

FLOWER THAT TYPIFIES EASTER | the Easter flower; deathlike rather than | and the field were transformed into East-Religious and Poetic Associations that

Cluster Around the Lily.

HE flower that typifies Easter to all nations and to all peoples is the lovely ascension lily, which blooms in fragrant abundance in time for the festival of the spring. Every florist's window is adorned with its beauty; every private dwelling is permeated with its sweetness; it clusters around altar and shrine, and wafts its penetrating odor through the dim aisles of vast cathedrals. It lies like

a star on the coat lapel of the man of fashion, and rests contentedly pinned to the waist of the Easter costume of the belle of the season.

As white is the color of the resurrection, any kind of a spotless blossom can be appropriately used for Easter decoration, but the lily is the symbol sanctioned for Easter service by the annual repetition of centuries. From the time of that faraway morning, when the angel rolled back the stone from the sepulcher and told the sorrowing Mary to seek elsewhere for her risen Savior, the lily in art, in religion, in fashion, has typified the spirit of the res-

The lily was the popular blossom of Palestine. Over and over again its beauty imbedded in the superstitions of northern | clesiastical convenience. From these conis extolled in the Bible, and the story Germany and was carried to England by ditions it follows that Easter Sunday of its leveliness is continued from page to the Saxons. Even to the beginning of page, and the scent of its fragrance steals faintly through the ages that separate the nineteenth century from the centuries that were chronicled before modern time land, it was mainly a festival of joy; joy began. "Consider the lilies of the field," at the rising of the long-hidden sun and said the wisest man that ever lived. "They at the awakening of nature after her toil not, neither do they spin, and yet I | drowsy winter's rest. But the church say to you that Solomon in all his glory turned natural rejoicing into spiritual joy, over the fire; moisten four tablespoonfuls was not arrayed like one of these." The and substituted the sun of righteousness beauty of the Easter blossom is as no- for the material sun, and the resurrection ticeable to-day as in the days of the of Christ for the birth of nature, while thick, add half a teacupful of sugar and a reign of the sage king of Jerusalem; and the bonfire is typified in the huge Paschal all the glory of the yearly Easter raiment, | candle of Easter Saturday. which fashion and beauty together render so enticing, fades into insignificance before the lovely purity of the perfect star--shaped flowers.

What is properly the Easter lily with its long waxen petals and fragrant heart, is often called by other names, but the de- being so unexplainable, on any principle aside to harden. Whip a pint of cream, lightful odor that Juliet attached to the of science, that the Hindoos regard the turn the jelly out on a large, round dish, rose called by whatsoever title, is indeli- hatching of every egg as a direct interpo- remove the soup plate. Cut strips of canbly associated with the glory of the spring sition of divine power. In the early days died orange or lemon peel and put around festival. It promises Easter when March of Christianity a great many Pagan sup- the space for straws, and fill the center snow and wind are unpleasantly dragging | erstitions were engrafted on the new sys- | with the whipped cream. Peel the shells out winter's life, and presages warmth tem. The Saturnalia of Rome became off the cornstarch eggs, arrange them in and sunshine with the advent of April. the Christmas midwinter Festival. The the center of the nest, send to the table, protect you, you can and will protect The calla lily is a colder blossom than spring holidays of the gods of the wood and serve in glass saucers.

suggestive of a new birth, but its purity er. The sending of eggs, as presents in new town on the railroad and the of whiteness makes it appropriately sea- the spring, was a common practice long death of the old one. Prairie City sonable. The modest valley lily with its before the time of Christ among both the string of tiny colorless bells, shares also Persians, the Hindoos, the Egyptians and the Easter privilege of paying floral trib- the Jews, the egg being regarded as emute to the joy of the resurrection.

Easter is the egg. Formerly they were if not most, of the early Christians were known as Pasch eggs, and stained with Jews and retained the practice, coloring dye woods and herbs, were presented as the eggs red in allusion to the crucifixion, gifts to friends and acquaintances. Sometimes they were eaten and sometimes kept as amulets, and frequently games were played by striking shell against shell. In some moorland portions of Scotland it was formerly the custom for bands of men and girls to go out early on the morning of Easter and search for the eggs of wild fowl to be used at breakfast, and the finder considered himself blessed for the

coming year by the god of fortune. The original use of the egg at Easter simply typified the revivification of nature at that season of the year. The Jews used eggs at the festival of the Passover, and the Persians in their celebrations of date of Easter is determined, but a few the solar new year, which occurred in March, mutually presented each other with colored eggs. Christianity retained the ancient symbol, but changed its sig- are four: First, Easter must be celebratnificance into new birth and the risen life ed on a Sunday; second, this Sunday must of the resurrection.

date backward to the times of the pagan | whose fourteenth day falls on or next folascendancy. The goddess Ostara, or Eas- lows the day of the vernal equinox: ter, was the personification of the east. or morning, and also of spring, or the bud- | the calendar on the 21st day of March. ding year. The Anglo-Saxon name of April was Estormonath, and Germany membered, is not the moon of the heavens worship of the spring divinity was deeply it is an imaginary moon created for ecthe present century Ostermonath was celebrated in Prussia by ceremonial rites and bonfires. Like the May jubilees in Eng-

Origin of Coloring Easter Eggs. In all oriental mythology the egg is the symbol of life, the mysterious appearance of a living creature from the apparently bottom of a round, two-quart tin pan, pour inert matter contained within the shell gelatin jelly over the soup plate and set

blematic of the resurrection of nature After the lily the symbolic emblem of from a state of apparent death. Many,

THE DATE OF EASTER.

Why It Is Sometimes Early and a

Other Times Late. The date of Easter is determined by the ecclesiastical calendar of the Catholic Church. It is a very complicated and laborious affair invented by Lilius, a Neapolitan astronomer and sage, under Pope Gregory XIII., at the close of the sixteenth century. It would be preposterous to tax the brains of modern readers with the abstrucce calculations by which the general rules might be given for their enlightenment.

The regulations of the council of Nice follow the fourteenth of the paschal moon; Many of the popular Easter observances | third, the paschal moon is that moon fourth, the equinox is fixed invariably in

This calendar moon, it should be restill recognizes it as Ostermonath. The nor yet the moon of the astronomers, but cannot happen earlier than the 221 of March or later than the 25th of April.

> How to Mske Easter Pudding. To make Easter pudding, says the

Woman's Home Companion, put a pint of milk into a small saucepan, and set of cornstarch with a little cold milk, and add to the milk in the saucepan, stir until tablespoonful of vanilla. Have ready a dozen eggshells that have been carefully emptied through a small hole in the top, fill them with the mixture, stand up in a pan of meal and set aside to harden. Turn a large soup plate upside down in the

THE EASTER "ADVANCE GUARD."



THE HILLS OF GOD.

We journeyed through the lowland shad

Through the dull, dull mist and rain; Oh, chilling the fegs of the marshes And the winds from the lonely plain! And our hearts grow sick with longing For the beautiful paths untrod, For we know that away above us Stretch the glad green Hills of God,

Our feet are chained to the valley, We plow and we sow and reap; There are strifes and toils for the noon

And a grave where at night we sleep. But a something speaks within us: "Look away from the spade and the

O soul, look up for thy birthright, And away to the Hills of God!

'In the winds that sweep their summits Is healing for all thy ills; Up, up! till thou feel the current! There is help, there is help in the hills. Let darkness and sore disaster

But sunder thee from the sod, And know thou shalt thrive in the sunlight That crowneth the Hills of God." -Utica Globe.

A CHANGE OF PURPOSE

When Silas Ryan, the proprietor and and manager of Ryan's ranch, set his employes at work, fencing in a large body of the best Government land in Southern Kansas, he stirred up a goodand naturally the settlers and homeseekers resented his cool appropriation of it to his own use. There were men who wanted it for homes, and who were entitled to it under the laws, and these men looked upon Ryan's conduct as a base infringement on their rights and were not sparing in their denunciation of him and his or-

Near Ryan's ranch there was a little town known as Prairie City. It was an insignificant place, with less than 200 population, but it gave promise of great things in the future. Its inhabitants, and the settlers on the prairie about it, believed that in time Prairie City would become one of the leading towns of Kansas. Unfortunately, however, the hopes of those people were never to be realized. A railroad was soon after built through that part of the country and it missed Prairie City by just two miles. The result was a went the way of hundreds of other Kansas towns. Its population took up their possessions, including their houses, and moved across the prairie to the railroad.

In Prairie City's halcyon days, however, it boasted of a newspaper, the Prairie City Eagle. It was not much of a paper, being small and poorly printed, but it was quite as good as its patronage justified. Its subscription list was extremely limited, and its advertising business was dwarfed to one column of display matter and a few lines of pay locals.

The Eagle, as a matter of course, stood by the town people and the settlers, and when Ryan set his men to fencing in the public lands for grazing purposes, it came out with a strong editorial denouncing him in the severest terms. It pronounced his action dishonest, as he was stealing the people's rights. It went further and said that it was the lowest and most contemptible species of dishonesty, since by it he was stealing the homes from poor, struggling men and their wives and children, thereby robbing them of a chance to earn an honest living.

"It is the duty of the homeseekers," It went on, "to protect themselves against the encroachments of this greedy cormorant, who, for the sake of adding to his ill-gotten wealth, would starve even the innocent, unconscious, helpless babe in its mother's arms. It is the duty of the settlers to band themselves together, to take the law in their own hands, and cut the wire that shuts them out of their own. Tear down the fence, drive off or kill the



usurper's cattle and give him to understand that if the Government won't vourselves."

indignation. He was forced to admit | vide for her now." that there was much truth in the article, but it was none the more palatable to him for that. He swore vengeance against the Eagle and its editor, and vowed that not another issue of the paper should be published.

At dinner time he read the article to his employes as they sat at the table. They were six in number, recently emigrated from a ranch down in Texas. and had a reputation for being the hardest and most reckless dare-devils that ever rode the range. When Ryan | the end. had finished reading he said:

"What do you think of that?" "I think it's blamed big crowing from a mighty little rooster," one of the cow-

boys replied. "If the settlers want to take that ed-Nor's advice and try it on about cutting the wires," another said, "just let them. They'll find before they get through with it that they've got into enough to pile onto a man and squelch the hottest and most unhealthy job him, but it's a different thing when it they ever tackled."

Ryan questioned. "Of course we will," one of them answered. "We're paid to work for you, and we've not got any love for settlers. We'll see that your fence is not cut and

that your cattle are not bothered." "That's all right," Ryan said, "but there is something else I want you to do."

"What is it?"

"I want this paper squelched." "We'll squelch it."

"I want you to ride over to Prairie City to-night and clean the thing out root and branch. Burn the office, smash up the old press and chase the editor out of the country."

"We'll do it." Just after supper that night the cowboys loaded their pistols carefully and buckled them about their waists. Then they brought out their horses, saddled and mounted them, and rode away in the direction of Prairie City at a mad gallop. Just before they reached the town they came to a halt. One of them

any reckless chances in this business, so we had better be a little cautious. I guess that sditor is a spindle-shanked, goggle-eyed old rooster from the East who'd drop dead at the sight of a pistol, but still he may be a varmint of a different color. For all we know he may turn loose and go to pumping lead sized hornet's nest, and brought the into us at the rate of about sixty bulinsects buzzing angrily about his head. Lets a minute. It will be safest to kind He had no shadow of right to the land, of slip up on him and take him unawares."

The others agreed to this proposition, and accordingly they rode quietly into town, dismounted and tied their horses, and noiselessly approached the Eagle office. A light was shining through a window of the little one-story box building, and by one common impulse the cowboys stole cautiously forward to this window with a view to peeping into the room to see how the land lay.

rickety old typestand containing a half | knew the true object of the night's visdozen cases of type. On the other side it that was paid her by the cowboys stood an old press, while in the center of Ryan's ranch. Whether she would there was a zine-covered goods box have thought any the less of them if which answered in the place of an im- she had known is a matter of doubt. posing stone. Up at the end of the room was a small table at which was the action of his employes, the more esseated a woman.

table and her face lay between her hands. She was sitting directly in front of the window, apparently looking year, and he could not discharge them straight at it, so the cowboys had a good, square view of her features. He was entirely helpless and when the They saw that she was young and pretty, not much more than a child claims on his ranch he had to quietly and very sad. There was a deeply troubled expression on her face, and once they saw her brush tears from her

"The editor's wife or daughter. 1 reckon," one of the cowboys whisper-

"Guess so," one of the others replied; and like as not the old whelp's been abusing her."

"I'm going in and talk to her," the first speaker announced. "You chaps wait outside till I come back."

"A good idea," another agreed. "We want to see a little more into this business before we do anything rash,"

door and entered the office. He passed across the floor and stopped just before the little table at which the woman was sitting. He took off his hat, made an awkward bow and said:

"Good evening, lady. I hope I find

ou well." A shade of fear passed over the woman's face and a startled look came to her eyes when she saw the man's huge pistols and noted his cowboy attire. Still, she answered calmly and bravely enough:

"I am quite well, thank you. Is there anything I can do for you?"

"Why, I don't know. I reckon maybe I'd like to see the editor of this pa-

"I am the editor."

"Well, but I want to see the manyour father or husband, or whoever he "There is no man here. I am all

lone." "You don't mean that you are run-

ning this paper all by yourself!" "Yes, sir, except for the help of a boy,

who manages the press for me." The cowboy whistled, then stood staring at the woman in amazement. At last he ejaculated:

"Well, if that don't stump me. A woman running a paper all alone with no men folks to help her! Gee, but it must be lots of hard work!"

"It is, but I don't mind that. I'd be willing to work night and day if I could just manage some way to keep he paper going."

"You're not figuring on stopping it, are you?"

"Yes, I'll have to stop it. I can't get enough money to buy any more paper. A copy of the paper containing this My mother is sick and I have to buy editorial fell into Ryan's hands. He medicine and things for her. Poor read it and boiled over with wrath and | mother! I don't know how I shall pro-

The girl's voice trembled and her eyes filled with tears. The cowboy looked on a moment, then paced rapidly two or three times across the room. Finally he said:

"You wait here for me. I'll be back in a few minutes."

He hurried out to his companions, who were waiting at the door. He drew them away to a safe distance from the office, and then told them all he had discovered. They heard him to

"So that woman," one of them said, wrote that piece about Ryan?" "She did."

"Then if we kick up a fuss with anybody it's got to be with her." "It has."

"In that case I guess we won't kick up any fuss."

comes to a poor lone woman strugmother."

"Then you boys will stand by me?" gling bravely to support her sick "The paper is going to quit, anyhow," some one remarked, "so it's all right to let it alone. It can't do any

more damage." The man who had come from the room was silent and thoughtful for a

moment, then he said: "I reckon the paper's not going to quit, either. I've got money enough to

tide it over a few weeks, and-" "I've got enough to tide it over a few more weeks," another said, and he was promptly followed by the others with like propositions. The upshot of the matter was that a minute later a roll of money was put into the girl's hands, and before she had recovered from her astonishment the cowboys were on their way back to the ranch.

"Wonder what Ryan will think!" one of them remarked as they rode along. "Don't matter what he thinks," another replied. "We didn't hire to him

to make war on women. Thanks to the aid given by the cowboys the Eagle lived; and when Prairie "Now, boys, we don't want to take | City moved to the new town the Eagle' went with it, and there it grew and



"GOOD MORNING, LADY."

prospered and in time became a prom-On one side of the room they saw a linent paper. But the editor never

Naturally Ryan was displeased with pecially since the Eagle kept up its The woman's elbows rested on the fight on him. But there was nothing he could do save submit, since he had contracted with his employes for a for refusing to do an unlawful act. settlers cut his fence and took up give way to them and seek grazing lands elsewhere.-Utica Globe.



A young whale weighing about 2,000 pounds was captured the other day off Biddeford Pool, Me.

Some sheep were frightened by dogs The cowboy walked around to the at Grenoble, France, and 242 blindly "followed their leader" over a precipice 150 feet high.

A remarkable eel has been discovered in the Fiji Islands. It has a peculiar formation in its throat, which causes it to whistle when in an excited state. The eel is fifteen feet long, and several inches in girth.

In the markets of Brazil one often sees live snakes-a species of boafrom ten to fifteen feet long. They are employed in many houses to hunt rats at night, being otherwise perfectly harmless. They become attached to a house like a cat or a dog.

Mrs. Flitch, of Denver, Colo., drives an ostrich, behind which she rides in a light wagon. She is the only woman in the world who owns a zoological garden, and manages it berself. The animal isn't guided by the reins, but by a long whip, with which the driver hits it on the feathers.

Certainly a Title of "Distinction." Not long ago an Indian general, who had returned home on the expiry of h s term of service, was invited to "dine and sleep" at Windsor. He took advantage of his proximity to Eton to walk over to the famous public school. He there called on the house master of a young Indian prince, the son of a Rajah who had thought it well to send his son over to England to be educated. ine general informed the house master that he had, before leaving India, promised the Rajah to deliver a message to his son's master. It was that the Rajah desired that his son should receive no exceptional treatment in the school on account of his exalted birth, and that his fellow students should not be encouraged to show him any special deference. The house master hastened to reassure the Rajah's messenger.

"Pray tell the Rajah that there is no reason to be alarmed that his son will receive too great deference. You may assure his highness that in this school his son answers to the name of 'Nigger,' and among his intimates he is commonly called 'Coal-Scuttle.' "

He Loved and Won.

Tom-That friend you introduced at the club last night seems to be a melancholy sort of fellow. What's the matter with him?"

Jack-Disappointed in love, I believe. Tom-Too bad; got the mitten, I sup-

Jack-Oh, no; he got the girl.

The long-headed clergyman preaches the shortest sermon.

Talk is cheap, but somehow go "Not if I can help it. It's all right | always gains currency