The Lilies of the Chancel

An Easter Story

By Elizabeth Vore.

From Sunset

A stretch of azure sky, changing to the opal tints of evening; a smiling expanse of sea, with a long line of curling breakers lashing the sandy beach—that is what Rosa might have seen as she stood by the calla lily hedge, with the faint breeze stirring the magnolia blossoms.

Yet it is doubtful if she saw anything. Her eyes held a dreamy far-away look, and the waving green branches outlined like lacework against the evening sky, the wind-ruffled stretch of sea and the scent of the wilderness of bloom were lost upon her.

In her arms was a profusion of lilies, 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 in meditation, her face scarcely less fair and pure than the waxen blossoms, and as colorless, save for the scarlet mouth with its haughty curves. A pure, proud face was hers, and cold as the white mist that, like a dim squadron, was stealthily marching in from the sea.

On the still, languorous air, suddenly a clear, sweet note rang out—the chimes of the old mission bells. The sacred music reached Rosa's ears, arousing her from her reverie. 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, but of haggard countenance, was approaching under the shadow of the acacias.

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 in them. He stood motionless, as on awaiting his sentence.

Sweet and high the chimes of the bells arose and fell. Something like a sob escaped the man's lips; his thin, brown fingers worked convulsively.

"IN HER ARMS WAS A PROFUSION OF LILIES."

As if from a dream, Rosa started and turned her sombre eyes upon him. A swift crimson flooded her face and suddenly receded, leaving it as white as the lilies upon her heaving bosom.

"Diego."

The name fell involuntarily from her unwilling lips.

"It is I, Rosa mia," faltered the man, huskily.

She raised her head proudly and stepped back a pace; her beautiful mouth hardened.

He lifted his hand with a swift motion of pain and arested the unspoken words upon her lips.

"Nay, spare me, I beseech thee, carita; it is not to trouble thee that I am here. Only the desire to see thee face to face and ask thy forgiveness before I go away forever hath lent me courage. I cannot live near thee and know that I have lost thee. Tell me, adorado, by the love thy didst once bear me, that thou wilt forgive me, unworthy though I am."

"Thou," she cried in cold scorn. "Thou hast dared to come to me after all thy dishonor and crime. Know I not—is it not known to all the town—that only thy uncle's name and money saved thee from just punishment in prison? And once I plighted my troth—I once believed that I loved such a one as thou."

The man bowed his head on his hands and groaned aloud.

"Dios," he muttered, "it is more than I can bear. I know that I have been adjudged guilty of theft, yet, it was for thy sake that I—" he checked himself suddenly—, "and the saints alone know how hard, how unjust," he flashed out, "hath been my lot, and a man may repent, Rosa."

"I saw thee drinking in the plaza but yesterday," she said coldly, "Is that thy repentance?"

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

"Thou hast come here against my command—see that thou dost not repeat 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 the saints. Rosa! Rosa! I am unfit to touch thee—yet, I am going away forever. Give me one of thy lilies—only one, carita, because they are, like thou art, as pure as the angels of God."

He reached out his hand timidly, but Rosa drew back as if his touch were profanation.

"They are sacred lilies," she said, coldly. "I have none to spare. They are for the chancel—to be placed upon the altar. A thief may not touch them."

He winced and shrank away. He could not know that her hands were clenched until the nails made cruel marks in her tender palms. He only saw the stern, accusing eyes and heard the pitiless words that fell, like molten fire, and scorched themselves into his soul.

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 rolled back to the sea, and the sun, a disk of golden flame, bathed sea and sky in a flood of glory, Rosa wended her way to the chapel to add the last touches to the decorations for the Easter service.

Down on the beach a crowd had gathered. Men were running to and fro. One hastened toward her on his way to the town. He was hatless and disheveled, and, as he drew near, she saw that his face was ghastly.

"It is Diego Bernello," he said, breathlessly. "They have just brought him in and are carrying him to the chapel. The Padre is with him, but nothing can avail him now. He went out this morning with the fishermen, and, in coming in, the boat was overturned. Ah! but Diego was brave. Thanks to his courage, all were saved but himself. Two lives hath he rescued from death, and I, for one, declare that it had blotted out his transgressions—"

The speaker broke off abruptly and caught at Rosa's arm. Her face was ashen, and he thought she would have fallen.

With a bitter cry, she broke away from him and sped toward the crowd on the beach.

In the old chapel a hard battle was fought. A battle for a life by tireless hands that would not recognize defeat; at last when they were despairing, a shudder ran over the prostrate form.

"The Virgin be praised. He hath moved," whispered one near him.

"Diego," said a voice, stifled with sobs.

He opened his eyes feebly and gazed about him in a vague bewilderment. Had some one spoken, or had he dreamed it? Why was he in the chapel—the place sacred to the saints—he, the outcast, the despised, the heart-broken?

Suddenly his eyes caught the white gleam of waxen blossoms upon his breast; a great awe entered his face.

"Jesu Maria," he murmured. "The lilies of the chancel."

"Nay, but thine own, Diego mio," sobbed Rosa, brokenly. Her arms were about him, her tears were upon his face. "Thine own, adorado," she whispered tremulously; "all thine—the lilies of Diego. I have robbed the altar for thy dear sake."

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

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

And it was—a miracle of love.

EASTER AT THE WHITE HOUSE.

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

Easter Monday in Washington is an event in the lives of the children which is ahead of any other day in the year exepting Christmas and Fourth of July.

Why? Because Easter Monday means egg-rolling. For many years the little ones of Washington have congregated by the hundreds and thousands to roll eggs Easter Monday in the beautiful grounds surrounding the home of the President of the nation. There is no sign to keep off the grass and there are no restrictions. The children own 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 been looking forward to the festival for days and weeks and great has been their anticipation. But genuine is the sorrow and many the tears among the little ones if Easter Sunday should be cold and rainy with promise of a bad Monday. Yet no weather has ever been so bad as to keep everyone away from the White House grounds on egg-rolling day. There are many hardy 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 have. Such games as they invent to play with their eggs—games of infinite variation containing infinite amusement. The grounds look more like a juvenile fair than 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, the 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 of the children are beautifully dressed in silks and laces and have French nurses to watch over them and carry 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 or red calico. No French nurses accompany them, carrying eggs with gilt pictures, but they can roll their eggs and themselves on the green grass and soil 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 long day since they had enjoyed such a time. Here and there are little groups 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 terror for the little ones on egg-rolling day. They know that all that big policemen 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 gamblers. 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 little fellow finds out the game they 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 business, while at noon, many are the little groups under the trees, sitting around on blankets and shawls and eating lunches, for they are making a regular picnic of it and staying all day.

The Children of Presidents.

President Harrison's two grand children witnessed, with great enjoyment, the egg-rolling from the porch of the White House facing toward the Washington monument and looking past and across the Potomac to Arlington, the former home of General Lee, but where now are spread the silent tents of a vast host of the Union army who have passed across to the great beyond.

President Cleveland's two little girls, Ruth and Esther, were real little democrats. They took their own eggs and went out among the crowd of happy children, and they rolled eggs with the other children, as common clay as their associates, not the children of the President of the United States, but 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 happiest day in their little lives.

The Roosevelt children are past the age of egg-rolling; but they enjoy with the President and Mrs. Roosevelt, watching the gay throng of youngsters who roup 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 changed, and a big flight of steps built where the terrace used to be, and some dyspeptic in Congress objected to the children romping on the smooth grass of the big sward and rolling their eggs.

General Hayes was President then, and he heard of it, and how dissapointed the children were because they had no place to roll their eggs that year, and the kindly man said: "Why let them roll their eggs on the White House grounds and enjoy themselves." 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.

The 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, 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 Alaska, alone, in her search for gold. The railroad had not been built that has since minimized the difficulties of Alaskan travel in the Chilcoot region. Miss Malcolm declares that the tour of the Funeral Mountains however was more hazardous than her lonely journey through the Chilcoot, years ago.

MISS LILLIAN MALCOLM.

"No white person has ever visited the spot where I viewed the great copper deposit until I made my way there," she said in a recent interview. "I have never before seen such ruggedness in mountains as the Funeral Range presents. To climb up almost perpendicular 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 worst of any. I made up my mind that I would search for gold and copper in the foothills of the Funeral Mountains. I was compelled to cross the range to get where I wished to go, and although I had no fear, there were minutes 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, there was no way to stop without confessing 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" friend. This Indian is a good guide.

The next step that Lillian Malcolm 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 utilized for mining purposes, and the toot of the steam whistle may yet be heard in the fearful fastnesses of desolation that have so long appalled stout-hearted man, only to be conquered finally by a woman in search of precious metals.

POMPEII, THE VALIANT.

Story of the Hero of a Hundred Bad Runaways.

Pompeii, 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 the auctioneer's hammer put the big bay out of service, he was saved from the ragman's cart and night hawk cab by the devotion of his fifteen-year friend and comrade, Mounted Policeman Redmond F. Keresey, of the West 152d street police station.

Pompeii 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 Pompeii in the afternoons and talk to him.

Good at Mental Arithmetic.

When a sum in arithmetic was given him Pompeii 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 Pompeii 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 Pompeii's service. The records show that he and his master have stopped more than a hundred runaways in the last fifteen years. In several instances lives were saved. Policeman Keresey and Pompeii have been almost inseperable ever since the latter joined the force. Again and again the comrades were parted for a short time when Keresey was transferred from one precinct to another, but each time the policeman managed to have his favorite sent after him.

Hurt While Stopping Runaway.

A short time before the arrival of Prince Henry in New York, Pompeii was badly hurt while stopping a runaway at Seventh avenue and 125th street. Two days later, while acting as a guide for the Prince some dirt got in the wound and blood poisoning set in. Keresey managed to get placed on reserve duty and gave all his time to nursing Pompeii 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 Pompeii 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, however, 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, 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 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.

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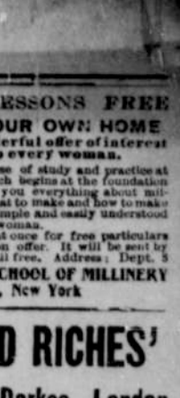
FLORRIE GRAY—An East End friend of Letty's.
BILL ALIAS—The Terror.

You should read this story, and, if you live in the country, you should have your children read it, so they may understand what life in a big city really means. They should read this story to learn what Lady Letty learned in her effort to reform London's East end. She sees there the motly crowds thronging the streets; the ragged and hungry looking children touch a chord in her heart. As you read this wonderful narrative of the conditions of life in a great city, you appreciate more fully the blessings of the country.



The squalor and sufferings are pictured by the author of this wonderful story; the men and women searching the turbulent sea, reaching out and saving lost souls; also the great work of the Salvation Army. Lady Letty becomes so strangely fascinated by the new views of life that she abandons her own palatial home, forsakes and denounces the aristocracy and takes up her life among the lower elements of modern life. The story fascinates strangely but it also educates. It is the greatest English story ever written. It has been the cause of the London city government reconciling the wonderful work of the Salvation Army in extending to General Booth the freedom of London.

If you love your children, and of course you do, you will want them to read this story that they may know the horrors, the dangers and the temptations of city life. If they are dissatisfied with the old farm this is the story they should read that they may more fully understand the full meaning of life in the city. There is one other character in this story and its character has big, tired eyes which gaze out from the throng at the beauty of Lady Letty with a strange envy.

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