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The roses were the first to hear— The roses trellised to the tomb; Bring roses—hide the marks of spear And cruel nails that sealed His doom The lilies were the first to see— The lilies on that Easter morn;

EASTER FLOWERS.

Bring lilies—crowned with blossoms be The head so lately crowned with thorn. The roses were the first to hear: Ere yet the dark had dreamed of dawn, The faintest rustle reached their ear; They heard the napkin downward

drawa;
They listened to His breathing low;
His feet upon the threshold fall.
Bring roses—sweetest buds that blow, His love the perfume of them all.

The lilles were the first to see: They, watching in the morning gray, Saw angels come so silently And roll the mighty stone away;

They saw Him pass the portal's gloom; He brushed their leaves—oh, happy Bring lilles-purest buds that bloom, His face reflected in each flower.

The roses were the first to hear. The lilles were the first to see; Bring fragrant flowers from far and near To match the Easter melody! "Rabboni!" be on every tongue,

And every heart the rapture share Of Mary, as she kneels among The roses and the lilies fair!
-Clarence Urmy, in the Century.

MARIAN'S EASTER LILY.

BY MARY E. CULLINANE.



HERE, mamma, I've lost the prize!" said Marian Ellwood, bursting into the sitting-room one bright sunny afternoon in Oct-Robbins won it, and I will never it to Marian. forgive her, be-

cause she told me last week I may as well give up the contests as she was sure I wouldn't obtain the prize. I know Mary Brown of the senior class must have helped her, and that was not honorable, as the teacher said we were not to receive help from any body on our essays.'

The contest in question was for the best written essay on "Nature," and was to be entirely original. The prize to be given was a volume of Longfellow's poems, a much coveted book by Marian, as she was very fond of reading "Evangeline," and now to see it slip from her was indeed too much, really exasperating. Always having received a high mark for her essays, Marian was confident in this case that her work excelled any she had previously written. Alice Robbins, too, was also a good essayist, and the contest had been supposed to be a tie between them. But the judge in the matter-had pronounced in favor of Alice. All this was very humiliating to Marian, who was fully conscious of her own ability, and who declared that evening that she would be even with Alice vet.

Her mother, on the contrary, tried to instil into her little daughter's mind how beautiful it was to forgive and forget, and how much better it was to have that little inner voice telling her, "You have done your best," rather than have it constantly repeating, 'You have been dishonest, Marian, and your essay belonged to somebody else, not to you."

But Marian could not or would not overcome her chagrin, and went to bed that night in anything but an enviable frame of mind, declaring to herself over and over again that she would never again speak to Alice Robbins.

The next day she went to school, her ill-humor having in no way abated, and at recess obstinately refused to speak to Alice, who, to the surprise of Marian, did not seem to be elated with her prize as it would naturally be supposed she would be under the circum-

The winter passed on and Easter

was fast approaching. To meet it the girls were planning for an entertainment to be held at the school on Easter Monday night, to which parents and friends were to be invited. In the preparation the girls were having a merry time, but one thing alone jarred on their thoughts, and that was the difficulty between Alice and Marian. These two girls



their well laid plan, entered the school room chatting merrily. In their midst was Marian, and they also expected to find Alice in the room; but lo! Alice, who was usually very punctual, was not in her accustomed place when the bell rang.

All the morning the girls wondered what had happened to Alice. At last word came to the teacher that she was very ill with diphtheria. It was very prevalent in the neighborhood and great consternation prevailed among the girls at the announcement, for Alice, with all her short-comings, was beloved by every scholar.

But how had Marian taken this startling piece of news? Did a voice whisper, "Now you are revenged; she cannot eclipse you now at the entertainment?"

No, the better nature of Marian asserted itself on the instant, and a great wave of sympathy stole over her, and she uttered a short prayer for Alice's recovery. Then she vowed to herself that if Alice were to be able to come to the entertainment she, Marian, would procure for the occasion the handsomest Easter lily to be found, and present it to her in atonement for her past harshness. At home she entreated of her mother to be allowed to go to see Alice, saying that she feared her dear companion might die and spend her Easter in heaven. To this her mother sternly objected, pointing out the risks her darling would run of getting sick herself.

"I think, though, you might write her a nice letter," her mother said, "and ask her to forgive you."

And the next morning Marian did, after listening to the church bells from her open window, and how happy Alice was when she received the glad message. Crying with joy, she made the resolution when she ended its reading that'she would conober. "Alice fess all, and give up the prize which she had so dishonestly won, and give

"Two days more, and it will be

EASTER EGGS IN MANY FORMS. Dainty and Amusing Trifles With Which to Celebrate.

Easter has become almost equally with Christmas in many families a day of gladness and gift giving, and while the custom should never be allowed to become a cause of expense ill to be borne, it is quite possible for everybody, high and low, to bring a little good feeling into the household by simple remembrances all around.

Countless are the conceits and none are elaborate. In the simpler forms the eggs are swiftly colored in rainbow hues with aniline dyes, then daintily etched with a sharp-pointed knife; or they are coated with metallic paints; or they are frosted with diamond dust, For decorating by whatever method the eggs are either hard boiled or the contents are blown by means of a tiny hole at either end, and then finished with narrow ribbons for

But it is egg caricatures that delight



THE SAGE AND THE DUNCE.

and amaze the little ones. The egg is blown and the shell cleansed and rubbed with benzine.

Figure 1 shows the general style and features of two extremes-a sage and a dunce. Success depends upon the markings in sepia, which are few, but striking. The eyes are either blue



Sweet presence of our risen Lord, Brood over us to-day, And let us feel the living word Thy wondering disciples heard Along Emmaus's way.

Receptive hearts give Thou to each, Nor let our eyes be blind To find the lessons Thou wouldst teach On Life's rough highway, in our reach, And take them as we find.

Jennie Thomson-Hiles.

Easter Monday. How happy I am," exclaimed Marian Ellwood excitedly, The hair and beard are of fine cotton as she waved a small envelope over her head. 'I have just received this splint, slipped through the hole note from Alice Robbins, and she through which the egg was blown, says the doctor told her yesterday suspends these curious heads. that she would be well enough to come to our entertainment."

Alice and Marian had at last become fast friends. The old love for each glued to the body and likewise tinted. had returned once more. Alice had Bright beads are glued on to serve as confessed everything; she had told eyes. The feet are of bent wire. The how Mary Brown, being in a senior wings must be of sufficient length to class, had written her essay for her, and that she in turn had copied it, and passed it on to the teacher as her feathers glued in place. The feathers own. For all this she begged of are brightened with touches of gold due, she said, but Marian was too proves a great success. loyal to her friend to hear of such Both attended the entertainment together and it passed off properly marked. The body is an pleasantly. After it was over Marian English walnut on which the head is presented Alice with a magnificent made to rest by means of sealing wax Easter lily. It was a token of love or drippings from a wax candle. The and forgiveness, she said, and it arms and skirt are of stiff paper. proved, as the years went on, a sym- The little gossiping dame is gowned bol of pure, true friendship, which, it and capped in tissue paper. She may is safe to say, will last with each for be made to stand by spreading the the other until death.-Boston Bouquet.

An Easter Custom Abroad.

In Bavaria and the German Catholic countries there is a custom similar to that of Italy of taking baskets of food to the churches to receive the priestly benediction. The bottom of the basket is covered with a white linen cloth on which are laid a freshly boiled smoked ham, some hard-boiled colored eggs, a piece of horseradish, salt, pepper, etc. The servant girl or the daughter of the house carries this to the church to be blessed by the priest during early mass. On their return the breakfast table is laid with the contents of the basket and the family partake of a hearty breakfast, eating first a small piece of horseradish to stimulate the appetite. No other food is touched until that which has been consecrated is all eaten, not a crumb being allowed to be wasted-even the eggshells are conscientiously burned. Many are superstitions enough to believe that eggs laid on Monday and Thursday have certain healing qualities.

Theiris h Prefix "Ogga."

The prefix "O" before so many of the names of Irish families is an ab-breviation of the "ogha," meaning like heads. Effective models are those andchild.

or brown. The lips and ears are red. glued in position. A cord tied to a

A nameless bird is seen in figure 2. The egg shell body is tinted brown, The neck and head are of pasteboard insure a firm support. A wonderful comb, tail and wings are of gorgeous Marian to take the book. It was her and silver paint. This bird always

Figure 3 shows a mischievous Dame Grundy. The head is an egg shell



stiff underskirt, or sho may be suspended by a string running from the body through the head.

A right jolly little fellow can be modeled from figure 4. His body and head are egg shells. These are joined by slipping the splint with a string into the body shell and extending the cord up through the head. Features are painted in grotesque expression. The hair is of cotton, arms and limbs of pasteboard. The whole is painted a brilliant red with trimmings in gold.

Pen wipers for folder children are of a sweet faced nun, a pretty student.

with characteristic "mortar board" cap, or a dear, smiling baby in lace frilled cap. The shell head is secures



OLD DAME GRUNDY.

ly glued to a support of several layerof chamois or flannel.

EASTER TIDE.

Oh, rare as the splendor of lilies, And sweet as the violet's breath, Comes the jubilant morning of Easter, A triumph of life over death: For fresh from the earth's quickened bosom Full baskets of flowers we bring. And scatter their satin soft petals To carpet a path for our King.

In the countless green blades of the meadow,
The sheen of the daffodil's gold,
In the tremulous blue on the mountains,

The opaline mist on the wold; In the tinkle of brooks through the pasture, The river's strong sweep to the see Are signs of the day that is hasting In gladness to you and to me.

o dawn in thy splendor of lilies, Thy fluttering violet breath, O jubliant morning of Easter, Thou triumph of life over death! or fresh from the earth's quickened bosom Full baskets of flowers we bring,

And scatter their satin soft petals To carpet a path for our King. -Margaret E. Sangster.

Hot Cross-Buns.

In England, especially in London, small spiced and sweetened cakes are sold during Lent. These are the famous "hot cross-buns," the best of which are made at Chelsea. Each one is marked with a cross, hence its name, Old-fashioned people used to eat nothing the latter days of Lent except a cup of coffee and a hot cross-bun each morning; and a certain number of these were always laid away carefully, to be used for various illnesses throughout the year. They were said to bring special blessings. On Good Friday morning this cry may be heard far and wide:

Two a penny buns, One a penny buns, t One a penny, two a penny. Hot cross-buns.

Easter Games.

In some parts of England boys go about begging eggs to play with. The game consists in two boys holding one egg each in the palm of the right hand and striking them together. To the boy holding the egg that resists the shock belongs the spoils.

A game familiar to Americans with the Easter eggs is the egg-rolling sport on the lawn at the White House in Washington.

In the Tyrolese Mountains bands of children go about singing Easter hymns and receiving in return for their music baskets of eggs.

Easter Fast in Asia Minor.

In Asia Minor a fast is kept through the whole of passion week, terminating Easter morning, when all go to church and listen to a long service. The young men meet outside the church and make a great noise firing off their rifles and pistols. They then make a large bonfire, at which an image representing Judas Iscariot is nailed to a cross and burned. After this they return to their homes and breakfast, the principal dish being red-colored eggs, which they exchange with the words: "Christ is risen."

A Substitute For Easter Eggs.

In Germany sometimes instead of eggs at Easter an emblematical print is occasionally presented. One of these is preserved in the print room of the British Museum. Three heas are represented as upholding a basket, in which are placed three eggs ornamented with representations illustrative of the Resurrection; over the center egg the "Agnus Dei," with a chalice representing faith; the other eggs bearing the emblem of charity and hope.

President Kruger on Office-Seeking. A good story of President Kruger is told in an article on "Mining and Polities in the Transvaal," in the National Review. Some of the President's young relations applied to him for office. He considered awhile, and said:

"I can do nothing; for the high offices of the State are in firm hands, and for the little clerkships you are too stupid."

An Easter Jingle.

With bits of stick and wisps of hay I've made a little nest; I've chosen from my Easter eggs the ones that I like best; And now I'll get the old white hen, and set

her on all six,
So she'll batch out some red and blue and
pink and yellow chicks.

--Harriet Brewster Sterling, in April St.

SERMONS OF THE DAY

RELICIOUS TOPICS DISCUSSED BY PROMINENT AMERICAN MINISTERS.

'Peace in the Soul" Is the Title of the Rev. George H. Hepworth's Sermon, Preached in the New York Herald's Columns-An Address by D. L. Moody. "For the kingdom of God is joy and peace,"-Romans xiv., 17.

The Bible is the most practical book in the world. There is very little theology in it—not as much as some people think—but a great many inspired bits of advice as to the conduct of every day life, as though the writer loved the men and women who would read his word and was actuated by no other motive than to help them over rough places. For this reason the Book has maintained its hold on mankind. It is friendly, kindly and encouraging, a book not to be read through at a sitting, but to be taken up at odd times and glanced at just as you would look at a handful of jewels for a moment and then put them

away.
I have noticed that it makes many, very many references to peace and joy-not the peace of a nation, that busy peace in which we compete for personal gain, but the peace of the heart, which creates contentment and keeps the soul in poise and equilibrium; the peace which makes a man feel that everything will come out right in the end because nothing can come out wrong when God is guiding our affairs. It is once spoken of in very extreme lan-guage as "the peace that passeth under-standing," like the peace which a sensitive soul enjoys when it gazes on a magnificent landscape, or like that which the lover of music has when he is listening to some su perb orchestra, or like that which a moth er has when she is sitting by the cradle of her first born, a peace that refuses to be analyzed, but is so deep and strange that no one can describe it to a person who has not felt it.

I am talking to myself as well as to you when I say that we could get a great deal more out of life if we were more reposeful. we expend to much energy on trivial things, things so unimportant that it does not matter greatly how they go. We allow ourselves to be disturbed by small matters, whereas the soul is big enough to look on them with indifference. We keep ourselves in a condition of nervous tension, which is not simply burtful to the body but equally so to the spiritual nature. Body and soul are so closely related that over excitement of the one seems to throw the other off its balance. You and I cannot be at out best until we are tranquil in heart with that kind of tranquility which rests on the firm basis of faith that the angels of God are looking after our interests and trying to persuade us to take the right road to heaven. There is just an atom of insanity in us, and when we grow restless that atom is fanned into a flame. The truly sane man is the quiet souled man. I say, therefore, since Christianity teaches a man to be quiescent, that the Christian religion will both make

us sane and keep us so.
When crossing the ocean recently our ship ran into a storm. The sea was very rough, the fog closed in on all sides, and we had an uncomfortable time. The waves were in an ugly mood, and on two or three occasions swept the deck. I enjoyed it as little as did the other passengers and should have been grateful for a ray of sunshine. But that was not to be thought of. Supse I had taken on myself the responsi pose I had taken on myself the responsi-bility of the situation. The captain was on the bridge night and day, but suppose I had allowed myself to wonder whether he knew his business, and had offered him advice as to the conduct of the vessel. Would that have allayed the tempest, would it have stilled the troubled waters, would le have kept the ship from rolling uneasily? I should not only have done no good, but should have interfered to my own detri-ment. My daty was to keep on my feet as best I could, not to go beyond my province as a passenger, to bear in mind that the captain had passed safely through a thousand worse storms and was showing no anxiety about this one. If I had faith in the master of the craft there was no need to be afraid. Any doubt as to his ability would at once create havee of mind and body. My duty was to keep still and to cherish the conviction that all would be

well in a few hours.

Now the spiritual difficulty we encounter in our lives is this subtle suspicion that after all there may not be a God, or, if there is, that He is not equal to the emergency. That rankest of all heresies lies at the foundation of our religious restless-ness. We may as well face this fact and govern ourselves accordingly. The man who does not cheerfully meet his fate ha a lurking doubt of God's existence. He may deny it to others, but he must needs admit it to himself. He may accept the longest creed that was ever written and be orthodox in all the details of his professed bellef, but if you dould find your way into his heart of hearts you would discover that his faith in God is a social or ecclesiastical luxury, and as such is worth very little.

Did Christ have any doubt that a legion of angels would minister unto Him in His necessity? Can you conceive of Him as sitting at the window of His friend's house in Bethany on the night before the cruci fixiou and wondering if He could through the next day's experience? the contrary, He was self-nossessed, even cheerful, and if the opportunity to avoid the cross had been offered He would not have used it. He knew that the Father was there, that the Father would be with Him, and that the cruel nails could not pain Him so much as a doubt of that Father's love.

We cannot follow that example except in a far-off way. He said Thy will be done without a tremor, but we can say it with a tremor. The highest excellence is repose, truthful repose of soul, but you cannot be seif-possessed until you know that you are possessed of God. The essence of religion is the soul's consciousness that as its day so shall be its strength; that God and you can do anything and bear anything. that you will be at peace, quiescent and acquiescent. He who has hold of God's hand and knows it is the most cheerful soulthis side of Heaven. George H. Herworth.

DWIGHT L. MOODY SPEAKS.

Address by the Evangelist at a Crowded Meeting in New York. Dwight L. Moody has been holding a

series of crowded meetings in New York. The following account is from one of the famous evangelist's addresses there: famous evangelist's addresses there:

"In Luke xix., 10. is the beyonde of this whole meeting: "The Son of Man is come to seek and save that which is lost." Even now I am east down. A life-long friend has come to me saying that his health is lost and that it is only a question of time when he passes away. I am sad, I say, yet he has the promise of a beautiful life hereafter. Some friend of yours has lost his wealth, is reduced in life. You sympathize with him, I sympathize with him. And yet with all this misfortune there is a hone for with all this misfortune there is a hope for

"To-day I passed the eye Infirmary, across men in one of the boats reached shore. The from where I am staying, where I am told others were drowned.

are many little ones hopelessly blind, " I are many little ones hopelessly blud. It cannot look at that building without a pang in my heart. A doctor told me that a mother brought her beautiful little child to him and said that it hadn't opened its eves for several days. He looked at the little child and told her that it was blind. 'Yes,' child and told her that it was blind. 'Yes,' said she, 'It'has been blind for several days.' 'It will be blind for ever,' he told her.' Then there came a wail from her heart that nearly broke my heart to hear of. Her child could never see its mother. Yet there is the hope that the child will be glorified in another world. "On my was here."

another world.

"On my way here I passed the Hospital for Crippies. I could not help but sympathize with them. And yet there is hope for these poor beings. There is the hope of another body—a glorified likeness of our Saviour Jesus Christ. And yet—and yet it is so hard for people to realize what it means to be lost—yes, L-O-S-T!"

The evangelist's voice thundered as he hurled this down upon the audience. A low murmur came in recognition of its force.

"What is it to be lost! When I came to New York twenty years ago little Charlie Ross had just been lost. The whole nation was moved as it had not been moved since the war. They gave me the picture of the child, asking that I search my congrega-tion for some trace of him. Devoted friends of his mother came day after day, searching for the little child. Many and many a mother wept at the thought of the anguish of that boy's mother. And yet there are millions of mothers that have lost their ons, for these sons have missed the word

of God! "Again, I will tell you another story. In one of the towns in the West where I was preaching two little children had wandered into the woods—a brother and a sister. All day men searched for them and they were not found. The day following these men could do nothing at their labor. So they formed a line-a thousand of them -all a few feet apart, and scoured the woods. Then when the word came down the line that the little ones had been found safe and well, how that town was stirred,

"And yet, I tell you, here are hundreds and hundreds of drunkards, young men lost in vice, lost forever, and yet this town is never stirred. Think of the young men going down, down, down, deeper into vice, while no one seems to be moved. "Except that man be born again he can-not see the Kingdom of God.

"There is not a poor drunkard nor a fallen woman that God does not want. They do not believe, perhaps, that God wants them. Go hunt them up. Tell them the Word of God.
"Accrtain woman has ten pieces of sil-

ver, and loses one. Does she let it go? Not She gets a broom and raises a dust and a commotion. She doesn't wait for the silver to come back. Then when she is success-ful she says: 'Rejoice with me, I have found the piece of silver." "There will be a great joy in New York when the lost are found. Luke said: "Then drew unto Him the publicans and sinners."

It got out that Christ wanted the lost ones to come unto Him, the publicans and sin-ners. Then they came. What you must do is to publish that God seeks the sinner. If there is any one that is tired of sin, I bring you good news. The Shepherd is the same. He is still seeking you.

"A mother wrote to her infidel son, Go to Moody and Sankey's meeting.' That was in 1874. He said 'Yes,' and that was all she could get out of him. He would go if it wasn't too much trouble. The first

meeting in Brooklyn chanced to be within a block of his home. He came. He said

that he had no thought when he gave the promise that it would be so near, but it was a bore, anyhow. Next night he was converted. 'Have you written your mother?' I asked him. 'No,' said he, 'I've cabled.' That's the way the Shepherd seeks. While the Son of God seeks, you seek, too. I never knew one that was really seeking that didn't find. I told a man I knew that I could name the day and hour when he would be saved. 'Ho,' said he, 'I didn't know there was a prophet in your family.' Neither is there, said I. T'm no prophet, but I can tell.' 'When?' he asked. 'The day and hour when you earn-

estly seek God. 'God isn't going to save the man that is asiecp. I saw a man at one of our meetings who stood with his hands in his pockets, eaning against a pillar. 'Do you wish to oo saved?' I naked him. 'I've no objection, he answered. Seek the Lord where he may be found. Can the Lord be found

ere to-day? Come, I ask you. Can the ord be found here to-day?" "Yes, yes," cried a dozen voices in re-v. The evangelist nodded his head in

Seek the Lord where he may be found. Seek as men seek gold. It won't take long to find Him. Look at the crowd rushing into the Klondike. If men were as anxious o get into the Golden City as they are to get into the Klondike they would be saved readily enough. If they were as auxious for God as some of them seem to be for war just now, they would find Him easily

"You don't have to wait to be saved. Pray now 'Lord, save me.' If it is a heart-felt ery, you'll be saved. If out of work or discouraged, cry out. God will bear you. How do I know, you ask? Because I have seen thousands saved. It is one of the easiest yet one of the hardest things in the world to be saved. But it's easy when you once make up your mind.
"Now let us pray that all in this house be saved. Let us continue in silent prayer.'

Kneeling, the evangelist lifted his face, still clutching at his breast the song book. After a moment of restlessness, the great audience settled in a deep, intense silence. It was broken by the evangelist arising and asking that a hymn be sung. Then he spoke again.
"Colle with me!" he cried; "come and

be saved. Let all that wish to know the word of God come with me into that room over there. I will counsel with them.
"If there is any one beside you that needs converting speak with them. If they be timid, bring them with you, Gone."

Arising, the evangelist moved down from

the plutform, taking his way to the room at the rear. The crowd turned, and dozens of individuals followed in the evangelist's wake. There in that room they obtained his counsel and cheer, and with smiling inces went upon their ways.

SHARK CATCHERS DROWNED.

Four Japanese Lose Their Lives in the Surf in an Exciting Hunt.

Four Japanese fishermen were drowned near Pacific Grove, Cal., while harpooning sharks. Japanese catch sharks for oil, which nets twenty-five cents a gallon. Two boats went out, with three men in one and four in the other. The boats were lashed together with cross pieces so that they would better withstand the langes of sharks when harpooned. A school of white sharks appeared early to the afternoon, and one fully twenty-five feet long, was harpooned. Instead of rushing out to sea as wounded sharks usually do, this one as wounded sharks usually do, this one made for the shore and dragged the boats into the surf. Four huge reliers were en-countered and capsized the boats. Three