

WHAT CAME OF A MOCK MARRIAGE

A Genuine Surprise Followed the Ceremony.

There was a house party at Edward Medway's, who had just come into possession of a modest estate, not enough to live on without doing any thing, but a good thing to have to help a man to success who was ambitious.

It's plain enough, Dudley, that Laura Leonard wants you. She's only fooling with you. Girls have queer whims and hers seems to be to bother you.

Weyburn after much persuasion consented, and Medway chose a time when the boys and girls were in a hilarious condition to put his scheme into execution.

When Medway, who had agreed to announce to the bride that she was really married, an hour later took her away by herself and told her of the fact he met with a reception far different from what he had expected.

"Do you mean to tell me," she said, turning pale, "that I'm really married to Mr. Weyburn?"

"You took him for your wedded husband and he took you for his wedded wife in the presence of witnesses."

"But you are not a cleric, and you didn't put in any of the religious part of the service." She was growing more terror-stricken every moment.

"There is what is called a Scotch marriage, in which two persons agreeing to marry each other in presence of witnesses are legally married."

"But this is not Scotland!"

"It's impossible to tell exactly what constitutes a marriage in this country, but since there is every probability of your being married to Dudley Weyburn, since he is young, handsome and rich, it seems to me better under the circumstances you'd best call it a go. You can have another wedding, a small affair, you know."

"But I don't want Dudley Weyburn!" This was said with such agony that Medway was terror-stricken at what he had done.

"Great heavens, Laura! I hope you're not in love with any one else!"

"Yes, I am," she said, bursting into tears. Medway was thunderstruck. As soon as he had recovered himself a bit curiously as to who was the possessor of the girl's heart overcame all other considerations.

"I'm awfully sorry, Laura," he said soothingly. "We didn't intend to go against your wishes. Do you mind telling me who the man is you wished to marry?"

"Oh, I couldn't!" She buried her face in a divan pillow. "There wouldn't be any impropriety in your telling me in confidence."

"Not since I can't marry the man I love?"

"Certainly." "But it wouldn't be treating my husband right."

"What a conscience!" said Medway to himself. Then aloud "Oh that would be all right! He'd never know it."

"Well, since I'm married and there's nothing wrong or immodest about telling the man I love is."

"Out with it, Laura. You'll feel better when you've relieved your mind."

YOUNG FOLKS' CORNER

Willie's Party.

"You can't have a party," Willie's mother said, "but don't disgrace the family by doing something that you ought not to do. Remember, you will have to wait at table, and in every way play the part of host, and it would be a terrible thing if you should set a bad example."

They were all nice little boys, who had good manners, and ate with their mouths closed, and never used their knives except to cut with, and held them in the proper way. They used their forks to eat with for meat course, vegetables and also for the dessert, for Willie's mother let him have a real dinner, and she and his big sister waited at table. It was quite a success, and mother said that she thought it was just as necessary for boys to play host as it is for girls to play hostess, and she was glad Willie had a dinner party, which, by the way, was at 1 o'clock instead of in the evening, as grownups' dinners are.

Boy Scout Movement.

The way in which the boy scout movement is unique as well as interesting. A small book called "Aids For Scouting" was used entirely by the soldiers in England until about five years ago. Sir Robert Baden-Powell rewrote the book, adapting it especially for developing character in boys. He says he got many of his ideas from the customs of the Zulus, the red Indians and the Japanese; some from his contemporaries, like Smith, Seton, and Beard, and some were original with himself.

Although the movement was started by Powell in England and has proved successful not only there, but in Germany, France and many other countries, it has been nowhere so successful as it has been in the United States. —New York Herald.

Shipwrecked Man and the Sea.

A shipwrecked man having been cast upon a certain shore, slept after his buffetings with the deep. After awhile waking up, when he looked upon the sea, he looked it with reproaches that, entering men with the calmness of its looks, when it had induced them to plow its waters, it grew rough and destroyed them utterly. The sea, assuming the form of a woman, replied to him. "Blame not me, my good sir, but the winds, for I am by my own nature calm and firm even as this earth, but the winds falling on me on a sudden, create these waves and lash me into fury."

Changing Color of Wine.

Boil some red cabbage leaves for five minutes. The water in which they were boiled will be purple in color, and you may say that it is wine.

Go three tumblers. In the first place a drop of sulphuric acid, in the second a drop of ammonia, and leave the third clear.

Pour some of the liquid into each of the tumblers. That in the first will turn red, that in the second green, and that in the third will retain the purple color.

Growth of the Boy Scouts.

Oct. 1, 1915, there were 119,084 boy scouts in good standing in the United States as compared with 10,978 the year before, a gain of 49,106. There were 6,549 scoutmasters, 5,822 assistant scoutmasters and 889 local councils. More than 35,021 badges of honor and accomplishment were issued as compared with 26,118 of the year previous. New York heads the list of states with an enrollment of 10,513, according to the report dated Feb. 5, 1915. Pennsylvania was next with 12,322.

Jumping Letters.

Jump the first letter backward to the end of the word and change the meeting completely.

1. Jump that by which you are known and finish your prayer.
2. Jump a monkey and find a vegetable.
3. Jump an implement of hardware and had homes for childrens.
4. Jump to make a violent effort and find locomotives and cars.

Answers:—1. Name-amen, 2. apple, 3. scoop-ooops; 4. strain-trains.

About the Mouse.

A mouse overlooks a perfectly safe food supply sufficient for a meal or two, to enjoy the perilous pleasures of an unlimited store. It will hide near the food and come out to nibble when hungry, for it is not true that a mouse will seek its hole at the first alarm.

The Poplar Men.

Oh, poplar leaves are goblin men
In coats of hotten gray
They mutter bits of fairy lore
As to and fro they stray

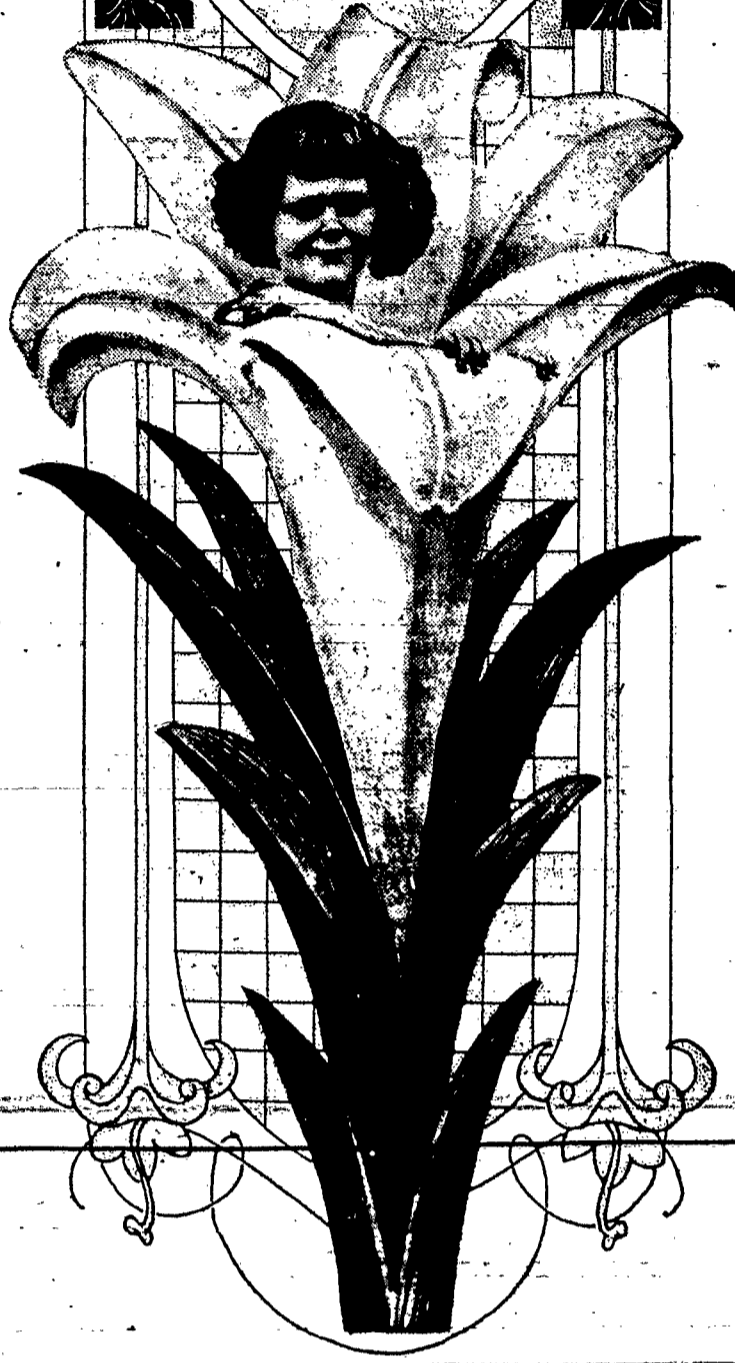
The winds weal softly through the pines
But quickly are the tables turned
And they are caught themselves

Held fast by tiny goblin hands
The spy winds tug in vain
Till the giggling poplar men
Shall set them free again

Then comes the thrush with silver pipes
Wild dance the goblin band
A magic spell rests on the woods
From faroff fairy land

Oh, poplar leaves are goblin men
From fairyland astray
So hasten all ye birds and bees
To hush them the last way!

An Easter Lily Fair



THE CUSTOM OF "LIFTING."

Strange English Development of the Story of the Resurrection.

It is strange that absurdities should have arisen from what is to Christians the solemn idea of the resurrection or "lifting" of Christ. In one of the English countries a grave divine stepped into a wayside inn one day of Easter week.

No sooner was he seated than two strapping women rushed in and, making what children call a "chair" with their arms, invited him to be "lifted" and carried in state through the streets. With a small sum of money he bought them off and made amends for his evident dismay at what they had considered an honor.

On Easter Monday and Shrove Tuesday the people were in the habit of going about "lifting" or "heaving" each other, each three times.

ORIGIN OF EASTER EGG.

How an Ancient Legend Tells the Story of Its Birth.

There fell from heaven one day, long ago, an egg of immense size. It rested on the Euphrates, where doves descended and hatched it, when out from it arose in splendid beauty Easter, or Venus, and that explains why eggs are a favorite food during the festival of this lovely deity.

When the early Christians made their way north, conquering for Christ, they preserved this feast, but changed its application. "We will maintain our celebration," they said, "but it shall henceforth mean the resurrection of Christ." And that explains why it is that this joyous Christian festival bears an old heathen name. Similarly with the egg. It was retained as a symbol of the day and is thus used to the present time in many lands.

The Messages of Eastertide

THE Jesus was risen from the dead, that he had broken the bonds of the tomb and was alive among men, that his foes had been unable to destroy him and thus overthrow his kingdom—this was the conviction that rallied his disciples.

THE Easter festival is the devotional expression of the soul's consciousness of its own destiny. This is the message of Easter. Immortality is an experience—a dogma. It is a golden dream, yes, but more accurately it is a present experience.



THE one great revelation of the world needed Jesus was sent into the world to declare. The angel gave assurance to the disciples at the empty tomb. So will there be sounded the word of consolation to all who are bereaved. Men are coming to realize the fact that death is an incident rather than a conclusion in the careers of men. It is the turning-point of the material in its conflict with the spiritual. The science of life is now coming to be reckoned the science of everlasting life, and sin and death are receding the rebuke of holiness and life. The last enemy has not yet lost his terrors. He will not until the great message of Eastertide shall ring in every heart.

THE advances of knowledge and the deductions of science, as well as the golden page of revelation, all sanction the hope of immortality, and from the highest pinnacle of human expectancy, the glory crowned sepulcher of the risen Christ comes the definite word of assurance. "He is not here. He is risen. And then in full choral chant comes to the race, redeemed from the grip of the last enemy, death, the most inspiring melody for the ears of mankind. "He is risen and become the first fruits of them that slept." He has ascended on high to reign until he has put under his foot the last enemy, death. The syllables of time have become the unending story of eternity.

THE PARTS THEY PLAYED

Story of an American in the War in Belgium

By ALAN HINSDALE

Albert Clarke, an American boy, when the great European war broke out, having a desire to take part in it, went to Canada, where he enlisted in a regiment of infantry and in due time was sent to Belgium. In a fight he was taken prisoner, and while being marched to the rear with a number of his comrades, his guard being inattentive, he managed to slip away. Just as he was passing out of sight of his captors he was seen, and they gave chase.

Clarke ran into a yard in the center of which stood a house. The first thing in his path that afforded a hiding place was a well. It struck him that no one would think of looking for a man in the bottom of a well. The arrangement for drawing water was a long pole, the bucket being at one end and a huge stone at the other. This enabled him to descend with less rapidity than if not partly counterbalanced by the stone, though he went down much faster than he would have chosen.

The other end of the balance pole being up in the air was a dead give away, so he emptied the bucket, let go his hold and it went up as fast as it had come down.

Clarke's pursuers, fortunately for him, did not reach sight of the well house till a few moments after the bucket had gone up. As he had hoped, they did not stop to look into the well, but continued on their way. But it soon occurred to Bert that if he had not jumped from the frying pan into the fire he had at least jumped from a German prison into cold water. Although the season was in the early summer the bath was by no means tepid.

All he could do was to get one foot on a stone on one side of the well and the other foot on the other side, stand there above the surface and wait for some one to come to the well for water. His life depended upon some one coming within a reasonable time, for the arrival being put off too long he would either starve or be chilled to death. Looking up, he examined the circle of stone forming the well and saw that the surface was too smooth for him to climb. It was only at the lower part that the stones afforded a foothold.

Bert had been captured in the morning and escaped about noon. He had stood in his trying position for six hours when he was gladdened by the sound of a bucket striking the ground. In another moment the well bucket was lowered and filled. Bert would have climbed the rod connecting it with the balance pole, but his strength had gone out of him. So when the bucket came to the surface of the water he emptied it and held on to it for an ascent, doing what he could to lighten it by clutching here and there the circling wall.

When he reached the well house there was a shriek, and down he went again to the bottom. A girl, instead of drawing up a bucket of water, had drawn up a man, and the discovery was a great shock to her. She ran away from the well house, but presently, curiosity getting the better of her fright, she turned and looked back. There was the well, the bucket hanging over it, and silence.

It occurred to her that the man had returned to the bottom, and a man at the bottom of a well was not necessarily an object of terror. Then she realized the man's position. Lastly, she went back to the well house and, without daring to look over, called out: "Who's there?"

Bert knew a little French and replied: "Anglais soldat" (English soldier).

This helped matters amazingly. The girl was a Belgian and knew that the English were fighting for her country. Bert asked her in a mixture of French and English to lower the bucket and help him out. She did not understand him, but common sense suggested that this be done and done quickly. Down went the bucket again. Bert took hold of it and with difficulty was raised to the surface. Once there he took the precaution to catch hold of a support so that he would not go down a third time.

He was a pitiable spectacle, drenched and chilled as he was; indeed, just the object to excite the sympathy of a woman. She helped him out of the well house, and after she had assured him by French, English and pantomime that there were no German soldiers very near, he started with her to the house as fast as he was able, lest some enemy might see him, for there was the boom of cannon all about him.

At the house was a woman—the girl's mother—and several children. The men of the household were all fighting for Belgium. After a few words of explanation the girl went to a cupboard and brought out a bottle. It was only wine, but Bert made up for its want of strength by drinking it all. Then the girl brought out some bread and cheese—there was no meat in Belgium—and the soldier consumed it ravenously. Meanwhile the mother lighted a fire on the hearth, and by its warmth his clothes were dried, though

later other clothes that belonged to the men of the family were provided for him.

Bert did not feel very secure, for he was within the German lines and Germans were liable to come to the house at any moment. He was taken to the garret, where a mattress was placed on the floor behind a pile of discarded furniture, and on this bed he spent the night. In the morning he was at a loss to know whether to put on his khaki uniform or the citizen's clothes that had been provided for him. If he wore his uniform he would be recognized for a soldier; if he wore the citizen's clothes, though he might be better for escape attention, if known to be an enemy he would be shot for a spy. He concluded to take the latter risk, and if confronted by enemies undertake to pass himself off for a member of the family that harbored him.

Several days passed without any Germans entering the house, or Bert seeing any chance whatever to go back to the Belgian lines. During those few days he learned more French than he had ever learned before, though he had studied it in school. The girl who had rescued him—Jeanne—was handsome—the found very attractive. She resembled a Dutch girl, having light hair and complexion, with a rose in each cheek.

One day some German soldiers, stragglers, came to the house and demanded something to eat. But Jeanne saw them coming, and Bert escaped to the garret.

He finally got into trouble through politeness. Water was needed, and since Jeanne was not on hand to get it Bert insisted on going to the well for it. While drawing the water several German officers entered the grounds. It was too late to take to flight, and Bert decided to stand his ground. The officers approached him, and one of them asked for a drink of water. Bert accommodated him, trying the while to fix his own mind on something else than the frightful danger he was running, in order that he might preserve his equanimity.

One of the Germans spoke French and asked him what so lusty a fellow was doing at home when there was war in the land. Bert replied that he was the only man on the premises and had just married a young wife, who would not let him go. He gave this reason knowing that all the world sympathizes with a young married couple.

"Perhaps something of the wedding feast is left," said the officer, "and we may be favored with a bite."

"There can be no wedding feast in this country now," replied Bert, "but such as we have we will give you."

He led the way to the house. Jeanne had reappeared, and she and her mother, seeing what had happened, pulled themselves together for any part they might be expected to play.

"Ach," said one officer to another in German on seeing Jeanne, "one can't blame the fellow for staying at home with such a pretty bride as that!"

The German and French languages are both spoken in Belgium, and Jeanne understood perfectly what he said, and since he looked from Bert to her she knew that he referred to them. She blushed, which under the circumstances was the most natural thing for her to do. Besides, she inferred that she was to play the part of Bert's bride. She brought out the best there was in the larder—it was not much—and there was plenty of wine in the cellar.

The officers had evidently been on short rations, for they ate all that was set before them and drank one bottle of wine after another till they were quite mellow. Then Jeanne said to them:

"Herr officers, I have a request to make of you."

"What is that, pretty one?"

"I was obliged to be married without a trousseau. That is a terrible thing for a bride. Will you give me a pass to go to Paris to buy one?"

"Certainly you shall have a pass." "One thing more I have to ask—that my husband be permitted to go with me."

"Ach! That is a different matter." "Do you think a bride just married would consent to leave her husband? If he cannot go with me I will not go at all."

The officers discussed the matter between them, Jeanne persisting in her request till finally one of the officers, who seemed to have the highest rank and had drunk the most wine declared that so pretty a bride who had entertained them so well should have any boon she asked, and, calling for pen and paper, he wrote a pass for the two to go through the lines. Then, demanding a kiss of the bride, which was granted, he led the rest away.

Bert and Jeanne were left alone together. Bert stood looking at her with an expression of gratitude mingled with admiration. She had been playing the part of his wife and by so doing had prevented his being shot for a spy.

"My life is yours," said Bert. "Do with it as you will."

She dropped her eyes to the ground. Bert took her hand in his, and the two stood mute, she with averted face. Presently he said: "I am a soldier, and if I succeed in reaching the British lines I must serve out my term of enlistment. When that ends, if I still live, and I can get back here, I will come to you. My home is in that far country America, which you have heard about, and it has been so protected by means that there has been little or no war there. If I return there and you will go with me I will take you. In that case we will make a reality of what has been a pretense." The response to this was more effective than if it had been spoken in words. Jeanne turned toward him, and her head sank on his breast.