

AN EASTER IDYL.

Harper's Bazaar. The April sky had freshen clouds...

AN EASTER OFFERING.

Anna Shields in New York Letter. Susie Barclay sat in her room stitching...

He had shown an interest in Susie Barclay for many reasons. She was an orphan...

And it was upon embroidery she was busy on the week preceding Easter—Mr. Castleton's first Easter in Rosedale.

And the work upon which she was sewing steadily Susie called in her heart...

And Susie had already appropriated that sum in her mind. She would buy a large cross of white flowers...

For, somewhere in the depths of her heart, so far down she had never called it to the surface...

But it was to be her Easter offering; and if there lurked a thought of Mr. Castleton's words...

"You know very well you cannot bear light colors," said her mother. "Your eyes and hair are all you can desire..."

you mind, on your way home, taking this linen to Mrs. Byrne's to wash and iron. Tell her I must have it on Friday at the very latest!"

It was growing dark, and Susie remembered that so far from being on her way home...

"Mrs. Byrne was a hard working woman with seven children, whose husband, after subjecting her to all the misuses of a drunkard's wife...

"I've no right to complain, miss," she said. "For the Lord's been very good to us since poor Tim was drowned, but indeed it's a chance lost I'm fretting for."

"The words struck Susie like a stab. Was it to serve the Lord for her own vanity who wanted to give the whole cross to St. Mark's?"

"The Lord be good to her! The saints bless her bed!" cried Mrs. Byrne. "An' she's teaching for her own bread and butter and counting about in all weathers to earn a dollar!"

"You seem surprised at something, Mrs. Byrne," said a quiet, deep voice at her elbow, and she looked up to see Mr. Castleton standing beside her.

"And it's your workin' she is as hard as me! In her own way, while Mrs. Stacey, that's rollin' in money, couldn't spare the loan of it, for it's not begg'ing I'd be!"

"Easter services were over and Mrs. Stacey had invited Mr. Castleton to dinner. She had told no direct lie, but certainly had given the impression that the lovely embroidery upon the new linen was the work of Bessie's fingers.

"No—'a \$5 bill was the largest." "Such hypocrisy!" sneered Bessie. "It was not necessary for Miss Barclay to tell you, mamma, she was going to give \$10 for an Easter offering, but she need not have told a falsehood about it!"

"Nor did she," said Mr. Castleton. "Her Easter offering was \$10." "But he made no further explanation; and Susie, when she came up to time brought her a letter asking her to share his life and labor, knowing that Mrs. Byrne had told him the story of her charity."

Presently a young man entered apparently in great haste. He glanced at the long line impatiently and looked at his watch. There was no help for it; so he took his place at the end of the line and waited his turn on the floor that was busy.

"Oh, the tickets! That's so. Thank you, sir. I quite forgot. Why—why, Mrs. Brown, I've been talking fifty minutes. I forgot where I was. I'll tell you what James said in a minute, Mrs. Brown. Oh, Mister, oh—say, please give me the two best seats you have."

THE RIVER RAID ON DONELSON

Spirited Attack on the Famous Fortress by the Mississippi Fleet.

INCIDENTS RECALLED BY A PARTICIPANT

Recollections of Admiral Foote, the Commander—The Army and Navy Union—How General Beauregard was Idolized.

J. B. McCullagh, now known all over the country as the editor of the St. Louis Globe-Democrat, gives in his paper some very interesting reminiscences of Admiral Foote, with whom he was brought in contact during his brilliant career as war correspondent in the late rebellion.

The fleet consisted of five ironclads—the St. Louis, the Louisville, the Pittsburg and the Carondelet—and two wooden vessels, the Tyler and Connecticut. The latter, though well handled, were not of much service in the campaign.

Since the death of General Beauregard there remains but one full-fledged general who fought on either side in the war of the rebellion since the New York condition of General Early, who was associated with Beauregard, and their crews after the battle showed that the latter supposition was incorrect.

Every thing was in readiness on the morning of February 22, when the ironclads signaled the ships to move in the order previously agreed upon and to prepare for action. The St. Louis, being the flagship, led the procession. She carried the commodore's pennant, and was followed by the gunboats in front, of course made her the principal target for the batteries of the fort.

"Oh, yes," said the creole. "General Beauregard is one devil of a fighter, and so perfect gentleman." "I had a good deal of time, which I brought to a focus on the fort. Very soon there was a puff of white smoke from one of the batteries and I cried out, 'Here she comes.'" She did come, too, in the shape of a cannon ball, which hissed and whizzed over the top of the pilot house.

"The story exaggerates the situation, in all probability, but it is told in New Orleans to illustrate the regard which the soldiers had for their general, and he remained their hero until he died. It is a matter of common belief in the south that the two old generals who shared so much hardship, danger and discomfort in their companionship as soldiers were also in their camaraderie."

To the Editor of THE BEE: The Army and Navy union is becoming a very vigorous and useful organization. It is moving forward at a swinging pace that is truly astonishing. Two years ago the order numbered less than a dozen garisons, with a membership of about 500.

"I am a little more than a year old," said the young man, "but our state were throwing up the mud around the fort in big lots, but I could not tell whether any of the confederate guns had been dismounted."

"At this time the St. Louis had been moving toward the fort. The gunboats were getting awfully close, and we were getting awfully close, and we were getting awfully close, and we were getting awfully close."

From within the pilot house we could hear the great iron balls imbedding themselves in the armor with a thump and a thud, as though knocking for admission and determined soon to gain it.

"We were now within 200 yards of the fort and the air was full of the iron hull of all the guns on both sides. One could almost see the big projectiles as they crossed each others path going in opposite directions. The men in the fort were being rapidly driven from their guns, but they had good refuge behind the great mounds of earth that they had piled up and they were firing steadily and with great accuracy."

"Everything was in chaos inside of our pilot house. The commodore, sorely wounded though he was, his sufficient presence of mind to order the steam shut off, as the vessel was still moving toward the fort without pilot or rudder, and the fort was playing upon her with a terrible effect. What saved us from destruction was the fact that we were fighting up stream, and when disabled we soon drifted out of range. Had we been fighting down stream we should have drifted into the fort under an awful fire and inevitable destruction."

"The other vessels of the fleet were all badly damaged, but none so badly as the St. Louis. The commodore lost neither courage nor temper on account of his wound. I summoned the surgeon to his aid, but he would receive no assistance. We carried him down the ladder and along the gun deck to his cabin; but he was cool, watchful, courageous and observant, and did not retire until he knew that his injured vessel was safe from the hands of the enemy."

"The commodore's wound was a very serious one, and he was suffering from a severe fever. He was suffering from a severe fever, and he was suffering from a severe fever, and he was suffering from a severe fever."

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son years ago were compelled to leave the army and embark on the toiling sea of life; and if they have strength and courage and luck, they may be able to ride the waves and pilot their good ships to peaceful and profitable waters, but should they lack these qualities or be unfortunate in managing the helm, they must go down to the 'dark unfathomed caves,' never to rise again.

The impression seems to prevail that had the framers of this iniquitous measure permitted the government to keep faith with the soldiers already in the service, and enacted the law so that it would affect new recruits only, then those enlisting would know just what they were doing at the time of entering the service, and be in a position to govern themselves accordingly.

"The great majority of these veterans going out of the service, together with those from the naval and marine services, will join the ranks of the union in civil life, as the thousands who are already out are fast doing. This means a perpetual nervousness, which in time will make the order one of the strongest and grandest of its kind in the world. Occasionally we lose a good member, but it is seldom, and we never lose the hope of getting him back into the ranks again, for our motto is, 'Forward!'"

"It is said that 'everything comes to him who waits.' It may be that a certain legislator, now masquerading in the halls of congress as a statesman, may wake up to the importance of this little giant, just before he is put to sleep. His political epitaph is already prepared, and when the time comes it will be inscribed upon one of the choicest Vermont headstones procurable.

According to one of the theories of theosophy there can be no effect without a cause, and no cause without an effect; and adapting this line of thought to the present case, the cause has originated with this alleged statesman, and the effect has been vitally harmful to a worthy and deserving body of men; but the effect will not end here, for as sure as the rubber ball thrown against the wall comes bounding back, just so sure will the harm this man has done to thousands of his honest fellowmen come bounding back, to follow him relentlessly until his memory is deeply buried in the infamy of years."

A WESTERN WAITRESS. She Rides Her Broncho and Appears Like a Society Belle. "The contrasts between western and eastern life are growing less marked as civilization pushes its way into the region once known as the frontier," said a well-known explorer of our own country.

"While I was riding through a mining district in southern Colorado last summer, however, I saw an example of pure feminine democracy that reminded me of the days that we read about in fiction dealing with American life fifty years ago."

"It was at a log cabin hotel. I was watching some cow-punchers and prospectors who were 'swapping lies,' when my attention was attracted by a young girl mounted on a broncho, who rode up to the door, sprang lightly to the ground and vanished in the cabin."

"She was neatly and tastefully dressed. Her riding habit must have been cut in London or New York. There was an air about her that was altogether foreign to the surroundings. I wondered who she could be. One of the cow-punchers led her pony to the corral and my thoughts took another turn."

"Supper was announced a couple of hours later. I accompanied the clean butress, and several waitresses into the rudely furnished apartments, where a beautiful and really well-cooked meal was served. There was but one waitress, a good-looking girl with a figure well qualified to compete with that of Ada Kean in a model Venetian dress, and a white apron over a close-fitting cloth dress. She reminded me of some society girl playing maid at a charity affair. I glanced at her face and was somewhat surprised, used as I am to the unusual in the same, to recognize the young lady as the same who had returned from a pleasant ride in the afternoon."

"I afterward inquired about her and learned that she was the regular hired girl, or waitress. She did her work thoughtfully, and when she was through with it she took advantage of the possibilities that the surroundings offered and enjoyed herself thoroughly."

"The pony was her own—nothing strange in that—you can get a pony for \$25 in Colorado. "But it does seem a little queer to eastern notions to be waited upon by a well equestrienne, does it not?"

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Talk So Much About Your Pills. Dear Sir: After hearing one of your friends talk so much about your Pills and the benefit he derives from them, I will try them myself. Please send me 2 bottles C. O. B. and Oblige. J. MOUNTAIN, 409 Perry Street.

Foot Better and Weigh 13 Pounds Less. Goshen, Ind. Sept. 15, 1902. Gentlemen: I enclose I send you \$4, for which you will please send me three bottles of the obesity pills. Am taking the fourth bottle and feel very much better and weigh 13 pounds less than I did before taking them. I will continue your treatment. Miss J. C. CROWSON, South Sixth Street.

Dr. Edison says: "It may be well to point out that my experiments, which are necessarily very limited, have shown that obesity is due to such causes, as indigestion, constipation, etc., and is primarily caused by obesity, and the fat which is deposited by the pills and Obesity Fruit Salt and the action of the band these conditions have almost miraculously disappeared."

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