

EASTER'S PROMISE.

BY CONSTANCE LEVINE. COME, all ye dwellers on the earth, Whether of high or lowly birth; All who in God's own image are created. Lift up the heart, lift up the voice, 'Tis Easter-time, rejoice, rejoice! The Ship of Promise comes with treasures freighted. The air rings with the glad refrain: "Resurgam! I shall rise again!"

Easter Bonnets (Marked Down)

BY FRANK NORRIS. Scene—The bay window of the club, commanding a view of the street. Directly opposite are the windows of a fashionable milliner's, gorgeous with a display of Easter bonnets. Characters—Tom, Dick, Harry, afterward Jack, and Dolly Street, engaged to Jack. It is 3 o'clock on a warm afternoon about ten days before Easter. The grand parade is at its thickest. Tom (reflectively looking out of the window toward the milliner's display)—I wonder how many girls stop to look in at that window.

AT THE CLUB WINDOW.

with it. I'll pick out a girl coming down the street, and you and Harry bet on whether she stops and looks in at that window or not. It'll be for a dollar. You both put up your stakes, understand. Harry, he'll be the bull. He'll bet that she stops. Dick will be the bear. He'll bet she doesn't. Savvy? Dick—And how if she goes in—goes into the store? Tom—Well, I'll just bet a dollar as to whether she goes in or not, and if she does I win double. It's a one to two shot. Dick—Great idea! Here, Tom, here comes a girl. See—just crossing the street. Do we bet on her? Tom—No, no. There's an art in this thing you fellows don't seem to appreciate. She wouldn't do. She's been shopping all the morning and spent her last quarter for lunch at the department store. She wouldn't dare look in. Besides, she's from the country, I'm sure. Look at her net bag. Harry—Tom, you're right. She went by with her head turned away. Wouldn't trust herself to look. How about this one that's coming—the one in the brown tailor suit? Tom—Yes, we bet on her. (Harry and Tom each lay a dollar on the table.) Harry—Oh, she's bound to stop. Watch, now. She can't go by that row of bonnets. There, she's right in front—now—now—yes, no—she's hesitating—she's got her eye right on that blue affair—no—yes—yes. Hooray, she stopped. The dollar's mine. Say, it is a great game. (The girl abruptly enters the store.) Tom (pocketing the \$2)—Isn't it? Hurry up. Put up your money. Here comes another one. We bet on her. The one in gray, with the bull pup (assuming the tone and manner of a wheel of fortune winner). Put up your money, gents. Pick 'em out, pick 'em out. Here she goes, and there she goes, and if she stops or not nobody knows. (Dick and Harry make their bets. The girl passes by in a hurry, merely glancing at the bonnets.) Tom (in a professional chant)—Dick wins. Dick—Great game—great. Tom—Gents, make your bets. This one coming. The one in the hunting

green dress. Come on, come on, come and gamble on the green. And still the little bull goes around. (The girl in green enters the store hurriedly without as much as glancing at the bonnets.) Tom (gathering in the money)—Bank wins. Harry (with an aggrieved shout)—She was the saleslady in that store. I've seen her there. Fake, fake! Skin game! Blow out the gas! Yah! Dick—Kill the umpire! (Enter Jack at the back of the room.) Harry—Hello, here's Jack! Shall we ask him to join our merry throng? Tom—He's going to be married next week to Dolly Street. He wouldn't take an interest in such frivolities. Harry—Well, if he's going to be married next week the sooner he learns about Easter bonnets and ways of women the better for him. Hey, Jack, come over here and get into the game. Jack (coming up)—Hello, you fellows, what's up? (Tom explains at length.) Jack—Capital idea; capital! Tom—Steady all. Here's another, and a stunner too. Black cashmere, white gloves and a dot of blue plish in the hat. See her? Jack—The one with the heavy veil? Tom—Yes, that one. Harry—Isn't she a stunner? Jack—Walks like a girl I know. Dick—She won't look at those bonnets. She's the kind that sends her maid down to have a lot sent up on approval. Harry—Doesn't make any difference. Why, look at that blue affair right in the front row and marked down. She's only a woman after all. Look, look! If she hesitates— Jack—She's lost, and she is hesitating. Tom—She's stopped. Harry wins. No, no—wait a moment. She acts as though she was going in. She's going to price the blue affair. I know it. (The girl studies the array of Easter bonnets a moment, starts off, returns and finally enters the store with an undecided air.) Tom (gathering up the money)—Bank wins. Dick (disgusted)—You wouldn't have thought it of her. Wimmen folk air powerful on sartin, and I'll bet she was a pretty girl too. Harry—She's over in the store now. Look, you can see her through the window. The saleslady is getting that blue bonnet out for her. By Jove, she's looking right over here. Jack—Who's the saleslady? Harry—No, you goat, the girl. The stunner, and—why—well, of all—Boys, she's bowing over here. Dick—To us? Tom—No, to me. Harry—It's to me, of course. Jack—Oh, you're both wrong. She's bowing right at me. Can't I see? Tom—Betcha \$10 she's not. Jack—Take you. Dick—How you going to prove it? Tom—Well, I'll bow and wave my hand at her, and then Jack, he'll bow and wave his hand at her, and the one that she answers will be the one that wins. Jack—All right. There's my tennor. Tom, you try first. (Tom bows and waves in the most ingratiating manner, but the girl puts her chin in the air and turns away coldly.) Tom (dolefully)—Crushed, crushed. Well, Jack. (Jack bows and waves in his turn, and he's rewarded with a pleasant little nod.) Jack (swelling proudly and pocketing the money)—What did I tell you? I'll bet she's pretty. Harry, she's going to try on that blue bonnet, and she'll have to take off her veil to do that. We'll soon see if she's pretty or not. Tom (bitterly)—I'll betcha \$5 she's not. Jack (defiantly)—Betcha \$10 she is. Tom—Take you. Dick—Watch, now. She's taking off her veil. There! Is she pretty or not? Jack—Why, it's Dolly! All—Miss Street! (A moment of embarrassed silence.) Harry (to Jack)—I say, old man, this is no end beastly. I—well, by Jove, Jack, we've acted like a lot of bloody little ends. Of course, if we'd known—guessed for an instant if your fiancée—Miss Street, I mean—I—that is—hang it, Jack, I feel like a stable boy! Dick—Harry speaks for all of us, Jack. Jack (easily)—Pshaw! That's all right. No wonder Dolly bowed to me. She recognized me all right, but I didn't know her under that veil, and I've never seen that dress before. I thought her walk was familiar, though. Guess I'll run over and talk to her a bit. Goodby, you fellows. (Tom, Dick and Harry exchange rueful glances.) Tom—And now the question is, Did she recognize Jack? Dick—Would Dolly Street flirt with a man and she engaged to Jack? Tom—Would Jack flirt with a girl and be engaged to Dolly? Dick—Well, wimmen folk air on-sartin. (In front of the milliner's store a few moments later. Dolly, coming out, meets Jack.) Dolly (surprised)—Why, you dear old Jack! Where did you come from? I haven't seen you in an age!—Boston Globe. Paschal Candle's Symbolism. The paschal candle is the name given to the light which appears on the gospel side of the altar during mass and vespers from Easter to Whit Sunday. It symbolizes the rising from the grave of Christ, the "light of the world." In the year 1457 it was recorded that the candle used at Canterbury was of 300 pounds weight. There is also mentioned as a matter of history that on one occasion the paschal candle in the church at Norwich, England, was so tall that it had to be lighted through an opening in the roof over the choir.

DAINTY EASTER TRIFLES.

Here Are Some Timely Hints For the Givers of Gifts. THE real ostrich's egg makes an attractive an Easter boutonniere as any one need ask. Some that are on exhibition this week are genuinely Turkish in their decoration and are singularly handsome apart from their use. In some cases the top is chipped off and a silk bag pasted about the opening, but in others they are divided and hinged. Either method makes a commodious receptacle for sweets and one that is evidently in keeping with the traditions of the day. A gift of flowers is a reminder of the happy Easters of long ago. There is the white azalea, like a small tree covered with snowflakes; the calla and ascension lilies, or, if they are preferred, the many varieties of palms or ferns. These plants may be placed in fancy jardinières, or a fancy cover may be made of white or colored crepe tissue paper and with a broad band of satin ribbon to match the paper. Cut flowers give a deal of pleasure while they last, white roses mingled with sprays of the feathery maidenhair fern, the sweet scented Roman hyacinth or the always dear violets, single or double, with their own leaves. The Easter bouquet should be all white, but a little lavender or pale pink is sometimes permissible. Broad streamers of satin ribbon are fastened to bouquets and one's card attached. Prayer book sets, the small anchor and cross in silver or mother of pearl, make very appropriate presents. Sofa pillows in rich shades of green or red velvet or in the dainty pompadour silks are always liked. The butterfly, being emblematic of the soul, makes a pillow with figures of these winged creatures an appropriate Easter remembrance. The foundation of the pillow is made of blue upholstery satin in an aesthetic shade, with numberless butterflies in bright colors, some shown as if flitting here and there, an occasional one resting on field grasses that grow up from the lower edge of the pillow. The reverse side of the pillow has the monogram of the recipient embroidered in large size in the shades of brown that run into a golden yellow, the letters all being well stuffed. The ruffle that runs around the four sides of the pillow is of double faced satin ribbon five inches wide, matching in color the satin used in the pillow. The edge is worked in butterflies done in button-hole stitch with heavy silk, the edges being cut out so as to make a butterfly wing a scallop. The society girl who has been so generously provided through the winter with violets from a certain young man may show him a courtesy on Easter morning by sending him a violet sofa pillow. This is of white bengaline, over which has been thrown a handful of violets, with here and there an occasional stray leaf of green, all of which are embroidered true to nature. The four sides of the pillow have a twist of green stems and artificial violets running along the edge. The Easter card pure and simple is not as popular as it was some years ago. Still, there are cards which make very amusing souvenirs. On them are downy chicks nestling in old straw hats, others driving an eggshell tandem, rabbits and roosters performing the same acts and long legged ostriches gravely surveying the hidden possibilities of a basket of china eggs. All these things, nicely mounted, have taken the place of the ordinary Easter card. FOR EASTER BREAKFAST. Five Different Ways of Cooking the Dish of Honor. Eggs in Tomato Shells.—Take two fresh tomatoes, dip them in hot water in order to remove the skins, cut a slice in the top large enough to retire the seed or interior, break one raw egg in each tomato, mask with cream sauce, cover your tomato with the removed slice, place the tomato in a buttered saucpan and let cook slowly for eight or ten minutes. Dress them on a very hot plate, surrounded with madeira sauce. Eggs a la Marnay.—Prepare some soft poached eggs, mix some white cream sauce with a little white pepper, salt and grated Parmesan cheese. If desired, some chopped chives. Pour half the sauce into a shirred egg dish and lay the eggs in it. Cover the eggs with the remainder of the sauce and sprinkle over the top some grated Parmesan cheese and a few drops of melted butter. Place the dish in the oven until lightly browned and send to the table. Baked Eggs.—Pierce the larger end with a pin several times to prevent the egg from bursting, place in a pan and cook in a moderate oven for ten minutes. Calf's Brain Omelet.—Boil some fresh calf's brains until done. When cold, chop them fine, adding pepper, salt, chine and suet butter, together with a few mushrooms. Make an omelet of three fresh eggs, stirring in the above preparation, and serve hot. Eggs Aromaticque.—First poach as many eggs as you have need to serve. Roll them in flour, then dip them in beaten eggs. Roll again in fresh bread crumbs and fry in sufficient hot butter to completely cover them for one minute. Cut from a kitchen loaf of bread as many heart shaped croutons as you have eggs. Cover them with fresh mint leaves and place them on a dish. Now place an egg on each crouton thus dressed and surround all with a thick tomato sauce.

THE EASTER RABBIT.

THE PRANKS HE PLAYS—ODD LEG- ENDS TOLD ABOUT HIM. How Germans Make Nests In Which He Lays His Gaily Colored Eggs, and Chinese Bake Rabbit Cakes to Give to Their Friends. NOT even the greatest students have ever been able to learn how it happens that the rabbit lays Easter eggs. All they know is that little children, and particularly little children in Germany, make, as their grandfathers did before them, warm nests of hay during Easter week, in which they find on Easter morning a lot of beautiful colored eggs laid there, of course, by the Easter rabbit. In America the shop windows are now crowded with Easter rabbits, and the Easter cards as often as not show the Easter rabbit's picture. Ask somebody why it is a rabbit instead of a woodchuck or any other animal. You will find nobody that can tell you. Nobody knows. All they can do is to make shrewd guesses at it. Going back behind the first books men have found that the rabbit was regarded as a sacred animal by widely scattered people all over the world. Even the American Indians, who had never so far as we know heard of Easter, had their feast of the great hare, or rabbit, and in the sixth century before Christ, before the early inhabitants of what is now England had been Christianized, the hare or rabbit is said to have been sacred to Ostara, the goddess of dawn and of spring. Among the natives of South Africa there has been for centuries and still is a story which connects the rabbit with Easter in a curious way. The spots on the surface of the moon form, as these natives say, the perfect image of a rabbit. And as the moon sets or



THE GERMAN BUNNY.

dies and rises again every 30 days it sent the rabbit to take its message to the children of men. "Go," said the moon to the rabbit, "go and say to the men that even as I die and rise again so shall they also die and rise again." But the rabbit was wicked and did not carry the message straight. "The moon says," the rabbit told the South African natives, "that even as I die and do not rise again so shall you also die and not rise again." When the rabbit came back and told what he had done, the moon was naturally angry and struck at him with a hatchet. The blow struck the rabbit and split its upper lip. People who doubt the story are asked to notice that the rabbit's lip is split to this day. And besides having its lip split the rabbit was much frightened at the moon's anger, so that it ran away and hid in a hole in the ground and has been timid ever since. Going over to Asia it is found that the rabbit still holds its place as a sacred animal. In China and all other countries where the religion of Buddha prevails the story runs that the great Buddha himself was at one time terribly hungry and wandered up and down on the surface of the earth looking for something to eat, but found nothing. Finally the rabbit saw the hungry god and felt sorry for him. Going up close, so that Buddha could not fall to see him, the rabbit lay down at his feet. "Eat me," said the rabbit Buddha. But the Chinese divinity was not to be outdone in generosity. Instead of eating the rabbit he transported it up to the moon, and there to this day the little Chinese children can see it. And today in China at the time of the celebration of the great moon festival, which corresponds in season to Easter in Christian lands, the figure of the rabbit is stamped on the moon cakes which relatives and friends exchange among each other in the place of Easter cards. So the children who credit the Easter rabbit with laying the Easter eggs are simply following a tradition so old that no man knows its beginning, and in every corner of the globe other little children—white, black, yellow or red—are in one way or another paying allegiance to the same tradition.—Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

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NOTICE. By virtue of an order of the Superior court made in the special proceeding entitled J. J. Harper, Exr. of John Harper and others against the undersigned will on Monday, May 6th, 1901 at 12 o'clock M., at the court house door in the town of Smithfield offer for sale to the highest bidder the following real property: First tract, lot No. 10 in the survey of the land of John Harper, deceased, the same being a part of what is known as the "Pond tract" and bounded as follows: Beginning at a stake in the old stage road, S. 1. Thornton's corner and runs with said road N. 20 E. 100 poles to a stake, thence S. 7 W. 43 1/2 poles to a stake, I. W. Langston's corner, thence N. 59 W. 9 poles to a stake, thence N. 88 W. 10 1/2 poles to a stake on said road, thence N. 20 E. 22 poles, thence N. 5 E. 6 poles to the beginning containing 28 acres more or less.

NOTICE. The undersigned having qualified as executor on the estate of Kitsey Lee, deceased, all persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to present the same to me daily verified on or before the 4th day of March, 1901, or this notice will be pleaded in bar of their recovery and all persons indebted to said estate will make immediate payment. This 4th day of March, 1901. ELDRIDGE LEE, Executor.

NOTICE. The undersigned having qualified as Administrator on the estate of Larkin G. Boyett, deceased, all persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to present the same to me daily verified on or before the 2nd day of March, 1901, or this notice will be pleaded in bar of their recovery and all persons indebted to said estate will make immediate payment. This 2nd day of March, 1901. L. B. BOYETT, Administrator.

NOTICE! The undersigned having qualified as Administrator of the estate of Jerome Brown deceased, all persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to present the same to me daily verified on or before the 15th day of March, 1901, or this notice will be pleaded in bar of their recovery and all persons indebted to said estate will make immediate payment. This 8th day of March, 1901. JESSE PARKER, Administrator.

NOTICE. The undersigned having qualified as executor on the estate of Mrs. Rebecca Lane, deceased, hereby notifies all persons having claims against said estate to present the same to me daily verified on or before the 8th day of March, 1901, or this notice will be pleaded in bar of their recovery and all persons indebted to said estate will make immediate payment. This 8th day of March, 1901. JOSEPH E. LANE, ZILFIA LANE, Executors.

NOTICE. The undersigned having qualified as executor on the estate of Sarah Kelly, deceased, all persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to present the same to me daily verified on or before the 15th day of March, 1901, or this notice will be pleaded in bar of their recovery and all persons indebted to said estate will make immediate payment. This 15th day of March, 1901. N. R. POOL, Executor.

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