



skies, its hazy stretches of redling | "We have dete all -" streams, its coast-

These deep, winding lanes, almost overreacked with honeysuckle and wild-

votees alone. Chartes Kingsley tells how Grenvil. cousin of William the Conqueror, drew around him to those sequestered spots Me trusty Saxon serfs and free Norse revers and dark Silurian Britons, venture their brave men and beauteous twenty fatherns of fearing water, WATER TO.

Certainly John Maddock and Esther Wooding fully sustained their native country's reputation. Sweethearts they had ever been since the days when they went, hand in hand, to the white stone schoolhouse on the all above Bide ford. And now John was first mate of an Indian ship, and he and Esther had met to bid farewell ere he sailed away en his long, perilous voyage.

It was on the Easter eve of 1822. Spring's sweet breath filled all that southern clime; and as the lovers nestied in one last, passionate embrace, Eather felt as she had never felt before -a strange reluctance to let her af-Sanced one go.

"I know you will come back again, John, but do you know I have an opareasive dread of some foreboding ## £1 ?""

"Cheer up, my dearte, for come back 2 surely shall, and, maybe, with enough of this world's goods to settle our home

in Bideford." He kissed her with a caress which frew the whole soul through their lips

and hurried to the distant street to tighter. eatch the stage to Plymouth.

Across the heathery hills he rode. whence had flamed the beacon light that told of proud Spain's dread Armada's defeat. But John Maddock



HE KISSED HER.

dreamed that Easter eve of love and peace, not war; of life yet to come when he and Esther should walk its flowery pilgrimage together.

His ship, the Serapis, conveyed a Brit-Bh regiment to India. When he reached Plymouth the quaint old streets were | building a fire to dry their sodden garfilled with a crowd gathered to see the ments. redcoats pass to the beach.

The vessel sailed away amid women's sobs and men's hurrahs, and that Sunday morning they watched her drift an opalescent sky and she disappeared below the dip of the sea.

The Serapts raced before the wind back to Devon once more. like a bird past the Gambian coast and my in the doldrums in the gulf of Suinea, while soldiers sweltered and swore and sailors whistled for a breeze They moved again, and when off Port Molloth, South Africa, a great Atlantic male struck her, and for two days they

rode at the mercy of the elements. Crash went the feretermast, then the bewsprit, and afterward a jury mast HO HAS NOT rigged by John Meddock and the galheard of Doven lant crew, who telled in vain to save county? Devon the ship. The aptain stood with John bonnie Devon, with in the peop that night, and heard the its almost Italian idistant breaks, son the shere.

"No hope for her, Maddock," said he, "tors," its crystal sadiy, with a shake of his grizzly head.

The remainder John never heard, Just combes. through then she struck. He was thrown clear which the sea-foam off the poop, overtourd. He looked rushes white as around. There reared the stern almost carded wool, and perpendicularly. She had run into the laws of a rock-riven chasm, which gripped her like a vise. The malamast snapped with a crack; the breakers brier, the delicious windings of which | tashed her sides; and with a dash, one seemed designed by Cupid for his de- great wave floaded her waist. Oh! that cry of despair, how it haunted John's ears. He raught a falling "par and floated char of timbers and cordage.

The more of the yeared was high up in the reache, dutted here and there with black figurer. They had nothing to hold to, and one after another fell into whose mingled blood still gives to De- the seething relation beneath into full which dashed its spray upward until



HE CAUGHT A SPAR.

it sprinkled the feathery palms along the brink a hundred feet above. "None can live in such a sea as this." muttered John, Cutching his spar the

On came another breaker as the Hon leaps upon its prey. The Serapes parted as if severed by a knife. The eliveri down and the next wave rolled over her with a hissing surge of triumph. A great seachest floated out; he grasped it in the nick of time and spun out with it from the deadly embrasare which

was the grave of the tress. How long John Maddork floated that horrible night he could not remember. The tide had set toward the shore again, and he neared a small inlet where the current can like a militare. Dead bodles were strewed along the beach, and huge, lazy cormorants floated in the merning twillght above his head, looking like specter campires.

He had almost reached the shore when a voice hailed him

"Is it you, sir. Mr. Maddock?" "Yes, replied John, feeldy, for he was

wern cut. "Who are you?" Three of us sailors all, sir. We man aged to semuable on some rigging. Look out for the sharks. They're having a fine time this morning, added the man, with a grean.

They dragged him from the chest, fainting, with expenure and fatigue. There stood, or rather knelt, the four a litary survivors of the wreck of the "Men," said John, when he had re-

covered somewhat; "let us thank God And he repeated the words of resur-

rection faith, mingled with thanks for their deliverance, with a fervor such as in her dream, of the harbor master. only men of their experience can appre-

The day had fully dawned. The castaways spent it in burying the dead and

"Keep a sharp lookout for a veget while I go and hoist a signal," said Mad-

Hard by the sandy stretch where they landed was a small cave, in shaly rock until the highest peak faded against | That night they siept there, barring its entrance with timbers. And here de must leave the four companions to go

> The women left weeping on Plymouth shore were destined to weep again. The Serapis never reported at Calcutta, and early hours she stole quietly away. hope deferred made n.any loving hearts | with a borrowed cam, to Plymouth. sick with apprehension. Laster of 1833 came, but with it came no joy, rather | know, or said she did not. An indethe confirmation of their werst fears.

of the Serapis. He brought the news to | noon, not in her dream, but in reality. Plymouth, and the day afterward, just moist, and many a heart hot as the other with words of hope. thoughts of his kindness were recalled with gratitude and tears.

Meanwhile, poor Esther, sad with unutterable sorrow, wandered down to the bar and watched the smiling sea, so treacherous and calm, as though at any moment it may yield up ner dead.

not kept you here!" wind answered her across the rustling | mariners of the Serapis from their soll-

reeds at Bideford Port.

tr'uble, child." Truth to tell, the old man had already found John's successor, did he dare but

"I want tu see y'u in some good man's home before I die," he added, peering up into her face.

"Don't talk of dying, father, nor of my having to leave you. I hope both are equally distant events," replied Esther, with her sad eyes looking surprisedly upon him. The old man shuffled before that clear, melancholy gaze, and turned to some other subject of discussion. Her womanly instincts had told her that Ralph Colwell loved her. Ralph was rich, and though of middle age, a man

of goodly presence and fortune. Now John was lest at sea, as all supposed, and Raiph Colwell's aspirations revived. He had been her father's generests friend, but he never presumed upon it; and when the Serapis had lain beneath the terrible rock of the African coast for over a twelvementh, he timidly and thoughtfully urged his suit upon Esther, only to be met with refusal,

But men of Ralph's temperament are not easily turned uside from their purposes, and he could afford to wait. Her father died in the June of 1833, and the house was left unto her desolate, Kalph proved lover, friend, philosopher and financial resource all in one. He never intruded his rejected suit, itis constant love by thoughtful watching wise won the day without this.

"I have little to give you in return for your devotion, Mr. Colwell," sold Esther, gently, "but I am deeply sensible of all your goodners to me and

"I only ask you to let me love you until you can love me in return, Esther. Grant me your hand, and I shall be the happinest of men.

She did so, and the wedding was fixed to take there on March 27, 1844; Easter Sunday following on the 30th. The idea that John could have survived tiever occurred to her. That was an impossibility, as she thought, so unmistakably had the record of the vessel's has been given. And yet Esther Wooding felt her depression in a greater degree us her nuptials die w near.

The 24th of March came, She was sleeping above in her futher's and her own home. For none would have interfered with her in those quiet days of Lonest neighborhood. When she retired to rest a herre storm tossed the branches of the trees before her window, and the thunder of the surf as it sent the pebbles flying up the beach was distinctly audible.

No wonder she dreamt of John! She saw the shutter of rock, her lovers form hurled figm the peop, and the doomed vessel dashed to pieces on the shore. John's white face was distinctly visible, floating over the bounding grandfather, billows, and she awoke in terror

The mest night her depression was deeper then before. And, stranger still, she dreamt of John again. But this time the storm had ceased, and there was a great calm. She could see the bear h where her lover had landed in safett, and he seemed to unte his neckerrhief, her parting gift, as though signaling a passing ship. When morning s dewy light stole in through her casement. Esther arose, and felt that most unreasonably, and yet effectually, had her sorrew left her. She represented herself for this light-

some mind, but it was in vain she did

Tomorrow is the worlding day," she murroured, with ashen lips.

The thought disturbed her as it had never done before. And that last night (ration of new life there. The other was lay down to sleep and dream again. This third time she stood on Plymouth



A SHARP LOOKOUT FOR A VESSEL quay, and, from the spot where Drake and Hawkins played their game of and commit our comrades to His bowls, she looked, with a crowd, at an incoming ship, which fired her gun and saluted the orders.

"What vessel is that?" asked Esther, "The Uniture, Indianman, young lady," he responded, gallantly doffing

his glazed hat. John, her John, the one she dreamed dead and buried in the Atlantic off the African coast, stood on the stern and waved her neckerchief.

The dream ended, and Eather once more arose, to find herself humming a tune, the first trill of her once merry voice for two years.

"But it is my wedding day!" at the returning thought her face blanched and her music ceased. "Oh, I cannot go to the altar today," declared she to herself. And through the

Why to Plymouth? Esther did not finable motive power had led her away The captain of a homeward-bound vest from her plighted word. And, surely conditions

sel had sighted some direlict wreckage | enough, she was on the quay that after-Now where was John? The reader as the church-bells summoned the wor- | knows more than Esther did as yet. shippers to the joyful adoration of the John and his three companions stayed Eastertide, all Bideford knew that on the Island for many long days and Esther Wooding had lost her stalwart, | nights, watching for some passing vesnoble sweetheart. Many an eye was | sel, hunting, fishing, and cheering each

The four survivors had need of patience, for more than one vessel bore down, but they did not see their frantic signaling, or, if they did, heeded it not. At last the neckerchief which Esther had thrown around John Maddock's neck was floated to the breeze at the "Oh John! My own John! Why had I top of a lofty palm tree. A versel bound for Australia caught sight of it So she moaned, while the moan of the shortly afterward, and took the four

tary state. "Really, darter, beent y'u grievin' tu | Then followed the voyage onward to much?" said her querulous and way- Calcutta and John's immediate return worn old father. "John Maddock is gone, on board the first packet having for sure enow, but don't 'maze yoursel' with | England.

With this brief interlude, we can resume our place by Esther's side upon the quay at Plymouth. She dreaded being followed, but none had put in an appearance from Bideford as yet. The western sea was all affame with the glory of the setting sun when a ship sailed in the cove. It was strangely familiar to her. Nay, it was the vessel she had seen in her dream.

She turned around. Was she dreamstand in his place to you both." ing again? There stood the harbor master, glazed hat and all.

"What ship is that?" queried Esther, in a low, strained voice.

"The Vulture, Indianman, young lady," he replied, and touched his hat.



SHE WATCHED THE SHIP.

"Why should be not? He did so last night," thought Eather. "Then John is on that ship, she said. "John? Who's John?" queried the

Either heeded not. The ran alongside the nearing vessel. A brenzed figure stead on the stern. It was John.

"I knew you would come," she remarked, very quietly, five minutes later, and then fainted in his arms.

The next afternoon they were married. All Hideford gave them an Easter welcome; for was not this a resurrection of the dend? And Ralph Colwell winced, but bore his trouble bravely, as he gave the bride away, saying "She is yours, John, but now her father is dead, I claim the right to

stand in his place to you both. Today the aged John and Esther Maddock live in the home left them by Ralph, and this Eastertide their grandchildren gather to listen to this, my story, told annually by their adored

DR. COLLYER'S EASTER HOPE.

The Day of All Bays When No Humna

Bring Should Despair. The resurrection always follows death. We shall spring into a new life out of the duller and outer darkness. That's the truth about men and that's the truth about nations. Until nations are struck by the second death, as some nations have been, from which there is no resurrection-and we are very far from that, I think-we are bound to look forward to a better life right here and a nobler life. I saw a picture once in Chicago that seemed to tell the story of the nations, the great figure was looking backward on wreck and ruin. with no hope in her eyes and no experlooking forward eagerly and hopefully toward a new world that was rising. The eyes that were looking backward were dark and sad, and full of regret for the past. The eyes that were looking forward were gray and clear - prophof's eyes-and full of light touched with joy. That's the look we should give on Lympo life, for it rises into imprortal life for which our Easter festival stands as a reminder. That's the look ne should give to the notion to which we belong, which has still the new world before it, and which is destiped to be the greatest and best, as I Leffere, the world ever saw.

ROBERT COLLYER.

Easter Morning.

With what jevous anticipation the ringing of the lells on Easter morning floods the mind! It is a summons to celebrate the passage of the gloomy period of winter and cold, during which the earth has slept and all nature has stagnated, buried under a mantle of snow and ice. The warmth of the sun has released the brooks and filled the air with a golden mist and the brooding spirit of a new creation hovers over the land. The period is symbolical of the resurrection of all bright and glorions things, and the season appropriate for the celebration of the greatest event in the history of Christendom, the recurrection of Christ.

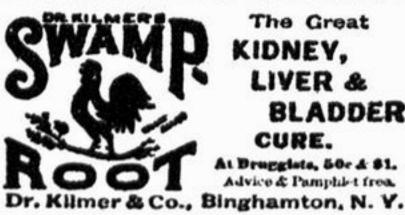
On this day all thoughts of young and old are turned toward the future. is a day consecrated to hope, and it is a Christian duty to exert all our strength to throw off the depressing :: U Summer season there You influences of the past and take courage and resolution in the blessed promises explained and verified in our illustrated of the future. In the beautiful land book-"To California and Back." For which we have inherited doubt and dis- tree copy, address..... couragement have no place. Every influence wafted by the great agencies of civilization, the press, the pulpit, and the far-reaching lines of transportation which traverse the country from end to end, is exerted for the amelioration and advancement of the people. The depresston which the past year has witnessed will soon be forgotten in a revival of industry and restored confidence. Prophets of evil will find their occupation less and less in accord with prevailing

Medicine Spring

is a universal need. If good health is to appetite. I have given her Hood's Sarsapabe expected during the coming season the rills, and since I have given it to her she has blood must be purified now. All the had a good appetite and she looks well. I germs of disease must be destroyed and have been a great sufferer with headache and the bodily health built up. Hood's Sar- rheumatism. I have taken Hood's Sarsapasaparilla is the only true blood purifier rilla. I am now well and have gained in prominently in the public eye to-day. strength. My husband was very sick and all Therefore Hood's Sarsaparilla is the best run down. I decided to give him Hood's medicine to take in the spring. It will Sarsaparilla and he began to gain, and now help wonderfully in cases of weakness, he has got so he works every day." Mrs. nervousness and all diseases caused by im- ANNIE DUNLAP, 385 E. 4th St., S. Boston, pure blood. Remember

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and must be found in the dictionary. If two words are spelled alike only one can be used. Abbreviations, obsolete tory of the painting. words and names of persons or places are harred. Lists purposely stuffed not con-

Fourth-The same letter must not be be given preference T. wh' h may be used twice in any word, shipped to winners within ten days after as it appears twice in the prize word. I the contest closes.

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