



A JOYOUS EASTER

With the advent of Spring comes the Eastertide--when everything assumes a joyful aspect, We therefore extend to our old Friends and Customers Our Best Wishes for a Joyous Easter

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A Lenten Sacrifice and Its Consequence.

She stands before her mirror, daintily turning her head from side to side, trying the effect of her new Easter bonnet. Her hair is coiled a little too low for the new shape, and as it is long before church time, she pulls it down and proceeds to rearrange it. The average woman usually falls to thinking while fixing her hair, and she is only an average woman as she twists and pins the long hair before she knows it her thoughts have slipped back over several years.

Almost unwillingly she thinks of another Easter, when those streaks of gray were not seen in the brown, glossy coil and when the delicate, refined face which the mirror gives back was fresh and rosy and young. As she loops up a braid and turns musing to catch the effect she is living over again the Ash Wednesday preceding that far-off Easter when she had done the foolish thing which was to mean so much for her in after years.

It had all come upon her so suddenly. She and her friend Jeannette had been talking of observing Lent that year, and each had determined to give up for that season the thing that she most delighted in. Then Jeannette had said laughingly: "You'll not give up the one thing you care for most of all even for a short forty days. You would not forego the pleasure of being with Bob Adams, and that's your dearest possession, I know."

She remembers how indignantly she had denied that she cared for Bob more than for any other young man, and when her friend banteringly repeated, "All the same you won't cut him for the next forty days," she had impulsively taken up the challenge and had treated him with studied coldness or had shunned him persistently for the following five or six weeks.

It tries one so to keep the arm stretched above the head, so she lets her hair drop for a while and leans her forehead against the cool surface of the mirror. She is thinking of the miserable days that followed that hasty resolve--how her own suffering had revealed to her how very much she had loved Bob--dear old Bob, who had seemed at first so grievous and perplexed at her altered behavior, but after a while he had treated her with a coolness to match her own. She did not see much of

Jeannette during those weeks, and everything had seemed very dull and stupid. How she had counted the days to Easter! Pride made her keep her promise, but she intended to make it up to Bob on Easter morning.

The first church bells are ringing now, but she does not seem to hear them.

How daintily she had dressed herself on that wished-for morning, and with what a glad heart had she walked up the aisle to her pew, which was just in front of the Adamases', in which she saw Bob already seated. The music, the flowers, the sunshine, all come back to her now, but then they were all merged into one sensation of happiness, and it was voiced in the thought, "I'll speak to Bob after church and make it up."

The long service at last over, she had turned in her pew to greet Bob; but, to her surprise, he had gone but already. As she pushed down the aisle she had slipped her hand in Daisy Marshall's, and Daisy had given her a loving little squeeze, whispering: "What do you think of the latest?"

"What is the latest?"

"Why, of course you know--Jeannette's engagement to Bob Adams. Jeannette told me last night. Are you going my way?"

The last pit is in place. The new bonnet, satisfactorily adjusted, is very becoming to the sweet face under it, which at present looks a little pale and worn. She is a little tired now and sits down to rest while she draws on her gloves. She resolutely tries to bring thoughts back to the present, but they slip from her and fasten on still another Easter morning.

Lent had come very early that year, and Easter morning had been too bleak for her to venture out. Her husband had gone to church alone. Pittsburgh Gazette.



For Easter Breakfast.

For the Easter breakfast table serve eggs with cream. Put half a cupful of cream in a small casserole, break into it six eggs and set in the oven until the white of the eggs are well cooked. Sprinkle with salt, paprika, minced parsley, and a little minced green pepper, or pimento.

A Favorite Wedding Day.

Easter Monday is the Hungarian's favorite wedding day, as it is supposed that it is especially fortunate for marriages, and the priests are usually kept busy that day. The rest

of the week is filled with social gaieties, and the quiet of the rigorously observed Lent is fully atoned for. HOLY WEEK IN MEXICO.

The Burning of Judas a Prominent Feature.

The adobe village of Ferreria de Tula, perched far up in the Sierra Madre Mountains of Mexico, not far from the active volcano of Colima, might truly be renamed Ultima Tula, or so the unaccustomed rider argues to himself after thirty-five miles in the saddle, and a Mexican saddle at that as he winds his way for the Holy Week festivals.

On Good Friday a platform, shaded by a canopy of pine boughs is erected, which is made the objective point of a special procession, composed of the male population. They are accompanied by a brass band, and the front rank carries a lifesize representation of Jesus, bearing a large cross. Those immediately surrounding the image bear lighted candles. Slowly and solemnly the participants march to the canopied destination.

Then, led by the padre, comes a second epilogue, comprising the feminine portion of the congregation, supporting a figure of the Virgin, her waxen feature portraying more or less successfully the tender agony of a tortured mother's heart.

The religious fervor of the moment is intense, as the multitude kneels in front of the improvised pulpit of green to listen while a visiting padre delivers a sermon. At its close the processions return in reverse order to the church.

The following morning preparations are made for the burning of Judas, a celebration noteworthy for its peculiarity. Early in the day, near "La Casa de Dios" (House of God) they set up an effigy of the traitorous disciple, in attire nondescript, its head, in reality, a calabash. A cheap cigar is the finishing touch, intended to indicate that the villain was far from being a gentlemanly one.

By and by the despised disciple is placed upon the most disreputable looking beast of burden that can be found, one that has long defrauded the vultures out of their obvious rights. A volunteer line of enthusiasts speeds the form, the inevitable brass band falls in, and all parade the streets. A few fireworks are exploded, causing the poor old horse to "buck," and the consequent agitation of its rider is greeted with howls of delight.

The crowd collects in front of the church at the conclusion of the mass (the mass) and listens to a harangue from the schoolmaster, who describes the career of the arch villain at whose obsequies they are about to

assist. Many small articles, including baskets, old garments, buckets, brooms and similar household furnishings, are hung conspicuously upon a clothes line, each thing having been stolen and the theft attributed to Judas. The owners claim their chattels in due time. Laughing brown faces encourage each sharp saying, and murmurs of approbation change to lively cheers when the orator implores his fellow townsmen to give the evildoer all his deserts.

No sooner suggested than carried into effect. Judas is suspended from a wire and his necklaces of fireworks is touched off. These, exploding, set fire to other firecrackers and pinwheels, attached to the traitor, who begins to rotate rapidly, receiving many a well aimed missile from the bystanders who have old eggs and vegetables to spare.

Finally, a spark reaches his inflammable interior construction, and he is no more.

Customs in Portugal.

The Portuguese decorate their churches in the most gorgeous manner for Easter, and the services are especially elaborate. Children's choirs are employed, and from the richest to the poorest all girls are dressed in snowy white. The peasants celebrate Easter by a practice known as "lifting" commemorative of our Saviour's rising from the grave. Three or four persons take hold of each arm and leg of one of their friends, or a stranger for that matter, and lift him or her up three times in a horizontal position. Sometimes the lifting is done in a chair lined with white cloth and decorated with ribbon.

A QUIANT ITALIAN FETE.

How Signa's Peasants Commemorate a Saintly Shepherdess.

Among the quaint and ancient ceremonies with which the Italian people keep their Easter celebrations, none is older or more picturesque than the one known as the festival of the Beata Giovanna, which is a small village situated among the vine clad hills that can be seen from Florence. Of Giovanna, the heroine of the festival, very little appears to be known, except that she was born somewhere in the thirteenth century and used to tend her father's sheep, which were pastured on the hillsides of Signa. Very early in life she gained a reputation for sanctity, and in course of time her fame spread far and wide. She was credited with the power of performing miracles, and with having special control over wild animals and storms. In later life she retired to a cell built into a house in the village of Signa and remained there unmoved until she died, and was buried in the village church.

Now, every Easter Monday, in commemoration of her virtues, all the parishes for miles around send gifts of oil and other things to the church of her native place. Deputations headed by the local clergy pour into Signa from early morning until late in the afternoon. The gifts they bring are borne by a donkey or a pony, on whose back, in addition, is a small child, who is supposed to be the prettiest the village can produce. Her hair and neck are covered with necklaces and other articles of jewelry, with which the women have decorated her, and she is often clad in gold embroidered robes.

As each procession is sighted the officials of the church rally out to meet it, with banners flying and bands playing, and it is solemnly conducted into Signa. The donkey, with its burden, is led into the church and up to the altar, where prayers are said and the gifts are moved. In the street and open places of the village a fair is always held on these occasions with the accompaniment of merry-go-rounds, steam organs and itinerant performances of the usual descriptions. At sunset a stillness falls upon the whole place, and the priest appears upon the small gallery over the church door, and there, holding up to view the hands and other relics of the Giovanna, pronounces the benediction upon the assembled people.

Some Special Foods.

It is not generally known that in various European localities Christians eat bacon on Easter morning in order to make it known beyond peradventure of a doubt that they are not Jews. In Lancashire, England, every good housewife serves roast veal for the Easter Sunday dinner, and at the same meal the old people of Shropshire eat the last of the mince pies. That is, they eat the last of the mince meat remaining over from Christmas. A sort of economy with a religious flavor. Baked custard is the indispensable Easter Sunday dish in several counties of England.

A quaint Easter Sunday superstition is that on this day the sun, on rising, gives three leaps of joy. With a persistence worthy of a better cause, the peasants of Saxony and Brandenburg station themselves on the hills before dawn on Easter morning, in the hope that they will behold the sun in the act of leaping.

Faith in Hot Cross Buns.

In England the morning of Good Friday is ushered in with the cry of "Hot cross buns!" by the street vendors, and these buns are found upon almost every breakfast table in the northern counties. There is a superstition that if hot cross buns are eaten on this day they will preserve one

from disaster during the year. In some countries a small loaf of bread is baked annually on the morning of Good Friday, and then, until the next anniversary, it is not intended to be eaten, but to be used as a medicine, if granted into water before being given to the patient.

The Love on Easter. In Hungary, in every town whose roof shows a marriage, the girl is to be seen on Easter morning in a white dress, with a crown of ribbons. They have brought there over night by train, upon returning from the market, a peasant lover, accompanied by his friends, whom she has been waiting for.

Have you heard that there is a permit to water? The father replies: "I have a permit for the money you have given me for visiting my roof. I have a permit to grow without being watered."

To see a lamb out of a window on Easter morning is a good omen, according to the belief of many rural people, especially if the lamb be headed in the direction of the house.

Many Continental communities serve Palm Sunday at table by setting out in willow, wicker, straw, or a mound known as Hilary Hill, and on Palm Sunday all the people light round about them to the glory of the Lord. There are set fire, and the church is illuminated. Hungary makes a specialty of giving every member of the congregation a bun and a horn of cider on this day.

Pretty Spanish Easter Customs. In the country districts of Spain the people bring birds in little cages with them to church, and at the end of the Gloria is pronounced the little game and then the birds are set singers high over their heads.

When you pay for goods in Spain to pay something, see that you pay something that will pay.

Customs of Turkish Women. Up to the age of twenty Turkish girls are as free and untrammelled as European children, but with their twelfth birthday the girl becomes a woman. She adopts the veil, and joins that silent army of women who are condemned to a life of seclusion, and who, though they may be as bright and as brave as the rest of the world, are shut out from its life.