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TOGGERY BILL



JACK'S EASTER.

LIKE the domes and pinnacles of a city celestial glittered the icy range of the Sangre de Cristo. The valley was sprinkled with Iris and columbine.

The breath of spring softly stirred the pines in the canyon. Brimstone Guich awoke to Easter morning—awake with bloodshot eyes and shaky hands.

There had been a hot time the night before at Sandy Pete's saloon. But this morning Sandy Pete, with his cohorts, was busily employed in slicking up, for there were to be Easter services held in the place for the first time in the history of Brimstone Guich.

This was the way of it:

The young wife of the superintendent of the Lone Star mine, whom every man, woman, child and dog in the camp adored, had taken matters into her own pretty hands.

She had imported a gospel sharp from Denver and had formed the children of the camp into a chorus and taught them the songs for the day. She had, moreover, the night before invited the boys, including many of the toughest and most prominent citizens of Brimstone Guich, "JACK, HUMP YOURSELF!"

Up to her cottage to hear the rehearsal of the Easter music.

It all came back to Huerfano Jack as he lay under the pines this morning, the scene of the night before—the sweet, dainty lady in her white gown, the sound of the piano, the soft lamp-light and the happy voices of the children ringing out in the hymn:

I've found a friend in Jesus.
He's everything to me;
He's the fairest of ten thousand to my soul.
The Lily of the Valley,
In him alone I see
All I need to cleanse and make me fully whole.

The words were set to swinging music, and all the boys had whistled the tune as they came down the trail from the superintendent's cottage to the saloon.

They rang now in Huerfano Jack's head. Cattle thief, desperado, murderer as he was, he was trying to hum them:

He's the Lily of the Valley,
The bright and morning star,
He's the fairest of ten thousand to my soul.
The Lily of the Valley—she had the room full of the flowers the night before; she wore them on her breast; she

gave a spray to each one of the boys as they came away. Huerfano Jack turned suddenly and pressed his fierce, scarred face against a withered cluster of the tiny white bells pinned on his rough corduroy jacket.

A rustle in the pines; a pallid, terrified face peering down at him. "For God's sake, Jack, hump yourself!" whispered Monte Jim. "Bill Wilcox, the sheriff from Pueblo, and two of his deputies are after you for that business in Trinidad. Get across the gulch if you can and lose yourself on the other side of the range. Run like mad!"

It was just at the moment that the superintendent and his wife walked toward the open door of the saloon, with their clerical guest from Denver, that Bill Wilcox fired at the skulking figure in the pines close by.

Huerfano Jack ran forward a few steps, threw up his hands, turned around and fell at the feet of the lady.

She screamed once and then sank on her knees beside him, taking his head on her arm and trying in vain to staunch the blood from the great hole in his breast with her dainty handkerchief.

"Oh, poor man—poor man!" she sobbed. "Oh, why did you kill him?" she asked as Bill Wilcox came up, his revolver yet smoking and his bulldog face white and stern.

But before the sheriff could answer Huerfano Jack spoke in a singularly clear and far-reaching voice: "Because I am a thief and murderer. But, miserable dog that I am, yon, lady, have given me the only happiness I have ever known."

His glazing eyes sought the lovely face filled with divine pity bending over him. Perhaps she read the petition in those dying eyes.

She unfastened the lilies in her gown and gently laid them over his bleeding breast.

The voices of the children rang out from their final Easter rehearsal in the saloon:

He's the Lily of the Valley,
The bright and morning star—
Huerfano Jack smiled. "The lily-of-the-valley," he murmured.

His hands suddenly closed tensely over the flowers on his heart.

He's the Lily of the Valley,
In him alone I see
All I need to cleanse and make me fully whole.

came the sweet, childish voices from the saloon.

Simplicity is, of all things, the hardest to be copied.—Steele.



WITH DIVINE PITY.

THE EASTER LILY

THE lily is regarded as a saint among flowers, and the reason lilies are so largely used in the decoration of churches is not only because they are the most perfect of floral types, but because of their symbolic meaning.

One beautiful old belief about the lily relates that the candidates for the Virgin Mary's hand after having sought the Lord's blessing each left his own staff in the temple in the evening. The next morning the dry rod of Joseph was found green and blossomed with lily flowers.

Another pretty legend is that Mary on her way to the temple plucked a lily, and upon pressing it to her breast it became white. "Lily of the Virgin," "Madonna flower" and several other mystical names were given to the lily and have reference to this legend.

A German belief points to the Harz mountains as the birthplace of the white lily. A beautiful girl named Alice was carried off by a wicked lord. Just as he reached his castle the guardian spirit of the place wrested the girl from his arms. On the place touched by the feet of this innocent maid sprang the white lily. This story is believed by the peasants of the Harz mountains, and every year hundreds of them make a pilgrimage to the castle to behold the dazzling beauty of the flower that flourishes there.

Another German legend runs this way and relates to the "red" lily: Once the garden of Getsemane was full of flowers of all kinds and among them none so lovely as the splendid lily, with her clustering bells proudly upright. It was evening, and the Lord came to walk in his garden. As he passed along each flower bowed before him, but when he came to the lily her haughty head remained erect, defiant in her conscious beauty. The Lord paused and looked at her for a second. She bowed the mild eye of reproof, then slowly bent her head, while blushes swept over her. Still the Lord's gaze rested on her. Lower sank her head, deeper turned her crimson, then tear after tear welled up in her lily cups. At this the Lord passed on. When morning came all the flowers lifted their heads—all but the lily, that once was white queen among them. Her head remained bowed in shame. To this day she blushes over her sin of vanity, and the clear crystal tears of repentance still away in the cups of the flower that refused to bend before the Lord.

An Easter Miracle.

It was in the year 1790, when the armies of Napoleon were passing over the continent of Europe and conquering all that came in their way.

It was Easter morning, and the sun

shone brightly on Feldkirch, a little town situated on the Ill river, just within the borders of Austria. The Ill flows into the Rhine.

Quite early on this morning there suddenly appeared on the heights above the town to the west the glittering weapons of 18,000 French soldiers, the division under the command of General Massena.

There was a hasty assembling of the town council, and it was decided that a deputation be sent to Massena with the keys of the town and a petition for mercy.

In the midst of all the confusion of the hurrying to and fro and the anxious consultation the old dean of the church stood up serene as was the morning, with no thought of fear in his brave Christian heart.

"It is Easter day," he said. "We have been reckoning on our own strength, and it is but weakness. Let us ring the bells and have service as usual. We will leave our troubles in the hands of the Higher Power."

Soon from all the church spires of Feldkirch the bells rang out joyously. The streets became thronged with worshippers on their way to church. Louder and more triumphant pealed the bells as they rang out the glad message, and the hills, putting on their new green, echoed back: "Christ is risen. He is risen from the dead."

The French army heard the sounds of rejoicing, and Massena concluded there could be but one reason for it. He was sure that the Austrian army had arrived in the night.

He ordered his men to break up camp, and almost before the bells had ceased ringing—long before Easter services were over—the French army was in orderly retreat.

By noon not a tent, not a soldier, not a glittering bayonet, was to be seen on the heights above Feldkirch.—Boston Globe.

"I'm glad that Easter Sunday's here," said Mrs. Henry Gray.

"My bonnet new and other gear I'll wear to church today. A vein of glory will pervade My hymn of praise and prayer, For when my toilet is displayed How Mrs. Bliss will stare!"

"I hate that horrid Mrs. Brown, With all her quips and smiles, Of all the women in the town She wears the coarsest styles. She bought her bonnet 'way last spring And wears it now for new. And as for that old Thompson thing, I vow I hate her too!"

"I hear Miss Jones, the cross-eyed cat, Has bought a new peaky too. And terra cotta Paris hat To wear to church today. And Helen White has got a dress And wears it just divine. Come, Mr. Gray, and do you guess It's half as sweet as mine?"

"Have go those awful Billings girls. They paint and powder too. They pad and wear cheap bangs and curls. They do—I know they do! You needn't laugh, I boldly say And stake my honor on it—I'll paralyze them all today With my new dress and bonnet!"

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Pinched Plums.

The mistress of the mathematical class was mathematizing for her mathematical pupils, while her mathematical pupils were inwardly mathematizing mathematics.

"Now, suppose," said the mistress, "I had a pound of plums?"

"At which point it occurred to her how much better she could illustrate her example to her youthful charges if she really had a pound of plums."

"Mary," she said to a girl of eight, "here's sixpence. Go out and get me a pound of plums. And as I'm going to give them in the end to the girl who gets the sum right first be sure before you buy them you pinch one or two just to see that they are whole some."

A few minutes and Mary had returned. With flushed face and triumphant eyes she approached the teacher's desk as one worthy of commendation and plumped down a bag of plums and the sixpence.

"There, mum?" she said. "I pinched one or two, as you told me, and when the man wasn't looking I pinched the blessed lot!"—London Answers.

Music Writing Made Easy.

Mlle. Salle was in the eighteenth century the most accomplished and fascinating balletuse at the famous French Opera. In addition to her other

with extraordinary artistic skill and depth of expression. She once confided to Rameau, the noted musician, that her ardent wish was to be able to compose and asked him to give her a few lessons in the art. "Nothing easier in the world," Rameau gallantly replied. He handed her a sheet of paper ruled for music and asked her to take her valuable breastpin and prick holes in the lines wherever she thought proper. After the lady had completed her task Rameau took the sheet of paper, turned each puncture into a note, determined its length, selected a suitable key, and the thing was done. This remarkable composition turned out a lively piece of dance music, which was afterward entitled "Les Sauvages Dans les Indes Galantes" and was popular in France for a great number of years.

Macaulay as a Child.

Thomas Babington Macaulay should perhaps have ranked with the universal geniuses, but it is true that his precocious gift was largely in the direction of literature. He read incessantly from the age of three. At seven he had composed a very fair compendium of universal history from the creation to 1800. At eight he had written a treatise destined to convert the natives of Malabar to Christianity. As a recreation from this weighty work he wrote in the same year a romance in the style of Scott in three cantos, entitled "The Battle of Chevalot." A little later came a long poem on the history of Olaf Magnus and a vast pile of blank verse entitled "Fingal—A Poem in Twelve Books." But he disliked mathematics and did not pass his examinations in that subject, thus standing out among all child prodigies. His memory was such that he literally never could forget anything and after twenty years could repeat bits of poetry read only once.

Her One Wish.

The wandering peddler stopped at the southern cabin and opened his pack.

"Mammy, let me show you some self raising umbrellas," he began.

"No use, man, no use," interrupted the old colored woman as she busied herself about the pot of clothes. "Cyant use nuffin lak dat."

"How about self raising window shades?"

"No good heah, kase deh ain't no windows wuth talkin' about."

"Self raising buckwheat?"

"No good to me—we eat cohn pone. But, mister!"

"Well, mammy?"

"If yo'll tell me how to tubn dese heah fohteen bad chillun into self raising pickaninnies Ah'll be yo' friend foh life, dat Ah will, sah."—Chicago News.