



MARGARET'S NEW LIFE.

AN EASTER STORY.

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There was such joy in every step that she could not stop with the fields...



OUR CHILD IS GIVEN BACK.

The dim aisles were sweet with the perfume of lilies that filled the chancel...

Now as she knelt in the quiet of that holy place, Margaret wondered to hear with the chiming bells...

"This is too good to be true," she cried, rising in a kind of rapture...

"Nothing is too good to be true," said a voice at her side...

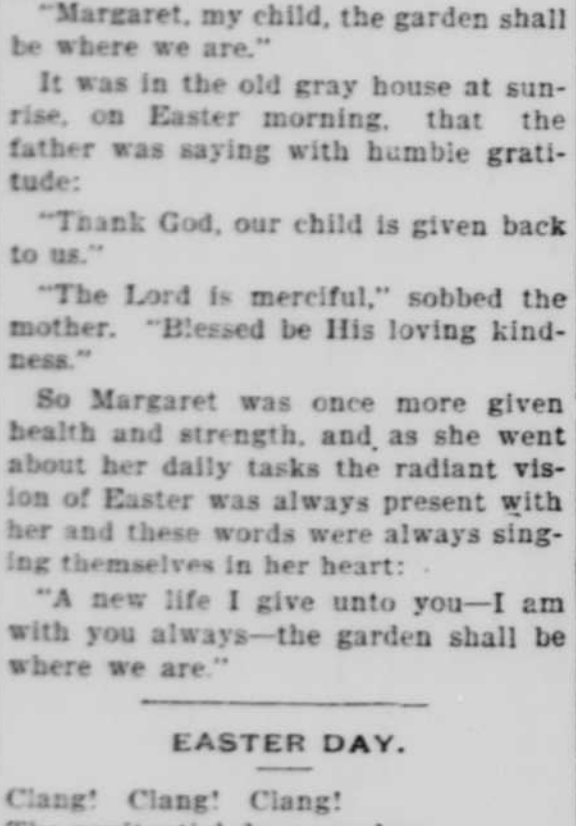
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EASTER IN CUBA.

Those of us who know Easter only on our cold and prosaic North can have little conception of the significance and solemnity of Passion Week in countries where a hotter sun has infused into their warmth into the blood.

Mr. Thomas H. Graham, vice-president of the Juragua Iron Mines company, Santiago de Cuba, gives an interesting description of Easter as observed in Santiago and other Cuban cities.

In towns where there is no cathedral some church is selected, and there the eighteen canons of the church in



SANG A HYMN TO THE VIRGIN.

image, life size and robed in white, is carried in solemn state, the entire populace joining the procession.

"A Good Friday in a southern Roman Catholic country is something to be remembered. The sun rises on a city plunged in absolute stillness—stillness of the grave.

"The people who are not in the procession vie with one another in doing homage to the Virgin as she passes.

For this is what he saw: A tall, slender, smiling girl with raven black hair braided about her head in the most engaging fashion, a pair of bluest eyes, full of modesty and merriment, a rounded throat, a pink and white skin, a fluttering white gown and some pink roses.

It was at the Easter breakfast table, and little Mabel asked: "Where's Johnny?" "He's dyeing eggs," somebody responded.

THE COMEDY OF IT.

The Hennesseys and the Whimpetts were at it again. It was the revival of an ancient unpleasantness, and it had its beginnings in the fact that when Mick Hennessey, for reasons not necessary to mention, was laid off at the stockyards, Bill Whimpett went in and took his job.

In the course of time both families would have been well enough pleased to have fluttered a flag of truce, but a perverse fate attended all efforts at reconciliation.

The Whimpetts had, moreover, some cause for envyings. They were better off than they had ever been before in their lives. They enjoyed the distinction of a front flat, a piano, a new set of parlor furniture and some flowered dishes—126 pieces, including scimitar-shaped dishes for the rinds of baked potatoes.

"Mrs. Dennis," whispered Jack, "who is that girl in the white dress that just went in the Hennesseys' door?" "That," said Mrs. Dennis, "Did she have blue eyes and black hair? Why, that's Rosemarie Hennessey, to be sure, Jack Whimpett, and not for you."



and then before the Whimpetts, who sent their brood to the public school and had expectations of nothing better.

"Keep you clear of that Rosemarie Hennessey!" warned Mrs. Whimpett, speaking to her son the day before the girl's expected return.

"Say, there's others, ain't there, Jack?" piped Dick, who knew things the rest of the family did not.

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and he stopped as if an enchantment had been cast over him, and from the safe gloom of the hall stared upon this apparition. Some one spoke to the girl, but she did not turn her head.

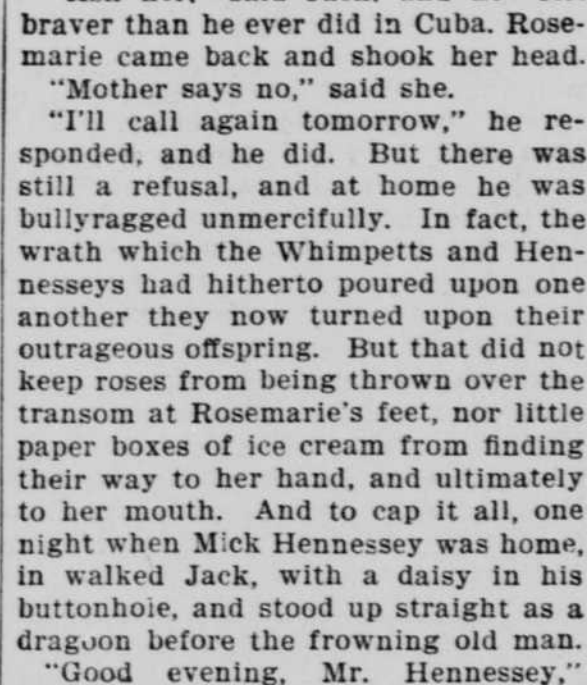
No one noticed her departure, and she slipped away from the door, then, feigning to refresh herself in the draft that came up the stairway, she covertly observed the soldier. He drew back further in the shadow, then, after a pause, he came nearer to her.

"I can't keep still when I hear music like that!" she cried. "I could dance all night."

"I couldn't sit still any longer in my room," Jack confessed. "And I thought it would be silly to get up and dance all by myself, so I concluded to go out for a walk."

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THE DREARY VELDT.

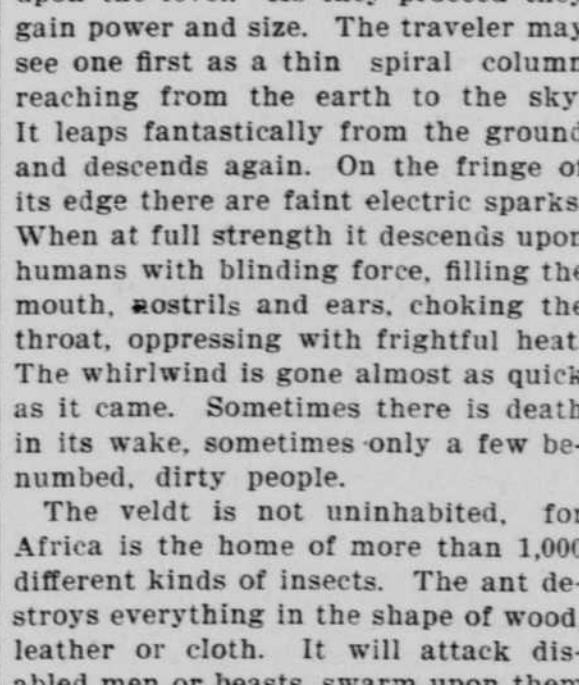
The Desolate Plain of South Africa, Where Duststorms Swallow Up Men and Animals and Nature Seems to Be Dead.

Veldt is a Dutch word sometimes spelled without the "t." It means an unforested or thinly forested tract of land, what cowboys would call a "grass country."

Mafeking, where Baden-Powell is now fighting for life and English victory, is in the heart of a veldt "upon which," writes a traveler, "there rests the silence of horror; where there is always the desolation of drought and excessive heat."

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FAST SPEED IN A FOG.

Strain on the Nerves of Engineers of Express Trains.

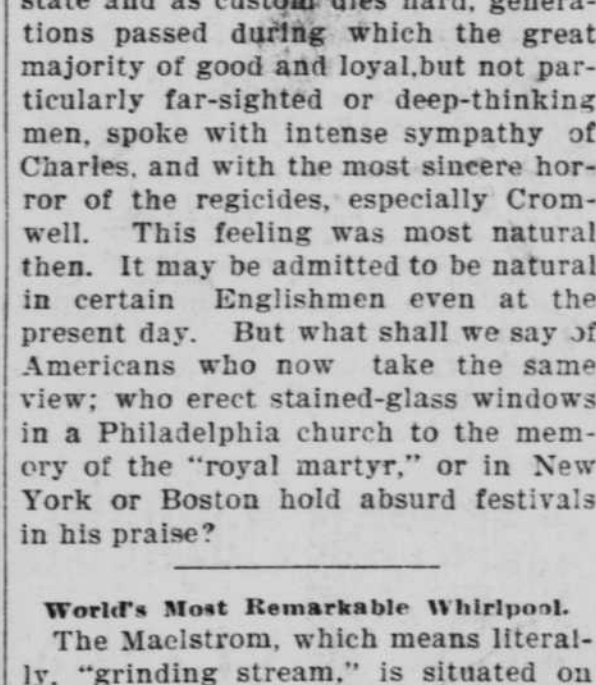
A railroad engineer, referring to the published story of the strain upon the nerves of pilots of Long Island sound steamers in dense fogs, said to a Telegraph reporter: "I just wish you would say for the engineers: 'They don't have a very easy time in such weather.'"

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CHARLES I. AS A "MARTYR."

What Shall We Say of These Americans? Asks Roosevelt.

Any man who has ever had anything to do with the infliction of the death penalty, or, indeed, with any form of punishment, knows that there are sentimental beings so constituted that their sympathies are always most keenly aroused on behalf of the offender who pays the penalty for a deed of peculiar atrocity.

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