Democratic Watchman.

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THE LEGEND OF THE EASTER LILY.

BY KATHERINE NEWCOMB.

In the gloom of early morning
Which precedes the coming day,
Ere the fuller rays of sunlight
Fade in lingering stars away,
Came the two with spices laden,
Perfumes rich and rare and sweet,
Love's last offering brought the Marys,
Love's last gift for His dear feet.

Forth they came in swift confusion,
For the stone was rolled away
And the empty tomb and graveclothes
Found they where the dear Lord lay,
As they ran to tell His loved ones,
"Christ, the Lord, is risen indeed,"
Mary Magdalene wept softly,
And her tears fell like the seed—

Like the seed along the wayside
Fell her tears upon the sod;
Forthwith sprang the Easter lily,
Lifting high its head to God.
"He is risen!" sang the Marys,
As with flying feet they speed,
And the nodding lilies answer,
"He is risen—is risen indeed."

AN EASTER GIFT.

"How are the lilies coming on? Oh, beautifully! There'll be a hundred at least by Easter, if the temperature doesn't fall in the flower-house. It's so hard keeping the gasolene just right. The altar of St. Martin of the Cloak will be a bank of living bloom if all goes well. They're as fresh and busy with their buds now as if they knew what they were growing for."

It takes you to imagine things, Sally," said the doctor opening his paper.

"But don't you suppose flowers mean something? They are emblems anyway—the seed, the stem, the spirit in the bloom. When the altar is dressed at Easter with the great St. Joseph lilies I always think of angels with their gold harps in their hands. Ever since the baby died—what a dead world this would be without Easter! Deader than the moon, wouldn't it be Louis? For that has the sun to shine on it—There! there she goes now!" suddenly exclaimed Mrs. Dane, in quite a different tone. "The sweet creature! Look at her, Louis, the poor, pretty thing! Could you believe so dark a skin could have so clear a blush? What is it your Browning says?

"'As when of the costly scarlet wine
They drip so much as will impinge
And spread in a thinnest scale afloat,
One thick, gold drop from the olive's coat
Over a silver plate whose sheen
Still through the mixture shall be seen.'"

"I don't believe you would have remembered that if it had been a moral maxim," said her husband.

"Well, that is this woman's skin. And then a pair of eyes, so large, so black, so tender! I always did like dark people—I suppose because I'm so frightfully fair. There! she caught my eye and smiled. What pearls of teeth! what a lovely mouth! I've seen her go by before. Oh, she's a beauty! She's one of those very Transylvania gypsies of the poem, or an Armenian, or something—"

"Very evidently the last," said Dr. Dane.

"See! she's holding up her tray for me to see. Oh, you poor little dear, I don't want any of your trinkets—glass candlesticks, beads, crosses, little saints' images. What a frightful cough she has! She has to lean against the lamp-post. And, oh, Louis, she has a baby! How ever does she contrive to carry a baby and that tray too? She doesn't usually; she leaves it at home or somewhere, I suppose. Oh, I don't care—I must see it. I mean to have her in." And directly afterward Thomas, in a very disapproving manner, had opened the door and beckoned the young woman, and ushered her into the sunny breakfast room, where Mrs. Dane was then pouring a cup of coffee.

The woman smiled, and said something in a strange tongue, pointing at the objects on her tray. "No, no," said Mrs. Dane, "I don't want to buy. Thomas take that strap off her neck, and set the tray down. I want to give you a cup of coffee, and to see the baby." The young woman looked a little bewildered; but she saw that the meaning was kindly, and suffered Thomas to set the tray aside, but she hesitated before taking the seat to which Mrs. Dane pointed, till that lady's white hand gave her shoulder such a distinct pressure that she laughed with her—laughed gayly, like a child that has long been forbidden to laugh, and sat down and took the bundle lying across her breast and began to unfold and unswathe it. "Let me have it," said Mrs. Dane.

That the woman did not understand a word was very plain: but she kept murmuring strange sounds, much like a soft-breathed multiplication of z's and y's and h's, and presently she lifted out a tiny morsel of a child, and kissed it, and re-arranged the chain about its throat, from which hung a little tinsel cross. Then she held up her left hand and laid the long, slender brown finger of her right hand upon a ring on the third finger. "Oh, I see!" cried Mrs. Dane. "She means to tell me she is married. Yes, yes," cried Mrs. Dane, holding up her own hand and touching her own ring, "I'm married too. And that is my husband," and she indicated Dr. Dane with a rather glad and triumphant look. "Oh, what does she mean now? What is she kissing her ring for? What is she wringing her hands for? See, she is crying! Oh, you poor little thing! I know what she says. Her husband is dead, Louis."

"They will have to send for you as interpreter for the police court when she is arrested for stealing the spoons."

"For shame, Louis! She may hear you. Haven't you any sympathy? The poor, little sad lonely woman in a foreign country with a fatherless child, and not a word to speak with!"

"Well, give her that chop and some hot toast and egg, and she won't want to speak."

"Oh, I knew you felt for her, Louis! And now let me have the baby, dear," and then the woman suffered Mrs. Dane's impatient hands to take it. "It's a little dear!" cried Mrs. Dane. "It's a little beauty—sound asleep. What dark, fine hair—oh, what a sweet, soft, pale skin! Look at the eyelashes, how black, how long, how silky! Oh, how I could love it! I must kiss it! I wonder if it will wake up? Oh, what wouldn't I give—" and then Mrs. Dane buried her mouth in the sweet cheek, and the child opened a pair of great night-black, star-shining eyes and looked at her with a radiant smile, and as she carried it over for her husband to see, smiled again at his bending face, and clasped the finger of his outstretched hand.

"I declare, Sally," exclaimed Dr. Dane, "It made a thrill run up my arm to my heart!

"I knew it would—oh, I knew it! Oh, why is it—when we love them so—Oh, Louis, can't you do something for that cough?" For the little foreign woman had set down her coffee cup and leaned back exhausted with another paroxysm.

"She ought to go home and go to bed. She is going to have an attack of bronchitis. Some functional heart trouble there too, perhaps."

"Poor little soul! No wonder—coming across seas, and losing her husband, and all. I suppose she has her own people to take care of her. She ought to be glad she has the baby, though. I should be. I wonder if she cares. The dear little mite—it's sucking my finger for all it's worth. I don't believe she's weaned it yet. How it is swaddled! It looks like a gorgeous chrysalis in this Oriental sort of something. I mean to see—oh, if she only would!"

"If you only would be a little more coherent!"

"I mean—I was thinking—it is the very baby—if, possibly, she would sell it!"

"What in the world are you thinking of, Sally?"

"Where's my purse? Here, Thomas, take that tray, please. Bring it here. Clear a little space there. Yes, that way." And then Mrs. Dane laid the baby down in the tray very gently, and opened her purse, and took out the bills and the gold and the silver, and pointed at the tray and extended the money to the mother, saying over and over, as if the poor little woman might understand broken English, that being the kind foreigners generally use: "Want sell? I buy baby! Give money! Much money!"

"What in thunder are you about, Sally?" cried her husband.

But before Mrs. Dane could say another word the little dark woman had comprehended, had sprung to her feet, and snatched the child from the tray, had caught up its wraps and rolled it over and over in them, had bound it across her breast, had seized her tray and bent her head under the strap, and was out of the house in a torrent of what sounded like obduration, and certainly was not blessing.

"Well, isn't that too bad?" cried Mrs. Dane. "And without her breakfast! Did she think I was going to steal her baby? Oh, I should like to Louis! The little darling—I can feel its soft face under my chin now."

I really think, if I were adopting a child I would not take a little gypsy brat, a wandering thing off the streets."

"And why not, if it is just the very particular thing you want?"

"When you don't know anything about t or its people? It might belong to a race of murderers—"

"What if it did? I should bring it up so that there'd be one less murderer, then."

"And break your heart when it began to develop its family traits."

"It would be my family. It would develop our traits—yours and mine. Virtue is catching. I should a great deal rather have it fresh from the lands of poetry over there than some—"

"I don't see the need of either," folding his paper at last. "We are certainly very happy."

"Oh yes, we—are—very happy—I—oh!"

"There! there! just forget that small Armenian angel, or whatever it is—Scythian or barbarian of some sort—"

"Oh, Louis, if the little sky-baby looked like that, how hard it is to have lost it!"

"Yes, it was hard—it is. But come, I should be going, and you should be minding your lilies There'll be enough to trim ten churches by Easter."

"If there's enough for the altar down in my poor little St. Martin's of the Cloak, I'm content," she exclaimed, with one of her mercurial changes. "Oh, if that boy were mine, I'd have him christened down there with my poor people's children. And, oh, what a christening gown I would make—the very frost's embroidery!—"

"I do believe you think more of that part—"

"Oh no, I don't. I think of it all—the cooing voice in the morning, the loves, the little mouth, the first steps—oh, the dear first steps!—the singing it to sleep, the waking at night to see the deep sweet rest, and all the perfect wonder of it, you know!"

"Yes, I know. But if Heaven—"

"Oh. heaven helps those that help themselves!"

"And you would like to help yourself to that little mother's baby! Well, Heaven help you if she—"

"Oh, she's a great deal richer, she's a great deal—"

"Happier?"

"Oh, no, no, Louis! I—I—am perfectly happy. Oh, me, me, me—"

"Come, come," said her husband. "I will bring you home a big wax doll. But as for picking a child from the slums—"

"I haven't asked you to, have I?" she cried, tartly, wiping her tears and smoothing her tumbled curls. "There! you had better go before we really quarrel over this suppositious infant. Good-by. I hope you will find Mrs. Grinnell better. There goes the office bell!" And then Mrs. Dane went to the greenhouse to regulate the sunshine on her lilies there. "Well, if these things are all I have, I must make the best of them," she said to herself. "They'll just be in their glory at Easter, I do hope it will be pleasant. Easter with sunshine and blue sky seems a day set apart from other days, as if it were a day thrown in, and didn't belong to the year. When the sun shines at Easter the sky and the day seem just away straight up into Heaven! Yes, Thomas," as that functionary came in to lift the pots, "you ought to be glad to do anything for Easter. We keep the earthly birthdays of those we love; and Easter is their birthday in heaven."

"It is that, mum," said Thomas.

But the thought of the child with its radiant smile went with Mrs. Dane all the time, and she could not help pitying herself, a woman who had to take up with a lily instead of some little child, pure and white as all the lilies in the world together and wondering why Heaven had been kinder to that poor dark foreign woman, especially when she herself had the means to bring up the child so much better. But the next time when, looking from the window, Mrs. Dane saw the dark foreign woman, she had left her baby at home.

The poor little foreign woman was not so dark as she had been, and the color did not come back to her cheek as readily as once when some one smiled at her or some rude boy jeered. She had been at home for several days with her heavy cold and her laboring heart. She had felt very ill, to be sure, but she had felt also a certain comfort of rest alone with the baby on her poor straw bed. A kind old woman of the same nationality had come up from the floor below with milk and broth, and she had a rapture in the midst of her distress and sorrows to think the baby was hers—a thought accented by the wish of that white witch-woman to have him. There was nothing in the tiny room but the bed and the stove and her chest, except a rude little altar she had fitted up with some of her embroideries and crosses and candlesticks; and there when she was the loneliest she had gone and knelt, feeling nearer to the dead father of her boy, feeling in a dumb way a loftier companionship, that gave her strength and promise of joy. When she was able to creep about with her tray again, she put the baby safely in the middle of the bed and locked the door behind her, giving the old woman the key and asking her to lend an ear to any cry.

The Easter season that was at hand was a time of especial significance to this little woman. It had been a festival in her own country; and it meant, moreover, that her husband still lived and was glad and well—her beautiful young husband! She supposed it was such a season with every one. She burnished her crucifixes, and sat up at night making artificial flowers; and knowing that in the wealthier quarters they had the real blossoms, when she went out she turned her steps in a different direction, where there were poorer people who might be glad of her wares and the wonderful flowers unknown to any latitude but that of her own fancy.

In this strange country where she had come with her young husband, full of hope and not a word of whose language she knew, she was a timid little being. But for her baby's sake she called upon her soul and filled it full of courage. It took a great deal of courage to overcome the bitter homesickness that went with her everywhere, longing for the hills and the sheep and the singing shepherds, for the little chapel in the rock, for the home, and the father and mother by the hearth there. And she felt so miserable, too—but for the baby she would so gladly have lain down and died but when she went out with her tray on the morning of Holy Thursday, and took her way down into regions where she had not been before, it needed all this courage to smile cheerfully at the first small boy that hooted at her. It needed still more when another boy added himself to the first. She spoke pleasantly to them, but nothing could have been more unfortunate for her than those soft sibilant sounds. She hurried on uneasily; and the little ruffians easily saw that they had intimidated her and scampered after her with a cry and a call that summoned a mate from the next alley; and then the ragamuffins swarmed at every corner, till a horde of them ran with her, mocking, hooting, joggling, making snatches at her tray, and not a policeman to be seen. She left off smiling, her kindly words, her pleading and imploring and commanding. All that was what they liked; it was as good as a play—almost as good as tying two cats together by the tails, or tormenting a stray dog. They were suddenly frustrated when she stepped into a doorway and disappeared. But the janitor of the poor lodging house was on the alert, and in a moment she came flying out again, and the urchins who had hung off, half balked, were flying after her full tilt. Then another doorway offered relief, the boys stood outside yelling, and another janitor, who objected to this foreign element, cried, "Git out wid ye!" and again the sally and onset and the flight took place.

If she had been a little longer in the country, been a little stronger, her heart would not have beaten so like a flying hare's; she would not have wrought herself up to such a pitch of excitement. As it was, she was nearly frantic with fright; and then the hurrying brought on her cough, and making for another doorway, she fell against it with her tray, and the glass panels of the door went shattering into splinters, and Mrs. McFinn instantly appeared upon the spot with all her ire blazing in her face. And then a policeman was handy enough, the boys scattering like chaff, and only the little panic-stricken and exhausted stranger was left to feel his power. No matter what she said, he could not understand it. But he could understand Mrs. McFinn; and he marched the culprit and her ruined tray off to the station-house, where she was locked up till she could be arraigned for making malicious mischief. In vain were her tears and her exclamations, her appeals about her baby, her gestures. No one knew her language; there was no interpreter there; one woman crying and asseverating was much like another. The bolt was shot upon her with no more ado; and when her sobs and cries became too importunate, an officer put his head in the door with an angry threat, and she signified nothing more till her wails again disturbed them.

What a cruel country was this, that had taken all she had but her baby, and now was robbing him of her; where the boys in the streets were allowed to persecute her; where she was shut away from her nursing child! Oh, her baby, her baby! She thought of him waking and hungry and cold; she cried herself sick for him; she suffered with his little suffering—his suffering, that included all the suffering of which he could be conscious—cold, uncared for, unfed—and she his mother, his heaven, the only thing he knew, away from him. She was in a high fever by midnight. In the morning, however, some one discovered it, and she was moved to a larger cell. She clung to the hand that helped her up, looking into the man's face imploringly, uttering her simple cry about her baby over and over again as if he must needs understand, her cheeks burning, her eyes blazing—it seemed to her, her heart breaking. They all supposed her cries referred merely to her loss of liberty; and one laughed, and put his tongue in his cheek, and they locked her up again; for it was Good Friday, and the police court was not in session. She ate nothing, only drank the water and the milk some one brought her. Before the next morning she was aware of nothing except a depth of misery of which she seemed to be a part, sometimes emerging just enough to be conscious of a pervading pain and horror, and lapsing into blank stupor.

The sun rose on Sunday as if full of the gladness with which the old legend made made him leap in the East. The blue sky of the Easter morning shone with a high, bright serenity that made one feel glad to be alive; the air was full of promise, a certain joyousness in the very sunshine, as if all the elements of sky and light knew that the day stood for life—more life, and lovelier, larger, loftier life. Mrs. Dane full of happiness in the day, and of happiness in bringing the doctor with her down to her little church of St. Martin's of the Cloak, came airily along, a little before the first service in the early morning. Thomas following with some huge boxes containing the lilies with which she was going to dress the altar. She was happy with a sweet solemnity; for looking out before daybreak as a mist of gold welled over the pearly dawn, she had seen the morning star melt away in it, and the day score up and fill the sky gloriously as a soaring soul. "Every day is a type of the risen spirit," she thought. "Every day, whether we see it or not, the Lord renews the promise of immortality, shows us with the sign and symbol of sunrise the soul's birth into life. And every sunrise, and, of all, the Easter sunrise, is a sacramental service." And still feeling as if she had had a moment of some high communion, as if she had almost seen her little child in Heaven, whom she had never seen on earth, dying with its first breath—her sky-baby, as she sometimes called it—she came down by the station house, and just as they reached the steps there stood policeman O'Brien, puzzled out of his scanty wits by the words and gestures of a gaunt old woman with a bundle in her arms. "Divvle a word she do be saying, year anner, that has a scrap of sinse intil it, she's that outlandish, so she is; but two words of American's all she has, begorra! She's a babby here, and there's a mother there, and that's all there is to it. at all, at all."

"Let me see," said Dr. Dane; and he turned to the woman, who volubly poured out her broken talk, and pulled the wrap away from the face of the child she was carrying—the pallid, pinched and purpling little face of a starving baby, which she had done her best to feed in the absence of its mother.

"Louis! Louis!" cried Mrs. Dane. "It is—oh, it is!"

"It is what?" said her husband shortly.

"The little foreign woman's baby! something has happened to her! Oh, give it to me!"

"Be the powers!" said Mr. O'Brien, a slow light dawning across his face. "Howly saints! something has happened her. It's meself wouldn't be surprised, so I wouldn't, if that's what the craythur's crying in the cell was after. Don't ye be telling me," he exclaimed, stoutly, to the old woman, "it's her baby, and she shut away from it!"

But Mrs. Dane, pushing past the doctor and oversetting Thomas, whose lilies went all ways together, had caught the baby and was running up the steps into the building, and was having the door of the cell thrown open in a rush and whirl that carried all before it.

But as she entered the cell she stopped awe-struck at the foot of the cot—Thomas, feeling it no place for his mistress without himself, having gathered up his lilies, and now with his arms full of them, towering behind her—while she looked at the poor little woman who lay with her eyes closed, her face sharpened, as if she had passed the extremity of suffering. The doctor stepped quickly to the cot's side and lifted the wasted hand. The little creature opened her eyes slowly—just before her stood this beautiful woman with the tender pitying eyes, a baby in her arms, the people about her holding tall white lilies. Some shadowy memory came to her of kneeling in a dark rich church where incense curled and joyous music breathed. She closed her eyes, but opened them again; a rapturous smile lit up her face. "It is the Mother of God," she murmured, in her soft sighs. "She has taken my baby to herself." She tried to lift her hands and fold them in prayer to the beatific vision. "It is the blessed Easter morning," she thought. "There are the Easter lilies. It is the way they grow in Heaven—so many, so sweet—oh, so sweet!" and a recollection of fragile sweet field lilies at home drifted over consciousness. She could see nothing with her fainting, failing eyes but the woman and the lilies and the child. "Yes, it is Easter. It is the day they rise—the dead. I have risen. I am there. I am tired—the way was so long, so hard. So are the butterflies tired; they rest when they have broken from the chrysalis; I have seen them. Soon an angel will come and take me by the hand—maybe—it will be St. John. He will give me back my baby then. It will be so sweet, having rested on his bosom." And then Mrs Dane had darted to her side, and had laid the baby on her breast, and delirious dazzle of joy bewildered her, and the little woman knew nothing more till she woke, fever and pain and terror gone, in the soft white light of the room that was to be hers at Mrs. Dane's as long as she lived. "I died," she whispered, with the ghost of a smile, to the interpreter who had been found. "I am in Heaven."

"You are in Dr. Dane's house," said the interpreter. "You are to stay there always, if you will. You are going to be cared for and taught, and your boy is going to be your boy, and their boy too. He will be a man like the doctor who has saved your life." And just then Mrs. Dane, blushing, light-hearted, glad, looked in, with the bright, wide-eyed baby on her arm—a baby that had risen from the ashes of the pining thing she had found on Easter day—and came and sat down by the little woman in the bed, and put the baby on the coverlet, and took the mother's slender hand and kissed it. "You have given her such a joy!" said the interpreter. "She never can make you as happy as you have made her.

"I told you," murmured the little woman, gazing at Mrs. Dane, who half thought she understood her, so tender, so thrilling, was the smile, as if those clear eyes would always see some of the aureole that once had been a moment worn—"I told you that I came to Heaven." Then the little woman beckoned Mrs. Dane to stoop, and in the fashion of her own country she said, "The Lord has risen," and kissed her on the lips. And she took the child's hand and put it in hers. "Easter gift," she said, and the interpreter repeated it after her. And Mrs. Dane felt as if another little hand were clasped with the baby's and her own, as if the little sky baby loved the earth baby too—perhaps had brought him to fill the place in her heart. And still holding Mrs. Dane's hand and the baby's and it maybe that shadowy other one, the little woman fell into that sweet sleep of weariness, waking now and then to smile and murmur over, "Easter gift?"—By Harriet Prescott Spofford, in *Harper's Bazar*.

Saw the Point.

Teacher (holding switch in his hand)—Now, boys, who can tell me what it is that "biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder?"

Little Dick (quaking)—Please, sir, you've got a hold of it now.

——One of the obsidian cones a few miles south of Mono Lake, in Nevada, is smoking and fuming furiously, and at night a red glow is perceptive at the summit. There are three of these cones, all being dormant volcanoes with deep craters.

——"He must not see too much of me," mused the wise virgin.

Accordingly she was very careful to have the stripe of her gowns run up and down, for besides wisdom she had embonpoint.

AFTERNOON.

Lookin' at the sunshine,
Slant'n' on the wall,
Watchin' where the shadders
Uv the maples fall.

Jest a lazy swayin,'
Way'n' to an' fro
Where the sun 'n' shadders
Kinder come 'n' go.

Ain't a-thinkin' nuthin',
Jest a-layin' here,
Soakin' in the gladness,
Soak'n up the cheer.

What's the use o' doin'
Anythin' at all?
'D ruther watch the sunshine
Slant'n on the wall.

—*Thad Stevens Varnum,*

Easter Superstitions.

Old French Methods of Reading the Future.—Counting Apple Seeds.—Bathing in the Dew.

If young people want to try their fortunes on Easter morning the following superstitions are gleaned from an old French seeress, who vouches for the infallibility of each and every receipt.

The most powerful cosmetic and love potion, she asserts, is Easter water; and while to procure it requires a great amount of courage, yet if the love that is to live always is only to be secured in that way, we give the young people a chance by unfolding these mysteries.

Easter water is the water that has been taken from the river on Easter morning before the sun has risen. The person wishing to test its efficacy must rise while it is quite dark, walk to the river, fill their phial or pitcher, and return home in perfect silence, and without looking back even once. She may then return to bed and finish the interrupted nap.

The water thus obtained, so runs the legend, will keep sweet throughout the year, and is considered invaluable as a remedy for diseases of the eye. Bathe your face with it every year and you will never have wrinkles. The dew gathered at sunrise from crocuses is also a preventive against wrinkles.

If you stand silent and alone and watch the sun rise, fixing your eyes on the radiance until dazzled, then closing the eyes say three times:

"Beautiful sun! oh, show to me
The face of my love that is to be,"

then let imagination do the rest, you will see the face of your future husband.

Yellow garters, worn on Easter day, every woman knows brings luck, but the maiden must get up at midnight and put them on, then she must go back to bed and she will dream of her future husband. A widow must put a purple and a yellow pansy on with hers to dream significantly, and the woman who is either separated or divorced may wear purple garters with yellow pansies. If she dreams of her former husband they will be reunited and live happily; but if she dreams of another she will very likely marry again.

If a small spider is found near you at any time on Easter it will bring you luck and money the rest of the year.

A present on Easter is a good omen. Always wear something new—a dress or a bonnet, if procurable, if not, some article next to the person.

To prepare a love potion gather in silence, while the full moon is in the heavens, three white rose leaves, three red rose leaves, three for-get-me-nots and five blossoms of Veronica. Place them in a vessel and drop upon them 595 drops of Easter water. Place the vessel over a fire or a spirit lamp and boil exactly the sixteenth part of an hour, then remove and pour into a phial, corking it tightly. It will keep for years without losing its power. Three drops swallowed by the person whose love you desire will make him your devoted slave.

Eat an apple on Easter morning as soon as you awaken and repeat all the while:

"As Eve in her thirst for knowledge ate,
So I, too, thirst to know my fate."

Then count the seeds, and if they are of even numbers your sweetheart will prove true; if uneven, he will prove false.

Another test: Break an egg at midnight, carefully separating the yolk and the white, pour the white into a cup, and let it set until you rise in the morning. The particles will separate; examine them well, and if any letter has formed it will be the initial of your future husband's name.

A Beautiful Easter Custom.

The Advent of Resurrection Day Hailed With Respect.

"No more divinely appropriate expression of the Moravians' love of music and their appreciation of its inspiriting power is to be found than in their sublime annunciation of the Resurrection day," writes Clifford Howard, descriptive of "A Moravian Easter Dawn," in the April *Ladies' Home Journal*. Through the quiet streets (of Bethlehem, Pa.,) in the early morn the trombonists walk from place to place, pouring forth their grand, inspiring anthem that arouses the slumbering town to the welcome knowledge of the advent of this glorious day. Now here, now there, now everywhere the lights appear within the windows of the dwellings, and the streets are thronged with people, young and old, wending their way from all directions towards the church, and greeting one another with loving salutions of the day. The Easter service is begun within the church and is continued there until the brightening sky announces the advent of the dawn. Then the people pass without the doors, and headed by the trombonists, solemnly ascend the winding hill to their beloved and quaint old burying ground.

"Within the closure of this consecrated spot the congregation assembles and stands in a large semi-circle facing the eastern hills in fond anticipation of the emblem of its cherished faith. A little apart stand the ministers and the trombone choir. Thus assembled the service of song and responsive readings, begun in the church is continued. A sense of deep, religious awe prevades the gathered throng, as on this cold, gray morning of the early spring they await, in spiritual communion with their departed loved ones, the resurrection hour. Above the hill the dawning light appears. Then from the voices of the assembled host there bursts a melody of raptured song, a heartfelt hymn of praise and adoration, a spontaneous symphony of joy, that starts in glad expression of triumphant hearts, and, mingling with the full, resounding strains of sweet-toned trumpets and resonant trombonists, arises with the warbling song of joyous birds in glad hosannas to the splendent sky. For see! a radiant light o'erspreads the earth. A wonderous glory hails the new-born day. The sun appears in fulgency sublime—God's symbol of the resurrected life; and earth and heaven in exulting joy peal forth in glad accord: "The Lord is risen! Hallelujah, praise the Lord!

——Commenting on the New York *World's* statement that "the Republicans have given the Democrats an issue on which they cannot fail to win—the tariff, with its logical corollaries of trusts, monopolies and public prodigality"—the Atlanta, Ga., *Constitution* says that "this issue was made by the Republicans at St. Louis," and that "the Democrats accepted the challenge, but the *World* and many other Democratic newspapers and individuals refused to support the candidate."

——Little Willie—Say, pa.

Pa—Well, what is it?

Little Willie—Why do they always weigh the babies as soon as they're born? Do people pay for them by the pound, the same as for raw meat?

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

It is said that every hearty laugh in which a man or woman indulges tends to prolong life, as it makes the blood move more rapidly and gives a new and different stimulus to all the organs of the body from what is in force at other times. Therefore, perhaps the saying "Laugh and grow fat" is not an exaggerated one, but has a foundation in fact. No truer words were ever uttered than those which state so clearly. "Laugh and the world laughs with you; weep, and you weep alone." The jolly, wholesome, happy-hearted people are those who have most friends and see the best that life holds out to them.

Pique and linen suits are to be very much the rage this season, and there are a great many beautiful shades of pique to choose from. They will all be made in the jacket and skirt, and trimmed with embroidery or braid—preferably braid. It is much better always to have these goods shrunk before making them up, as they are very apt to shrink in the first washing. The same rules of braiding apply to them as to the cloth gowns, only when embroidery is used the material is cut away underneath. The revers on the jackets must be arranged with due regard to the figure. The narrow ones are, of course, more becoming to stout people, while the broad ones will give the desired breadth to slender figures. Very often the revers are braided and the jacket itself left plain, and again the jacket is braided and the revers left plain. All these matters have to be decided by individual taste. With these suits either the false fronts and belts or shirt waists will be worn, and the dimity and Madras waists which are on exhibition at present are certainly extremely attractive. Dimity, by the way, is one of the materials greatly in favor. It launders beautifully, and in white has a pretty silky look. The false fronts and girdles worn with jackets are the coolest of all styles for midsummer wear, but they also must be made to fit. Rather a clever scheme for making them satisfactorily is to buy a cheap corset cover, sew it up in front, attach the false front to it, and then arrange it to fasten in the back. Even the cheap corset covers are well shaped, and this gives the effect of a dress lining, and for very much less than it would cost to have a sleeveless waist lining made.

Hot water has far more medical virtues than many believe or know. Because it is so easily procured, thousands think it valueless. The uses of hot water are, however, many. For example, there is nothing that so quickly cuts short congestion of the lungs, sore throat or rheumatism as hot water when applied promptly and thoroughly. Headache almost always yields to the simultaneous application of hot water to the feet and back of the neck. A towel folded several times and dipped in hot water and quickly wrung out and applied over the painful part in toothache or neuralgia, will generally afford prompt relief. A strip of flannel or napkin folded lengthwise and dipped in hot water and wrung out, and then applied around the neck of a child that has the croup will sometimes bring relief in ten minutes. Hot water taken freely half an hour before bedtime is helpful in the case of constipation, while it has a most soothing effect upon the stomach and bowels. A goblet of hot water taken just before rising, before breakfast, has cured thousands of indigestion, and no simple remedy is more widely recommended by physicians to dyspeptics. Very hot water will stop dangerous bleeding.

To clean last year's hat. Make a paste of pounded sulphur and cold water, wet the hat or bonnet and cover it with the paste till you do not see the straw; rub hard; hang the hat up to dry; when dry brush the sulphur off with a brush till the straw gets beautifully white. This method is easier than the sulphur bleaching box and can be done very quickly.

Have you observed the multitude of ways in which the sheer fabrics are being tucked? Take a tour through the large shops and look at the new sleeves, skirts, yokes, boleros and even revers—some with tucks and eighth of an inch in width, others fully an inch and a half wide. Bias folds, simulating tucks, are sometimes used on skirts from hem to belt.

Who was it that said that the fancy bodice was on the wane? No one, surely, answers the New York *Sun*, who knew anything about the fashions that are imminent. This bodice seems likely to enjoy a kind of perpetual popularity. At all events, there is no present sign of its losing favor. A pretty shirt waist is of periwinkle-blue silk. The taffeta fronts are laid to fine tucks, in clusters of three. A plain fold of the silk, three inches wide, extends from throat to waist line. It receives a trimming of silver buttons small as studs, and arranged in groups of three. A knife-pleated frill of taffeta extends down each side of this plain strip, but the frill is broad as a jabot above and narrows down to the waist. The crush collar is "boned" beneath the chin. It is finished at the waist with gauntlet cuffs, edged with a narrow pleated frill of the silk. The hat to match is of dull blue straw. It is trimmed with folded loops of black velvet ribbon and curly black ostrich tips.

One might imagine that the possibilities of trimming a choker were exhausted, but new devices constantly appear, particularly on cloth or wool costumes, where chokers take their cue from the masculine cravat.

There are few prettier fashions than the cravat of soft satin or ribbon wound twice about the throat, and tying under the chin in square bow or four-in-hand knot, with tiny turn-over collar of embroidered mull or stiff linen over it. A recent street gown cut with jacket basque shows a pretty neck-tie effect. There is a high, rolling collar, lined with lace, on the jacket, and it is slashed so that a broad satin ribbon may be run through the slashings and tied in a large square lace-trimmed bow under the chin.

On another tailor-made gown we have a loose figaro opening to show a waistcoat of ecru cloth, fastening to the throat with a row of small cut-steel buttons. In this case there is no linen collar, the choker being covered by a scarf of black satin, ending in four stiff loops under the chin, and separated by a steel buckle.

It is a matter of comment that for the coming hot season red is to be so extensively used in millinery—brilliant scarlet, and not alone the deeper shades in Jacque rose, begonia, geranium, damask, claret and other tints that have been so popular. Even the mauve hats with gilded basket-work crowns and green straw tops are embellished with vivid lebelia blooms or gorgeous field poppies, whose uniform we all know, and trails of trumpet-creeper and loops of cerise satin ribbon aid in the conspicuous decoration of the dreadful chapeaux of 1897.