

THE ANGEL'S TOUCH.

[Copyright, 1905.] The earth in peaceful slumber lay, Resting before the break of day, And mist with dewy breath Softly enfolded field and hill, So silent was the land—so still, It seemed a world of death.

HELEN S. CONANT.

HER HAPPIEST EASTER.

A STORY OF THE QUEEN OF FESTIVALS AMONG THE TYROLESE.

[Copyright, 1905, by American Press Association.]

GRANDMA sat knitting and looking out of the window. Easter was not far off, and Nellie had been talking of her new dress, which would be done that day, while Maggie had been thinking of a beautiful Easter card which she knew she would be sure to receive.

All of them had been talking of the beautiful eggs of every imaginable color which they would have that morning. "Grandma," said Tommy as he quit pinching the cat's ear for a moment, "did you love Easter when you were a girl?"

"Yes, indeed," said a gentle voice. "Tell us of the happiest Easter you ever remember," said Nellie as she glanced up.

Grandma sat looking dreamily out of the window for a few moments and then said: "I will tell you about my Easter across the ocean."

Nellie climbed upon her knee, and Mary crept up closer, while even Tommy forgot to tease the cat, and it jumped down and scampered under the bed.

"Well," said grandma, "it was many, many years ago that I lived as the happiest of happy girls in the beautiful Zillertal of the eastern Alps. Poets may rave over Switzerland, but people cannot know what real beauty is till they have seen the mountains and valleys of Tyrol. I had been left an orphan when only 4 years old and had been reared by my aunt and uncle and treated as one of the family. I did my part of the work about the house just as the other girls—my cousins—did, and having known no other home was just as happy as they. We lived well, for my uncle was in comfortable circumstances, as, in fact, all the Tyrolese are, but that did not prevent us doing the work that is a part of every Tyrolese family, and there were few girls in all the Zillertal who were better judges of good wool and flax, or who could spin and weave faster or more neatly, than I. In the summer of my 17th year I met Wilhelm Constant, who was two years older than I.

"For a week I had wondered how he looked. He was the son of our near neighbor and friend, but I had never seen him, for he had spent all his life away from home except the two years I had been in Germany. For four years past he had been in the wonderful city of Innsbruck, with its deeply learned people, and since he had come back with his diploma I knew he must be very, very wise. So wise did I think him that I was really afraid to meet him, and when I went up on the side of the mountain back of our house and called the cows the echo of his mellow voice, which came across the valley, caused my heart to beat with a strange trepidation."

"You didn't desert Wilhelm, did you, grandma?" said Maggie as the color came and went. "Children in the Tyrol do not lightly disobey their parents," said grandma, with a smile, "and while I might not have felt my duty so far with uncle the dying wishes of my father I felt were sacred. I think I must have wept all the nights and most of the days for the next week, and one morning as I went to call the cows whom should I meet upon the side of the mountain but—"

"Wilhelm!" exclaimed Tommy, "and did he have his gun and pistols, and a horse to carry you away?"

"No, dear," said grandma laughing, "he was almost as downhearted as I. And I told him about my father's will, and he bade me hope, for he did not believe it, and he would find out. And so I felt hopeful, for I knew that Wilhelm was very, very wise, since he had been among the learned men of Innsbruck."

"Next evening he met me, and his face was wreathed in such happy smiles that my heart leaped for joy. And he told me he had seen a copy of the will in the hands of the notary who held it, and that while it did say for uncle to bring me up as one of his own daughters it especially said, 'But when my daughter reaches womanhood's estate I desire that her choice of a husband shall be free and untrammelled, so that in taking the one great step in life she shall follow only the dictates of her own heart.' And then I cried for joy, and Wilhelm insisted on going back to the house with me, and he and uncle were closeted together for a long, long time, so long that I wail

bests the festivals and rites of their ancestors as they were originally celebrated. Two of their most important ceremonies are the 'blessing of the grain' in midsummer, and the voicing of their joy at the beginning of their new religious year on Easter morning.

"When the morning for blessing the grainfields came, we all, for miles around, assembled down in the village in front of the church. I found that I had been chosen to lead the girls, and that Wilhelm was the leader of the young men. And then for the first time I saw him and saw how handsome he was. The procession was quickly formed. The venerable father—our priest—coming out from his church, carried the host under a golden hood canopy. Crowds of little girls in pure white went in front of him. We older girls came next, followed by the married women, and then came the boys, young men and elders. And all the time the procession was forming and marching through the streets, out of the village into the country, and during the chants and prayers on the way, and in the fields when the procession would stop and prayers of thanksgiving would be offered, followed by supplications for future blessings, I fear my thoughts were far away from the religious ceremony.

"And as for Wilhelm, I fear his thoughts were equally astray, for when ever we came near enough to see each other a furtive glance would show me that he was looking at me. The festival of the Maria Himmelfahrt—the ascension of the Virgin—when the sacred rite of blessing the grainfields takes place among the Tyrolese, is the great summer festival, and the beautiful church banners, the oil paintings of religious subjects, the highly colored or gilded statue from the church and chapels, all carried aloft by the men and glistening in an August sun, make a sight which once seen can never be forgotten. But all things come to a close, and even upon the day of the Himmelfahrt the evening found me laying aside my quaint flat, round hat and bright colored silk apron to go up on the mountain side and call the cows and hear the 'Hunter's Love Song' in Wilhelm's voice come floating across the valley, as usual, to me.

"The fall and winter passed away, and spring came. The snow still lingered on the top of the mountains, and the ice was still locked in its gorges. It was the closing of the season of Lent, the time of humiliation and prayer and penitential thoughts. One day I went to uncle, who was a very stern man, and I summoned courage to tell him of the love existing between Wilhelm and me.



A LITTLE JEWELLED HEART.

"Yes, the impudent fellow has told me," said Uncle angrily, "and I at once forbade him ever coming near here or speaking to you again. I have already selected your future husband. There is no better man in the Tyrol than Caspar Reichtmann, and his farm on the other side of the village is as lovely a piece of land as there is in the whole Zillertal. Who is this Wilhelm? What can he do? A spoiled child, rendered useless by indulgent parents! An idle minnesinger who knows only how to troll Tyrolese love songs to silly girls and waste his time hunting the red deer and the chamois when he should be garnering grain like an honest farmer. No! The tinkling sound of his sither and the twang of his guitar may turn your foolish brain, but they cannot affect me."

"The broad acres of my friend Caspar and the gold in his strongbox will insure you a prosperous life and a secure home. And besides I have given him my word, since your father, relying upon my good judgment, left you to me in his will to be reared as one of my own daughters. I have spoken. You may go. And I left my uncle's presence almost wishing I could die."

"You didn't desert Wilhelm, did you, grandma?" said Maggie as the color came and went. "Children in the Tyrol do not lightly disobey their parents," said grandma, with a smile, "and while I might not have felt my duty so far with uncle the dying wishes of my father I felt were sacred. I think I must have wept all the nights and most of the days for the next week, and one morning as I went to call the cows whom should I meet upon the side of the mountain but—"

"Wilhelm!" exclaimed Tommy, "and did he have his gun and pistols, and a horse to carry you away?"

"No, dear," said grandma laughing, "he was almost as downhearted as I. And I told him about my father's will, and he bade me hope, for he did not believe it, and he would find out. And so I felt hopeful, for I knew that Wilhelm was very, very wise, since he had been among the learned men of Innsbruck."

"Next evening he met me, and his face was wreathed in such happy smiles that my heart leaped for joy. And he told me he had seen a copy of the will in the hands of the notary who held it, and that while it did say for uncle to bring me up as one of his own daughters it especially said, 'But when my daughter reaches womanhood's estate I desire that her choice of a husband shall be free and untrammelled, so that in taking the one great step in life she shall follow only the dictates of her own heart.' And then I cried for joy, and Wilhelm insisted on going back to the house with me, and he and uncle were closeted together for a long, long time, so long that I wail



with my cousins to sleep and did not see them any more that night.

"Next morning was Easter morn. Of course we were all up long before sunrise, for no one in the Tyrol would miss seeing the sun dance on Easter."

"You don't really mean to say that the sun dances?" asked Nellie, looking up at grandma's face.

"Did you never hear of the sun dancing on Easter morn?" asked grandma in return. "Why, the children of the eastern Alps from an early infancy are told of this, and it is said that the season of Lent, with its penitence and sorrow having passed away, the sun on Easter morn, starting a new year full of hope and promise after the washing away of sin, rises so full of happiness that it dances for joy."

"On the morning I mention my uncle, as soon as he knew I was awake, called me into his room and told me of Wilhelm showing him a copy of my father's will. He said he had not known of the 'strange request' it contained, as he had never seen it nor heard it read, but had merely been told of its provisions by the notary, and while he was amazed by yond expression, yet having learned his dead brother's wishes he felt it his duty to carry them out, and hence withdrew any opposition to my foolish desire."

"But did the sun dance?" asked Nellie. "It certainly appeared so to me that morning," said grandma. "When I went out of doors, the sun was just rising over the top of the distant mountains, and it danced and danced so that I could scarcely see it when I first looked at it, and my eyes filled so full of tears with unpeakable happiness that I finally couldn't see it at all."

"Oh! You mean it looked like it was dancing because you were crying," said Tommy in disgust. "And when the Tyrolese musicians, singing Easter hymns, came past our house," continued grandma, "I knew a voice and a zither before they came in sight. They came up to the door, as they always do, and we joined in the chorus, and to me the flowers that decorated the singers never looked so beautiful. The guitars and the zithers, with human voices, never blended in such exquisite melody, and the lovely Easter carols never before seemed to have such a grand yet tender meaning."

"Did you have any colored eggs?" asked Tommy. "Oh, yes, and to the children who came along with the singers we made our offering of Easter eggs, which my aunt poured into their baskets, and to the older ones we made other little offerings. Each one gave some little Easter offering to some one else."

"What did Wilhelm give you?" asked Nellie. "A little jeweled heart which he said represented his own."

"And what was your offering to him?" asked Maggie. "Myself," was the reply.

"Oh, I thought you married grandma," said Tommy, "and his name was Heinrich."

"His first name was Wilhelm, my dear," said grandma as she wiped her spectacles. REBECCA BREMAN.

EASTER AND THE PASSOVER.

The paschal solemnity among the Jews was their principal festival, as is Easter among Christians, and is considered to have been a prefiguration of the Christian feast. The Jews celebrated the day on which under the guidance of Moses they were delivered from the bondage of Egypt. Christians celebrate the day on which under the leadership of one mightier than Moses they were liberated from the bondage of sin and death and restored to the glory of the children of God.

KICKING FOR THEIR LIVINGS.

In Buckinghamshire a village charity was granted on condition that "the inhabitants every Easter play one or more games of ball." Accordingly every year 12 old women—the beneficiaries—are obliged to kick a football about the village green for a time long enough to preserve the charity intact.

JOYFUL EASTER BELLS.

In 1799, when Napoleon's armies were sweeping over the continent, Massena, one of his generals, appeared suddenly on the heights above the little town of Feldkirch on the Austrian frontier. It was Easter morning, and the sun glittering on the weapons of the invaders filled the villagers with terror. The town council hastily assembled to consult what was to be done. Defense was impossible. Should a deputation be sent to Massena with the keys of the town and a petition that he treat the place with mercy?

Then the old dean of the church stood up. "It is Easter day," he said. "We have been reckoning our own strength, and that fails. Let us ring the bells and have service as usual and leave the matter in higher hands." His words prevailed. Then all at once from three or four church towers in Feldkirch the bells began to clang joyful peals, and the streets filled with worshippers hastening to the church.

The French heard with surprise and alarm the sudden clangor of joy bells, and concluding that the Austrian army had arrived in the night to relieve the place Massena suddenly broke up his camp, and before the bells had ceased ringing not a Frenchman was to be seen.

THEY WOULD MEET.



Miss Clara Silmson—My milliner was at church today.

Mr. Silmson—Why didn't you point her out?

Clara—You'll have a chance to know her, papa, before the week is out.

EASTER NESTS.

German children probably enjoy Easter more than those of other nations, because for them the element of mystery that adds so much zest to the pleasure of the Christmas stocking is brought into play. Nests of tinsel, artificial flowers or some other attractive material are filled with eggs, candies, cakes or other goodies and hidden away for the children to search for. These nests are generally surmounted by a rabbit made of candy, cake or any of a hundred materials dictated by the ingenuity of loving parents. The Easter rabbit is a very old German institution and probably a survival of the heathen days when the hare was sacred to Eostre, the goddess of spring.

THE CZAR'S EASTER.

The czar kisses the cheeks of his courtiers, and they in return kiss his majesty's shoulder as being a little less familiar salute. Everybody kisses the hand of the czarina, and she kisses her relatives and friends on the cheek in return, and then every man, woman, priest and child present kiss one another, exclaiming between the smacks, "Christ is risen!" "He is risen, indeed!"

IN OLD NEW YORK.

Easter in old Gotham was not Easter, but the Paas of the Netherlanders, celebrated with feasting and drinking. The chief business of Paas was fun and frolic, and the consumption of eggs was limited only by the capacity and endurance of the appetite. It was a Dutch feast of Dionysius, only the wine was schnapps and the grapes were eggs.

THE SLAUGHTER OF ELK.

Arrest and Conviction of Five Hunters for Violation of the Law.

Fish and Game Protector McGuire received a telegram from Sheriff J. E. Noland, of Lane county, one day last week, announcing the arrest of Messrs. Thompson, Mulford and Barr, and the Powers brothers, all of Foley Springs, for killing elk during the close season, and that all of the defendants had pleaded guilty. This is the first case that has come up under the game protector, and he is highly elated at its speedy termination. It seems as if it were an exceptionally aggravating case, as the lawbreakers are all highly respected citizens of the county, and were killing the elk, not for the meat, which is worthless at this season of the year, but simply to obtain the antlers and hides. It appears the hunters have recently bagged a number of fine bucks over on the McKenzie, about fifty miles east of Eugene. Mr. McGuire's attention was called to the matter by a gentleman residing in Eugene, who learned that the guilty parties had been sending to a well known gun store in that city for glass eyes, to be used in mounting the heads. The gentlemen wrote, furthermore, that he thought that the sheriff of the county knew the facts of the case, but would not prosecute. When Mr. McGuire went to Eugene he looked into the matter, found plenty of evidence against the parties, and ascertained that the sheriff was willing to prosecute, and Mr. McGuire accordingly placed the matter in his hands. The dispatch received tells the rest of the story. The elk law is very stringent and provides that no elk shall be killed from December 1st to August 1st. The minimum fine is \$50 and the maximum \$250, so that, in any case, the sheriff will receive \$125 for his trouble, for the law provides that whoever secures the conviction of a breaker of the same laws shall receive one-half of the fine imposed.

"We found all the evidence necessary against the guilty parties right in Eugene," said McGuire, "but I did not expect to secure a conviction without a fight. A great deal of credit is due to Sheriff Noland for the part he has taken in the matter, and I will say that if every sheriff and prosecuting attorney in the state would give the assistance Sheriff Noland has in this case, it would be but a short time before the game laws of the state would be religiously observed."

The Qualifications of Judges at Race Meetings.

Judges of trotting races are not like poets and musicians. It is as true as gospel that judges are made not born. It takes years of actual experience to make a judge thoroughly competent and then he can learn with every new service.

He must ignore all favorites amongst horses and while in the stand be dead to every impulse of friendship for owners and jockeys. A conservative judge will have no friends in a race whose faults he will condone and no enemies whom he will punish. And here is where drivers frequently make a mistake. They think that for friendship's sake a little the best of the start will be permitted or they may indulge in a little more running than the law allows. A judge should never harbor a foregone conclusion as to which horse should win, or anticipate by a breathing possibility of any horse's defeat. His work begins the instant a race starts and from that second until the finish he should have all his senses on active service. He should give his orders in a clear, distinct voice, so that he may be heard and understood. He should make no threats, but carry into active execution his ideas, and when the drivers understand that they will be treated as men only so long as they act as such, very little trouble will be had. It is not enough that the judge should be a good horseman and have an accurate knowledge of the rules; he should be a good judge of men and capable of seeing quick, thinking quick, and acting quick. His first duty should be to see that the noble animal in the shafts is not worried by the ignoble animal in the sulky. It is no child's play this thing of starting horses. Good men for the position are hard to find, but when they come to the front they should have the most absolute recognition. The office is a noble one, and when nobly filled the officer should be amply paid. If the judging of races were left to one man and he was amply paid for his services there would soon be a restoration of confidence in trotting races. All fairs and trotting tracks should steer clear of the man or starter who, whether competent or not, indulges a penchant for the pool box. There are men who can do justice to each and every driver in a race, even when holding tickets on a certain horse, but drivers have very little confidence in the possibility of a judge whom they know to be an adherent of the pool box.

Now is the time that the poor, starved water fed horse is returned to its generous owner, to be fed up and got ready for another winter's outing.

The new programme adopted by the Oregon Breeders & Speed Association for their meeting July 4, 5, 6, is very attractive and will insure the attendance of the best horsemen on the coast. Large crowds should attend the races each day.

CLOTHING FOR MEN! CLOTHING FOR BOYS! CLOTHING FOR CHILDREN! Made of All Wool Goods. MANUFACTURED BY THE SALEM WOOLEN MILLS. The spring stock is now in and driving every day. Samples of all kinds will be sent on application to our Friends at a distance. Build up our Home Industry by using their goods. Address, Salem Woolen Mill Store, SALEM, OREGON.