voice," is Patti's dictum,
As a matter of fact, she rarely takes

riage follow so that she may enter it at

forward to a period of rest and pleasure in her Welsh home, Craig-y-Nos. She is now having constructed there a small

theater, where plays and operas will be performed for the entertainment of her

guests, "I have only the most general side of what it will be like," she said, "Mr. Henry Irving is kindly looking after it for me, and I have left every-

thing to him; but this I do know, it will

will accommodate about two hundred

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No man or woman now living will ever date a

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years and then move up to second place in 1900, where it will rest for one hundred years.

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IN THE BREAKING OF THE DAY.

Frances L. Mace in Harper's Magazine.

Frince L. Mace in Harper's Magazine.

In the gray of Easter even,
When the light begins to fade,
Fly two angels out of heaven,
Velled in vesper shade.
And they watch by those that sleep,
As they watched Immanuel's rest,
And they comfort all who weep.
As they soothed sad Mary's breast.
Soft they whisper through the night:
"Wait until the morning light!
From your sorrow look away From your serrow look away To the breaking of the day.

In the Easter dawn victorious,
When the stars in rose-light fade,
Rise those angels, plumed and glorious,
Like the sun arrayed.
And they gather up the flowers
From the purple plains of morning,
Far and wide, in bloomy showers,
Graves of midnight wee adorning—
Saving, singing: "Christ is risen! Saying, singing: "Christ is risen! Watch no more the open prison; He has led your loved away In the breaking of the day!"

## NUMBERED WITH THY SAINTS.

AN EASTER STORY. Youth's Companion: There is a little town in a distant state, set on a wooded hill in the midst of gently undulating country. Its spires catch the western sun and shine over the brown tops of the oaks, whose dry leaves dangle all winter on their branches, and patter in the breezes like soft rain.

To the loving memory of its absent children the little place returns oftenest, perhaps, in the light of afternoon, when long shadows fall across the eastern valley, when thin voices come up from the fields and meadows below, when the quaint bells ring out every hour in stately time, and the atmosphere is

freighted with delicate melanchely.

Dear little Dulwich! One by one your wandering sons and daughters come back to you for refuge and peace. In dying their eyes turn to that quiet spot where, in your very heart, your dead rest. "Take me back," they say, "and lay me there in the solemn shade. Young voices will sometimes sound above me, and kind eyes will watch my restingplace in loving remembrance.

With words like these echoing in her heart, Agatha walked up and down the veranda with her little brother. It was the evening of a rainy Good Friday. From time to time the two stopped. The girl, pressing the child's check to her side with one hand, gazed sadly through the mist toward a tall, white stone in the distance, which marked the grave of her

Three long months had passed since his death, and as common duties grew importunate, Agatha felt more keenly the meaning of her loss. They stood there, the young girl and the child, with the dull red glow of the sunset behind them, their faces turned toward the

"A picture for the day!" thought the gentleman who came up the broad gravel-walk toward the house,

"How long you have been gone, Uncle Stephen!" called the boy. "Mr. Casson stopped me at the church, ' said his uncle. "Agatha, he will be here soon to see you about the

Easter music. "It is too late to change the pro-gramme," replied Agatha. "I thought it had all been arranged three weeks

"Miss Burr has a sore throat, and they want you to take her place. Agatha gave a slight exclamation of

"Anything but to sing!" she said.
"Remember that last night—I sang to him—to the end."
"I know," said her uncle.
"And then Easter comes this year on

his birthday and mine. O, Uncle Stephen, he was so young! Only forty, and he had such noble, unselfish plans! So much he was so young! Only forty, and he had such noble, unselfish plans! So much begun that no one else could finish! And Harry. She treated him as an equal in now it is all over!"

'Over!" said her uncle. "I trust not." "I know what you mean," she said, with a sigh, "but what is another world to me when I want him here? Then, too, it would comfort me, I suppose, if I had faith enough. I am afraid I do not really believe.

My dear girl," said her uncle grave-"there are many things that our Heavenly Father has not given us the power to understand; but we can trust

"I try to trust," said Agatha, "but papa has been so much to us since mamma went, and Harry and I, we are so lonely. Then, how can I be sure? I may never see him again." Her voice quivered with pain as she added, "It is

"Trust Him," said her unele, "His wisdom and goodness are infinite, infinite; we can in no way limit them. Trust; some day, how or when or where we may not now know, but some day, all will be well with us. We may be sure of that."

"But, Uncle Stephen, can you conceive of happiness without Aunt Mildred and the children? You have lost them all What do you live for but the hope of

meeting them again?"
"I hope for it," said her uncle. "That is my only conception of happiness, but my conception may be all wrong. only one thing I am sure, and that is that my Heavenly Father knows and will do what is best for us all."

"I do not think I really disbelieve," said Agatha, "It is rather that I do not understand. I grope for the truth. I cannot see." The note of agony crept into her voice again.

Her uncle was looking over the tops of the trees beyond the western valley into the slowly darkening evening sky.
"When will people learn," he said,

sorrowfully, "that they do not need to "People don't see," said little Harry,

who had been listening all this time with a puzzled look of half comprehension. 'You can't see them at all. But they will rise again, with a great rush of.

Agatha's uncle looked at her ques-"He has been talking to Minna in the kitchen about Easter among the Mora-

vians," she said. "His head seems full of strange notions lately."

Just then the sound of a firm step on the gravel near at hand caused them all

"It's Mr. Casson;" said Agatha. Her uncle went to meet the rector, and

silently gave him his hand. You will sing for us, Agatha, on Sunday?" he said, coming toward her. She did not answer for a moment, and

then said, with an effort of self-control: "I cannot, I cannot. You know how many associations the day has for me." Yes," said the clergyman, "I remember that you were born on his twenty-third birthday, and that Sunday is its anniversary. He was very proud of his

She bent her head, unable to speak "I should like to think of you," Mr. Casson continued, "as singing a song of triumph for him on this Easter day, when the whole angelic host rejoices with its risen Lord,"

Agatha was crying.
"He is not dead," he added softly.
"He is dead for me!" sobbed the girl.
"I cannot feel the other life. I cannot know it. For me he is lying over there

glorious fight for all that was highest, to understand him. When Agutha looks like her grand mother, sought knowledge on this point. In reply she triumphal day in heaven?"

the tears were still wet on his cheeks.

Agatha. Can you not celebrate his first triumphal day in heaven?"
"I would, Mr. Casson," Agatha an-swered earnestly, "but it is impossible. I have tried—you know I have-" turning to her uncle. "But at the first note evcrything sweeps over me in a great wave "Well, good-bye," said the rector. "You may feel different by Sunday." And he hurried away.

vulsive pressure of the little hand in her own, or the pleading expression of a pair of anxious eyes uplifted to her downcast face. "You should have had your hat, on dear," she said, laying her hand on her brother's curly head. But the little fel-

While they had been talking, Agatha was too much moved to notice the con-

low was too intent on his own thoughts to heed her words. "You must sing Easter, Agatha," he said. "Say you will, dear! He will miss it so, if you don't! Just in the

morning, Agatha, for papa!"
"Sweetheart, I do not think I can," answered Agatha, gently. The child buried his face in the black folds of her dress, and began to cry

"It will all be spoiled," he murmured.
"Tell me about it," said the uncle,
drawing Harry into the house, and taking him on his knee.

"I was 'companying Minna in the kitchen," said the child between his sobs, "when she told me about it. And now if Agatha won't sing I shall not have anybody, and Minna said the Mo-ravian people had a great band with bright horns-and I meant to have only

Agatha." "Come," said his uncle, "stop crying, and tell me slowly what all this is

"It was about how they did at Easter when Minna was little. They went early in the morning, and marched up a high hill, the men first and the women ast, to the place where-they were bur-

"Where who were buried, dear?" "Their people that they loved—like papa," said Harry, whispering, "Then y played on their bright horns, and all sang an Easter hymn, a great, mighty hymn, just as the sun rose. And when I asked Minna why they did it, she said it was because on Easter the ones who had died that year would rise, with a rushing sound of wings, and the people sang on account of being glad.

"I asked her why we didn't bury papa in that country, but Minna said it made no difference; that papa would go to heaven sooner than any one else she ever knew. So, all alone I knew I couldn't sing a great, mighty hymn-Minna says 'great mighty'—but Agatha could; her voice is like a big angel's."
"Never mind," said his uncle, stroking his head, "perhaps poor Agatha would like to sing, but cannot. Sing your hymn yourself; that will do." A little comforted, the child let his sister lead him upstairs. Her thoughts were far away, as she slowly helped him to undress.

"Can I really go and sing it myself, Agatha?" he asked, as he wriggled into

his flamel night-gown.
"Yes, dear," she answered absently.
The little face, emerging from the white folds, were an astonished expresdon. He looked at her keenly, but finding the permission not withdrawn, he discreetly left the matter as it was.

The greater part of the following day Harry spent "companying" Minna, who never tired of his company. Perched on a corner of the kitchen table, he superintended the cooking all the morning, exacting several repetitions of the "Easter story," as he called the pictures from Minna's life as a child among the

Moravians.

In the afternoon these two devoted friends went out into the warm April air

age and experience. 'He's that sensible!" she would admiringly affirm; "you couldn't no more treat him like a baby than you could Mr. Casson. He's more sense than ten of some

"We've got to be home in time to get she said, when the sun warned

them that it was nearing-5 o'clock "Did you see that big bunch of Easter lilies, Minna? Mr. Casson brought it to Agatha from Littleton. Agatha eried. Do you suppose it was anything about papa?"

"'Course it was," said Minna. "The lilies were meant for your papa; and Harry," she added, "don't forget to say 'The Lord is risen' in the morning, and if anybody says it to you you must answer 'He is risen indeed', like your papa taught you."

"I couldn't forget that," said Hrrry, "I shall say it to Agatha. Do you sup-pose she'll go with me and sing the cent mighty hymn?"he asked wistfully.
"O.you just let her alone," said Minna. been bothered enough about sing-

ing all day. 'Very well," he said, with a tremble in his voice, "I'll have to do it all alone Agatha, absorbed and preoccupied with her own affairs, was wholly uncon-scious of Harry's little plan. Dull despair and dreary lack of faith possessed her heart; they stood, like a wall, between her and all she loved best.

Was there anything beyond? This dreadful question, with its possibility of irrevocable loss and separation, crushed her spirit utterly. It was quite natural that she should overlook Harry's excitement; the passionate hope he cher-ished was wholly unknown to her.

When Harry's bedtime arrived, Agatha undressed him mechanically, and answered his chatter at random. The tall spray of lilies stood in a large ase near the window.

"I know who they are for," said the boy, sinking his voice mysteriously. "May I put them there, Agatha, dear, so that he will know that we have remembered? And won't you come? We cannot see him, you know, but he may see us, and he would miss you so. You are re you cannot sing Agatha shook her head, too heart sek

Yes, dear." "They go upward, with a great rush of wings. We only hear it," he continued, dreamily looking out of the window, his cheeks red and his eyes glisten-

"Yes, Harry?" she answered, waiting

"What time does the sun rise?" "About 5 o'clock, dear, I think."

"And you are sure you can't sing the great, mighty hymn?" "Yes, I am sure; and dont wake poor Agatha at 5 o'clock, she's tired." "Then can I do it alone, if I won't dis-

turb anybody?" he insisted. "Oh, yes, if you'll be quiet!" she called, with a shade of impatience in her voice.

"And now go to sleep,"
She went slowly down-stairs. The child listened for the last rustle of her "Try not to think of it so," urged the rector. "It may be given him to watch over those he loves. What joy your singing might give him! He made a "Poor boy! No one had taken any pains" a man.

"No; it is teaching me," was her reply. Rest, exercise and temperate habits are the formula for the draught of perpetual pouth which Patti seems to have quaffed. Lately a woman who in your

Early the next morning Agatha was awakened by the sudden sound of the closing of a door. For a few moments she gazed idly about the room at the importance of a woman taking care of herself. Mmc. Pattl does not permit herself to become fatigued. She rarely indulges in late hours, believing that furniture, in the half-light which fell through the window, wondering sleepily what was the cause of the noise. Like a thrust from a knife blade, there returned upon her the heartsick recollection of those dawns through whose gray shadows she had watched in hopeless agony only a short time ago.

only a short time ago.
With a stifled moan, she put out her hand toward Harry's cot, but the little, warm head of thick, light hair that she into her champagne when she is unable into her champagne when she is unable to refuse it at formal dinners. She is also much given to exercise in the open expected to feel was gone. Startled, she raised herself in bed; the bells in the air and is a first-rate pedestrian, but even when walking she will not incur the risk of weariness, and has her carsteeple were ringing 5 o'clock, and Harry was not there!

His clothes hung on their chair, but a a pair of thick woollen shoes and a heavy, white shawl were missing. The lilies, too, were not in their vase Agatha dimly remembered her permission so heedlessly given. Hurrying to the window, she could make out, in

the distance, a small white form thread-ing its way among the graves in the church-yard. She threw on her clothes with frantic haste, and ran after her brother across the wet grass. The eastern sky was already beginning to glow when she reached the foot of the low hill where her father was buried. A little, kneeling figure stood be very cheerful—all in light, bright tints, with much white and gold, and it out against the reddening background.

The shawl had dropped from the boy's shoulders, and the long branch of lilles towered above the reverently bent head. He was praying while he watched. Agatha ascended to his side. Something in the time and place, and in the rapt inspiration of the uplifted eyes, enced all frightened remenstrances. Folding him in the warm shawl, she

knelt at his side, Tranquil and hushed the broad valley lay before her in the shadows of the blue hills; a few light clouds hung above them, and the morning sky was shot

with gold and crimson. The spirit of the day fell upon Agatha, and the child's faith, beautiful and strange, flooded her heart with unwonted light. As she knelt there, waiting for her beloved to pass in triumph, a lofty pride possessed her soul; she felt her kinship with one of that radiant host whose souls seemed to be floating upward with the resplendent eastern

Slowly the red disk of the sun began to appear, and, moved by a common impulse, Agatha and Harry rose to their

'He shall have a greeting worthy of him!" thought Agatha.
"Quick, before he is gone!" whispered
Harry, laying the flowers gently along the grave, and beginning to sing:

"Christ the Lord is risen today, Sons of men and agels say. But suddenly all the air was filled with melody, and the sweet child's treble was drowned in Agatha's wonderful voice:

"Raise your joys and triumphs high, Sing, ye Heavens, and Earth reply." Out over the still fields rang the glorious old hymn, and all the crimson clouds melted away as the great golden sun swung majestically from the hill-tops into the clear sky.

Lo! our Sun's eclipse is o'er; Lo! He sets in blood no more! A gust of wind came up from the val-ley and rustled among the dry leaves overhead. To Harry it was the rush of those mighty wings so fearfully longed for. Startled, he seized his sister's hand and the song died away upon his trembling lips; but Agatha's voice soured on unshaken:

Death in vain forbids His rise;

Christ has opened Paradise When the last verse was sung the day shone everywhere around them and the birds were softly twittering in the bushes. A shaft of sunlight illuminated the white flowers on the grave at their feet, and to Agatha the world was once

They stood for a moment in silence and then she drew the little boy gently toward home. "The Lord is risen," he said selemnly,

And from the bottom of Agath as full heart the answer came: "He is risen, indeed?" MARY TAPPAN WRIGHT.

GOSSIP ABOUT PATTI.

How the Diva Preserves Her Voice and Her Beauty. New York World: Horace in his odes SHYS:

"Happy the Cicadae's lives,

For they all have voiceless wives." How much happier then should be the mortal whose wife is alternately "voiceless," and whose tones are the joy of the world. The man who is in this enviable case is Sig. Nicolini, During all the hours of the day before the peerless Patti is to sing, she is practically mute. From her first waking moments' she adheres to a strict vow of silence. Carothe German mald who has been with her for twenty-six years, knows all "her lady's" needs and wants without a prompter, and this valuable woman is as impassable a barrier to intrusion upon the great singer's preparatory solitude and silence as the scriptural angel with

the pyrotechnic sword. At such times Nicolini can go his way and madame will hold no converse with him. Her manager, too, keeps his dis-tance discretely. Nothing but the sud-den taking off of the tenor whom Patti expects to support her that evening uld be considered a valid excuse for intruding upon her seclusion. And even in such an extreme case it is quite likely that the lady would express her wishes as to a substitute in writing rather than by word of mouth. She is very conscientious about what she gives to the publie. It is not enough for her that her voice should be unwearied when she gs. She will have it absolutely fresh.

When Mme. Patti is not singing in the evening she receives her friends late in the afternoon, and is a gracious and graceful hostess. Indeed, Patti at answer.
"Then may I? You know you did much younger and prettier even than on the stage. One day last week she had a room full of visitors in her dainty parlors at the Hoffman house. There were birds and flowers there, and the little I, deenmily looking out of the win-his cheeks red and his eyes glisten-"And you must not forget, when I a square, high-backed chair in the censay, 'The Lord is risen' to answer, 'He is risen indeed.' Papa liked to have us do that. You'll remember?" ter of the room. It towered above her head and she looked incredibly small and girlish perched there. A shaft of "Yes, dear," she replied again.
"Agatha!" he called, when, after tucking him snugly into his cot, she had half-closed the chamber door.
"Yes, dear," she replied again.
"Sunlight reflected from the windows across the way, showered golden motes all over the erect, slender little figure, clad in a simple afternoon gown, and played in high lights over the vivid red of der piled up tresses. How many pro-fessional beauties I wonder, would dare

sit in a stream of sunlight?

Mme. Patti can afford to, though, and she faced squarely to the window, where her Mexican mocking-bird, placed it the full light, poured forth from his lit-tle throbbing throat a cascade of wild, sweet notes. She paused in her conversation till the melody ceased, and

'Ah! I cannot talk when a bird sings." "Are you teaching it to sing?" asked

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