

THE EASTER CHIMES.

A Tale from the Russian of Kovolenko. T WAS the night before the Easter morning. The little village by the murmuring creek was half hidden in the mystical, vapory, starry gloom of a Russian night in springtime. The neighboring wood

flung blackest shadows on the fields beside it. All was stient. The village slumbered.

Hours passed, and long before the night was gone its still charm was broken. Lights began to glimmer in the windows of cottages whose wretchedness was disguised in the bewitching apringtime gloom of night. A gate creaked. The tread of a foot was heard here and there. Moving figures, darkly outlined, emerged from the shades of the wood. A uog barked, and then another and another.

Then a horseman clattered along the village street. A passing cart grouned and creaked under its early morning burden. The darkly outlined figures increased in number. The villagers began to gather in their church to bid welcome to the spring holiday.

It was a quaint little church. It stood meen a hillock in the middle of the vitage. All at once its windows glowed dimly among the shadows. Then their brightness increased. The church was all alight.

High into the darkness overhead reached the old belfry tower. Its top was lost in the azure gloom.

Then the rickety belfry stairs began to creak. Old Micheich, the beliringer was clambering aloft. Soon his lantern bung in the bell window, shining like a new star in the sky.

those steep and crooked stairs. His old eyes no longer served him, and he. like they, was worn out,

As he climbed, he pendered. It was rest. But God would not send him death. He had seen his children buried. He had stood by the open graves of his grandchildren. He had followed the ald to their last resting place. He had darkness overhead.



THE BELLRINGER WAS CLAMBER-ING ALOFT.

bllowed the young there, too. But the lived and lived. It was hard. Many a time had he welcomed the seter morning—so many times that he ffry, as now he hoped for it. And this early morning God had brought m there once more.

d graves. The white wooden cross- and then. The old man's gray head | the matter with you? Are you asleep?" | ments.

them with their widestretched arms. Here and there a few birch trees bent naked branches forlornly over the mounds and the aromatic odors of their young buds arose on the silent air to Micheich's nostrils. They bore to him

a tale of tranquil, eternal sleep. Where would he be a year from that moment? Would he be there again? Would he have once more climbed into that tower under the clamorous copper with their sharp, resounding strokes? Or would be lie out there in a dark corner of the cemetery with a white cross guarding his everlasting sleep?

God alone knew. He was ready to die -but in the meantime God had brought him into the beifry once more to weicome the Easter morning. "To the glory of God!"

His old lips repeated the oft spoken



HE SEIZED THE BELL ROPES. formula, and his old eyes gazed into It was bard for the old man to climb | the deep sky above, burning with its millions upon millions of stars.

"Micheich! Oh, Micheich!" The voice came from below. It was the old sexton, who had come from the time indeed, he thought, that he should | church into the graveyard beneath the tower and who was gazing upward, with his hands shading his blinking, tear moistened eyes in vain effort to make out the form of the beliringer in the

> "What do you want?" answered old Michelch, bending over the railing. "I am here. Can't you see me?" "I do not see," cried the sexton. "Is

ft not time to ring? What do you

think?" Both gazed upon the stars. Thousands of God's lanterns were blinking at them from the firmament. The night

was waning. Micheich thought. "No. not yet," he said. "Wait awhile.

know when." . . But it was time to salute the Easter morning. Old Micheich gazed at the stars once more, and then arose. He removed his hat, crossed himself and gathered up the bell ropes. A moment more and the night air shivered under the first resounding stroke. Then came the second, the third, the fourth. The lightly sleeping Easter air quivered with the joyous music of the shouting,

singing bells. Then the bells ceased. The solemn service began in the church below. In bygone years Micheich had always

gone down to the service and stood in a corner near the door, praying and listening to the music. But it was hard and not recall them all. He had even for him to do this now. He felt tired. totten how often in later years he So he sat down on the bench beneath All this was far away in the old times. hoped for death in this same old | the copper bells and listened to their waning resonance.

He thought. About what? Michelch nimself could hardly answer the ques-It was not yet time for him to ring tion. His glimmering lantern scarcely merry peals and the old man totter- lit up the belfry. He could not make to the belfry window and leaned out out the droning bells. They were lost the railing. Below him in the in darkness. From the church below ness he could dimly see the neg- his old ears caught the singing now

es at their heads seemed to be guarding | sank upon his chest. Disconnected scenes from the past swarmed in his mind like bees in the hive.

"Ah!" he said as the music of the Easter hymn drifted up the tower stairs, "they are singing the troparion."

In his imagination he sang that hymn, again a youth, in the old church below. The little old priest, Father Naum, many years dead and buried, once more was intoning the end of a prayer, while children's voices united bells to awaken the slumbering night in the responses. Hundreds of peasants bowed and arose like corn before the wind. Now they crossed themselves devoutly.

> The old familiar faces were of those long since dead. There was the stern visage of his father. There stood his elder brother at the old man's side, sighing deeply and crossing himself again and again. There he himself stood, young, healthful, strong, joyful, full of expectation of a life's happiness. Where was that happiness now?

The old man's thoughts flickered up like a dying flame. Recollection illumined all the nooks and corners of his life. And all he saw was endless. ceaseless, merciless labor-labor far beyond his strength. He saw sorrow, too -much sorrow- and suffering unutter-

Ah, where indeed was that happiness of which he had dreamed?

The burdens of life had wrinkled his young face, had bent his powerful back before the time had come. They had made the joyous boy sigh as his elder brother had sighed.

There on the left, among the women of the village, with her head humbly bent, he saw his sweetheart. She was a good woman. May the peace of God be with her soul!

Oh, the pain that she had suffered! Want and work and woman's woes had withered her glowing womanhood. Her eyes had grown dim with years and weeping. The shocks and blights of life had painted a dull fright upon her comely face.

God had given them one son, their joy, their very soul, and he was ground

Ah, where was her happiness?

to his death by men's injustice. The picture broadened and graw vivid in the old man's mind. He saw standing in his pew the rich enemy of the family, bowing his head to the very ground, glossing over in his prayers

the wrongs of the widows and orphans whose lives he had blighted in his selfish Micheich felt his heart grow hot within him now, as it had done then, while the dark faces of the holy



HAD FALLEN HELPLESSLY. images on the altar frowned sternly upon man's sorrows and man's injus-

But all this was long, long passed And now all the wide world for him

was this dark tower, where the wind sighed gently among the swinging bell old days is that which still uses the hare

of his enemy. Silent tears ran down his cheeks. "Micheich! Ah, Micheich! What is to love God and keep his command-

Far below the people swarmed from the church, as ants swarm from the anthill. Golden standards reared themselves in the air of the unborn Easter morning. Forming as a cross, the procession began to move around the church, amid joyful cries of "Christ

He seized the bell ropes and pulled

them with skillful hand,

without.

asleep?"

has risen from the dead!" The words went to the old bellringer's heart, and glancing out he was exalted in spirit. It seemed to him that the waxen candles that the people bore blazed with suddenly increased brilliance in the gray darkness, that the throng moved more and more swiftly, that the standards waved the more joyously, and that the awakening wind lifted up the joyful chorus from below and turned it to the bell's brazen peals with a sweetness superhuman.

Never did Micheich ring the bells with such joy and spirit.

It seemed as if his old heart had been welded into the dead copper of those bells, which laughed and sang and wep at the entrancing melody that rose to the stars above. And the stars seemed to fairly blaze with joy of it as the music poured upward into heaven and fell backward to caress the earth.

What a hymn of joy it was those bells pealed forth. The great bass deafened the sky with the grand brazen cry of "Christ has risen." And the tenors, struck to their hearts, shouted sonorously, "Christ has risen!" while the clanging sopranos, as though fearing their lesser voices should be lost to the grand chorus, hurriedly, like gleeful children trying to outstrip each other, screamed a thousand times, "Christ has

And that sad old heart forgot its cares, its sorrows, and its insults.

The gray beliringer heard only the brazen music, now singing, now weeping, now floating to the starry sky, now sinking to the wretched earth; and it seemed to him that he was surrounded by his children and his grandchildren and that these were their happy voices -the voices of old and young together pouring out in one grand chorus a hymn of joy and rapture.

So the old beliringer pulled the ropes with strong, nervous arms while tears poured down his cheeks and his heart ran fairly over with a happiness he had never known before. And below the people listened, and they said to each other that Micheich had never ing so wonderfully before.

Then suddenly the great bass bell hesitated-and was silent. For a moment the others sang an unfinished, uncertain harmony. Then they, too, ceased, and there was silence save for the low, sad, trembling droning of their stilled but still resonant throats.

The gray beliringer had fallen helplessly on the bench beside the ropes, and two tears silently rolled over his pale checks.

Send a substitute! The old bell ringer has rung himself out,

4 4 4 W. W. W.

For Easter. RISE! This day shall shine for evermore. To thee a star divine on Time's

> Till now thy soul glad and gay; Bid it awake and and look at Grief to-day!

dark shore!

But now the stream has reached a dark, And sorrow, dim and crowned, is waiting thee.

Each of God's soldiers bears a sword divine: Stretch out thy trembling hands to-day

Then with slow, reverent step and beating heart.

for thine!

From out thy joyous day thou mast And, leaving all behind, come forth

To join the chosen band around the

Raise up thine eyes! Be strong! Not cast away The crown that God has given thy soul to-day!

Easter Hares.

About Easter time hares are almost as common as eggs in the shop windows, and many boys and girls may wonder why this is so. It is plain why the egg should be used. The life which comes, after so long a time, from the lifeless-looking egg, makes it especially typical of the resurrection. It is not so clear what the hare has to do with Easter Sunday.

Easter is a feast regulated by the moon. That is, it is appointed by the church that Easter should fall "upon the first Sunday after the first full moon which fell upon or after the vernal equinox." Now, the hare is the animal which the ancients considered sacred to the moon, and proper to be used at all feasts regulated by the moon.

So among the old customs which have been handed down to us from the old. as well as the egg in the pretty fanci-"Let God judge you! God will judge | ful decorations suitable for our great you!" whispered the old man, thinking spring festival.—Easter Sunday.

No greater thing can be done than

The voice came from the churchyard LONDON TENEMENTS.

"Good God!" cried the old man, re-LAWS THAT GOVERN CONmembering the further duty that awaited him. "Did I really fail STRUCTION IN THAT CITY.

> A Remarkable Provision Made for Light and Air - An Estimated Life for Buildings of Four Hundred and Fifty Years.



R. Edward Marshall, secretary of the New York Tenement House Commission, contributes an article on "Stamping Out the London Slums" to the Century. Concerning the laws governing the erection of tene-

ments in London, Mr. Marshall says: First of all should be mentioned the provisions for the two great requisites of light and air. The buildings will be four and five stories high, and each building must be separated in all directions from any opposing building by an open space at least equal to its own height. It was with the greatest difficulty that the New York commission secured the passage of an act limiting the ground area covered to seventyfive per cent. These official London tenements will not cover more than fifty-five per cent. of the building-lots.

Habitabie rooms must not be less

than eight feet six inches in height. Rooms must have efficient ventilation, "the principle on which 'back-to-back' houses are built being carefully avoided." This precludes the construction of a building more than two rooms deep. If such a rule were enforced in New York, the city would be revolutionized. The aim of tenement-house architecture in America is to get at least two, and perhaps four, families on each floor of twenty-five feet width. The London houses, as a matter of fact, will be only one room deep. Livingrooms in them must be of not less than one hundred and forty-four feet superficial floor area. Bed-rooms must be of not less than ninety-six feet superficial floor-area nor less than seven feet nine inches wide. Staircases must have horizontal ventilation direct to the open air; corridors must be ventilated on the open air; staircases and halls must be lighted day and night. The last-named regulation is with a view to preventing the immorality and frequent accidents which lack of light in such places in known to produce in tenement-houses. A proposed statute calling for light after 8 a. m. until 10 p. m., aroused much opposition in Albany. After light and air, safety from fire

may be regarded as the next essential of model tenement-house construction. The London law provides that all walls shall be of "fire-resisting" material, and that all staircases must be fireproof, and so separated from apartments that they will not afford a flue for the conduct of fire from one floor to another, as has so often occurred in the tenements of New York. But the county council has learned that it will pay to go beyond the law, and to make the buildings absolutely fire-proof. The first cost will be very little greater, and will be far more than offset by the decreased cost of repairs and the greater permanence of the buildings. Without going into technical details of construction, it may be said that stairways are ot Iron, stone, and cement; that floors are built with iron girders and brick arches; that the wooden surface is laid on solid cement; that as little woodwork has been all is used in the rooms as possible; and that the plaster, even of the partitions between rooms of the same apartment, is laid on from or wire instead of on wooden lathing. Of the buildings completed it is no idle boast for the architect to say that a fire might be started in any room wihout endangering any other rooms. The cost of repairs is thus reduced to a minimum and the life of the buildings is increased until it is estimated at four hundred and fifty years simply because it seems absurd to name a longer period. As a matter of fact, the buildings, if undisturbed, will practically last forever.

His Blooming Mistake.

A countryman of Coethe gives another instance of the difficulty foreigner has with the English language. He was invited out to dinner soon after his arrival in England and was desirous of saying something in a very pleasant way, and made use of the following expression: "Will you have the blooming kindness to," etc. He used it in the sense that the word "blooming" is used in German as being something very charming and beautiful, little knowing what havoc slang has played with the word in England He was absolutely at a loss to understand why everybody was so utterly horrified at what he thought was an extremely nice expression.

Spiritual Photography.

The human soul is the tablet on which the image of Jesus is to be photographed, as the sensitive plate must be developed in the chemical baths before the image appears, so our hearts must be made clean-cleansed by His blood and annointed by the grace of God. Light is essential in the physical process. So in the spiritual portrait there must be plenty of light.-Rev. M. A. Head.

Science and the Church.

Under the guidance of the church the whole universe has joined in the worship of the true God. The church knew that human science was the handmaid of faith, and there is no branch of art or science that does not aid her mission. All great scientists, with a few exceptions, have been deeply religious. The church has always been to science a kind and helpful friend .-Christian Truth.

State of Ohio, City of Toledo, Lucas

County-ss. Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of One Hundred Dollars for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of Hall's Catarrh FRANK J. CHENEY. Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence this 6th day of December,

A. W. GLEASON, A. D. 1886. Notary Public. (Seal.) Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send

for testimonials, free. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo. O. Bold by druggists; 75c. Hall's Family Pills, 25c.

Look Out for Him.

In the wild, unfettered west, beware of the man who never carries arms, gets drunk and always minds his own business. He does not go around shooting out the gas or intimidating a kindergarten school, but when a brave frontiersman, with a revolver in each boot and a bowle down the back of his neck, insults a modest young lady and needs to be thrown through a plate glass window and then walked over by the populace call on the silent man who dares to wear a clean shirt and human clothes -Exchange.

When Traveling,

Whether on pleasure bent, or business. take on every trip a bottle of Byrup of Figs, as it acts most pleasantly and effectually on the kidneys, liver and bowels, preventing fevers, headaches, and other forms of sickness. For sale in 50 cent and \$1 bottles by all leading druggists. Manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Company only.

National Sine.

God punishes sin in nations as in individuals. National sins bring national calamities. "Righteousness exalteth a nation." The nation must be "established in righteousness" or it will not be established at all.-Rev. E. Humphries.

If the Baby is Cutting Teeth, Be sure and use that old and well-tried remedy. MRS. WINGLOW'S BOOTHING SYRUP for Children Teething.

Evolution. To-day every intelligent person is an evolutionist in his method of thinking, even if he doesn't accept the evolution theory of the man .- A. W. Martin,

I believe Piso's Cure is the only medicine that will cure consumption. - Anna-M. Ross, Williamsport, Pa., Nov. 13, '95.

Twenty millions of meteors are said to fall upon the earth every day, their aggregate weight amounting to several tons.

hat

Extreme tired feeling afflicts nearly everybody at this season. The hustlers cease to push, the tireless grow weary, the energetic become enervated. You know just what we mean. Some men and women endeavor temporarily to overcome that

ired

Feeling by great force of will. But this is unsafe, as it pulls powerfully upon the nervous system, which will not long stand such strain. Too many people "work on their nerves," and the result is seen in unfortunate wrecks marked "nervous prostration," in every direction. That tired

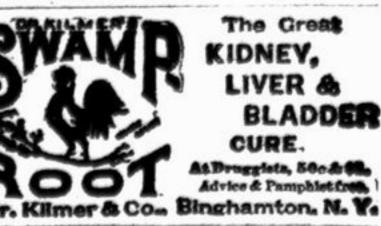
ing is a positive proof of thin, weak, impure blood; for, if the blood is rich, red, vitalized and vigorous, it imparts life and energy to every nerve, organ and tissue of the body. The necessity of taking Hood's Sarsaparilla for that tired feeling is, therefore, apparent to every one, and the good it will do you is equally beyond question. Remember that

Hoods Sarsaparilla Is the One True Blood Purifier. All druggists. \$1.

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