THE ANDOVER NEWS.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY

MOSHER & BACKUS.

AT ANDOVER, N. Y.

ANDOVER, N. Y., APRIL 11, 1900

TERMS, 50 a Year in Advance

To Prevent Consumption.

In view of the increasing number of people afflicted with consumption who are flocking to Colorado, the board of health of that state has issued a set of rules showing how consumption may be prevented. Colorado appears to be getting alarmed over the number of tuberculosis patients who are hastening to the breezy heights of that region to alleviate their affliction. The death rate from consumption in Colorado is markedly on the increase, so much so as to incite the health officials to take stringent measures. The promulgated rules are not to be taken as a crusade against consumptives, with whom they state, any person may associate as freely as if they are well if only the ordinary precautions are taken. Three sources of danger are pointed out as being most harmful, expectoration, milk and meat. The rules with regard to expectoration are known to everyone. Infected milk is made safe by boiling or heating to 170 degrees Fahrenheit for 30 minutes. Tuberculosed meat has to be left to the vigilance of the health officer. Among the rules for consumptives are some advising the patient to carry readily destroyable pocket spit cups, which may be burned when necessary. Fresh air, sunlight and weekly disinfection of the sickroom are commended. For those who are predisposed to the disease it is said that consumption is almost never hereditary, but is acquired by careless association with those afflicted with the disease. Living in the open air and "roughing it" as much as possible is advised.

Utilization of Convict Labor.

The Charities Review shares in the general perplexity as to the result of the convict labor system of New York. Commenting upon the report of the superintendent of prisons, it declares it impossible to say yet whether the New York scheme to avoid competition with free labor can be carried out with such success as to justify its permanency. The idea of resulting prison labor to fields where it does not come into competition with free labor is not carried out so long as work is undertaken which could be done and would otherwise be done by outside free labor with ordinary profit. The New York system of manufacturing goods for the consumption of state institutions is competition with free labor just as much as if a private individual bought the goods. The chances seem to be against the state receiving as high a grade of goods under the new system, and this is an economic waste. The Charities Review says that the only way in which prison labor can be employed so as not to come into competition with free labor would be to set the convicts at some task which ordinary enterprise could not undertake at a profit, such, for instance, as reclaiming waste lands, or in mines which it would not pay to work commercially, or in building roads or other expensive public works which otherwise would not be attempted. Of course, each has its disadvantages and objectionable features, but, as the Charities Review says, if prison labor must be excluded from the market the way lies rather in these directions than in juggling over who shall be the consumer of the prison-made products.

A Pennsylvanian, writing home of his travels in Kansas, is thus quoted by the Kansas City Journal: "In Kansas, barbers die of starvation. When you see a wagon on the road looking as if it was loaded with cornstalks, it's only the old farmer man's whiskers stacked up behind him. Most of the streets are paved, the grains of corn being used for cobblestones, while the cobs are hollowed out and used for sewer pipe. The husk when taken off whole and stood on end makes a nice tent for the children to play in. It sounds queer to hear the feed man tell the driver to take a dozen grains of horse feed over to Jackson's livery stable. If it were not for soft, deep soil here I don't see how they ever would harvest the corn, as the stalks would grow up in the air as high as the Methodist church steeple. However, when the ears get too heavy their weight presses the stalk down in the ground on an average of 92 feet; this brings the ear near enough to the ground to be chopped off with an ax."

Wonders This Shock You.

THE CHARM OF LIFE

Is Lost When the Burden is Too Heavy.

Life is hardly worth the living with the never-ceasing aches and pains of a bad back. If you would remove the burden of backache, reach the cause—the kidneys. Doan's Kidney Pills will cure sick kidneys, and the cure is lasting. Here is proof of it.

Mr. F. E. Cleveland, baggage agent at the Erie depot, Elmira, N. Y., says: "Over two years and a half ago I was annoyed by an aching in the small of my back, accompanied at times by sharp, darting pains and a considerable soreness over my right hip. My health had heretofore been excellent, so medicine and I were comparative strangers. I felt, having heard such good reports of friends being cured by Doan's Kidney Pills, that I should at least give this remedy a trial, for it might prove to be a trusted friend to me. My appeal was not in vain. One box brought me great relief and ended the pains. After ten days light symptoms reappeared and I again took Doan's Kidney Pills. The pains disappeared and the secretions, which were greatly in excess, became normal and regular, thus allowing me to rest well during the night and get up refreshed in the morning. Since then I have not had a touch of backache."

For sale by all dealers, price 50 cents. Mailed by Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y., sole agents for the U. S. Remember, the name, Doan's, and take no other.

He Flirts with the Piano.

This is how a Kansas newspaper man criticised Paderewski the other day: "We heard the Polander, Paderewski, play the piano in Convention hall, Kansas City, the other night. The fellow is deceitful. He makes you think all the time he is going to play a tune, but he never does. He flirts all around a tune, but never touches it. His hair looks like a wig, but it isn't. He deceives you in a hundred ways. He makes the sweetest sounds you ever heard that were not a tune. He has his piano so trained that the dog-gone thing will keep right on playing when he is not touching it. He reaches out slowly and strokes it, drawing back his elbows like a man brushing a girl's hair. You see the moonlight, and you're there with your girl, but somehow she doesn't love you. You know the sorrow of that, and that's why we don't like Paderewski. We wouldn't go to hear him again. If this is Paderewski's last visit to America we are glad of it, but we wouldn't take $100 for what we heard at Convention hall."

To Avoid Competition.

"We found the other day," says a Boston hotel clerk, "that there was a company doing business here in the city, consisting of five men, who had made their headquarters in our billiard-room for 18 months. All their mail was delivered there. They met their customers there. They sent their messages and their telegrams from there. And never a cent of revenue to us. I call that the most expansive gall up to date. And when we discovered the thing and told them to get out they unanimously agreed to hurt the hotel all they could by reports."

DO YOU GET UP WITH A LAME BACK?

Kidney Trouble Makes You Miserable.

Almost everybody who reads the newspapers is sure to know of the wonderful cures made by Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney, liver and bladder remedy.

It is the great medical triumph of the nineteenth century; discovered after years of scientific research by Dr. Kilmer, the eminent kidney and bladder specialist, and is wonderfully successful in promptly curing lame back, kidney, bladder, uric acid troubles and Bright's Disease, which is the worst form of kidney trouble.

Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root is not recommended for everything but if you have kidney, liver or bladder trouble it will be found just the remedy you need. It has been tested in so many ways, in hospital work, in private practice, among the helpless too poor to purchase relief and has proved so successful in every case that a special arrangement has been made by which all readers of this paper who have not already tried it, may have a sample bottle sent free by mail, also a book telling more about Swamp-Root and how to find out if you have kidney or bladder trouble. When writing mention reading this generous offer in this paper and send your address to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y. The regular fifty cent and dollar sizes are sold by all good druggists.

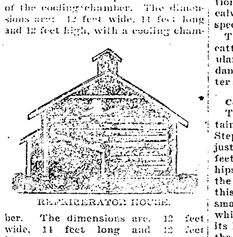
Home of Swamp-Root.

THE DAIRY

REFRIGERATING PLANT.

Ohio Dairyman Gives Plan for a Small Ice House and Cooling Chamber Combined.

In answer to many inquiries I will give a plan for an icehouse and cooling chamber combined. Fig. 1 is floor plan partitioned off in such a manner that it has ice on top and three sides of the cooling chamber. The dimensions are: 12 feet wide, 14 feet long and 12 feet high, with a cooling chamber. The dimensions are: 12 feet wide, 14 feet long and 12 feet high, with a cooling chamber partitioned off 8 feet long by 6 feet wide. The floor of a cooling chamber should be placed about three feet below the surface of the ground so as to take advantage of the coolness of the earth.



REFRIGERATOR HOUSE.

Fig. 2 is a cross section of the building. The door of the cooling chamber is protected by a porch. The ceiling of the room slopes so as to secure the necessary drainage. At C in Fig. 2, a pipe is placed to take the drainage from the ice into a trough, in which the cooling cans may be set. Ice in a dairy is next to indispensable for holding milk at a proper temperature and for use in working and keeping butter.—C. H. Hickox, in Ohio Farmer.

CROSS SECTION.

USES OF SKIM MILK.

Latest By-Product Is Claimed to Be a Good Substitute for Rubber and Celluloid.

Henry Alvord, chief of the dairy division of the agricultural department, in making up the division's exhibit at the Paris exposition has come across a new by-product of the dairy industry. It is well known, of course, that in many lines of industry the by-products of an article form more extensive industries than the original item furnishes.

Skim milk is the basis of this by-product, which is an addition to quite a list of articles which skim milk already furnishes. For instance, they make paint out of skim milk, a fine quality of paint at that, with a good luster and a polish. Then, too, they make glue out of skim milk. Tons of skim milk for fine qualities of paper are produced daily from skim milk.

Now comes an inventor with a plan to make a substitute for hard rubber and celluloid out of skim milk. The patents have been allowed and the organization of the company is under way. The inventor furnished Mr. Alvord with a sample, which resembles wood in texture. The new material will be used for brush backs, combs, electric light insulators, and, in fact, almost anything now constructed of hard rubber or celluloid. The evolution of a pan of skim milk on the kitchen shelf into a golf ball is but a question of time and a secret process. The body of the new material is the caseine of skim milk.

The agricultural department is interested because of the bearing of the new business on the dairy industry. Any plan for the disposition of the surplus stock of skim milk in the dairies and on the farms is welcomed.—Washington Star.

Packing Butter for Market.

In packing butter for market the farmer should use as much care as the creameryman. This is especially the case when he makes sufficient butter to be packed in tubs or pails made of wood. Putting butter direct into wooden packages without any soaking of the packages results often in the deterioration of the butter before it gets to market. The best creameries soak the tubs in brine and then expose them to live steam. After that even the parchment paper that is put around the butter in the tubs is soaked in brine. These precautions have much to do in bringing the butter onto the market in a form and condition that makes it bring as high a price as its quality will permit.—Farmers' Review.

THE CARE OF COWS.

Butter-Making on Farms.

The creameries have driven the farmers out in making butter in some sections, but it is not because farmers cannot compete with creameries, for there are many farmers who do so. It is the farmer who does not know how to make good butter who has surrendered. The best and highest priced butter comes from the farmers, but it is produced with care in every detail, and it does not even have creamery butter as its rival in Danemora and Gouverneur. I should not yield the production of butter to creameries, but endeavor to make a better article.

The Test of Approval.

She has got her Easter hat,
And there's much delight in that;
But to her complete enjoyment 'twill confer
When she sees just how it strikes
The enamored man she likes,
And the woman that she hates and who hates her.
—Brooklyn Life.

Worthy of Trust.

"I don't see why you feel disposed to trust that man more than you would a horse thief. He has no standing in either Bradstreet's or Dun's."

"That may be, but I happen to know that his wife has promised to get along without a new Easter hat this year, so he must have money."—Chicago Daily News.

Milch cattle, receiving indifferent care, age a great deal more rapidly than others.

A defect or disease of the udder or teats, as a gargety condition, is, in my experience, apt to grow worse with age.

A naturally good cow, if she has had rough usage, will be played out in a dairy sense when she is eight or nine years old.

Many of the so-called incurable cases of garget and disease of udder are nothing less than tuberculosis, and when tuberculed are a terrible menace to consumers.

Some originally slight injury to the udder, such as a contusion or inflammation following retention of milk at calving, may later form the nidus for specific infection.

Tuberculosis in the lungs of milch cattle is bad enough, but in the glandular udder it is a hundred times more dangerous to consumers of milk, butter and cheese.—American Cultivator.

Cows with Pompadour Tails.

The cow's tail does n't bother a certain Holstein dairyman while milking. Stepping in his stables, I noticed that just out of reach of my hat, about seven feet from the floor, above the cow's hips, a No. 9 wire, drawn tight, ran the whole length of the stable. On this, in the rear of each stall, was a small ring or a harness clasp, from which hung a stout cord attached at its lower end to the cow's tail at about the point where the brush or long hair begins. This cord was long enough to allow the animal to switch with comfort. The device answers the purpose, but the sight of a stable full of cows with pompadour tails is sure to provoke a smile.—M. G. Kains, in Farm and Home.

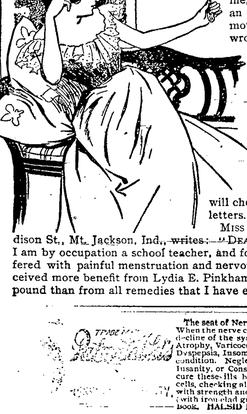
THE MARKS OF SUFFERING

HEALTH and beauty are the glories of perfect womanhood.

Women who suffer constantly with weakness peculiar to their sex cannot retain their beauty. Preservation of pretty features and rounded form is a duty women owe to themselves. The mark of excessive monthly suffering is a familiar one in the faces of young American women.

Don't wait, young women, until your good looks are gone past recall. Consult Mrs. Pinkham at the outstart. Write to her at Lynn, Mass.

MISS EDNA ELLIS, Higginsport, Ohio, writes: "DEAR MRS. PINKHAM—I am a school teacher and had suffered untold agony during my menstrual periods for ten years. My nervous system was almost a wreck. I suffered with pain in my side and had almost every ill human flesh is heir to. I had taken treatment from a number of physicians who gave me no relief. In fact one eminent specialist said no medicine could help me, I must submit to an operation. At my mother's request, I wrote to Mrs. Pinkham stating my case in every particular and received a prompt reply. I followed the advice given me and now I suffer no more during menses. If anyone cares to know more about my case, I will cheerfully answer all letters."



MISS KATE COOK, 16 Addison St., Mt. Jackson, Ind., writes: "DEAR MRS. PINKHAM—I am by occupation a school teacher, and for a long while suffered with painful menstruation and nervousness. I have received more benefit from Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound than from all remedies that I have ever tried."

The best of Nervous Diseases is at base of brain. When the nerve cells at this point waste, a terrible train of the worst disorders occurs. Nervous Debility, Atrophy, Varicocele, Failing Memory, Pain in the Back, Dyspepsia, Insomnia, Etc., are symptoms of a condition. Neglected, it results in Paresis, Insanity, or Consumption. Paine's Celery Compound cures these ills by renewing the starved cells, clearing all drains and replacing weakness with strength and ambition. 50c. a box; 6 boxes (with iron clad guarantee) $2.50. Send for book, HEALTH DEAD CO., CLEVELAND, O.

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Better than a Piano, Organ, or Music Box, for it sings and talks as well as plays, and reproduces music. It reproduces the music of any instrument—hand or orchestra—tells stories and sings—hymns and popular songs—it is always ready. Prices, $7.50 to $100. See that Mr. Edison's signature is on every machine. Catalogue free. NATIONAL PHONOGRAPH CO., 135 Fifth Ave., New York.

Constipation

Will cause you more trouble than any other disease.

YOU are apt to let it run along, thinking you will get over it. You get worse. Your system becomes full of poisonous matter. It causes headache, blotches on your face, and a multitude of complaints.

DON'T

Try to cure Constipation by dosing yourself with violent physics. Take the easy way.

USE

Lee's New Life Tea,

A simple herb remedy, tastes good, does good, never sickens, gripes or weakens. A sample free.

Large Packages, 25 Cts.

SOLD BY

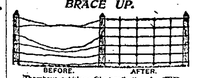
L. A. POWROWS.

Eureka Harness Oil is the best preservative of new leather and the best renovator of old leather. It oils, softens, blacks and protects. Use

Eureka Harness Oil

on your best harness, your old harness, and your carriage top, and they will not only look better but wear longer. Sold everywhere in cans—all sizes from half pint to five gallons. Made by STANDARD OIL CO.

BRACE UP.



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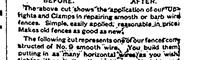
The above cut shows the application of our "Uplights and Clamps in repairing smooth or barb wire fences. Simple, easily applied, reasonable in price. Makes old fences as good as new.

The following cut represents one of our fence fronts, strucet of No. 9 smooth wire. You build them putting in as many horizontal wires as you wish tighten, then, tie together with our Uprights and Clamps, making it as good as new. It is proof against, in its common sense and the strongest fence made 300 at wire. Dont get the idea that our fence is expensive, it costs but very little more than plain or barb wire. A postal card will bring you circular and price list. Why not look into it.



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ANCHOR FENCE CO.

Jamestown, N. Y.

Dr. Da-Bright's Harem-ine Pills

Cures all diseases and ailments arising from

LOSS OF MANHOOD

Guaranteed cure or money refunded. $1.00 a box or 6 boxes for $5.00. Prepared by.....

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HOYT & MAYO,
FASHIONABLE BARBER.
Rooms opposite Woodward & Young Main St.
Shaving and haircutting done in modern style.

Canisteo.

John Powell made a business trip to Buffalo the first of last week.

Miss Edith Titsworth is seriously ill at her home on Jackson street.

Enos Smith has put in a 'phone connected with the Canisteo and Greenwood line.

F. D. Clossey is attending the session of the Grand Jury at Corning.

Mrs. O. Stephens is critically ill at her home on Greenwood street.

James O. Stephens of Bay Mills, Mich., has been called home by the illness of his mother.

Mr. and Mrs Shaut have moved from Leetonia, Pa., and are making their home at the Canisteo House. Mr. Shaut has charge of several stores in Northern Pennsylvania.

Abram Allen Post, G. A. R., were entertained by the Doty Post of Hornellsville last Saturday. Seventy-two members attended.

A number of the congregation of the Presbyterian church attended a missionary service at the First Presbyterian church at Hornellsville last Saturday evening.

Manager Packer, of the Sash and Door Works, with his family and servants, arrived last Saturday and are stopping at the Canisteo House. They expect to move in Miss Kellogg's house this week.

A number of cases of scarlet fever have been reported. Strict sanitary measures are being enforced.

The supper and entertainment given by the Brotherhood of St. Paul of the Methodist Church last Wednesday evening was a brilliant success. The proceeds will amount to about $50.

It is reported that the J. S. Tucker Manufacturing Company expect to double their capacity. Chas. Flohr's Sons are increasing their output of rough leather. The Basket Factory are making several new kinds of baskets and their output is much larger than last year. With the Sash and Door Works about to start our commercial success is very flattering.

Easter Egg Rolling

A Washington Pastime

FOR all American cities Washington, the nation's capital, is the only one which has a distinctive Easter celebration. How and where the Easter Monday egg-rolling originated, no one now living in Washington can tell, but that the Beautiful slopes of the white house grounds, where the annual event occurs, give it inviting encouragement to one seems willing to dispute.

With every year the crowd of youngsters engaged in the harmless sport has increased, and the egg-rolling has finally grown to the importance of a festival. The public schools are closed on Easter Monday, and thousands of children swarm about the enchanting white house grounds. These are pretty diversified with little hills and intermediate valleys, and on the knoll above the steepest of these grassy slopes the children gather. Baskets and boxes are quickly emptied, and the sport of rolling the colored eggs begins. It has no apparent object, unless it is to test the strength of the egg shell and see how many times it will go bumping over rough places without breaking. Some of the little tots try to roll their eggs against others to see which will break; others run after their eggs as they roll down, to catch them before they reach the bottom, so that they may not break. But they are not long-lived. Even the hard-boiled egg has its limit of endurance. Before long the first comers have seen the best of their colored treasures broken and scattered over the grass. But the newcomers constantly bring a fresh supply, and keep "things rolling."

A view of this pleasing scene leaves a never-to-be-forgotten impression on the adult observer's mind. In every direction the eye is caught by the tender spring blushes of blossoming nature, gleaming here and there from banks of hyacinths, daffodils, tulips and a bewildering variety of other bulbous treasures, and again from the budded boughs of trees and shrubs. And over the thick green grass romps and plays a motley picture of young America. Tiny tots crow from the baby carriages that dot the lawns and walks; little toddlers bend down in eager waiting for the brilliant-hued egg that mamma or nurse rolls toward them; bigger boys and girls dash in and out in vigorous sport, chasing one another joyously, and still bigger boys and girls saunter along and seek vantage places whence they can view the throngs and feel the fancy peculiar to spring steal over them.

TWO PRETTY EGG ROLLERS.

By noon the crowd usually is already large; at one o'clock it is little less than tremendous, and still new arrivals in long, unbroken lines make their way through every entrance to the executive mansion reservation. At two o'clock a picturesque multitude is gathered together. At 2:30 a cheer goes up, for then the United States Marine band takes its place in the music stand, and when the leader raises his baton every pulse chimes in with the time of the melody it brings forth. Truly, Easter Monday is a glorious day for the boys and girls of Washington, and if limbs are weary and fatigued when the crowds turn homeward at sundown, memories still throb with pleasure and memory stores away another treasure to gladden coming years.

The egg-rolling always affords pleasure to the occupants of the white house, and it is said that President Cleveland took an active interest in the sport, even before Baby Ruth was old enough to share in its entertaining runs. President Grant, also, gave unlimited liberties to the children, and President McKinley is reported to be an interested observer of the doings of his little guests.

The fact of the matter is that any president who should seek to abridge the privileges of Washington childhood on Easter Monday would find himself abhorred by the coming citizens of the republic; and, no matter what his merits as a chief executive, he would never hold a high place in the hearts of the joyous and patriotic youngsters of the capital city.

Her Sacrifice.

He—Are you willing to give up anything this Easter?

She—Yes; my old bonnet.—Yonkers Statesman.

A Great Sacrifice.

"What did you give up during Lent?"

"Twenty-five dollars for my wife's Easter bonnet."—N. Y. World.

EASTER GLORY

FROM the orient, old in story, to the new world's clearer day
Come the memories of Easter, like a chant from far away;
With the fragrance of the lilies of that cherished, holy clime,
Where the Saviour blessed the humble souls in the fullness of His time;
There's a peace beyond the telling in the sacred sunlit dells,
"He is risen! He is risen!" chime the tuneful Easter bells;
There is joy within the chancels—joy beyond the burst of song—
And the halo of His glory crowns anew each happy throng.

Earth forgets the woes and sorrows of the Man of Galilee,
"He is risen! He is risen!" sing the bells from sea to sea;
Aye, from every lofty mountain, from the heart of every plain,
Voiced by millions 'neath the Heavens, rise the holy chants again;
Kedron sings a new anthem through the rose-embowered glade,
And the air is filled with music where the cedars cast their shade;
Where His white feet pressed the daisies in the fairest fields of earth,
And He gently blessed the children, Easter hath a newer birth.

'Mid the beauty of the flowers, fairer than a crown of gold,
Lives the story of our Easter by the seraphs often told;
We repeat with awe the anthems borne to us across the sea,
And the sunshine crowns the ripples of immortal Galilee;
There gently comes a blessed peace which but the faithful know
From where the orient lilies in their sweetness bloom and blow;
And of the holy seem to hear, above the organ's tone,
The echo of His footsteps where He trod the path alone.

Hail the holy Easter-morning with its everlasting cheer!
Let lily nod to lilly, let the white rose touch her peer;
Let forth from every steeple come the cadence of the chimes
That spread the Easter story to the world's remotest climes;
No more the story of the wood that crushed Him 'neath its weight,
No more the agony He felt beyond the Garden's gate,
But everywhere let Easter's bells ring out so clear and free:
"He is risen! He is risen!" is the theme from sea to sea.

O conscious bells that gladly tell the story never old,
Ring out nor cease the paeans of peace till all the world is told;
In the heart of every Easter blooms a lily white as snow,
Symbolic of the life He led long centuries ago:
In the music from the steeples, in the anthems of the choirs,
Let faith and hope commingle like bright celestial fires;
Let every heart this Easter day, no matter where it be,
Praise the One who blessed the lily by the far-off Orient sea.

T. C. HARBAUGH.

CHANCE NOT TO BE MISSED.

First Old Duffer—I'm going away for Easter.

Second Ditto—I intended to go, but my wife's too sick to go with me.

First O. D.—That's just why I'm going.

Natural History.

"I wonder of dah's any troof in all dishere talk 'bout a rabbit layin' de Easter egg," said Pickaninny Jim.

"I reckons, maybe," said his mother, cautiously.

"My rabbit doan' lay none."

"Maybe de eggs done got stole."

"No, dey didn'. I's been lis'nen' right along an' I nebber heard dat rabbit cackle once."—Washington Star.

His Wish.

Wife—If I don't wear something new on Easter I won't all the neighbors will talk.

Husband—For Heavan's sake don't, then! —Puck.

The Golden Age.

"Twere fine to live in Adam's day,
When everything could please;
Then Easter brought no bills to pay;
For bonnets grew on trees.

The Meaning of Easter

A Christian Feast of Hope

EASTER, at once the most joyous and impressive of Christian festivals, gets its name from Ostern, a heathen goddess, dear to the hearts of the ancient Teutons and Scandinavians, celebrated in Easter the advent of spring, which to them was, as a matter of course, a time for popular rejoicing after the hardships and terrors of a long and rigorous winter. Our Saxon ancestors glorified the day as the forerunner of summer with its fat crops, its outdoor life and its opportunities for communion with nature.

The bold and intrepid missionaries who christianized the heathen nations of the north deemed it wise to adapt old and treasured beliefs and ceremonials to the nobler religion, and thus Easter was put to new and better uses. Scriptural brightness was made to succeed darkness, sorrow was supplanted by joy.

Easter has always been a gentle festival and has ever had a softening effect on mankind. It is a day of good fellowship and of kindly feelings which unite all men into one brotherhood.

To the Christian the day comes as a gleam of sunshine comes to nature after dreary days of darkness and storm, because the resurrection is the great proof of the divinity of Christ; and the open tomb must for all time be the evidence of the truth which the Saviour preached to men that man is saved through the sacrifice of a God made man.

Father Thomas J. Conaty, rector of the Catholic university at Washington, in a sermon on Easter declared it to be "the feast of hope which tells man that death has not conquered us, that beyond the grave there is life, and from death there is resurrection. It tells that Christ is the source of our faith, the source of our hope, and by Him we live as in Him we believe, whom also we must love. As the grain planted in the tomb of the earth germinates and bursts forth into the glory of the harvest field, so human nature inclosed in the tomb of death will germinate and burst forth immortal in the fields of the eternal husbandman.

"Winter covers the earth with its mantle of sorrow and nature seems in death, but the bright sun of the spring morning sees the stone rolled away and nature bursts forth into life. The fields are clad in verdure, the trees bud forth and fragrance comes to the flowers, and all men hear the voices saying: 'If God so clothe the grass of the field, which to-day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven, shall He not much more clothe you, O ye little faith.'

"And so Easter brings to us the pleasant hope of resurrection, to believe in Christ, to hope in Christ, to love in Christ, to possess Christ.

"Easter brings us the risen Saviour, our hope, our joy. We must live with Christ in the grace of His redemption, if we would rise with Christ in the joy of His resurrection."

Old Easter Customs

Many of Them Still in Vogue

MANY curious Easter customs and superstitions have come down to us from the old Saxon celebration of the day. One is that the sun dances in the sky on Easter morning, and in Devonshire, England, young girls still get up early to see the planet skip about. If an east wind is blowing on Easter morning it is a custom in some parts of Germany to draw water and wash in it, thus avoiding all danger from the east wind during the coming year. In the county of Sussex, England, the peasants believe that if the sun shines on Easter day it will shine, if only a little, every day in the year; if it rain, every day will see rain, if only a few drops. In Continental Europe the peasants formerly celebrated the day by putting robes on one of their number, crowning him with a tin crown and saluting him as king.

In Russia the feast is celebrated on Easter eve. All night long the streets are brilliantly lighted and crowded with people in new clothes. At midnight mass is said in all the Greek churches. Russians call Easter "The Opener of the Gates of Paradise."

In Greece men and women greet each other with a kiss, exchanging red eggs and the customary Easter greeting.

In Rome, naturally, the celebration of Easter is most splendid. Formerly the pope himself said mass in St. Peter's. The day was ushered in by the firing of cannon. St. Peter's was brilliantly lighted and splendidly decorated, and the Papal guards, in full uniform, formed a double line from the altar to the shrine of the apostles. At night St. Peter's was lit by hundreds of thousands of tiny oil lamps. Later they were extinguished and as many basins of golden fire were lit at the same time. The ceremonies have lost some of their splendor in recent years, but are still magnificent.

Easter Sunday in Mexico.

In Mexico Easter is an agreeable era from which people like to date. "So many years last Easter," "Three Easters ago," are the common expressions everywhere. The celebration begins on Easter eve. The Plaza Mayor is crowded with booths displaying every conceivable holiday ware. Tallow candles with shades of white paper burn on every booth. Boys go winding through the crowd selling little cakes like sepulchres, crosses and crowns of thorns. The wild gaiety is intense.

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