

## THE ANGEL'S TOUCH.

[Copyright, 1893.]

The earth in peaceful slumber lay,  
Resting before the break of day,  
And with dewy breath  
Softly enfolded field and hill,  
So silent was the land—so still,  
It seemed a world of death—  
But when the morning conquered night  
There stood an angel in the light—  
His face was sweet and mild.  
"Alas, for summer's gone," men said,  
"The path is cold, the flowers are dead!"  
The angel heard and smiled.  
And tenderly he laid his hand  
Upon the sod, and all the land  
Trembled with dewy surprise.  
Each slumbering bud burst into flower,  
And mother birds, in leafy bower,  
Cooed joyous melodies.  
The sod to fragrant violets turned,  
All the fair colors of heaven burned  
Upon the blushing earth.  
And from the worm's brown shroud there  
Came  
A butterfly, with wings a flame,  
Rejoicing in new birth.  
Then unto men the angel said:  
"Behold the world ye thought was dead!  
Why will ye blind your eyes?  
There is no death. What seemeth such  
Waits only for the Master's touch  
In glory to arise!"

HELEN S. CONANT.

## HER HAPPIEST EASTER.

A STORY OF THE QUEEN OF FESTIVALS  
AMONG THE TYROLESE.

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GRANDMA sat knitting and looking out of the window. Easter was not far off, and Nellie had been talking of her new dress, which would be done that day, while Maggie had been thinking of a beautiful Easter card which she knew she would be sure to receive. All of them had been talking of the beautiful eggs of every imaginable color which they would have that morning.

"Grandma," said Tommy as he quit pinching the cat's ear for a moment, "did you love Easter when you were a girl?"

"Yes, indeed," said a gentle voice. "Tell us of the happiest Easter you ever remember," said Nellie as she glanced up.

Grandma sat looking dreamily out of the window for a few moments and then said:

"I will tell you about my Easter across the ocean."

Nellie climbed upon her knee, and Mary crept up closer, while even Tommy forgot to tease the cat, and it jumped down and scampered under the bed.

"Well," said grandma, "it was many, many years ago that I lived as the happiest of happy girls in the beautiful Zillertal of the eastern Alps. Poets may rave over Switzerland, but people cannot know what real beauty is till they have seen the mountains and valleys of Tyrol. I had been left an orphan when only 4 years old and had been reared by my aunt and uncle and treated as one of the family. I did my part of the work about the house just as the other girls—my cousins—did, and having known no other home was just as happy as they. We lived well, for my uncle was in comfortable circumstances, as, in fact, all the Tyrolese are, but that did not prevent my doing the work that is a part of every Tyrolese family, and there were few girls in all the Zillertal who were better judges of good wool and flax, or who could spin and weave faster or more neatly, than I. In the summer of my 17th year I met Wilhelm Constantz, who was two years older than I.

"For a week I had wondered how he looked. He was the son of our near neighbor and friend, but I had never seen him, for he had spent all his life away from home except the two years I had been in Germany. For four years past he had been in the wonderful city of Innsbruck, with its deeply learned people, and since he had come back with his diploma I knew he must be very, very wise. So wise did I think him that I was really afraid to meet him, and when I went up on the side of the mountain back of our house and called the cows the echo of his mellow voice, which came across the valley, caused my heart to beat with a strange trepidation."



"HE MADE ME HOPE."

Sedate Miss Maggie, with a flush on her face, opened her book and appeared to be very much interested, and it deceived every one in the room except grandma.

"Though he had been home a week," continued the gentle voice, "I had never seen him, when preparations were begun for the ceremony of 'blessing the grainfields.'"

"What is that?" asked all the children. "In the Tyrol, my dears, for many hundreds of years, the people have not had a great deal to do with the outside world, but have lived to themselves, untouched by the changes of civilization. As a result, they have preserved the primitive simplicity and childlike faith of generations gone before, and continue to cele-

brate the festivals and rites of their ancestors as they were originally celebrated. Two of their most important ceremonies are the 'blessing of the grain' in midsummer, and the voicing of their joy at the beginning of their new religious year on Easter morning.

"When the morning for blessing the grainfields came, we all, for miles around, assembled down in the village in front of the church. I found that I had been chosen to lead the girls, and that Wilhelm was the leader of the young men. And then for the first time I saw him and saw how handsome he was. The procession was quickly formed. The venerable father—our priest—coming out from his church, carried the host under a golden hued canopy. Crowds of little girls in pure white went in front of him. We older girls came next, followed by the married women, and then came the boys, young men and elders. And all the time the procession was forming and marching through the streets, out of the village into the country, and during the chants and prayers on the way, and in the fields when the procession would stop and prayers of thanksgiving would be offered, followed by supplications for future blessings, I fear my thoughts were far away from the religious ceremony.

"And as for Wilhelm, I fear his thoughts were equally astray, for whenever we came near enough to see each other a furtive glance would show me that he was looking at me. The festival of the Maria Himmelfahrt—the ascension of the Virgin—when the sacred rite of blessing the grainfields takes place among the Tyrolese, is the great summer festival, and the beautiful church banners, the oil paintings of religious subjects, the highly colored or gilded statues from the church and chapels, all carried aloft by the men and glistening in an August sun, make a sight which once seen can never be forgotten. But all things come to a close, and even upon the day of the Himmelfahrt the evening found me laying aside my quaint flat, round hat and bright colored silk apron to go up on the mountain side and call the cows and hear the 'Hunter's Love Song' in Wilhelm's voice come floating across the valley, as usual, to me.

"The fall and winter passed away, and spring came. The snow still lingered on the top of the mountains, and the ice was still locked in its gorges. It was the closing of the season of Lent, the time of humiliation and prayer and penitential thoughts. One day I went to uncle, who was a very stern man, and I summoned courage to tell him of the love existing between Wilhelm and me.



A LITTLE JEWELLED HARP.

"Yes, the impudent fellow has told me," said Uncle angrily, "and I at once forbade him ever coming near here or speaking to you again. I have already selected your future husband. There is no better man in the Tyrol than Caspar Rechtmann, and his farm on the other side of the village is as lovely a piece of land as there is in the whole Zillertal. Who is this Wilhelm? What can he do? A spoiled child, rendered useless by indulgent parents! An idle misanthrope who knows only how to troll Tyrolese love songs to silly girls and waste his time hunting the red deer and the chamois when he should be garnering grain like an honest farmer. No! The tinkling sound of his zither and the twang of his guitar may turn your foolish brain, but they cannot affect me.

"The broad acres of my friend Caspar and the gold in his strongbox will insure you a prosperous life and a secure home. And besides I have given him my word, since your father, relying upon my good judgment, left you to me in his will to be reared as one of my own daughters. I have spoken. You may go." And I left my uncle's presence almost wishing I could die.

"You didn't desert Wilhelm, did you, grandma?" said Maggie as the color came and went.

"Children in the Tyrol do not lightly disobey their parents," said grandma, with a smile, "and while I might not have felt my duty so far with uncle the dying wishes of my father I felt were sacred. I think I must have wept all the nights and most of the days for the next week, and one morning as I went to call the cows whom should I meet upon the side of the mountain but—"

"Wilhelm!" exclaimed Tommy, "and did he have his gun and pistols, and a horse to carry you away?"

"No, dear," said grandma, laughing; "he was almost as downhearted as I. And I told him about my father's will, and he bade me hope, for he did not believe it, and he would find out. And so I felt hopeful, for I knew that Wilhelm was very, very wise, since he had been among the learned men of Innsbruck. "Next evening he met me, and his face was wreathed in such happy smiles that my heart leaped for joy. And he told me he had seen a copy of the will in the hands of the notary who held it, and that while it did say for uncle to bring me up as one of his own daughters I, especially said, 'But when my daughter reaches womanhood's estate I desire that her choice of a husband shall be free and untrammelled, so that in taking the one great step in life she shall follow only the dictates of her own heart.' And then I cried for joy, and Wilhelm insisted on going back to the house with me, and he and uncle were closeted together for a long, long time, so long that I want-

with my cousins to sleep and did not see them any more that night.

"Next morning was Easter morn. Of course we were all up long before sunrise, for no one in the Tyrol would miss seeing the sun dance on Easter."

"You don't really mean to say that the sun dances?" asked Nellie, looking up into grandma's face.

"Did you never hear of the 'sun dancing' on Easter morn?" asked grandma in return. "Why, the children of the eastern Alps from early infancy are told of this, and it is said that the season of Lent, with its penitence and sorrow having passed away, the sun on Easter morn, starting a new year full of hope and promise after the washing away of sin, rises so full of happiness that it dances for joy."

"On the morning I mention my uncle, as soon as he knew I was awake, called me into his room and told me of Wilhelm showing him a copy of my father's will. He said he had not known of the 'strange request' it contained, as he had never seen it nor heard it read, but had merely been told of its provisions by the notary, and while he was amazed beyond expression, yet having learned his dead brother's wishes he felt it his duty to carry them out, and hence withdrew any opposition to my foolish desires."

"But did the sun dance?" asked Nellie. "It certainly appeared so to me that morning," said grandma. "When I went out of doors, the sun was just rising over the top of the distant mountains, and it danced and danced so that I could scarcely see it when I first looked at it, and my eyes filled so full of tears with unspeakable happiness that I finally couldn't see it at all."

"Oh! You mean it looked like it was dancing because you were crying," said Tommy in disgust.

"And when the Tyrolese musicians, singing Easter hymns, came past our house," continued grandma, "I knew a voice and a zither before they came in sight. They came up to the door, as they always do, and we joined in the chorus, and to me the flowers that decorated the singers never looked so beautiful. The guitars and the zithers, with human voices, never blended in such exquisite melody, and the lovely Easter carols never before seemed to have such a grand yet tender meaning."

"Did you have any colored eggs?" asked Tommy. "Oh, yes, and to the children who came along with the singers we made our offering of Easter eggs, which my aunt posed into the baskets, and of the older ones we made other little offerings. Each one gave some little Easter offering to some one else."

"What did Wilhelm give you?" asked Nellie. "A little jeweled heart which he said represented his own."

"And what was your offering to him?" asked Maggie.

"Myself," was the reply. "Oh, I thought you married grandpa," said Tommy, "and his name was Heinrich."

"His first name was Wilhelm, my dear," said grandma as she wiped her spectacles. REBECCA BEEMAN.

## EASTER AND THE PASSOVER.

The paschal solemnity among the Jews was their principal festival, as is Easter among Christians, and is considered to have been a prefiguration of the Christian feast. The Jews celebrated the day on which under the guidance of Moses they were delivered from the bondage of Egypt. Christians celebrate the day on which under the leadership of one mightier than Moses they were liberated from the bondage of sin and death and "restored to the glory of the children of God."

## KICKING FOR THEIR LIVING.

In Buckinghamshire a village charity was granted on condition that "the inhabitants every Easter play one or more games of ball." Accordingly every year 12 old women—the beneficiaries—are obliged to kick a football about the village green for a time long enough to preserve the charity intact.

## Afternoon Teas.

Though many people in Washington, as elsewhere, continue to denounce afternoon teas as intolerable crushes in which one has little if any opportunity to see and converse with the hostess, they do not, after all, materially differ from evening receptions in this particular, and undoubtedly instead of being on the wane of popular favor they are steadily on the increase. As evidence indisputable it will be noted that all of the present season's debutantes there have been introduced at afternoon teas. An occasional evening entertainment is enjoyable, but society has grown to prefer the majority of evenings to be left free for the enjoyment of dinners, theater parties or such amusement, which generally wind up in the former case with a little dance, and in the latter with a supper at one of the fashionable hotel cafes.—Washington Letter.

## Women With Purpose and Business Sense.

"You may take my word for it, those women are going to give somebody trouble yet." That is what an English editor said after the meeting of the Union of Women's Liberal and Radical Associations of the Metropolitan Counties. And besides this he said: "The majority of women who take up a public career are excellent men of business—pardon the bull. If the same proportion of male busybodies were endowed with a similar amount of common sense, this country of ours would be an Eden." At the meeting referred to Lady Aberdeen, who is seldom visionary or loquacious, talked of the time when every man and woman in the metropolis would be living a pure, wholesome and right life, with fair wages, restricted hours of labor and habitations fit for human beings to dwell in.

## Lamoureux Takes the Oath.

WASHINGTON, March 29.—Silas W. Lamoureux, commissioner of the general land office, yesterday took the oath of office and entered upon the discharge of his duties.

## DAUGHTERS OF EVE.

Mrs. Van Rensselaer Cruger's correspondents receive notes from her written on pale gold paper.

Dr. Mary Walker told a reporter who interviewed her on the subject that crinoline was wicked, immoral and unhealthy.

Mrs. John Mackay is most unassuming in her attire and seldom wears jewels of any kind. Her favorite color is pearl.

Mrs. T. De Witt Talmage makes her husband's pastoral and social engagements and has charge of his interests in his lecturing business.

Mrs. Mary H. C. Tanner, the only surviving child of Theodore Hook, is living in England a poor and neglected widow. She is 73 years of age.

Miss Sydney Randle of the Georgia Normal and Industrial college, junior class, has been appointed postmaster of the house of representatives at Atlanta at \$4 a day.

The stenographer of the Danish house of representatives is Miss Grundtvig, who is a leader in movements connected with the higher development of women in Denmark.

Miss Anna Gould, the young daughter of the late Jay Gould, attends a boarding school in Boston. She is quiet, studious, especially amiable and beloved by her companions.

Mrs. Hoke Smith, wife of the secretary of the interior, is a very youthful and attractive appearing woman, with a pink and white complexion and a face that has a sweet and happy expression.

Mrs. Henry M. Stanley, although an artist, has absolutely no taste in dress. Her favorite blouses appear even on occasions of full dress, and they are, as some one graphically describes them, "such blousy blouses too."

Mrs. J. Ellen Foster, the political lecturer, is a handsome woman in the early autumn of life, has smooth, bright brown hair, a fair complexion and gray eyes. She is clever as a lecturer and irresistible as a conversationalist.

Mrs. Pinitza, widow of the Slavic major of that name who was assassinated by M. Stambouloff some three years ago, has outlived her sorrow and astonished her friends by marrying a banker at Sofia who is Stambouloff's intimate friend.

## PEN, CHISEL AND BRUSH.

Carmen Sylva has written a new novel, "Snow," illustrating rural life in Roumania.

"The Fire Worshipers' Rock," an ideal picture from the "Lalla Rookh," is an embodiment of the picturesque imagination of Mr. Frank G. Green.

Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson lately lost in the mail the end of his new novel. It was burned on its way across the plains. He takes his loss comfortably.

T. H. Bartlett, the Boston sculptor, took a death mask of Bishop Brooks the morning after the bishop's death. The mask was made with perfect success. Mr. Bartlett at the same time took a cast of the bishop's hand.

Mr. Norman Gale, the author of the pretty verses of "The Country Muse," is a tall and handsome man of 30, unmarried and very bashful and shy. He has a country house at Rugby and spends but a few hours of his life in London.

M. Alphonse Daudet, the French novelist, is very short-sighted, but in revenge he boasts that he has as acute a sense of hearing as blind people proverbially enjoy. He has a good memory, which he has strengthened by a number of little tricks of his own inventing.

Verestchagin, the painter, has been sharply criticised in Russia for the appalling honesty with which he has portrayed the realities of war. His pictures of battlefields are thought to be reflections on the humanity of Russia. But as the artist is in favor in high circles the attacks do not injure him.

## THE NEWEST NOVELTIES.

A new claret jug of silver has a band of vine leaves around the body of natural size. Loving cups of polished silver with broken and raised edges and pendent garlands are new.

Perforated silver pen racks, perforated silver toothpick mugs, perforated silver for everything!

The orchid has furnished a model for a new candlestick. The flaring, upturned leaves are carefully modeled. The candle is held in the upright cup.

An interesting paper knife of silver is hammered and looks like some ancient specimen hewed out by the Etruscans and dug out of an Etruscan mound.

The new soup dishes are of bright silver mounted on a platter with a perforated edge. These have the distinct merit of usefulness as well as of economy.

The prettiest silver buckles are Italian, in perforated scrollwork, with graceful flowing lines. Other styles are solid, with raised straight edges, and between them are full floral ornaments in relief.—Jewelers' Circular.

## EXPOSITION ECHOES.

Four of the old portraits in Independence hall will be exhibited at the World's fair.

By invitation of the officers of the Columbian exposition, the General Federation of Women's Clubs will hold a council in Chicago next July.

The lady managers of the Columbian exposition hope to collect for the library of the Woman's building every book written by an American woman since 1620.

Colonel Singler, the well known horseman of Pennsylvania, is feeding for exhibition at the World's fair the ox Jumbo, which in 13 feet long, 5 feet 3 inches tall and weighs almost two tons.

An English salt concern has made a salt statue, modeled after Bartholdi's "Liberty Enlightening the World," in New York harbor. The statue is 5½ feet high and stands on a rock salt base 7 feet high. The salt was taken from a mine 230 feet deep.

## NAMES WORTH MONEY.

John Wesley's autograph sells for \$12.50. The autograph of Talleyrand sells for \$15. The autograph of Marie Antoinette sells for \$25.

The autograph of General Israel Putnam sells for \$35. You can buy Sarah Bernhardt's autograph for \$4.

The autograph of N. P. Willis, the poet, sells for \$1.50. The signature of Helen Hunt Jackson to a letter is advertised for \$3.50.

For a survey made by Washington when he was 13 years old \$150 is offered. The autograph of Thomas Flucker, father-in-law of John Hancock, commands \$3.

For a check signed by J. Wilkes Booth \$99 is demanded by the dealer who has it.

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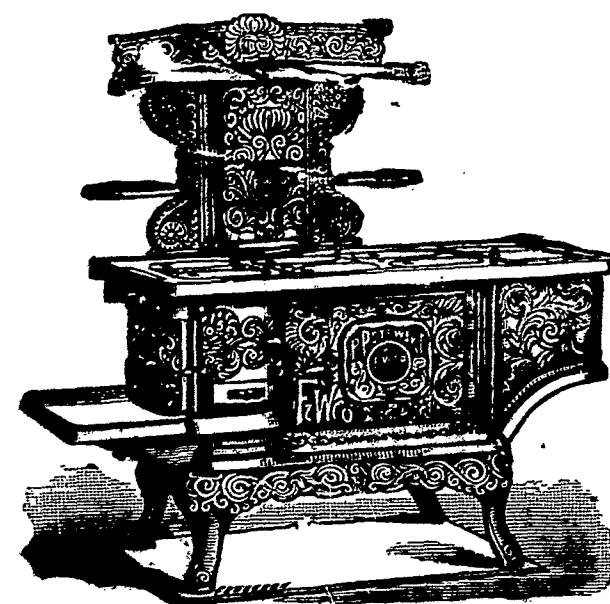
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