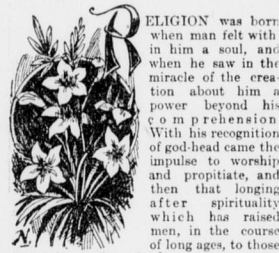


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FREELAND, PA., APRIL 7, 1898.

THE LESSON OF EASTER.

Lilies That Bloom To-day Out of the Soil of the Past.



ELIGION was born when man felt within him a soul, and when he saw in the miracle of the creation about him a power beyond his comprehension.

Now, from the Himalayas where the first feeble roots of our race were planted, round the whole wide circle of the globe, the ring of the Easter bells proclaims the enlarged orbit of hope.

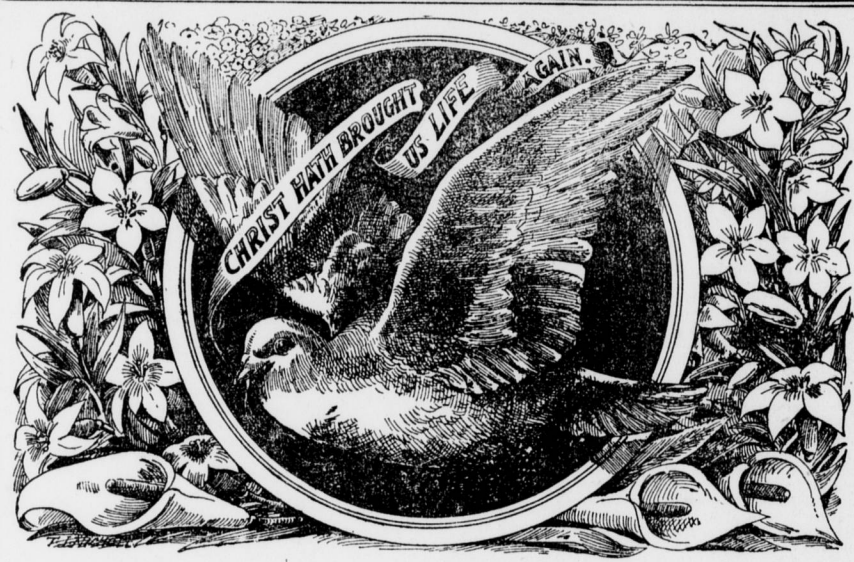
Wonderful and beautiful story, that which is commemorated upon this day! A man was born upon earth, walked the ways of mankind, suffered their griefs, was a man of sorrow.

"I suppose," said the man whose hobby is economy, "that as people advance in years their increase in wisdom. But I have my doubts."

"I'm sure that I have more practical views of life than I had some years ago," replied his wife.

"The Brute—Well, I see that Mrs. Jones has got the best of you again. Her Easter bonnet is a much finer one than yours."

Watch the date on your paper.



AUERBACH'S EASTER PROGNOSTICATIONS.

HER year has plenty of days for work, but few for fun. Like Yuly Fordt, when every boy is youst a virking guh.

Or Arbor day, when all de town is like von great big dhree. Or Labor day, when not a man is quite so big as me.



I LIKE DOT FERRY MUCH MYSELF. I learned dot when dher milliner shops was full of new bonnets high in price.

ROSALBA'S EASTER HAT. A Story of Life in the Mountains of West Virginia.

WHEN Abe Conners was the wag of the county, and any of the Little Backbone people he always asked: "Hi a Rosalba White left her husband yet?"

The Point of View. The Brute—Well, I see that Mrs. Jones has got the best of you again. Her Easter bonnet is a much finer one than yours.

Ishmael Moon by name, was only human, he promptly forgot the presiding elder's daughter and resolved that Rosalba should be his bride.

It was late when Jefferson returned, and Rosalba had been to the door and even to the bend in the road several times.

"YER HAT'S ON TH' BED." flowers, and might have been suitable for her mother, though more so for her grandmother.



HE PLAYED THE FIDDLE. house was full of unfinished machines before moving out.

Rosalba flushed. "Ishmael Moon said that did he? Well, folks can generally hear what pleases 'em."

A Cheerful Victim. "My wife's new Easter gown cost \$60.40; that leaves me just 60 cents for my spring outfit."

The Easter Service. She is there in her glory, there's nothing to vex.

The Easter Maid. The Easter bells, the Easter bells, As on the air their music swells.

"What's th' matter?" Jefferson asked, innocently. "You said black, with purple flowers, didn't ye?"



A Dubious Retraction. Mrs. Newed—You have always accused me of putting all my money on my back.

Easter Gifts. Last year I spent on Daphne a precious store of pelf.

AN EASTER CONFESSION. My pretty sweetheart, if that egg incased in shell so bright.

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AN EASTER EGG HUNT.

The Parson Found His Treasure in a Queer Hiding Place. Rev. Cornwallis Washington Smith sat on the bench in front of his cabin, sore perplexed.

It took some time to make Pompey Caesar see it in this light, but at length the old man succeeded, and when Easter morning arrived the boy was well satisfied to hunt the white eggs that had been hidden about the cabin the night before.

The old negro donned his ancient long-tailed coat, put his rather brown tall hat on his head, adjusted his glasses, and went to deliver his Easter sermon.



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TRUBLE ON DE OLE MAN'S MIND

As he hastily jerked his hand from his pocket, and exposed his fingers, dripping with the golden yellow of the gold.

AN EASTER CONFESSION.

My pretty sweetheart, if that egg incased in shell so bright, All full of white and golden sweets, were packed ten times as light.

AN OPEN LETTER TO MOTHERS.

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