life. The grave was the pit of everlasting silence. Man went down to it mourned by his fellows, who thought the farewell eternal.

Bethlehem is forever sacred as the spot of His divine nativity; Golgotha is precious as the scene of the sublime and awful tragedy, but the tomb of the Arimathean is the climax of Christian hope, the diapason of His faith. What boots the life that is, with its load of cares, its floods of tears, its sighs and groans, its sins and disappointments, if the dead rise not and they that sleep in Him shall not be raised? Better the stroke of the death-angel in childhood's first hours of unconscious suffering, sooner the fatal blow of the electric bolt in the flush of young manhood, than that one should toil on and suffer on to senile age, only that he may fall finally into a pit that may not be reached by the ringing blasts of Gabriel's horn.

Bless God for that dear old word, Immortality! Praises for the witness of the tomb and the final triumph of the Nazarene. Hail the resurrection morn with its glorious assurances that they who sleep in Christ shall finally rise with Him.

WILLIAM ROSSER COBBE.

THE SANCTITY OF THE MOMENT.



Copyright, 1887, by Mitchell & Miller.

"Bill, I can't account for the strange religious feelin' what take possession of me whenever Easter arrives!"

"It's de same wid me, Tom; the same wid me. All wit is good in my natur' seems to come to de surface when Easter gets here." (After a pause—with a sigh): "Ah, Tom, if we could only hook a chicken an' some eggs how we could celebrate de occasion!"—Life.

An Easter Kiss.

On Easter morn, when Christians meet in Russia far away, They greet each other with a kiss, In honor of the day.

And when I see sweet Annabel, And think of what might be— I would not mind Siberia If she were there with me! —Truth.

The Hat Trick.

In the beautiful eyes the love light shone of the young and attractive wife, And she said to her husband: "I love you, John. You are dearer to me than life." He said: "You're the same sly darling still And I know what you're driving at." So he gave her a twenty-dollar bill To purchase an Easter hat. —Boston Courier.

Hind to Decide.

Colwigger—You seem rather reflective, my dear. Mrs. Colwigger—I was thinking where I would sit in church on Easter. If I take a front seat everybody will see my new bonnet, while if I sit in the rear I will be able to see all the others. —Truth.

BLOOD POISONING.

GIVEN UP TO DIE! Remarkable Recovery of Mrs. Thomas Stockton, of LAFAYETTE, PA.

Mrs. Thomas Stockton, of Lafayette, McKean Co., Pa., relates the following remarkable recovery: "When first taken ill, Dr. Ward, of Mt. Alto, said that I had dropsy of the bowels; I kept growing worse and he advised me to go to the Bradford Hospital, where he operated upon me. I had been out of the hospital but a short while, when blood poisoning set in. A physician from Mt. Jewett attended me for three weeks and then said he could do no more for me and gave me up to die. My husband then took me to Dr. Freeman, at Smithport who wanted to operate upon me, but as I had already gone through one awful experience of that kind, I refused to again. After arriving back home, I made up my mind to try

DR. DAVID KENNEDY'S FAVORITE REMEDY

as I had heard of it doing others so much good, so my husband went to Thompson & Wood's Drug Store, in Bradford, and purchased a bottle and it certainly was a God-send to me. From the very first it seemed to help me, the pain I had endured constantly began to leave me, my appetite improved, and before long I was around the house doing considerable work. In short, had it not been for Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy I believe I should have been in my grave today. I hope every one suffering from disease, especially women, will try this valuable medicine. I know of many here who are using Favorite Remedy since it helped me so much, and in every case it has proved its great value."

WE MAKE Wheels, Quality Guaranteed the Best. Tool



STYLES: Ladies', Gentlemen's & Tandem. The Lightest Running Wheels on Earth.

THE ELDREDGE

...AND... THE BELVIDERE.

We always Made Good Sewing Machines! Why Shouldn't we Make Good Wheels!

National Sewing Machine Co., 339 Broadway, New York. Factory: Belvidere, Ills.

Peirce School

32nd Year. A representative American Business School for both sexes, founded by THOMAS MAY PEIRCE, A. M., Ph. D. Copies systematic business training with a practical, sound and useful English education. It offers three full courses: Business, Shorthand and Typewriting, English; the whole constituting an ideal combination. Graduates are cheerfully assisted to positions.

Both Day and Night Sessions are now running. Students received at any time. PEIRCE SCHOOL, 91-919 Chestnut St., Phila. Second Building.

Are You a Roman Catholic

Then you should enjoy reading the literary productions of the best talent in the Catholic priesthood and laity and you know what they can do, as they appear weekly in

The Catholic Standard and Times

OF PHILADELPHIA.

The ablest and most vigorous defender of Catholicism. All the news—strong editorials—clearly written, which is elevating and educational. Prices offered monthly to the little ones. Only \$2.00 per year. The Grandest Premium ever issued by any paper given to subscribers for 1887. Send for sample copies and premium circular.

The Catholic Standard and Times Pub'g Co 503-505 Chestnut St. Phila.

PATENTS

TRADE MARKS, COPYRIGHTS &c. Anyone sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain, free, whether an invention is probably patentable. Communications strictly confidential. Oldest agency for securing patents in America. We have a Washington office. Patents taken through Munn & Co. receive special notice in the

SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN, beautifully illustrated, paper circulation of any scientific journal, weekly, terms \$3.00 a year; \$1.00 six months. Specimen copies and HAND BOOK ON PATENTS sent free. ADDRESS: MUNN & CO., 361 Broadway, New York.

FOR 1897

8 Leading Newspapers 1 for the Price of 1

The "Philadelphia Press" by special arrangements, at great cost, is entitled to all the news received by the New York "Times," "World," "Journal," Chicago "Tribune," "St. Louis Globe Democrat," "Cincinnati Commercial Tribune" and the "Boston Journal." All this news is telegraphed to "The Press" over special wires every night and presented to its readers fresh and attractive every morning. This is all in addition to the service of "The Press" own staff, great corps of correspondents and the Associated Press.

8 Great Papers in 1

Greatest Feat Ever Effected in Journalism

The Philadelphia Press

Pennsylvania's Greatest Family Paper

Devotes more attention to the household and family than any other paper.

Has a page every day especially for women, edited by the brightest woman in journalism.

Gives daily a column of well tested COOKING RECIPES which are of the greatest value to every house-keeper.

All the news about HORSES written by experts and thoroughly reliable.

Subscription: Daily "Press," \$6.00 a year. Daily and Sunday, \$8.60. "Weekly Press," \$1.00. Address: "The Press," Philadelphia, Pa.

For "wants" of any kind, put a small "ad" in "The Press."

It Pays to use "Press" want ads.

THE NEW HOME SEWING MACHINE

Do not be deceived by alluring advertisements and think you can get the best make, finest finish, and MOST POPULAR SEWING MACHINE for a mere song. Buy from reliable manufacturers in the machine game, reputation by honest and square dealing. There is none in the world that can equal in mechanical construction, durability of working parts, smoothness of finish, beauty of appearance, or has as many improvements as the NEW HOME.

WRITE FOR CIRCULARS.

The New Home Sewing Machine Co. OLANDE, MASS. BOSTON, MASS. 28 CROSBY SQUARE, N. Y. CHICAGO, ILL. ST. LOUIS, MO. DALLAS, TEXAS. SAN FRANCISCO, CAL. ATLANTA, GA.

FOR SALE BY

D. S. Ewing, general agent, 1127 Chestnut street, Phila., Pa.

State Normal School

East Stroudsburg, Pa.

A Famous School

In a Famous Location.

Among the mountains of the noted resort, the Delaware Water Gap. A school of three or four hundred pupils, with no over-crowded classes, but where teachers can become acquainted with their pupils and help them individually in their work.

Modern improvement. A fine new gymnasium, in charge of expert trainers.

We teach sewing, Dressmaking, Clay Modeling, Freehand and Mechanical Drawing without extra charge.

Write to us at once for our catalogue and other information. You can enroll in a small school than in the overcrowded schools.

Address

660. P. BIFLE, Principal.