

EASTER



**CHRIST HAS RISEN
HIS TEACHINGS REMAIN**

THE EASTER CHIMES.

A Tale from the Russian of Kovalenko.
T WAS the night before the Easter morning. The little village by the murmuring creek was half hidden in the mystical, vapory, starry gloom of a Russian night in springtime. The neighboring wood flung blackest shadows on the fields beside it. All was silent. The village slumbered. Hours passed, and long before the night was gone its still charm was broken. Lights began to glimmer in the windows of cottages whose wretchedness was disguised in the bewitching springtime gloom of night. A gate creaked. The tread of a foot was heard here and there. Moving figures, darkly outlined, emerged from the shades of the wood. A dog barked, and then another and another.

Then a horseman clattered along the village street. A passing cart groaned and creaked under its early morning burden. The darkly outlined figures increased in number. The villagers began to gather in their church to bid welcome to the spring holiday. It was a quaint little church. It stood upon a hillock in the middle of the village. All at once its windows glowed dimly among the shadows. Then their brightness increased. The church was all alight.

High into the darkness overhead reached the old belfry tower. Its top was lost in the azure gloom. Then the rickety belfry stairs began to creak. Old Michelch, the bellringer, was clambering aloft. Soon his lantern hung in the bell window, shining like a new star in the sky. It was hard for the old man to climb those steep and crooked stairs. His old eyes no longer served him, and he, like they, was worn out.

As he climbed, he pondered. It was time indeed, he thought, that he should rest. But God would not send him death. He had seen his children buried. He had stood by the open graves of his grandchildren. He had followed the dead to their last resting place. He had



THE BELLINGER WAS CLAMBERING ALOFT.
It followed the young there, too. But still he lived and lived. It was hard. Many a time had he welcomed the Easter morning—so many times that he could not recall them all. He had even forgotten how often in later years he had hoped for death in this same old belfry, as now he hoped for it. And yet this early morning God had brought him there once more.

es at their heads seemed to be guarding them with their widestretched arms. Here and there a few birch trees bent naked branches forlornly over their mounds and the aromatic odors of their young buds arose on the silent air to Michelch's nostrils. They bore to him a tale of tranquil, eternal sleep. Where would he be a year from that moment? Would he be there again? Would he have once more climbed into that tower under the clamorous copper bells to awaken the slumbering night with their sharp, resounding strokes? Or would he lie out there in a dark corner of the cemetery with a white cross guarding his everlasting sleep? God alone knew. He was ready to die—but in the meantime God had brought him into the belfry once more to welcome the Easter morning. "To the glory of God!" His old lips repeated the oft spoken



HE SEIZED THE BELL ROPES,
formula, and his old eyes gazed into the deep sky above, burning with its millions upon millions of stars. "Michelch! Oh, Michelch!" The voice came from below. It was the old sexton, who had come from the church into the graveyard beneath the tower and who was gazing upward, with his hands shading his blinking, tear moistened eyes in vain effort to make out the form of the bellringer in the darkness overhead.

"What do you want?" answered old Michelch, bending over the railing. "I am here. Can't you see me?" "I do not see," cried the sexton. "Is it not time to ring? What do you think?" Both gazed upon the stars. Thousands of God's lanterns were blinking at them from the firmament. The night was waning. Michelch thought. "No, not yet," he said. "Wait awhile. I know when." But it was time to salute the Easter morning. Old Michelch gazed at the stars once more, and then arose. He removed his hat, crossed himself and gathered up the bell ropes. A moment more and the night air shivered under the first resounding stroke. Then came the second, the third, the fourth. The lightly sleeping Easter air quivered with the joyous music of the shouting, singing bells.

Then the bells ceased. The solemn service began in the church below. In bygone years Michelch had always gone down to the service and stood in a corner near the door, praying and listening to the music. But it was hard for him to do this now. He felt tired. So he sat down on the bench beneath the copper bells and listened to their waning resonance. He thought. About what? Michelch himself could hardly answer the question. His glimmering lantern scarcely lit up the belfry. He could not make out the droning bells. They were lost in darkness. From the church below his old ears caught the singing now and then. The old man's gray head

sank upon his chest. Disconnected scenes from the past swarmed in his mind like bees in the hive. "Ah!" he said as the music of the Easter hymn drifted up the tower stairs. "They are singing the troparian." In his imagination he sang that hymn, again a youth, in the old church below. The little old priest, Father Naum, many years dead and buried, once more was intoning the end of a prayer, while children's voices united in the responses. Hundreds of peasants bowed and arose like corn before the wind. Now they crossed themselves devoutly.

The old familiar faces were of those long since dead. There was the stern visage of his father. There stood his elder brother at the old man's side, sighing deeply and crossing himself again and again. There he himself stood, young, healthful, strong, joyful, full of expectation of a life's happiness. Where was that happiness now? The old man's thoughts flickered up like a dying flame. Recollection illumined all the nooks and corners of his life. And all he saw was endless, ceaseless, merciless labor—labor far beyond his strength. He saw sorrow, too—much sorrow—and suffering unutterable.

Ah, where indeed was that happiness of which he had dreamed? The burdens of life had wrinkled his young face, had bent his powerful back before the time had come. They had made the joyous boy sigh as his elder brother had sighed. There on the left, among the women of the village, with her head humbly bent, he saw his sweetheart. She was a good woman. May the peace of God be with her soul! Oh, the pain that she had suffered! Want and work and woman's woes had withered her glowing womanhood. Her eyes had grown dim with years and weeping. The shocks and blights of life had painted a dull fright upon her comely face.

Ah, where was her happiness? God had given them one son, their joy, their very soul, and he was ground to his death by men's injustice. The picture broadened and grew vivid in the old man's mind. He saw standing in his pew the rich enemy of the family, bowing his head to the very ground, glossing over in his prayers the wrongs of the widows and orphans whose lives he had blighted in his selfish greed. Michelch felt his heart grow hot within him now, as it had done then, while the dark faces of the holy



HAD FALLEN HELPLESSLY.
Images on the altar frowned sternly upon man's sorrows and man's injustice. But all this was long, long passed. All this was far away in the old times. And now all the wide world for him was this dark tower, where the wind sighed gently among the swinging bell ropes. "Let God judge you! God will judge you!" whispered the old man, thinking of his enemy. Silent tears ran down his cheeks. "Michelch! Ah, Michelch! What is the matter with you? Are you asleep?"

The voice came from the churchyard without. "Good God!" cried the old man, remembering the further duty that awaited him. "Did I really fall asleep?" He seized the bell ropes and pulled them with skillful hand. Far below the people swarmed from the church, as ants swarm from the anthill. Golden standards reared themselves in the air of the unborn Easter morning. Forming as a cross, the procession began to move around the church, amid joyful cries of "Christ has risen from the dead!" The words went to the old bellringer's heart, and glancing out he was exalted in spirit. It seemed to him that the waxen candles that the people bore blazed with suddenly increased brilliance in the gray darkness, that the throng moved more and more swiftly, that the standards waved the more joyously, and that the awakening wind lifted up the joyful chorus from below and turned it to the bell's brazen peals with a sweetness superhuman. Never did Michelch ring the bells with such joy and spirit. It seemed as if his old heart had been welded into the dead copper of those bells, which laughed and sang and wept at the entrancing melody that rose to the stars above. And the stars seemed to fairly blaze with joy of it as the music poured upward into heaven and fell backward to caress the earth. What a hymn of joy it was! The bell-pealed forth. The great bass ruffled the sky with the grand brazen cry of "Christ has risen." And the tenors struck to their hearts, shouted sonorously, "Christ has risen!" while the clanging sopranos, as though fearing their lesser voices should be lost to the grand chorus, hurriedly, like gleeful children trying to outstrip each other screamed a thousand times, "Christ has risen!"

And that sad old heart forgot its cares, its sorrows, and its insults. The gray bellringer heard only the brazen music, now singing, now weeping, now floating to the stary sky, now sinking to the wretched earth; and it seemed to him that he was surrounded by his children and his grandchildren and that these were their happy voices—the voices of old and young together pouring out in one grand chorus a hymn of joy and rapture. So the old bellringer pulled the ropes, with strong, nervous arms while tears poured down his cheeks and his heart ran fairly over with a happiness he had never known before. And below the people listened, and they said to each other that Michelch had never rung so wonderfully before.

Then suddenly the great bass bell hesitated—and was silent. For a moment the others sank an unfinished, uncertain harmony. Then they, too, ceased, and there was silence save for the low, sad, trembling droning of their stilled but still resonant throats.

The gray bellringer had fallen helplessly on the bench beside the ropes and two tears silently rolled over his pale cheeks.

Send a substitute! The old bellringer has rung himself out.

For Easter.
RISE! This day shall shine for evermore,
To thee a star divine on Time's dark shore!

Till now thy soul has been all glad and gay;
Bid it awake and look a' Grief to-day!

But now the stream has reached a dark, deep sea;
And sorrow, dim and crowned, is waiting thee.

Each of God's soldiers bears a sword divine;
Stretch out thy trembling hands to-day for thine!

Then with slow, reverent step and beating heart,
From out thy joyous day thou must depart—

And, leaving all behind, come forth alone,
To join the chosen band around the throne.

Raise up thine eyes! Be strong! Nor cast away
The crown that God has given thy soul to-day!

Easter Hares.
About Easter time hares are almost as common as eggs in the shop windows, and many boys and girls may wonder why this is so. It is plain why the egg should be used. The life which comes, after so long a time, from the lifeless-looking egg, makes it especially typical of the resurrection. It is not so clear what the hare has to do with Easter Sunday.

Easter is a feast regulated by the moon. That is, it is appointed by the church that Easter should fall "upon the first Sunday after the first full moon which fell upon or after the vernal equinox." Now, the hare is the animal which the ancients considered sacred to the moon, and proper to be used at all feasts regulated by the moon.

So among the old customs which have been handed down to us from the old, old days is that which still uses the hare as well as the egg in the pretty fanciful decorations suitable for our great spring festival.—Easter Sunday.

No greater thing can be done than to love God and keep his commandments.

AT RUSSIA'S MERCY.
FAVOR OF THE CZAR'S PURPOSES SIGNED.

An Important Alliance: The European Powers Allowed the Use of Harbors Along the Coast and Granted Other Privileges in Return for Aid of China in War.

SAN FRANCISCO, March 30.—The North China Daily News prints what is said to be a translation of a secret treaty entered into between Russia and China. The treaty allows Russia to use any of the harbors along the coast of China to mobilize fleets therein, buy coal and supplies, recruit forces in Chinese territory, buy horses, hire coolies, etc. Russia is to have the use of Port Arthur as a winter harbor, but if complications with other powers should arise, Russia may use any other port on the coasts of Kiang Su and Che Kiang. In return, Russia is to help China in case of war with other powers. Russia will be permitted to build a branch of the Siberian railway through Manchuria, the line to be controlled jointly after fifteen years by China and Russia. At the end of that time China is to be allowed to purchase Russia's share of the branch road. In order to protect this road, Russia will be allowed to hold one of the islands near Taliwan. Russia will also be allowed to fortify points in Chinese territory opposite Vladivostok. If Russia and Japan should come to blows, Russia is given permission to attack the frontiers of Corea, by the way of the Yalu river. China will open her markets to the sale of Russian goods, and Russia will lend several hundred officers to drill about 100,000 Chinese troops. Among the passengers on the steamer Coptic, which arrived from Yokohama and Hong Kong, was Field Marshal Marquis Yamagata, who commanded the Japanese forces during the war with China. He is on his way to Moscow to attend the coronation of the czar, as the representative of Japan.

The citizens of Corea are greatly agitated over the enforcement of the order for cutting of queues. They extremely hate the Japanese and frequently attempt to assault them. February 5 a party of Japanese troops and telegraph workmen were attacked by rioters between Chun Yang and Chol Lyong and one sergeant was killed. One coolie fled back to Gensan wounded, but the fate of the six others was not ascertained. On the receipt of the report Sub-Lieutenant Tani, with forty men, went to the spot, and, it is said, fought the rebels in the vicinity of Chol Lyong.

The American minister has frequently advised the new Korean cabinet to refrain from committing atrocious cruelties. Despite this advice, the latter actively set about the task of arresting those regarded as the partisans of Tai Won Jun and of Japan, and was going to put to death eight men who had been arrested. Thereupon the American minister so strenuously objected to these measures that he declared he would pull down his flag and withdraw from the country unless those persecuted were more leniently treated. The cabinet was forced to suspend the arrests, and the eight prisoners are likely to now be spared.

Three hundred Chinese were killed by the explosion of a magazine attached to the fort at Kiang, China, February 24. The explosion, according to the mail advices, was the work of mutinous soldiers, who were preparing to join secret society rebels in the attack of the adjacent town, but whether by carelessness or intention is not known.

SOUTH AFRICA UPRISING

The Matabeleland Outbreak Getting Decidedly Serious—Settlers in Peril.
CAPE TOWN, March 30.—The situation in Matabeleland, where the natives are in rebellion, is most serious, though the prompt action of the British and settlers is having a good effect. The gravest fears are entertained for the safety of 1,000 settlers, mainly women and children, in the lager-jim of Matabele has been reported. The settlers have only sufficient provisions to last them a short time.

One of the gravest features of the uprising is that it is now admitted that the native police have been induced not only to take part in the rebellion, but to induce the various tribes they were supposed to control to also rise against the whites. It is estimated that in this manner 700 well trained fighting men, armed with modern rifles and well supplied with ammunition have gone over to the enemy. For obvious reasons the authorities are withholding many facts connected with the uprising, which there is no doubt is far more serious than at first believed.

Dispatches from Bulawayo to-day announce that Frederick C. Selous, the explorer, who left that town yesterday at the head of a strong detachment of volunteer police, met and engaged the enemy, killing a large number. Five troopers were killed.

Captain Spreckels, on Thursday, it is announced, met and repulsed a strong body of Matabeles and inflicted great loss upon them. The troopers escaped with only a few men wounded.

A Chicago Club Abolishes the Color Line.
CHICAGO, March 30.—The Hamilton club has added the name of a colored man to the list of its members. It is the first of the leading man's organizations in Chicago to abolish the color line. This especial honor was conferred upon Adelbert H. Roberts, a lawyer.

CHAMPAIGN, Ill., March 30.—The Champaign county grand jury, which indicted John P. Altgeld, governor of the State of Illinois, and the other members of the board of trustees of the Illinois University, for non-compliance with the law requiring the United States flag to be floated over all public school buildings, also brought in indictment against Rev. Father Wagner, pastor of St. Mary's Roman Catholic Church, and Rev. Fred Verelahan, pastor of St. Peter's German Lutheran Church, for failure to comply with the law in not maintaining the United States flag over their respective parochial schools.

AS JOE MANLEY SEES IT

Reed's Manager Predicts Major McKinley's Defeat.

WASHINGTON, March 30.—Mr. J. H. Manley sent the following telegram yesterday to the Massachusetts Republicans:

"At the close of your convention there will have been 325 delegates elected. Governor McKinley will have 102 delegates, provided you assign to him the entire delegation from Wisconsin, Indiana and Minnesota. But there should be taken from this number twelve delegates from the States, who have declared since their election in favor of Mr. Reed, and as they were not instructed they should be taken from the McKinley column and placed in Mr. Reed's. This gives Governor McKinley 150 delegates, Mr. Reed 72, Governor Morton 61, Senator Allison 58, Senator Quay 56, Senator Cullom 42, contested, 36."

"You will see that this gives McKinley 150 delegates, against 210 anti-McKinley delegates."

"The situation is precisely as it was twenty years ago. You will remember that three months before the convention met at Cincinnati we were confident of Mr. Blaine's nomination. He stood then as the apostle of protection, but he had opposed to his nomination, Senator Conkling of New York, Senator Morton of Indiana, Secretary Bristol of Kentucky, Governor Hayes of Ohio, and Governor Hartman of Pennsylvania. We felt so sure of Mr. Blaine's nomination that we regarded it as settled, and yet he was defeated in the convention, and the Maine man went down before the Ohio governor."

"History will repeat itself at St. Louis. Governor McKinley is, and will be, the leading candidate in the convention, but he will have opposed to him as a candidate Governor Morton of New York, Senator Allison of Iowa, Senator Cullom of Illinois, Senator Quay of Pennsylvania, and Mr. Reed of Maine. You will find that the tables will be turned, and the Governor of Ohio will go down before the man from Maine."
(Signed) "J. H. MANLEY."

FACTIONS IN OKLAHOMA.

Reed and McKinley Dividing the Fealty of the Republican Delegates.
OKLAHOMA CITY, Ok., March 30.—Long before the Republican territorial convention, to select six delegates to the national convention, was called to order to-day, it was evident that the gathering would prove a lively one. Every county had a nominee for national delegate. There were two decided factions on hand, one for McKinley, the other favoring Reed, and whatever other forecast of the convention's actions might be made, it seemed positive that the St. Louis delegation would not be solid for either.

The New Reform Party's Call.
PITTSBURG, Pa., March 30.—The provisional national executive committee of the new national Reform party has issued a call for a national convention to be held in Pittsburgh, May 25. In a declaration of principles, the committee recommends to the platform committee direct legislation, the issuance of all moneys, gold, silver and paper, to be legal tender and exchangeable at par; the abolition of the liquor traffic, free of equal coinage of silver and gold at the ratio of 16 to 1, and government ownership of railroads, telegraph and telephone.

Oney Will Be a Candidate.
WASHINGTON, March 30.—Secretary of State Oney will in all probability be a candidate before the Democratic convention at Chicago. The present understanding is that Massachusetts will present his name and send a solid delegation for him.

SCORED BY ROSEBERY.
Lord Salisbury's Foreign Policy Denounced by the Liberal Leader.
LONDON, March 30.—The Earl of Rosebery, leader of the Liberal party, made an important speech last night before the National Liberal Federation, charging the government with a deplorable want of continuity in the foreign policy. He pointed out that within six months they had been on the verge of war with the United States, and then with Germany, and now they were embarking on a war with no particular enemy. He passed over the black and bloody page of Armenia, he said, which Englishmen would all look back to with shame and remorse. Lord Salisbury, up to the end of December, had displayed leniency to the Dreibund. By the beginning of January his continuous policy had landed Great Britain in the arms of France, whose affections it was intended to gain by the monstrous Siam convention. That state had lasted about six weeks, and then Lord Salisbury embarked in a march to the Sudan, which outrages France and throws Great Britain back into the arms of the Dreibund. Lord Rosebery proceeded in detail to very strongly criticize the Nile expedition.

Continuing, Lord Rosebery complained of the indecision and failure of the government to take the country into its confidence. He greatly feared that the government was fooling itself as well as the country. "Was it the time," he asked, "when we were menaced with complications in all quarters of the world, to scatter our forces in the deserts of the Sudan in an affair which nobody could foresee the end of, and to waste the money which Egypt needed for great irrigation works?" The remainder of his speech was devoted to home politics.

Workmen Object to Checks.
WEST BAY CITY, Mich., March 30.—Fourteen hundred men employed in the ship yard of Wheeler & Co. struck this morning against the check system of payment. The firm gave its reason for adopting the system the inconvenience and danger of transporting \$20.00 every pay day.

Free Silver Delegation.
HANNIBAL, Mo., March 30.—The 13 to 1 and the sound money Democrats met last night to choose delegates to the county convention. A solid free silver delegation was elected.