supper. Finally He was "crucified, dead and buried." The week is the most solemn of the Christian year. In the life of Him who was a "man of sorrows and acquainted with grief' no other days were so bur-dened with suffering and sadness, or so full of the word and act of active benevolence, of declaration of kingship—a kingship which, before the week was ended, was "nailed for our advan-tage to the bitter cross." It is this consummation that the time commem-

Christianity is essentially a joyous religion and ends with the resurrection. Even those who deny the King are not proof against the joyousness that halls the day of His birth. But even those who own Him reckon little of His death. The world does not often keep death days, though the calendar is studded with the birthdays of men that bave left their impress on their time. Christ's death means as much to the world as His birth. Memories such as those that cluster about the crucifixion rought to be very precious to Christians. They draw the human heart for a brief leason to a contemplation of the sufsufering that has made its joy whole-tome, and that, when truly realized by the heart, must chasten and purify it.

COLORING EASTER EGGS.

The coloring of eggs for Easter is an old, old custom. Anciently, the growneld, old custom. Anciently, the grownups presented these eggs to each other,
the children coming in for a share, but
in modern times these favors have been
in this country at least, almost exclusively for the children. The ease with
which these Easter eggs are now colored. by means of aniline dyes, detracts, no doubt, from the pomp and
circumstance that attended the coloring of these Easter favors in the days
of our grandmothers when the dyeing
was done with logwood, indigo and
madder. Now and then a grandmother of our grandmothers when the dyeing was done with logwood, indigo and madder. Now and then a grandmother with finer artistic sense would sew the eggs into bits of fadable calico, from which would be printed some rare and radiant Dolly Varden patterns, which were a delight to look upon. Such treasures were often cherished in the household, displayed in a dish on the parlor mantelpiece for weeks and months to be shown to visitors, that they might marvel at grandmother's wondrous art. And at the end of this time, as there must be an end to everything, these long kept trophies were faithful.

Years ago it was customary in some

Years ago it was customary in some Sunday schools to provide great quantities of colored eggs for Easter to be given to the children. It took no small amount of time and care to prepare this donation, as beside the color each egg was to bear upon its side a brief bible text written through the color with a pen dipped in acid. This removed the color and the letters of the text showed up in gleaming white.

In England, in the quaint old town of Chester, the Pace or Pask eggs (from the French word Pasque for Easter) going back almost to the time of William the Conqueror, were not forgotten. Then, as now, the eggs were bolled very hard in water colored with red, blue or violet dyes, and inscriptions were written upon them. An old chronicle says: "Eggs were always in such demand at that season that they always rose greatly in price"—which always rose greatly in price"—which would indicate that the law of supply and demand was in full vigor even at that early time and even without the meretricious aid of the storage house and the middleman.

and the middleman.

The same chronicle notes that "boys played with eggs as balls, for ball playing on Easter Monday was engaged in by every rank; even the clergy could not forego its delights and made this game a part of their service. Bishops and deans took the ball (or egg) into the church and at the beginning of the antiphone began to dance, throwing it to the choristers, who handed it to each other during the time of the dancing and antiphone."

At an Easter Wedding.

Reginald Vanderbilt said at a pre-Reginald Vanderbilt said at a pre-Easter wedding in New York:
"How interesting it would be if we could know how all these pretty wed-dings came about! Often, no doubt, the girls themselves brought them about, unless, indeed, the man was too inordinately dense, like Travers.

"Travers met a pretty girl last win-ter in Bermuda. He danced with her, he wheeled with her for strawberries and cream, and he bathed with her in the pretty blue pool with its lining of

"But he didn't propose. Was he too bashful? The girl, at any rate, one afternoon in a tea garden, offered to read his fture, and holding his big brown hand in her slim white one, she murmured, as her fingers moved delicately across his palm:

This line indicates that before you "This line indicates that before you lies—happiness."
She paused, with downcast eyes. But nothing followed. The young man sat beside her, grinning sheepishly. Her lip curled in disdain, and she added in a clear, cold voice:

"But this other line indicates that you'll never overtake that future. You are too slow."

New Uses For Skimmed Milk.

From the Pathfinder. A process has been developed by an American inventor for using skimme milk in the manufacture of moving mik in the manufacture of moving picture films. This material can also be used for making buttons, plano keys, "French ivory," toilet articles, etc. The process converts skimmed milk into a material similar to celluloid, which is capable of being manipulated, colored and worked in various ways.

Shrewd Old Man.

From the St. Louis Post-Dispatch.
"You're an old married man. What to you do when your wife begins to sold?"

Encourage her. I talk back—discetly, of course. I say tantalizing lags. I make foolish excuses. I stam-

mer and get husky."
"But doesn't that make her a good deal madder?" "Of course it does. That's the in-tention. I want her to get so mad that she won't have any voice left to ask me for money."
"Gee! I wonder if I'll ever get as hardened as that" MARY MIDTHORNE

IIII IIII IIII

CEORGE BARR McCUTCHEON. Author of "Graustark," "Truxton King," etc. Copyright, 1911, By Dodd, Mead & Co.

CHAPTER III-Continued

plunging recklessly, heedlessly into the deepest currents of his creed, inspired by a courage born of despair. It is the same spirit that urges on the wretch who is courting suicide. Mr. Presbrey cried out in horrified accents, checking the bitter flow of words:

"Stop! You do not know what you are saying. Listen to me, my boy."
"I won't listen! I'm forever dammed, so what's the use. Let me out of here! Come on, Mary!"

He made a rush for the door, drag-ging his sister after him. Mr. Blagden leaped up from his chair and put himself between them and the door.
"You go back there at once, sir, and beg Mr. Presbrey's pardon," he hissed, grasping the boy by the arm. "What will he think of you? Where are your

whirled and threw himself into a chair, burying his face in his arms, a great wall of anguish escaping his lips, to be followed an instant later by

a rush of sobs. Mr. Presbrey sprang to his feet, an exalted look in his face. He lifted his eyes and clasped his hands in the ecstasy of spiritual triumph.

"Glory be to God! Praise the Lord!"

ecstasy of spiritual triumph.

"Glory be to God! Praise the Lord!"
he cried in thrilling tones. "He is
saved! He has seen the light! The
spirit of evil is broken! Praise the
Lord! Let us give thanks for the sign!
Let us bow our heads in prayer."
He fell upon his knees beside the
quivering boy and lifted his voice in
prayer. The others stood with bowed
heads, even Chetwynd being carried
away by the rush of the conquercrs.
Little Mary, clinging to the doorknob
stood transfixed, gazing in helpless astonishment at the picture.
Later, the two children were led to
their room by Mrs. Blagden herself, attended by the soulful Mrs. Presbrey.

"Go to sleep, you poor dears," said
the former, tears of emotion in her
voice. "You will feel better in the
morning. It will all come right in the
end. Try to believe all that Mr. Presbrey has said to you. He knows best.
He will be your best friend."

Perhaps if Rena Blagden had never
come to Corinth to live she would have
been a different woman—a gentler one.

"Mr. Presbrey will come to see you

been a different woman—a gentler one.
"Mr. Presbrey will come to see you in the morning, children," said Mrs. Presbrey. "Keep a brave heart and put your trust in the Lord. He will give you strength." Then to Mrs. Blagden, as that lady gently closed the door on the children: "Don't you think you'd better lock the door, my dear?"

CHAPTER IV.

THE ENTRANCE OF ADAM CARR Mr. Presbrey came the next day and Mr. Presbrey came the next day and for many days thereafter with a regularity that deserved something more (I was about to say better) than the mere salvation of two small souls. Sometimes he got it, and sometimes he didn't. It all depended on what Mrs. Blagden had in the house.

In any event, he was sincere in the task unto which he had set himself. I am not trying to make Mr. Presbrey out a hyprocrite. He was not that. He

out a hyprocrite. He was not that. He honestly, firmly believed that he was following the dictates of a Christian spirit in bedevilling the heart sick boy with his words of advice, and caution,

wretched awakening. Somehow, it came to her that Eric was a grown man and a strong one, with the will and the power to stand between her and all adversity, all things cruel and

Together, they submitted to the importunities of the good pastor, enduring with a grace that had all the marks of a patient sullenness. They were temporarily broken; they had no power of initiative; they could not even nourish the resentment that strove so hard to grow in their ploughed, harrowed hearts. They lis-tened numbly to the unceasing repetition of such sentences as these, com-ing not only from the Presbreys, but their uncle and aunt as well:

"It is all for the best, my dears."
"You will thank us some day."
"God is good. He will show you the

"A contrite heart, etc."
"You must not be allowed to follow
in the footsteps of your unhappy fath-

er, Eric?"
"We would not be doing our Chistian duty if we failed to warn you against the impulses that wrecked your misguided mother."
"Your uncle knows best, Eric?"
"Your enty knows best, Mary." "Your aunt knows best, Mary."
"Mr. Presbrey knows best, children."
These, and other concomitants of

Chetwynd's oft-repeated fling this, with appropriate variations:

"You're a nice one to talk, you are."
The older boy never missed the opportunity to grill his wretched victim with scornful allusions to "the Midthorne courage," "the Midthorne honor," "the Midthorne virtue," "the Midthorne prospects."

thorne courage," "the Midthorne honor." "the Midthorne virtue," "the Midthorne virtue, "the Midt

"I don't care what happens to me," much I will say: He became a very flared the boy, struggling with his tears. "What's the use? I'm—I'm foreordained, ain't I? Ain't we all fore-or-a strict and rigid adherence to the the obvious reason that he maintained a strict and rigid adherence to the dained? What good is it going to do to truth. His veracity was truly opprespray? Prayer won't help a fore-or-sive. The days of the pirates were dained boy, will it? It won't—" He was plunging recklessly, heedlessly into the deepest currents of his creed, in-performed anything more heroic than the swabbing of a deck, or, perhaps, an encounter with an obstinate pawnbroker. As time went on, the two children began to look upon him as a broker. very tiresome and unprofitable person. Finally, one day, long after his regenerate period began, the anxious anticipation in Mary's starved soul burst its bonds, and she almost wailed:

"Uncle Jabe, why don't you tell us any more grand stories' "Because," said he, "it ain't right to tell lies."

"But how would we know they were "You can allus tell when a feller's lyin', if you once ketch him in one," quoth he.

"Well, they are lots of fun, just the same, protested she. "Ain't they, Eric?" "Yes," said Eric rather gravely, "if

"Yes," said Erlc rather gravely, "If you tell 'em in fun."

"Il tell 'em all you like," said Jabez, his face brightening, "if you'll promise to believe they're lies."

"Then, how will we know when you're telling the truth?"

He pondered. After five puffs at his pipe, he said: "Well, if I begin by sayin' they're the God's truth, you can believe 'em. If I don't say that, you'll know they're lies." know they're lies."

And so it was that old Jabez came joyously into his own again.

This narrative, with your permission, kind reader, has little more to do with the Midthornes as small children. Suffice to say, they were more or less like other children in this respect; they could not remain young forever. They

the quickest way to send her to the gutter. I know it goes against the grain to stay up there with them people, but it's a derned sight better'n starvin' to death on the streets. You jest stick it out. You wouldn't be so crool as to skip out and leave her there for them to pester and bulldoze. They'd make a drudge of her, and worse'n that, maybe. You'd be a mortal coward to run off and leave her, and you jest can't take her with you. No, siree, my boy. You stick it out. Stand by your guns. Just you wait a few years I know what I'm talkin' about. You I know what I'm talkin' about. You see, I run away when I was 15 and went to sea. I wished a thousand times I hadn't, 'cause my stepfather was nasty mean to my sisters and my mother.

mother."

He hesitated for a moment and then went on. You wait a few years and then you can tell 'em to go to hell."

After a few reflective pulls at his pipe, he vouchsafed: "And, mind you, Eric, there is such a place as hell."

Eric, at 16, was as handsome a lad

with his words of advice, and caution, and consolation. At least, there was attached to his prerogative all the virtues to be found in good wool—it wore well and did not shine. well and did not shine.

Eric, after the effects of that cruel night had washed themselves away in tears, rose manfully to the exigencies of his position. He turned to Mary, forgetting his own troubles in the resolve to lessen hers. She could not fail to respond to the strength and earnestness of his devotion. Young as she was, she recognized the spirit of unselfishness, the real heroism that moved him to think first of her, then of himself. She was never to forget the first few days following that the first few days following that the first few days following that trait did not go unrecognized, nor was trained as a young sapling, and as strong as a young sapling, and as strong as a young sapling, and as young sapling, and as a young saplin trait did not go unrecognized, nor was it unappreciated by his companions. An extremely uncommon condition marked this attitude toward him on all occasions; instead of boasting of

their own prowess, they freely admitted that "Eric Midthorne could do better than that if he half tried." Nor was there the faintest touch of jealousy or envy in their summing up of his

was prone to resent an affront with vigor, and as quick to repent. The hot blood in his veins was hard to control, but he always had the better of it. There was no indignity so grave that he could not deflect it without losing his temper entirely. He was afraid of the shadow that stalked beside him; the shadow he had inherited. If others knew the story of his antecedents, they were generous enough to the shadow he had inherited to knew the story of his antecedents, they were generous enough to keep the knowledge to themselves. In all the years he lived in Corinth, no one outside his own family, the Presbreys and old Jabez, spoke to him of his father and mother. He knew that they knew, and he was deeply sensible of their well meant restraint. Their kindly reticence had a sting, however; there was no minute in his life that his pride was not being hurt by the knowledge

was no minute in his life that his pride was not being hurt by the knowledge that they were being generous.

He was in the high school of Corinth, a leader in his classes as well as in the sports of the season. In two years he would enter Harvard. Mary, quite the prettiest girl in town, was his pride and joy, and constant care. She was gay, volatile, and deeply sensitive to the approach of slights and criticism, from which, when they came, she was quick to recover. She had him and recover and sweet desires, Falter of prayers, and wild tunes trolled, and here love lighted his sacred fires.

Given, a boy who has had arrogance as a birthright, snobbishness as a prod-uct, and moral stealth as a necessity: add two years of athletic triumph at

ard, and you have Chetwynd. went in for boxing and punching the bag. This was advised by his trainers. In college there were stal-warts who could maul him with impunity-and science-because Chet-wynd really lacked moral stamina, but when he got back home for the sum-mer vacation or the holidays he rev-elled in a perfect whirl of boxing glove victories. It was never quite fair to hit Chetwynd hard, but it was an edu-

cation to be slammed vigorously by this elegant expert.

"You've got to learn how to take it some time," was his usual response to was his usual response to their objections," and the sooner the better. Be a man."

Eric came in for some sound drub-bings in the name of science. He was slighter and not so tall as his cousin, but he was gamer than the rest of the boys who "put on the gloves" with the magnificent sophomore. While Eric knew little of boxing as it is taught, he could stand punishment for the sport of the game—and he could in-flict it, too.

More often than not, Chetwynd was compelled to remind him in the thick of combat, that if he couldn't box like a gentleman and not like a murderer he would not "take him on" again. Whereupon Eric, considerably depresed and hurs would lose much of his fierce-: 6feetyintoxicathS

ness, and, as a result, received a lesson entirely satisfactory to Chetwynd. "Oh, if I way only big enough!" the boy cried time and again to old Jabez, in announcing the result of his most recent contest.

"You'll grow sonny," mused Jabez.
"He's a coward at heart, and if you wasn't so derned sensitive you could put it all over him."

One day, toward the close of the summer vacation, Eric succeeded in drawing blood from Chetwynd's nose, and in the fusillade that followed, landed a blow which discolored the big boy's eyes—a most ignominious illumination. Chetwynd, in wild rage, grappled with his lighter antigonist and hurling him. his lighter antagonist, and, hurling him to the ground, beat him unmercifully, all the time calling him a murderer's

son—and even worse.

Eric, as usual, carried his tale of woe to the old seaman. He was bitterly lamenting his unhappy position in the Blagden family, and the insults he was forced to endure, when a stranger appeared on the scene.

It was a warm September day, and they were sitting on the bench under the shade trees just inside the gates to the snade trees just inside the gates to the park. Eric was nursing a bruised cheek and a twisted elbow. He had experienced some difficulty in evading his sister and Joan Bright, the one girl in Corinth who held an undisputed st. "You can't afford to do that, sonny," he announced. "Jest put it right out of your head, once and for all. If you was alone in the world, I'd say skip. But you ain't. You got to look out for Mary. It's plumb foolish to talk about takin' her with you. That would be the quickest way to send her to the grain to stay up there with them ple, but it's a derned starvin' to dear." not quite 15 and amazingly pretty.

But, I am on the point of digressing.

It really doesn't matter about Joan at this particular juncture. She will come in later, very handily, I'm sure. It is in later, very handlly, I'm sure. It is only necessary to repeat that, by skilful dodging, he managed to skirt the lawn without coming face to face with the girls, and reached the freindly bench on which he and Jabez was found by the stranger I came so near to over looking. Which would have been a deplorable oversight, as he is to have a most important part in the unravelling of this tale.

He was stock, well-put-up sort of

of this tale.

He was stock, well-put-up sort of man with a singularly hard and forbidding face, recently shaved; his cold grey eyes were set far back in his head and were shaded by straight, bushy brows of black. His mouth was wide and rather sinister in its expression. There was a suggestion of a smile in its corners but not a smile of mitth. rather was a suggestion of a sinile in its corners, but not a smile of mirth; rather one of derision. Eric's first glimpse of him came when he happened to turn his eyes, as if urged by an impulse that was far from voluntary, in the direction of the watch house by the gate. The stranger, in his shirt sleeves and smoking a short pipe, was leaning in the doorway, idly surveying the two on the bench. The boy started for a

moment, the words dying on his lips.

It was the first time he had seen a human being, other than old Jabez, about the little house. He was at once struck by the fact that the strang-

once struck by the fact that the stranger was quite at home and on familiar terms with the gate keeper.

Eric never knew why it was, but he suddenly found himself contrasting this hard featured individual and the ascetic, pious eyed tormentor of his soul, the excellent Mr. Presbrey. He was afterward to enjoy the humor of that ludicrous comparison.

crous comparison.

"Oh," said old Jabez, with a start,
"that's my son Eric. He's stopping in
town for a week or two, so's he can
come over to spend his vacation with
me. Adam, come here and shake hands

don't give up more of your time to raising money for the war sufferers."

"My dear Marjorie, how can you say such a thing? Haven't I sat up until 2 o'clock for three nights now playing charity bydge?" playing charity bridge?"

The Empty Room The lock is rusty, the slow key grates— Turn it more daringly, open the door! Only a ghost at the threshold waits, They that have crossed it cross it no

Sighs and sorrows and sweet desires, Falter of prayers, and wild tunes troiled, And here love lighted his sacred fires.

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ner Gateway. If you will advise when you will plan your western trip, I will be pleased to quote rates, send a copy of our hand-some Expositions folder as well as Yellowstone National Park and travel literature, and assist you in any way possible in planning your 1915 vacation trip. A. M. Cleland, General Passenger Agent, 517 Northern Pacific Ry., St. Paul, Minnesota.-Adv.

Proof Positive.

"How are you today, John?" said a landlord to one of his tenants, whom he met on the street.

"Vera weel, sir, vera weel," answered John, in his usual way, "if it wisna for the rheumatism in my right leg."

"Ah, well, John, be thankful; for there is no mistake, you are getting old like the rest of us, and old age does not come alone."

"Auld age, sir!" replied John. wonder to 'ear ye. Auld age has naething to do wi't. Here's me ither leg jist as auld, and it is quite sound and soople yet."-Youth's Companion.

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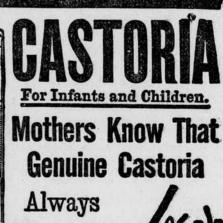
female weakness, pain and irregularities. The pains in my sides were increased by walking or standing on my feet and I had such awful bearing down feelings, was depressed in spirits and became thin and pale with dull, heavy eyes. I had six doc-

tors from whom I received only temporary relief. I decided to give Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a fair trial and also the Sanative Wash. I have now used the remedies for four months and cannot express my thanks for what they have done for me.

"If these lines will be of any benefit you have my permission to publish them." - Mrs. SADIE WILLIAMS, 455 James Street, Elkhart, Indiana.

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