

EASTER.

BY HEZELIAH BUTTERWORTH.

The morning light on Jordan falls, The silver Kidron rippling lies; 'Tis morn on Zion's golden hills, On Salem's towers and old walls, Where watch the weary sentinels, The far light in the skies.

The odorous lamps no longer thrill! The chambers of imperial towers, But to a garden, lone and still, There comes a form, and perfumes fill Her way along the voiceless hill Of resurrection flowers.

She hears the birds sing 'mid the palms, The early camels' bells afar; She clasps the spices in her arm, Her rosary, treasures, gifts and palms, With sighs and broken chords of psalms, The psalms of Magdala!

What wondrous scenes await her there! The iron tomb, the angels white; "Mary!" She hastes the word to bear; The brow of Olivet is fair, The Levite rings the bells of prayer, The new world wakes to light.

Mary! No woman e'er bore Such tidings to the world as thine; Mary, who stood the cross before, And met the angels at the door Of Jesus' tomb—forevermore, Hope's messenger divine!

O faithful feet from Galilee, For thee the Easter lilies bloom, So ever hearts that trust be In faith and love and sympathy, To Jesus' lifted cross shall see The angels at the open tomb.

THE EMIGRANT'S WIFE.

BY M. B. MILLER.

The little Episcopal church of Elloway, in one of the Southern States, was gorgeous this Easter eve with its floral decorations. The girls belonging to the congregation had been at work from early morning, and with vines and evergreens from the adjacent forest, and a profusion of flowers from the gardens in town, they had succeeded in turning their pretty little church into a bower of fragrance and beauty.

"Well, at last we've finished," Clara Grant said, as she descended the ladder after adjusting the mottoes over the central arch, "and I declare, girls, with an admiring glance around, 'I don't believe the city churches can make a prettier show. But we've worked for it, my stars, how we have worked! No one can say we are not zealous in church matters."

"Not in church decorations, certainly," Alice Newton said, with a smile, "she was a sweet-faced, thoughtful-looking girl about eighteen. 'What between a desire to surpass other churches and be complimented on our taste, besides our natural love for pretty things, I think we are making a very creditable exhibition, very creditable indeed.'"

"That's just like you, Alice," Clara Grant grumbled; "you're always taking a wrong view of things. Why do you attribute these decorations to such mean motives? Why don't you go down to the heart of them?" "Well, what is the heart of all this?" with a sweep of her hand towards the wreaths and crosses.

"You ought to be ashamed to pretend ignorance," Clara cried wrathfully; "you are in one of your perverse moods and I declare you are actually impious. The heart of them, indeed! Isn't it Easter and ought we not rejoice at the resurrection, and show that we rejoice?"

saw them. Oh, aren't they beautiful, and don't they smell sweet?" She clasped her hands, and her splendid eyes, full of delight and wonder, were riveted on the flowers. But suddenly the expression changed to one of profound grief.

"Oh, if mother could see the lilies once more! Poor mother!" The tears ran down her cheeks as she spoke, and she wiped them away with her check apron. "Where is your mother?" Alice asked. "Your mother is a stranger here?"

"Yes'm; we've come all the way from Kansas in a wagon. Papa, he's from Alabama, and mother, too. She was taken ill after she was caught out in a big blizzard that blew down our house. She longed so to get back to her old home, so papa sold out, and we've been traveling, oh! I don't know how many weeks, Mother became worse yesterday, and we stopped outside of town, and papa got a doctor. He says she's very low, with a choked sob, 'but I reckon if she could see these lilies it would do her some good. She was always wanting them in Kansas, but we were too poor to buy flowers.'"

"Sick, poor, and a stranger at your gates," Alice, as she remembered those words, forgot the christening font, her waiting friend, and her Easter duties. "Take me to your mother," she said. "What is your name, my child?" "Christine—Christine Bruce. Oh! I am so glad mother will see the lilies," clapping her hands and laughing with delight. "Yes, she shall have as many as she wants."

As they walked towards the outskirts of the town, the child told her simple, pitiful tale. Her father had been once in good circumstance, and her mother, from Christine's account was an educated woman whose family in Alabama had been wealthy. Misfortune came to the settlers, and poverty and sickness followed.

"There's the wagon, and there's papa," Christine cried suddenly, pointing to a canvas-covered emigrant wagon, and a man sitting on the tongue, with his face buried in his hands. "And oh! I forgot to buy the bread he sent me for, and he hasn't a mouthful for breakfast. Oh, papa!" running to him, "I forgot your bread, but I'll run back for it. I was so taken up with some lilies that lady has brought for mother!"

"Is that you, Christine?" the man said, raising his head. His face was thin and worn, and his eyes had the vacant look of one whose thoughts were leagues away; but Alice noticed that neither face nor voice were those of a common laborer. His clothes, as well as those of his daughter, were of coarse homespun, but they were clean.

"Never mind about the bread, child, a mouthful would choke me; but your mother wants her tea, and you'd better make it immediately." "Yes, papa here's a good lady come to see mother, and oh! her eyes shining, 'she got the beautifullest lilies in that basket, and she's going to give some to mother.'"

The man rose from his seat, and with a courteous move ment took off his hat. "You are very kind, Miss," he said, "I'm afraid my poor wife has gone too far to notice flowers. If she could have seen them a month ago!" His voice choked. "She had a sick longing for some of the lilies from her old home, but I could as soon have got her the moon as lilies in the part of the country where we lived."

to hold them, and they are so sweet and precious to me. "David," as her husband and child brought the tea to her, "you see His messenger has come to me—the lilies I mean. I am not afraid any longer to cross the river. Somehow, the message came to me in the flowers I love best I'm not strong enough to tell you all they say, only that I'm not afraid. Put one in my hand that I may hold it as a sign. Safe, safe, thank God!"

She dozed a little, and suddenly, with a start, her eyes opened and her lips smiled. "Beautiful, beautiful," she gasped "great ranks of snowy lilies whispering to me. What are they saying? What—" The ecstatic, expectant look in her beautiful eyes dimmed, and with a deep-drawn sigh her soul had flown to hear the meaning of her vision at the foot of the great white throne.

Alice, with streaming eyes, left the husband and child alone with their dead promising to send help to perform the last offices. When she had done that although it was late, she took her way to the church. As she entered, her eyes fell on the font, brown, bare and undecorated, and to the bright adornments around, and glancing at Clara's face, she saw such indignant surprise that she almost quailed before the impending storm.

"I must say your conduct is disgraceful unpardonable!" Clara cried, when church was over. "Just look at that," pointing to the font with tears of vexation in her eyes. "All our pains and work yesterday throw away and people laughing at us. Where have you been what were you doing, and where are the lilies your mother said you started from home with?"

"Come with me, Clara," Alice said "and you will see." As they walked towards the emigrant's wagon, she told her friend the outlines of the sad tale. "She was touched to the heart, and the sight of the poor, emaciated body laid out decently and covered with lilies from head to foot, almost overcame her."

"I put them all about her," the man said to Alice. "She was the best woman in the world, and pious, too. But she was awfully afraid to die, and no one dared to tell her how near the end was. Somehow those flowers seemed to bring her a message from the other world. I don't understand it, Miss, I suppose you don't; but when you brought those flowers, you did the kindest act one human being could do to another. God forever bless you. You came like the Easter angel we read about to me and mine."

"It was better than decorating the font," Clara said, as the two girls returned from the funeral that evening. "Ah me! and I was so furious with you for neglecting what I thought your duty, and I have learned a lesson."

How to MAKE A LAMP SHADE.—Fold a yard and a half of wide China silk twice, to make three pieces exactly alike. Sew two pieces together and turn a hem two and a half inches deep for the top; overcast the bottom. Run a shir next the hem, another two inches below and one inch below that. Place on the shade frame and draw the top shir string to fit the frame allowing the hem to arrange itself into a graceful puff; draw the other shirrs to fit the frame. Now take the other piece of silk and cut into exactly three pieces for the ruffle. This allows a whole breadth extra to full. Sew the three pieces together and "spirk" both edges. Shir about one inch from the top and sew to the bottom of the shade. A handsome spray of flowers and a lace ruffle over the silk one adds to its beauty, but it is very handsome without these. If the frame is not large enough a small wire may be looped around it making any size desired.

A MILLION FRIENDS.—A friend in need is a friend indeed, and not less than one million people have found just such a friend in Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs, and Colds.—If you have never used this Great Cough Medicine, one trial will convince you that it has wonderful curative powers in all diseases of Throat, Chest and Lungs. Each bottle is guaranteed to do all that is claimed or money will be refunded. Trial bottles free at Parrish Drug stores. Large bottles 50c. and \$1.00.

THE EASTER HYMN.

Oh, children, have you ever seen The little Easter hen, Who comes to lay her pretty eggs, Then runs away again?

She only comes on Easter Day, And when that day is o'er, Till next year brings it round again, You ne'er will see her more.

Her eggs are not like common eggs, But all of colors bright, Blue, red, purple, with spots and stripes, And scarcely one that's white.

She lays them in no special place, On this side and on that; And last year, only think 't was laid One right on Johnny's hat.

But naughty boys and girls get nose, So, children, don't forget, But be as good as good can be, It is not Easter yet.

Temping Dishes. Good Things for the Table That Makes the Mouth Water.

Creamed Lobster.—The meat of one good-sized lobster, cut, not chopped, into inch-long bits one cup of milk, one cup of butter, two heaping teaspoonfuls of corn starch rubbed into a tablespoonful of butter. Put the milk and cream together, add a pinch of soda to prevent curdling, and make scalding hot in a farina kettle. While the milk is heating, season the lobster to taste with salt and cayenne pepper; stir it into the hot milk, add the corn starch and butter and bring all to a boil, stirring all the while. When the milky part has become like thick cream, remove the kettle and set aside the contents to cool. Just before lunch, butter scallion shells if you have them, if not, an ordinary pudding dish, and fill with the mixture. Sprinkle fine bread crumbs over the top, dot with bits of butter, set in the oven and bake to a delicate brown. Eat while very hot.

German Coffee Cake.—One quart milk, eight ounces sugar, eight ounces butter, a little salt, two ounces yeast, lemon flavor flour six eggs. Make a soft sponge of the milk, yeast and flour; let it rise. Then add all other ingredients. Make a stiff dough, adding all flour required. Let rise again, roll out on a pan and let it rise again. Brush it with egg, sprinkle sugar and chopped almonds on top and bake. The almonds may be omitted if desired.

A coffee charlotte russe is out of the ordinary line, and is made by soaking half a box of gelatine in half a cup of cold water. To one pint of thick cream add one small cup of sugar and one cup of strong, clear coffee. Beat all till thick with an egg-beater; then stir into the cream, beating all well. Line a mould or pudding dish with lady fingers or sponge cake slices, pour in the mixture, and set upon the ice.

Marbled Layer Cake.—Black Part—One cup of brown sugar, one-half cup of butter, one cup of sour milk, two cups of flour, one cup of chopped raisins, one teaspoonful of soda dissolved in a little warm water, one teaspoonful of molasses, the yolks of three eggs, one teaspoonful each of cloves and nutmeg.

White Part—One cup of flour, one-half cup each of corn starch, sweet milk and butter, one cup of granulated sugar, two teaspoonful of baking powder, the whites of three eggs. Bake all in four layers, and put together with icing.

Turnips a la Creme.—Make a pint of white sauce out of any kind of stock or out of plain milk. Flavor with Worcestershire sauce. Boil four turnips and cut them in dice. Pour the sauce over them. Serve.

Ham Omelet.—Make an omelet of four eggs, two tablespoonfuls of milk, a teaspoonful of salt and a liberal dash of pepper. In a frying-pan put a tablespoonful of butter. Stir until smooth, then add three tablespoonfuls of milk, a generous ounce of finely chopped lean boiled ham, a tablespoonful of dry mustard and a dash of cayenne. Spread the mixture over the cooked omelet, fold and serve.

Whether sung, spoken, or written, it is still the most vital form of human expression. One who essays to analyze its constituents is an explorer undertaking a quest in which many have failed. Doubtless, too many fail, but he sets forth in the simplicity of a good knight who does not fear his fate too much, whether his desert be great or small.

In this mood seeking a definition of that poetic utterance which is or may become of record,—a definition both defensible and inclusive, yet compressed into a single phrase,—I have put together the following statement: Poetry is rhythmic, imaginative language, expressing the invention, taste, thought, passion, and insight of the human soul.—The Century for April.

They Followed Copy.

And the Result Was that there Was no Wedding Breakfast.

From the Cincinnati Commercial Gazette. "Horrors, what an obscure hand you write!" said the literary editor to the new space writer, as he turned in a bit of poetry.

"Oh, it's plain enough," interjected the poet, hastily. "The rhymes and the meter will help the compositor out, and there'll not be the least bit of trouble if they just follow the copy." And the manuscript went hastily up the tube to the composing room.

"Sa-ay, what dot-ga-ted chump has been sendin' in his Chinese laundry bill for copy?" wildly yelled slug 10, wiping a sudden burst of perspiration from his forehead and glaring at his take. "I can't make head or tail out of this thing!"

"Well, Chinese or no Chinese," cried the hurrying foreman, "make whatever you can out of it and snag it up in mighty short order, for we're late now. And the type fairly jumped from the case into the stick.

"Good Caesar!" gasped the proof reader, clutching at his brow. "Are my eyes failing or is this a premonition of nervous prostration?" Then he rubbed his eyes and stared. "By the gods! either I've got the blind staggers or slug 10's on a royal toot."

That night the new space writer hurriedly wrapped up and addressed a copy of the issue without a glance and dropped it into the mail, with this brief note: "My Onliest Sweet and Dearest Marie—I send you a number of the Sunday supplement containing my little poem. Your face was an ever present inspiration to me when I wrote, and happy thoughts of you inspired every sentence. Here you will find expressed what I have ever felt toward you, but have hardly dared to voice before. Till death, &c."

Miss Marie Cortlandt Van Clifton glanced through the tender note, blushed with pleasure, and hurriedly opening the paper read: "TO MARIE. When the breeze from the blue-bottle's blustering blim Twirls the toads in a tooroomaloo, And the whiskery whine of the wheedlesome winks Drowns the roll of the rattatoboo, Then I dream in the shade of the shally-go-shave, And the voice of the ballymoolay Brings the smell of the stato poppy-ood blum-mooe blim.

From the willy-wad over the way, Ah, the shuddering shoe and the blinketty-blink. When the punting falls from the bough In the blast of a hurricane's hiekketty-banks It whistles the whang-hoeketty-doo! Give the rigamarole to the claugery-wang, If they care for such fiddledees; But the thingamobobkiss of the whangery-bang Keeps the higgledy-piggie for me. L'envoy.

It is pily po-diddle and allobing When the lollypop covers the ground, Yet the polididdle perishes plunkety-ying. When the hearty jimmy-boogles around, If the cannot snoop at the siggle-some cart Seeking success in gluggety-zlug It whistles the whang-hoeketty-doo! "Yankee-doodle ker-chigget-ching!" The new space writer and Miss Marie Cortlandt Van Clifton are not engaged now.

Italy Claims Indemnity is Paid. Italy Claims Indemnity is Paid. Italy Claims Indemnity is Paid.

WASHINGTON, April 3.—C. F. Caraccioli, secretary of the Italy-American board of promotion of the World's Columbian exposition, was shown a cablegram received here yesterday announcing that Italy would take part in the World's fair if indemnity is paid for the Italians killed at New Orleans a year ago.

The World of Women.

It is now considered bad taste for ladies to kiss in public. Peroxide of hydrogen diluted with ammonia will bleach the hair. Flounces of lace are seen on the new changeable silks, sarahs and challoes. A good salad and a fine cup of black coffee will red-um a very bad dinner.

Naphtha is good for cleaning kid gloves, but keep it away from the fire. The white-back coat is certainly one of the most curious spring developments. Ticks of embroidery are fashionably united with the new long basques and round waists.

The Russian blouse is not effective unless a belt be used to draw it in closely to the figure. The latest of souvenir spoons represents "Uncle Remus." Joel Chandler Harris' familiar ducky. Plain and printed pongees are now displayed and make pretty and serviceable summer dresses.

Cavalier or "Highwayman's cuffs" are more popular than ever with the leg of mutton sleeves. The new silk bengalines are very handsome and are much used for visiting and promenade costumes. Ordinary sticking plaster makes a good remedy for corns, as it keeps them soft and prevents the rubbing.

The latest stationery shows very decided colors, among them being shades of pink, heliotrope and blue-gray. Wash white flannels in cold water with suds made of white soap, and they will not shrink much nor look yellow. Flower hats will be universally worn during the early summer, and for theatre wear or at summer festivals they are lovely.

Striped gingham are trimmed with embroidery and ribbon, and are made up after the Russian blouse or in plain round or surplice waist. By putting a puff of velvet or cloth in the sleeves of a dress a thin woman, with long arms, can improve the appearance of those extremities. Promenade dresses of fine French cloth, in such shades as tan, blue, ecru and dark green, are trimmed elaborately with beaded passementerie or jet.

Mr. Pullman's daughter Julia selects the names for all of his sleeping and palace cars, and he is said to pay her \$1,000 a year for the exercise of ingenuity. Mrs. Ella Wheeler Wilcox is what might be called a medium blonde; her hair, which is unusually frizzy, is generally worn in a Psyche knot; her eyes are gray.

Braided robes are not now as much in demand as embroidered robes, which come in beautiful spring shades and are embroidered in floral patterns, wheels, circles and crescents. A single long stemmed flower growing over the side of the spiral-shaped vase imbedded in moss is frequently the only floral beauty to be found upon the fashionable lunch table.

Irish point lace and embroidery is used on summer shawls, silks and the imported gingham, and ribbon enters largely into the ornamentation of such dresses as well as lace or embroidery. Spurgeon's grave in Norwood Cemetery is marked by a simple marble slab bearing the inscription "C. H. Spurgeon." Mrs. Spurgeon has suggested that the "Waiting" be added, and the suggestion is to be carried out.

A yellow one can be made most charmingly with sleeves and yoke of white, and black velvet rosettes; and a white or pale blue may be made most delightful symphonies if combined with moss green or golden brown. An afternoon dress for a young girl, made in pink cotton crepe, shirred into a belt at the waist, and with yellow lace ruffles at neck and wrists, full sleeves and a soft surah sash, makes a gown that is a rival for one costing ten times as much.

Miss Louisa Macdonald, the recently elected principal of the New University College for Women, at Sidney, N. S. W., is only thirty-three years old. She has a splendid record as a classical scholar and a student of classical history, and has a reputation as an archaeologist. The cotton crepes this season are the most bewildering and dainty of all the low-priced materials. There is a crinkle and a clinging effect combined that is irresistible. Made up in the fancy summer styles now prevalent, it is a matter of grave conjecture whether or not the passing gown is of goods costing \$1.50 to \$2 a yard or only 25 cents.

FOR INEXPERIENCED ENTERTAINERS. Place the largest knife and fork to the right and left of the plate, the fish knife and fork furthest from the plate; the oyster fork may either be laid to the left of all other forks or one the oyster plate, while the soup-spoon lies cross-wise between the plate and the middle of the table, to the right of the knives. A knife is unnecessary with salad. The fork may either be laid by the others or be placed on the table when the salad is served. Put a plate at each place, not in a pile in front of the carver. If the servant uses a tray the guests may take the full plate, while the waiter deftly removes the empty ones. In some good houses no tray is used in passing filled plates. The salad should either be passed for each guest to help himself, or brought in served on plates. At tea you may have a teaspoon by each plate if you need it, but the spoon for the tea should be in the saucer, and a spoon for any sweet or desert may lie on the plate that hold the saucer containing the portion. Finger-bowls are necessary for a breakfast fruit course. A fruit napkin is only necessary at dinner when the fruit served is of a kind that would stain the white napkin. For winter fruit small doilies alone need be used.