

AN EASTER PRAYER.

BY MISSA IRVING. Within the dusky pew I kneel And breathe a rich perfume...

AN INNOCENT OFFENDER.

Millinery in the town of Dunham was a poor business. Winter bonnets were made to do for several seasons...

Mr. Fraser read over the names inscribed upon the different letters and papers, and those present were expected to call "Here," and come forward to claim their property.

MRS. LOUISA CARTER ANNOUNCES TO THE LADIES OF FRANKLIN AND NEIGHBORING TOWNS THAT SHE HAS A FINE ASSORTMENT OF MILLINERY.

OLD HATS RETRIMMED. PRICES REASONABLE.

BLAISDELL HOTEL, FRANKLIN.

"No; it's millinery. There's a woman moved into the old Blaisdell Hotel in Franklin, and opened in millinery."

"You can use the west room for your millinery-shop, and have the chamber over it to sleep in, and it sha'n't cost you more'n what's right."

"I should say so," responded that person. He had found his glasses, and was reading the card slowly, but with evident admiration.

"Land! I mustn't let Mis' Phipps hear of this," said the old man, with a wink at Mr. Fraser.

"Oh, the women folks is sure to hear of it. My wife she's thinkin' of drivin' up there this afternoon."

"Well, now, it seemed to me this was a master fine day," responded her companion.

"It's a regular weather-breeder, that's what 't is," assented Mrs. Fraser.

"Dearful poor land up this way, ain't it?" remarked Mrs. Phipps.

"Mis' Lyman and Nancy Hammonds went up yesterday. Mis' Lyman was in this morning to bring home my rug-frames, and she said Nancy was pleased as Peter to see the millinery."

folks were Portland people. Her husband goes to sea, so she kinder drifted into millinery."

"Captin, I s'pose?" ventured Mrs. Phipps.

"Yes, I s'pose he is, though I don't seem to recall as Mis' Lyman mentioned it; but it's likely."

The Blaisdell Hotel was a two-story house. On one side of the entrance was the office, and in one of the windows of the room on the other side were a number of untrimmed hats swinging from a line, and several small pyramids of colored ribbons.

"I declare, I be clumsy, ain't I?" said Mrs. Phipps, as she reached the ground.

"Well, I shouldn't wonder if you would. I am Mis' Fraser from Dunham, Mis' Carter, and this is Mis' Phipps. We drove up for the ride, and to see what you had."

"I've had several ladies from Dunham," said the milliner, as she went behind the table that served as a counter; "two real pleasant ladies came up yesterday. Had you any color in mind, Mis' Fraser, that you thought of havin' on a bonnet?"

"No; I dunno as I have. I thought perhaps I'd try on some, and see how they looked."

"I've just trimmed a very stylish bonnet, though I do say it," said Mrs. Carter, with an apologetic smile.

"Perhaps you'd like to try it on, Mis' Fraser," holding up a black felt with purple flowers.

"Well, I never thought as purple would become me. It always seemed as though dark red was more suitable; still, perhaps purple would be a change."

"I declare to it, Mis' Fraser," said Mrs. Phipps, admiringly, as Mrs. Carter adjusted the bonnet.

"I b'lieve I should like it better without that purple. If you'd put a dark red in place of it, I guess I'd take it."

The change was decided upon, and Mrs. Carter said she would send the bonnet down before Saturday; and Mrs. Phipps and Mrs. Fraser returned home in good spirits.

"I think I shall go up the last of the week, and take up my bonnet, and have it livened up a little," said Mrs. Phipps, as she bade Mrs. Fraser a grateful good-by.

"On her second visit Mrs. Phipps and Mrs. Carter became more friendly."

"I do like you Dunham ladies," said Mrs. Carter, as she tried on Mrs. Phipps's old bonnet newly trimmed with dull magenta-colored ribbon.

"You are all so social-like that I feel more to home with you. Then, though I wouldn't have you mention it, the Dunham ladies are so much more tasty. I declare, when I drove down with Mis' Fraser's bonnet, I thought I would like to settle myself in Dunham—while William is away, that is."

"Mrs. Phipps considered the matter, and talked it over with Mr. Phipps, and when she went after her bonnet told Mrs. Carter that if she really wanted to come to Dunham she could board with her."

"You can use the west room for your millinery-shop, and have the chamber over it to sleep in, and it sha'n't cost you more'n what's right. You can see how well you do in Dunham, and pay accordin'."

"Mrs. Carter's perpetual smile deepened, and her thin, worn face brightened visibly."

"You're sure I won't be in your way, Mis' Phipps?" she asked anxiously.

"Yes, I hope he will; for if he does like, William may buy, and settle down. He's about tired of a seafarin' life," responded the milliner.

Mrs. Fraser discussed the subject in all its bearings with the neighbors, so that a number of suitable places for a prosperous retired sea captain to purchase were waiting his inspection.

Mrs. Phipps felt a little anxious about his coming.

"These sea captains are so used to orderin' people about, and to high livin'; and Mis' Carter has told me he was particular about his cookin', very-land knows if he'll touch anything I cook!" she said to her husband.

"Guess he don't get no better food than you'll give him, judgin' from the way you're preparin' for him," responded Joseph, loyally.

The old stage came swinging down High Hill, and pulled up at the corner store. The mail-bag was thrown upon the platform, and the driver climbed down after it, and opened the rickety door.

"Hare we're?" inquired a bluff voice, and in a moment more a short, stout man, with a reddish face, climbed awkwardly out, and pulled a large bundle out after him.

He stared about for a moment, then picked up his bundle, and trotted into the store. The worn clothes, the woolen muffler wound about his neck, and the bundle, seemed to indicate that he was one of the many wayfarers going through to some seaport town.

"Goin' to Machias?" inquired one of the villagers, as the man seated himself near the large stove. But he did not answer, and after a little the idlers left him puffing sturdily away at a short, black pipe, and went home.

Later on, however, Mr. Fraser, by the offer of a new brand of tobacco, won his confidence, and with but few interruptions, the men talked until nearly twilight.

The lamp was lighted in Mrs. Phipps's sitting-room, the shades were drawn, and Mrs. Carter and Mrs. Phipps were sitting down before a brightly blazing fire. It was a time for confidence, and Mrs. Carter had been moved to tell the romance of her life.

Mrs. Phipps listened half fearfully. "And you actually run away with him! It's like a book. But 't was lucky for you, Mis' Carter, that 't happened to be such a good man as the captin'."

Mrs. Carter sighed. "I feel to say that I've had much to be thankful for, Mis' Phipps. You've been a friend to me; I sha'n't forget it."

"Now, Mis' Carter, it's been a pleasure to have you here; and if the captin' should decide to buy a place here, I hope it'll be handy, so you can run in often."

A heavy rasp at the outer door, followed by a series of kicks, disturbed their conversation.

"Land!" exclaimed Mrs. Phipps, jumping up. "What on earth is that? I b'lieve the storm-door's blowed in."

"It's William," said Mrs. Carter, in a hushed, appealing voice.

Mrs. Phipps looked relieved. "I s'pose sea captains get kinder used to rousin' around, and forget about noise; but let him right in, Mis' Carter—don't keep him a-standin' out there," for the kicks were coming fast and furious.

Mrs. Carter paused a moment, with her hand on the door.

"Mis' Phipps, I hain't ever told you—"

"Don't tell me nothin', Mis' Carter, till you open that door. The poor captin' 'll be worn out knockin'."

So the door was opened, and the burly, red-faced passenger of the coach staggered in. His wife's timid greeting was overshadowed by Mrs. Phipps's more hearty welcome.

"Phipps?" inquired Mrs. Phipps, half angrily.

"He's a human critter, and he must be hungrier than all possees. He'll probably relish some o' that cookin' you've been so careful about," said Joseph, putting in another stick.

"He won't get no hot victuals, I can tell you. Some bread and cold meat is all he'll set down to in this house to-night," said Mrs. Phipps.

But her heart relented, and when William was called to supper, the table was abundantly spread.

A certain coolness in Mrs. Phipps's manner, and a full stop in the millinery business, convinced Mrs. Carter that Dunham was not the place for a milliner to live. And as William was to go in a few weeks on another voyage, she decided to return to her folks in Portland.

"You see," 't ain't as if William was a captin'," she confided to Mrs. Phipps, who listened with an evident though unspoken protest; "altho' he has a responsible position, still he's rather tired of a seafarin' life, and perhaps by another year he might decide to remain on land."

"Like as not," replied Mrs. Phipps. "I'm a goin' to trim you the hand-somest velvet bonnet that there'll be in this town, Mis' Phipps, and make you a present of it. You've been kind to me, Mis' Phipps, and I feel to be thankful, for I've seen considerable trouble; and I don't blame you for feelin' as you do about William. You've treated him well, too. He has his faults, Mis' Phipps, but he means well."

"Like as not, Mis' Carter; like as not. I ain't got the fust thing against neither of you. It's the captin' part that riles me, though I can't rightly remember as you ever give us reason to think he was a captin'. I really believe that me and Mis' Fraser started it, though we meant well enough, land knows. Seemed a sort of compliment-like to you. But don't you bother about no bonnet for me. I had one two winters ago, and I ain't in no need for another."

Nevertheless, on the Sunday following the departure of the Carters, Mrs. Phipps came to church wearing a bonnet that almost restored to Mrs. Carter the affection of her Dunham customers, and made them feel that a part of the glory of their native town had gone with the milliner.

"Poor critter!" said Mrs. Phipps, reflectively, as she put the bonnet carefully away. "She was a well-meanin' woman as ever was, and she heatin' to go. She acted real generous, too, givin' me this bonnet and all her remnant. I declare to it, it sha'd only told me, before that miser'bul man come, just what his work was. 'T was made it pleasant for 'em, and kept 'em here as long as they'd stayed. Poor critter! I b'lieve I was to blame for somethin', or rather in this captin' business, but I can't rightly see what 't was now," in the—Curtain Magazine.

EASTER EGGS.

Their Use Has Come Down Through Ages to the Present Time.

The use of eggs on Easter day, sometimes called Pasche, or pasc, has come down to the present time, writes Jane Searle in an article on "Easter and Easter Customs," in the April "Ladies' Home Journal."

In Germany, sometimes instead of eggs at Easter, an emblematic print is occasionally presented. One of these is preserved in the print-room of the British Museum. Three hens 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 emblems of charity and hope.

Tax Burdens Borne by Cuba.

It is little wonder Cuba frequently revolts against the government of Spain. The island people are taxed very heavily for the support of the foreign government, and get little in return through that Government. Taxation without representation has been a fruitful cause of resolution and rebellion in all times.

In all Spain takes about \$30,000,000 a year out of Cuba, which, in addition to the cost of its own government, is a heavy burden. There is a stamp tax on all drafts, checks, promissory notes, bills of exchange and legal documents. Hotels are taxed 5 cents a day for every guest. Merchants must pay \$1 for the first page of their day books, and 15 cents for each additional page. The tight little island also charges \$1 admission fee for every passenger that lands on its soil, and exacts another dollar from him before he can get out again.

Such exactions are outrageous. If they were necessary to maintain the government machinery of the people they might be borne with good will, but when nearly all the revenues are exported to Spain to support an army to keep Cuba in subjection it is a galling hardship. It will be a piece of good fortune for the Cubans when Spain becomes involved in some international complications with one of the great powers that will secure the independence of Cuba.

—Read the WATCHMAN.

An Easter of Ye Olden Time.

BY REV. THOMAS P. HUGHES, D. D.

Easter has ever been regarded as the great festival of the Christian year. In addition to its being the anniversary of the Lord's resurrection, the circumstances of its occurring in the spring of the year, when nature awakes to new life, may be sufficient to account for its world-wide popularity.

The observance of Easter is connected with the history of Christianity itself. And while there has never been any difference of opinion among Christians as to the general observance of the festival, in the early church the Asiatics kept the feast on the day of the Jewish Passover, while the Western Christian observed it on the first Sunday after the Passover.

Hence arose a great dispute in the second century, and victor, the Bishop of Rome, excommunicated those churches which did not keep it on the Sunday. The controversy was brought before the council of Nicea, in the year A. D. 325, and it was decreed that Easter Day should be kept on the Sunday following the Jewish Feast of the Passover, which Passover is kept on the fourteenth day of the Jewish month Nisan. At the same time, to prevent all uncertainty, it was made a rule of the church that the full moon next to the vernal or spring equinox, should be taken for the full moon in the month of Nisan, and the 21st of March be accounted the vernal equinox, consequently Easter Day is always the Sunday following the full moon which falls on, or is next after, the 21st day of March.

The day is still known as Pascha in the Eastern church, as well as in the various churches of Europe, the English title of Easter being probably derived from the old Saxon word "Oster," Spring. Some scholars have suggested that it has its origin in the word Eostre, the name given to the Anglo-Saxon goddess of the dawn. For the church took the pagan philosophy and made it the buckler of faith against the heathen. She took the pagan Sunday and made it the Christian Sunday. And she took the pagan Easter and made it the Christian Easter.

But it would seem more probable that as the Pascha, or ancient Easter, was celebrated in the spring of the year, the Anglo-Saxons knew the Pascha peculiarly as the Oster, or spring festival, just as in the same way Lent is derived from the old Teutonic word Lenz, "Spring," simply because the forty days fast occurs in the spring of the year.

"In the olden time" the annual return of Easter was observed with great festivities. The custom of distributing the "pasc" or "pascha" egg, was universal; indeed it was one of the most popular features of the Easter observance. The egg was regarded as a symbol of renewed life among the ancient Egyptians, Persians, Greeks and Romans, and even in the present day, the Parsees of Bombay distribute red eggs at their spring festival. The early Christians seem to have adopted this custom to the teachings of Easter. In mediaeval times Easter eggs were solemnly blessed by the priest and distributed among the people. The eggs were boiled very hard in water, colored with red or violet dyes with inscription or landscapes traced upon them, and they were offered as Easter gifts.

On Easter Monday, the clergy and the boys united in tossing balls, instead of eggs, and we are told that the bishops and deans even took the ball into the cathedral, and at the beginning of the autophane commenced to dance, throwing the ball to the choisters, who threw it back to each other. After services they retired for refreshments, when a gammon of bacon, eaten in abhorrence of the Jews, was a standard dish, with a tansy pudding symbolical of the bitter herbs of the Passover.

In Dorsetshire, England, even until quite recently the parish church clerks used to carry white cakes to every house as Easter offerings, and in return for these cakes they received a gratuity. In the parish of Biddenham, in Kent, there is an ancient endowment for the distribution, on Easter afternoon, of cakes among the poor.

In the early church, the service on Easter Day was said standing. It was also the custom, in primitive times, for Christians to greet each other on Easter morn'g "Christ is risen;" to which those who were saluted answered "He is risen indeed and hath appeared unto Simon." This practice is still retained in the Greek church. When slavery existed in the Christian Church, it was the time to give to the Christian slaves their freedom. And by a round of festivities and popular sports, the people endeavored to emphasize the fact that Easter Day was as the people called it, the Dominica gaudii, or the Sunday of Joy. —Home and County Magazine.

The appeal for aid for the striking coal miners differs from appeals to the public that are made on behalf of every country is not retained without care. The woman who is responsible for it is a complexion specialist. She says: "Mme. Patti cares for her complexion in this way: In the morning she rubs a little genuine olive oil soap on a soft cloth, moistened with tepid water, and upon that puts a little Patti rose cream, in order to counteract the natural effect of injury to the skin from impurities in the water."

"Then she washes her face as any other woman would, with a Turkish toweling face cloth, and puts on a little powder to complete the ablution. This she repeats after driving, or whenever her face needs cleansing. At night, washing in the same manner, she afterwards anoints her face with cream, which remains on during the night and causes the impurities of the skin to exude. When sending an order for any soap, cream or powder she always adds, 'Please omit scent.'"

"She understands that if she were to take care of her face for a week and then neglect it for several days she would lose the effect of all her labor and a long time to coax back the dainty texture of her skin."

A stylish, quiet gown that could be worn by a young girl or by a nation of white pipe, made with a Norfolk basque. There are three plaits in front and two in back, large sleeves and a turnover collar. With this set are worn a belt of black belting, jet buckle and black De Joinville tie.

Beautiful Easter demands your attending. To organ loft, chancel and altar ascending. There to tell sweetly of God's loving care, While sinful mortals are pleading in prayer.

Those who desire to know how to get rid of moths in carpets, and how to stay rid of them, brings up a puzzling question. Light is really the best preventive. A room well lighted and carefully swept once in two or three weeks will seldom be infested with moths. They are creatures of darkness. The best way to get rid of them when once established is to lay a well dampened cloth on the carpet, and then run a hot flatiron over it. The hot steam destroys the moths. Run the iron slowly and lightly over, so as not to press down the pile of the carpet. Eternal vigilance is the price of security.

The small hats are more universally becoming than the bonnets. Some have the brim turned off the faces and bend in and out, and have also a colored band or some colored flowers inside the brim resting on the hair, in an exceedingly becoming fashion. There is no one set style to be followed, the cockade hat being the starting point, as it were. An extremely pretty hat of one of the smart milliners is of the finest black open work straw, turned sharply up at one side, with a black agrette and rhinestones buckle. The hat itself is quite flat in the crown, but the trimming is put on to give a high, full effect. At the back, so arranged as to rest on the knot of hair, are two large bunches of most natural looking bluetts. Another hat is of light brown straw, something on the plan of a sailor, but a fresh water sailor, in that it savors very little of anything severely nautical, and will be sadly out of place on any sailing expedition. It is trimmed with pink roses and black velvet, rises on the crown and underneath the brim, so natural that they look like the genuine flowers themselves. This is an exquisite hat for a young girl, but would be very unbecoming to an older woman.

The Easter fashion parade this year will have somewhat the appearance of a flowershow. Capes will be worn with a ruche of flowers about the neck. Elaborate street costumes are being made with berths of flowers, and the oddest thing in town is the tailor-made gown with a vest and stock collar of spring blossoms. One seen recently, says the New York World, was of wood-brown broadcloth, with a tight-fitting bodice made with a vest of violet satin. The satin was used merely as a foundation, and was completely covered with artificial violets. It was also an adjustable affair, being fastened to the broadcloth bodice by means of gilt buttons. Flowers are to be seen on all the fashionable hats, and flower muffs will be much the vogue during the spring. Lace flowers are another fad of the hour.

There is no summer material that has a greater fascination for the ordinary woman than dotted mull. It used to be all white, and it was very tempting to her. One can buy such exquisite morning gowns of this alluring stuff. A lovely one trimmed with fine white lace had a broad sailor collar with several rows of pale blue baby ribbon and set at the waist with broad blue satin ribbons.

Some people make it up into morning jackets that are very sweet and fresh looking. A plain Swiss waist is sometimes made with dotted net sleeves, a fancy which is quite in keeping with the present fashion of having the sleeves of a different material from the rest of the dress.

A pretty Swiss blouse, with a yoke laid in three box plaits, and bordered with a narrow lace flounce. The sleeves are dotted mull and reach just below the elbows, where they are finished with a narrow ruffle of lace.

But the dotted mulls are not all white this season. There are blues and greens and coffee colors which are very pretty and not very expensive. One white mull with blue stripes was made up into a shirt waist. It was laid in box plaits and had a stock collar with blue rosettes, and was sold for \$3.50.

That wonderful complexion which has made Patti envied by other women of every country is not retained without care. The woman who is responsible for it is a complexion specialist. She says: "Mme. Patti cares for her complexion in this way: In the morning she rubs a little genuine olive oil soap on a soft cloth, moistened with tepid water, and upon that puts a little Patti rose cream, in order to counteract the natural effect of injury to the skin from impurities in the water."