

breakers lashing the sandy beachthat is what Rosa might have seen as she stood by the calla lily hedge, with the faint breeze stirring the magnolia but yesterday," she said coldly, "Is

Yet it is doubtful if she saw anything. Her eyes held a dreamy faraway look, and the waving green branches outlined like lacework way."

against the evening sky, the windruffled stretch of sea and the scent of command—see that thou dost not rethe wilderness of bloom were lost up-

In her arms was a profusion of lilles, spray upon spray, almost more than her slender arms could carry, for the morrow was Easter day. Tall and stately as a lily herself, Rosa stood, lost fair and pure than the waxen blossoms, to touch thee—yet, I am going away and as coloriess, save for the scarlet forever. Give me one of thy lilies—the President of the nation. There is them roll their eggs on the White the white mist that, like a dim squadron, was stealthly marching in

On the still, languorous air, suddenly clear, sweet note rang out-the coldly. chimes of the old mission bells. The are for the chancel-to be placed upon sacred music reached Rosa's ears, arousing her from her reverle. Disengaging one slender hand she made the sign of the cross; her lips moved silently.

There was a sound near at hand of slow, halting footsteps. A man, young, saw the stern, accusing eyes and heard bad Monday. Yet no weather has ever but of haggard countenance, was approaching under the shadow of the ecacins.

But Rosa only heard the vesper chimes.

Nearer the man drew until he stood humbly before her, his head bared, his shabby hat in his trembling hand. He raised his eyes, full of dumb wistfulness to her face. The passionate love and despair of a tortured soul was

awaiting his sentence.

A stretch of azure sky, changing to thy sake that I-" he checked himself the opal tints of evening; a smiling ex-panse of sea, with a long line of curling how hard, how unjust," he flashed out. "hath been my lot, and a man may re-

pent, Rosa." "I saw thee drinking in the plaza

that thy repentance?" "It is killing me, adorado, every hand is against me. I am weak, unworthy, but I can forget in no other

peat it," said Rosa in icy tones. "And now go, for I would hasten to the chapel to carry my flowers for the chancel. He raised his eyes imploringly to

her face. "Madre de Dios. I am in purgatory. Thou art so far above me-like in meditation, her face scarcely less the saints. Rosa! I am unfit to roll eggs Easter Monday in the beau- no place to roll their eggs that year, mouth with its haughty curves. A only one, carita, because they are, like pure, proud face was hers, and cold as thou art, as pure as the angels of God." Rosa drew back as if his touch were profanation.

"They are sacred lilies," she said, oldly. "I have none to spare. They them."

He winced and shrank away. marks in her tender palms. He only the pitiless words that fell, like molten

As one who had received a mortal stab, he turned and walked despondently away.

It was Easter day in the land of perpetual bloom, where winter is summer and summer is paradise. In the early morning, as the gray curtain of fog in them. He stood motionless, as on rolled back to the sea, and the sun, a disk of golden flame, bathed sea and

Sweet and high the chimes of the sky in a flood of glory, Rosa wended bells arose and fell. Something like her way to the chapel to add the last a sob escaped the man's lips; his thin, touches to the decorations for the Easbrown fingers worked convulsively. ter service.

"IN HER ARMS WAS A PROFUSION OF LILIES."

and turned her sombre eyes upon him. gathered. Men were running to and A swift crimson flooded her face and fro. One hastened toward her on his suddenly receded, leaving it as white way to the town. He was hatless and as the lilies upon her heaving bosom. disheveled, and, as he drew near, she

"Diego." The name fell involuntarily from her unwilling lips.

huskily.

mouth hardened. He lifted his hand with a swift motion of pain and arested the unspoken Thanks to his courage, all were saved little fellow finds out the game they words upon her lips.

am here. Only the desire to see thee sionsface to face and ask thy forgiveness before I go away forever hath lent me courage. I cannot live near thee and ashen, and he thought she would have around on blankets and shawls and eatknow that I have lost thee. Tell me, fallen. adorado, by the love thy didst once bear

worthy though I am." "Thou," she cried in cold scorn "Thou hast dared to come to me after fought. A battle for a life by tireless all thy dishonor and crime. Know I hands that would not recognize defeat; the egg-rolling from the porch of the not-is it not known to all the town- at last when they were despairing, a White House facing toward the that only thy uncle's name and money shudder ran over the prostrate form. saved thee from just punishment in prison? And once I plighted my troth moved," whispered one near him. -I once believed that I loved such a

one as thou." The man bowed his head on his

hands and groaned aloud.

As if from a dream, Rosa started | Down on the beach a crowd had saw that his face was ghastly.

"It is Diego Bernello," he sald breathlessly. "They have just brought "It is I, Rosa mia." faltered the man, him in and are carrying him to the chapel. The Padre is with him, but She raised her head proudly and nothing can avail him now. He went stepped back a pace; her beautiful out this morning with the fishermen, and, in coming in, the boat was overturned. Ah! but Diego was brave. but himself. Two lives hath he res-"Nay, spare me, I beseech thee, car- cued from death, and I, for one, declare ita; it is not to trouble thee that I that it had blotted out his transgres-

The speaker broke off abruptly and caught at Rosa's arm. Her face was

With a bitter cry, she broke away me, that thou wilt forgive me, un- from him and sped toward the crowd day.

on the beach. In the old chapel a hard battle was

about him in a vague bewilderment, beyond,

broken? breast; a great awe entered his face.

lilles of the chancel." 'Nay, but thine own, Diego mio.' sobbed Rosa, brokenly. Her arms were about him, her tears were upon his happiest day in their little lives, face. "Thine own, adorado," she whispered tremulously; "all thine-the tar for thy dear sake."

This is the day of resurrection," said the Padre, solemnly,

"Madre de Christo," the people muttered. "It is a miracle."

EASTER AT THE WHITE HOUSE.

And it was-a miracle of love,

Time Honored Practice of Letting the Children of Washington Roll Eggs on President's Grounds.

egg-rolling. For many years the little ones of Washington have congreno sign to keep off the grass and there House grounds and enjoy themselves." He reached out his hand timidly, but the place. The green grass of the White House lawns is covered with

children, children innumerable, rolling

eggs on the grassy slopes, If the day is pleasant it is a sight to be remembered. The children have the altar. A thief may not touch been looking forward to the festival for days and weeks and great has been their anticipation. But genuine is the could not know that her hands were sorrow and many the tears among the been so bad as to keep everyone away air. In making this find she was acfire, and scorched themselves into his from the White House grounds on eggrolling day. There are many hardy breed. little spirits who will not be daunted by snow or cold or rain when it comes to rolling eggs.

If the day is pleasant and the air balmy and the turf warm and green, what a time the children bave. Such cames as they invent to play with their ggs-games of infinite variation coninfinite amusement. grounds look more like a juvenile fair han anything else—an egg fair and the biddy hens around Washington must needs have been very diligent for many days before. If the day is fair, too, the glorious Marine Band, he finest band in the country, plays sweet music, and the children dance and gambol to its strains. Truly it is children's day in Washington,

### Wonderfully Colored Eggs.

By 9 o'clock in the morning the grounds are actually taken possession of by the youngsters, little kids with wicker baskets and vari-colored eggs, wonderful eggs of green and blue and red and purple and gold and then eggs of lovely combination, and with beautiful figures, such as would make a wise hen cock her head on one side and wonder greatly what happened to her plain white eggs.

All sorts and conditions of children find their way to the President's grounds to enjoy Easter Monday, Some The railroad had not been built that in silks and laces and have French Alaskan travel in the Chilcoot region. their eggs for them, while other little ones are dressed in very shabby garments with elbows out and toes peeping from their little shoes. They perhaps have only three or four plainly colored eggs boiled in a piece of purple per deposit until 1 made my way or red calico. No French nurses accompany them, carrying engs with gilt picures, but they can roll their eggs and themselves on the green grass and soll their frocks and trousers to their heart's content, and they will enjoy the holiday perhaps more than their more fortunate companions. Usually the mothers of these little men and women come with them, tired-faced women often, looking as though it had been a worst of any. I made up my mind that long day since they had enjoyed such a I would search for gold and copper in of mothers and older sisters, talking together pleasantly, but keeping watchful eyes to see that the little ones do not get lost in the crowd or stray too far away.

# Not Afraid of the Policeman.

It is a good natured crowd. The big policemen standing around possess no licemen are for on Easter, is to keep grown up people from interfering with the little ones who are rolling eggs. And when the little people get lost now and then, the big policemen are there to take them in charge and tell them not to cry until their mothers and sisters find them again. Then there are great rivalries among the children. Some of them are regular little gambers. One little fellow gets hold of a very hard egg and he goes around picking eggs with his acquaintances or acquaintances he finds, and wins their eggs from them until finally he strikes some other little fellow who has a harder egg than his, and then he

loses a lot of eggs. And some of the little rascals gamble on what is a "sure thing," with a china egg, sized and painted to resemble a genuine egg, or with a hen's egg run full of plaster of paris they will go around, and, of course win all the eggs they contest for, until some sharp are playing. As the day advances and the children get hungry, the peanut man and the popcorn man and the candy man at the gates do a thriving bus-Iness, while at noon, many are the friend. This Indian is a good guide.

little groups under the trees, sitting The next step that Lillian Malcolm ing lunches, for they are making a regular picnic of it and staying all

# The Children of Presidents.

President Harrison's two grand children witnessed, with great enjoyment Washington monument and looking "The Virgin be praised. He hath past and across the Potomac to Arling. ton, the former home of General Lee, "Diego," said a voice, stifled with but where now are spread the silent be utilized for mining purposes, and tents of a vast host of the Union army the toot of the steam whistle may yet He opened his eyes feebly and gazed who have passed across to the great

"Dios." he muttered, "it is more than Had some one spoken, or had he President Cleveland's two little girls I can bear. I know that I have been dreamed it? Why was he in the chapel Ruth and Esther, were real little dem-quered finally by adjudged guilty of theft, yet, it was for —the place sacred to the saints—he, ocrats. They took their own eggs and precious metals.

the outcast, the despised, the heart went out among the crowd of happy children, and they rolled eggs with the Suddenly his eyes caught the white other children, as common clay as their gleam of waxen blossoms upon his associates, not the children of the President of the United States, but the "Jesu Maria," he murmured. "The children of an American citizen. Perhaps a little extra watch was kept over them, but they didn't know it and they thought that Easter Monday was the

age of egg-rolling; but they enjoy with lilles of Diego. I have robbed the al- the President and Mrs. Roosevelt, watching the gay throng of youngsters who romp over the White House grounds on Easter Mondays,

There was a time however, when the children of Washington did not roll eggs on the President's grounds. Not that they did not roll eggs though,Oh no! The have always rolled eggs on Easter Monday. But they used to roll them in the Capitol grounds, down the steep terrace which was on the west front of the Capital. Then there came a time when the Capitol grounds were Easter Monday in Washington is an changed, and a big flight of steps built event in the lives of the children which where the terrace used to be, and some is ahead of any other day in the year dyspeptic in Congress objected to the exepting Christmas and Fourth of July. children romning on the smooth grass Why? Because Easter Monday means of the big sward and rolling their eggs. General Hayes was President then, and he heard of it, and how dissapointgated by the hundreds and thousands ed the children were because they had are no restrictions. The children own And thus it has been ever since, from year to year,

### BRAVED DEATH VALLEY. Nevada Woman Penetrated Fastness for Wealth-Was Accompanied by

Only Half Breed. weird Funeral Mountain of Death Valley, Nevada, are to yield rich offerings of copper and gold ores as a result of the successful prospecting of



MISS LILLIAN MALCOLM.

aska, alone, in her search for gold of the children are beautifully dressed has since minimized the difficulties of the Funeral Mountains however was more hazardous than her lonely fourney through the Chilcoot, years ago. "No white person has ever visited the spot where I viewed the great copthere," she said in a recent interview. I have never before seen such ruggedness in mountains as the Funeral Range presents. To climb up almost perendicular grades means to slide down others before the objective point can be reached. I have been a prospector for ten years and have passed much of my time in the mountains of Alaska, Colorado and other places where there is gold. The Funeral Range is the Here and there are little groups the foothills of the Funeral Mountains. I was compelled to cross the range to get where I wished to go, and al-though I had no fear, there were min utes when, in climing, I did not dare to look back, but only kept right on.

"There were many places where a misstep meant sure death. All there was to do was to go head. Once started terror for the little ones on egg-rolling there was no way to stop without conday. They know that all that big po- fessing defeat. Finally I found what I was looking for. At first I could hardly believe my eyes. I had reached a point about twenty-five miles from the line of the Clark road and sixteen miles from the line of the Borax Smith road, when the ledge loomed up immensely.

"Then I was happy. I have studied minerology, geology, and other lines leading to mining, and I have done assessment work with my own hands in deep shafts. In short, my experience has been such that I believe that I am competent to know whether my mineral discoveries are valuable.

"The ledge stands up clearly from fifty to seventy-five feet, with both gold and copper in it-but more copper than gold. Millions maybe there in easy reach-a quantity that I believe is almost beyond ordinary computation. If I am not mistaken the discovery is valuable not only for its richness but also because it opens up knowledge of an entirely new copper belt in the Death Valley.

Picturesqueness is added to Miss Malcom's trip by the fact that the Indian halfbreed that she took into the desert where so many strong men have died is "Bill Kee," who is "Scotty's'

contemplates is that of informing the

railroad builders, now constructing lines into the mineralized regions of Nevada, of the topographical features of the country to be crossed in order to bring her copper and gold discoveries reasonably within transportation facilities, and the place that formerly required weeks for her to reach will soon be made accessible, when the present railroading surveys are carried out in rails. There is plenty of timber in the Panamint Mountains that can be heard in the fearful fastnesses of desolation that have so long appalled stout-hearwed man, only to be con quered finally by a woman in search of

### POMPEH, THE VALIANT.

Story of the Hero of a Hundred Bad Runaways.

Pompell, of the New York mounted police squad, and one of the most intelligent members of the force, was retired from active service the other day. When the stroke of theauctioneer's hammer put the big bay out of service, he was saved from the ragman's cart and night hawk cab by the de votion of his fifteen-year friend and comrade, Mounted Policeman Redmond P. Keresey, of the West 152d street nolice station

Pompeli had spent nearly twenty years in the service and knew the rules of the department better than many a roundsman. He was the show horse of the force. Catching runaways was his business, but mathematics was his diversion. He could add, subtract, divide and multiply, and for years had been a source of delight to the school children along Seventh Avenue, where he was on duty between 110th and 153d streets.

The children would gather around Pompell in the afternoons and talk to

### Good at Mental Arithmetic.

When a sum in arithmetic was given im Pompell would listen attentively to the figures, ponder over them for a moment, and then announce the answer by striking the ground with his left forefoot. If the answer was the half of something Pompell indicated it by bending his foreleg at the knee and holding it for a moment. His friends insist that he could tell time by looking at a watch and announce the hour and half hour in the same way as he did his sums.

Playing with the children was by no means the best part of Pompell's BILL ALIAS The Terror. clenched until the nails made cruel little ones if Easter Sunday should Miss Lillian Malcolm, who it is stated, his master have stopped more than a Miss Lillian Malcolm, who it is stated, discovered these deposits on a ridge that towers three thousand feet in the air. In making this find she was accompanied only by an Indian half-breed.

Once Lillian Malcolm, according to her story, crossed the Chilcoot in Al-sh.

If the story is the stated, his master have stopped most in the last fifteen hundred runaways in the last fifteen hundred runaway in the last fifteen hundred runaway in the last fifteen hundred runaways in the last fifteen hundred runaway in the last fifteen hundred r service. The records show that he and be cold and rainy with promise of a discovered these deposits on a ridge hundred runaways in the last fifteen

Prince Henry in New 1000 a runwas badly hurt while stopping a runaway at Seventh avenue and 125th
the turbulent sea, reachthe formula and women
the throughout the translation of the salvation
army. Lady Letty bestrangely fas got in the wound and blood poisoning set in. Keresey managed to get placed on reserve duty and gave all his time to nursing Pompeil back to health. The police veterinary condemned the horse as unfit for duty, but Keresey managed to evade the decision for a few days. Then Pompell made a spectacular run along the avenue and stopped a bad runaway in such style that nothing more was said about retirement

The fatal day was only put off, how-ever, and last month the big bay was sold at auction at the stables of the West 152d street station. Keresey was on hand with \$400, all the ready money he could scrape together, determined not to be separated from his old friend.

# Hurt While Stopping Runaway.

Keresey himself bears some scars gained in the fierce rushes he has made with Pompeii. Five years ago his right leg was broken in two places, Miss Malcolm declares that the tour of and two years ago his neck was wrenched and his skull nearly smashed in. Both injuries were received while with Pompeii's aid he was stopping

dangerous runaways. Only one man had the heart to bid

Only one man had the heart to bid against Keresey so he ransomed his old friend for \$50, about twice what he was worth said the veterinary.

Then Keresey started on a vacation. When last heard from he was spending it on a bit of a farm he has at Rye, N. Y., and with him went Pompeii, happy in his last transfer.

The average annual consumption of popcorn in the United States is three hundred carloads.

The flower "pink" was not named after the color, but because its edges were "pinked" or punctured.

The golden-crested wren is the smallest European bird. It takes about 72 of these little birds to weigh a pound.

Glass, dating from ancient times, has exactly the same component parts as that of to-day, while the processes used seem to have been very similar.

WHY COUGH?

STOP-IT 1016

Applin, its author, will be reproduced in our columns. The sory alone is worth 11.0, but you can get it all the sary alone is worth 11.0, but you can get it all the sary alone is worth 11.0, but you can get it all the sary alone is worth 11.0, but you can get it all the sary alone is worth 11.0, but you can get it all the sary alone is worth 11.0, but you play for one it all years for 25c. Don't mise the collete, but the very first lines. The sory alone is worth 11.0, but you have sendering in the United States. But You have preclaim the very sine was for 25c. Don't mise the collowing:

"The Hother policy."

The Hother was an an analy and have ready for early use the following:

"The Hother was an an analy in the Monthal".

The golden-crested wren is the smallest in the thousands who are now regular readers of our mage into the play in the thousands who are now regular readers of our mage into the play in the play i



# THEY, ALL WANT IT!



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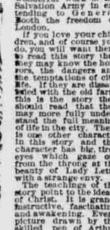
THE HEROINE—A fearless girl of the aristocracy.

HER ENEMIES—Captain Conroy and her own family.

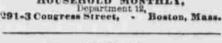
THE HERO-Lord Arthur, considered a stupid fool.

OTHER LEADING

Bulnes of the Salvation Army.
FLORRIE GRAY-An East End friend of

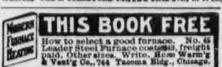


HOUSEHOLD MONTHLY.





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