### SPRUNG ON SPRING

When the crocus is a croaking, And the garbage piles are smoking, And the busy housewife poking Everything ;

When the geese are northward going, And the dust and dirt is blowing That's the way we have of knowing That it's spring.

When the streets are awful slushy, And the poets write rhymes gushy, And young lovers all grow mushy, Never fear :

Soon the birds will all be singing, Street pianos will be ringing, And the mud will soon be clinging-Spring is near.

#### AN EASTER EGG

The half-grown boys of Blue Bridge were the worst lot of young scoundrels out of Hades-so the forefathers of the hamlet said, and they guessed they knew, for al-though they had never been to Hades, they had themselves been bad half-grown boys in different sections of the country and kept the worst company they could find. Yet there was one day of the week when for an hour and a half the Blue Bridge boys were as orderly as a lot of deacons: the day was Sunday, and stranger yet, the hour and a half was spent in Sunday-school. Their parents and even the local Constable wished that this short but gratifying spasm of propriety was due to a desire to learn the ways of righteousness, but they knew it wasn't; it meant merely that for the time being they were with one accord wor-shiping Ipsie Brett, their teacher, who had accidentally taken the bad boys' class one Sunday, and got along so well with it that the regular teacher joyously resigned in her favor.

It should therefore be inferred that Miss Ipsie was pretty and interesting. Half-grown boys are quite as quick as their elders to appreciate that sort of thing and to enjoy it, and as they have no hesitation about staring at whatever they admire it happened every Sunday that ten pairs of eyes regarded Ipsie Brett so fixedly that it was hard to divert any of them to a book. They were not the only eyes, though, that contemplated the young woman with much interest; all young men not already "paying attention" to other young women, well as some who were, found Miss Ipsie a most engaging person to behold, and as no young man was her "regular company," hopes sprang anew in manly breasts whenever Ipsie appeared before manly eyes.

Of course the bad boys knew, each for himself, that none of them could ever win and marry the teacher; they wished she might wait a few years before giving herself away, but there was little chance of it when half a dozen more or less likely fellows with half a dozen years the advantage of the boys, were doing all they could to prevent it.

Of course too, each half-grown boy was distinctly of the opinion that he knew just which one of the "big fellows" the pretty teacher should marry, and the opinions differed hopelessly. After Sunday school the members of the bad boys' class would stroll off by twos and threes, to perpetrate some foreordained mischief, or go in search of that which Satan finds for idle hands to do. As they walked there was unanimous agreement about anything complimentary that any of them said about the teacher, but before long some boy would free his mind as to which of the big fellows should ie; then was the beginning of strife, with the usual accompaniments of fisticuffs, hair-pulling and shocking bad language.

Such had been the situation for some months before the sun rose on a certain Easter morning, and each member of the bad boys' class prepared for worship-of the teacher, and for combat, the latter, so far as was arranged for, being the old country custom of "fighting Easter eggs. Each boy put on his Sunday jacket, and was carefully buttoned and perhaps smoothed down by mother or sister, only to have all the style taken out of him a moment or two afterward when he sneaked to the barn or woodshed and filled his pockets with eggs that had been boiled hard and highly colored. With these eggs he would have cracking matches with other boys, the cracked eggs being the property of the winner, who promptly put them where boys think eggs do most good, and, as the chances were about even, there was scarcely a Blue Bridge boy who had any appetite left for Easter Sunday dinner at home, or who didn't wake with a head. ache and a bad temper on Easter Monday. Egg-fights were indulged in on the way to Sunday school; they were slyly kept up in school itself, particularly during prayer time, when all heads were bowed, and they were continued even in church itself by such boys as were trusted to sit in the back seats and out of range of paternal eyes, as they still are in thousands of villages every

Easter morning.
But not all the colored eggs in the town of Blue Bridge were doomed to destruction on the Sunday with which this story has to do. Fully a week before the eventful day there had come to Billsey Chubb, the biggest of the had boys and almost old enough to rank with the big boys, that it would be the proper thing for the class to make its teacher a present of a box of Easter eggs, each boy to contribute his handsomest specimen.

"It don't need to be the hardest, you know," explained Billsey. "for of course she won't have nobody to fight eggs with. Gosh! Just think how awful it must be to be a girl-a young woman, I mean."
"Not to be her," replied Jack Mulling,

who was as imaginative as he was bad, and who always wore long hair and the most brilliant neckties that the village store could supply. "A daisy like that wouldn't be a boy if she could-not for a hundred egg fights, an' all the rest of the fun that's going."

This was so strong a statement that all the boys gave it a moment or two of wideeved thought, but no one ventured to deny it. Finally Billsey Chubb remarked :

"Well, there ain't to be no eggs given her that ain't as pretty as pictures. I've got a toney box to put 'em in, an' we'll lay 'em in colored cotton, just like them breastpins that's for sale at the store. Say, fellers, would it do to put in a note, sayin' we hope she won't give none of 'em to any of the young fellers that come a visitin'

Mulling. "Ladies don't give away the presents they get. I read all about it in the 'Answers to Correspondents' in a news- himself almost into anoplexy as he read as paper that my sister takes."

said Billsey. "I didn't know but she might give one of 'em to Lije Minsey, who goes up to her house sometimes Sunday evenin's, an' he ain't fit

to be her daddy's sick mule. If she was a mind to give one to Luke Holway, now-'

"Luke Holway don't need nothin' but hoofs to make him a hog. All the rest of him's finished. Lije Minsey's a gentle-

the city once, there!" said Jack.
"Luke's a gentleman, too," insisted Billsey. Don't he get two new hats every winter, an' ain't the buckles of his buggy harness silver plated? What's cologny handkerchiefs an' poetry pieces alongside

side to take. It really was a puzzling question, for Lije Minsey was the Sunday school librarian, and had made a special collection of money from the solid men of in the dust of the highway while he was driving in his swell buggy-not even if boy was covered from head to foot with dust and cockle-burrs. It is hard to say how long the boys would have delayed their decision had not the youngest and most wandering-eyed of the crowd sudden

ly piped out :
"Hey, fellers; she's a-comin'." Sure enough down the brick-paved, oceasionally shaded sidewalk came Miss Ipsie Brett. None of the boys knew enough to assume respectful attitudes, but all stared

reverently and Billsey half whispered, half croaked "Don't she just look like a mince pie at Thanksgivin'?

"More like a glass of lemonade after go-"If Luke Holway was a gentleman he'd

be takin' her out buggy ridin' a fine day like this.'' ''If Lije Minsey was anything but a store clerk'' retorted Billsey he'd be walking home with her." At any other place and time the difference of opinion might have been settled with fists, but Miss Brett had been approaching so rapidly that she reached the

group just as Jack's remark ended and she put on a quizzical smile, which the boys thought was too pretty for anything, as she stopped and said: "Talking over next Sunday's lesson boys? Be sure you all have it correctly. Then she passed on, while Billsey groaned :

"Gosh, boys, I s'pose she thinks we're just like her—am't got no use to think of nothin' but what's good." Several of the other boys groaned, through sympathy, and thought to themselves that between them and their pretty teacher there was as wide and deep a gulf as that

which separated the winter skating from autumn apple-stealing. But Jack Mulling was not one of them, for suddenly there came to him an inspiration that made him jump as if he had been stung by a yellow-jacket. Several boys asked him what was the matter, but Jack replied merely that it hadn't yet been setto the teacher and how the presentation

should be made, and when. "You're the feller to do it, Billsey," said he. "You're the oldest and the big-

gest of us." Billsey at once blushed, tried to shrink, and showed other signs of embarassment,

concluding with the statement : "Not by a durned sight. I ain't got no gift of gab." Several other boys declined in rapid succession, and finally voted nnanimously that Jack Mulling, having been the first to think of it, should be deputed anything special to be done.

The several days that followed were very busy ones for Master Jack Mulling. The youth had been the eleverest student in the Blue Ridge Public school, but suddenly he recited so imperfectly that his teacher, who had once been a bad boy himself, suspected that some new mischief was brewing, so he provided himself with a new lot of hickory switches, such being the most approved means of school authority in that part of the country. Jack was home at meal time every day, instead of being late through pressing engagements with other boys, and he did not go out after supper-two facts which encouraged his mother to believe that he had "got un der influence" at some of the special meetings, which had recently been held at the church. The only place beside home and school at which he spent any time was Driver's store, which Lije Minsey was the sole clerk. Minsey attached no special importance to these visits, for lounging at the store was the delight of all the village loafers, old and vonug, but he was some what surprised, during a late afternoon lull of business, by Jack asking, with a painfully sheepish face, if he would look at a piece of poetry and see if it was all

"You see," Jack explained, "I know well enough what I want to say, but I ain't sure I've said it correct, and it's got to be just so, and thundering nice, too, or it won't do. Now, you know lots of pieces of poetry—I've heard you speak some of 'em at the Literary Society evenin's, so I

thought mebbe you'd---'' "Why, certainly, Jack," said the clerk eartily. "I'll do anything to help a budheartily. ding poet into bloom. What are the verses

about—beautiful spring or a girl?" "Why, a girl, to be sure, and she's as beautiful as a hundred years full of springs. Say, Lije"-here Jack's face suddenly be-

came very earnest and inquiring-"did you ever know one of that kind ?" The clerk wanted to laugh, but suddenly his own fancy went on a short journeyonly as far as the home of Ipsie Brett, and

"Yes, indeed; I've one in my mind now. Between men, Jack—between men, mind—she's there all the while. But that poem of your's—read it to me, before some one

he replied softly :

"It's about Easter eggs; colored ones, you know,? said Jack as he drew a bit of folded paper from the inside pocket of his

"I thought you said it was about "Well, so it is. Here-read it yourself, and then you'll understand. It's to go

with a present of a box of Easter eggs."

The clerk unfolded the manuscript with the judicial air with which any poet approached the work of any other man who thinks he can write poetry; he read for a moment and then, suddenly saying, "I'll have to take it to the window; the light 'No, it wouldn't !'' exclaimed Jack isn't any too good in this part of the store,' made haste to secrete himself between the desk screen and the window and laugh

> A prettier lot of eggs than this No fellow ever saw ; But you'd be prettier than the lot If it was a million more.

If you love me as I love you, Give me both hands on Sunday : But if I ain't no good to you,

Please smash the eggs on Monday "Jack," said the clerk, when finally he him's finished. Life sinusciple and service man; he puts cologne on his handkerchief sundays an' he knows lots of pieces of sundays an' he knows lots of pieces of sundays an' he spent two whole weeks in ties for which many older poets have the sundays an' he spent two whole weeks in the sundays and the sundays are sundays and the sundays and the sundays are sundays and the sundays and the sundays are sundays and the sundays are sundays and the sundays are su think, though, that the latter tends too strongly to abruptness."

"I felt sure there was somethin' wrong," replied the maker of the verses. "ay, Lije, won't you help me out? Mebbe I can do as much for you some day, some way. Won't you fix up that poem for me The other boys, to whom Billsey looked appealingly, seemed in doubt as to which a bully lot of Easter eggs to the prettiest girl you know-just the very prettiest girl in the world?"

the bad boys' class would like, while Luke Holway was not the man to let a boy walk in the dust of the bighray and wondered what he would wrire if he dared send a present of Easter eggs to Ipsie Brett and ask for her beart eggs to Ipsie The clerk fell quickly into a day dream time. Would that he had the courage of extreme youth, as exemplified by blunder-Luke had his Sunday clothes on and the ing Jack Mulling. Really, how would he put it? Wonder and fancy and love took the light of Easter morning. Now that possession of him; the store remained void the deed was done, he recalled some wellof visitors, except the boy poet, so the clerk went again to the desk.

> "Don't leave out that about giving both hands on Sunday, Lije, if you please,"said Jack. "I ain't so particular about her smashin' the eggs on Monday—I put that line in to make the verse come out right, for I couldn't make it work any other

> way."
> "All right, Jack," came a drawling reply "Don't talk to me any more for a

few minutes." Jack would have seemed very good company for himself, had anyone seen him in ing swimmin','' suggested Jack. After a the quarter hour that followed; he smiled, he winked, he slapped his leg, and did he winked, he slapped his leg, and did many other things peculiar to half-grown boys in high spirits, and he did not seem in the least offended when the clerk showed him some verses in which his own had been revised almost out of recognition. On the contrary, he exclaimed

"Bully for you, Lije. Say, tell me something I can do to pay you for taking all this trouble."

"Well, Jack, you may give me your poem for mine, if you like; fair exchange

is no robbery, you know." "It's a bargain," said the younger man, folding the revision carefully and hurrying out of the store, while the clerk re-read the original manuscript and laughed until the arrival of a customer, who chanced to be Miss Ipsie Brett, who made a small pur-chase and was hurrying away when the away and hide should any alarming signs clerk remarked :

one of your Sunday charges, Miss Brett-

could really be serious. They seem to try very hard while in my class, but I pity them for the terrible amount of self-re-straint it must take. You see. I've brothers, and I know."

"Ah, but Jack's seriousness is of a very replied merely that it hadn't yet been set-tled who should present the class present is, which amounts to the same thing, so far as his feelings are concerned." "Poor fellow," sighed the young woman.

wish him well." "How good of you. If only more mature years are necessary, won't you extend your good wishes to such other of your acquaintances as are in Jack's condition of

"With all my beart, if they are as honest and earnest and adoring by nature as look. that scamp Jack."

the first to think of it, should be deputed to make the presentation, that being according to the custom of town meetings repart, though not soon enough to hide a "She's prettier than ever this mornin'" Jack replied. "How's yours?" only make the presentation, that being according to the custom of town meetings repart, though not soon enough to hide a "Mine? Oh, I haven't any." blush which transformed the dingy old store, to the clerk's eyes, into a nook in Paradise.

> The day before Easter Sunday was the most important that some of the youth of Blue Bridge had known since that before the Fourth of July. The had boys' class set as a committee of the whole on the acceptance of Easter eggs for the testimonial to the teacher. The session, which lasted from frosty morn till dewy eve, was held in Billsey Chubb's father's barn, where the box and the red cotton had been on private view for three successive days. Each colorist had done his very best, assisted by such home talent as he could command, and the results would have amazed most artists and porrified not a few. Jack Mulling had been so intent on his poetry and other devices that he had not succeeded in coloring single egg which met the approval of the committee. When this fact was forced upon him he bravely offered to trade his entire lot for any single egg which would

> e accepted. The question of the eligibility of colored goose eggs and turkey eggs being raised, it was referred to a sub-committee of three and the members retired to the corn-crib for consultation, prudently carrying their surplus eggs with them. Within five minutes the discussion became so animated that the committee of the whole invaded the sub-committee's room and found the members on the floor in a triangular fight and a mass of broken eggs, and when order was restored the three disputants looked somewhat like gigantic chickens newly hatched, so abundantly were they covered with yellow stains and fragments of shell. Then one boy, who had been made overain by the praise which had been awarded his bright particular egg, insisted that on each egg should be scratched with the point of a pin the initials of the giver. This suggestion was voted down, as also was one that the givers should unite in a

> 'round robin' to accompany the box. Jack Mulling listened to everything, but said little; but he moved the appointment of a committee to devise an appropriate inscription. He was made the chairman of said committee, and soon brought in a report that there should be no inscription whatever upon the box, this being the purpose with which he had the committee appointed. It was agreed that for the bearer to say that the present was from the bad boys' class would be sufficient.

Finally after many arrangements and rearrangements of the eggs and a fond, last look at them in their rosy nest, it was discovered that no had thought to bring paper and string with which to wrap it. Then came the opportunity for which Jack Mulling had been hoping, and which he had vowed should come some day, no matter what trick he might have to play to bring it about. He said his mother had some silvered paper and thin blue ribbon. and that if the boys would let him take the box to his house he would hook enough to make it almost as pretty as the daisy for

whom it was intended. The offer was accepted, and within five minutes Jack, with a smile so large that made him feel as if his face was stretching, had slipped under the cover of the box Lije Minsey's poem in Lije's own handwriting, and neatly wrapped and tied the package and rejoined the boys. Then, as

the shades of night had fallen, he suggested to the boys that there was no better time to deliver it. and he was escorted by the whole class to the teacher's bouse, with the instructions to give the present only

came he stammered.
"Mebbe the name's inside. If it ain't, I reckon you'll know the writin'-it's that of the nicest young man in the town." dared not trust himself to remain for further questioning, so he dashed out of the house and rejoined the boys, who greeted him with a chorus of hoarse whispers.

"What did she say?" he were a veteran politician and a disbeliever in a hereafter, "she said that she was much obliged to us, and she wouldn't ever

forget our kindness.' Most of the bad boys' class spent the remainder of the evening in longing for the morning and the egg-fighting which, according to the time-honored custom, could not begin until sunrise, but Jack Mulling was not sure that he was in a hurry to see meant practical jokes upon young men and women that had made an immense amount of trouble at Blue Bridge-jokes for which over-smart people had been compelled to leave town, some of them failing to get away before they had been soundly kicked or otherwise soundly punished.

Suppose that he was mistaken in believing that his friend Elijah and Miss Brett were quite fond of each other and the young clerk learned what use had been made of his verses, what would hap-pen? Suppose Luke Holway were really the favored of the pretty teacher, and was shown the poem, it would be just like him to go to Driver's store, thrash Lije, who was much the smaller man, demand an explanation afterward, and theu go for Jack himself with a buggywhip or whatever might come handy? Suppose Miss Brett herself should be angry, find out how it all happened, and dismiss the well-meaning but meddlesome perpetrator from her class? Indeed, if anything but the right thing were to happen, Jack would wish he had run away from home-he would run away now but for the egg-fighting he would do in the morning with the fruit of a trusty hen whom he had treated to unlimited bobe-dust for a month.

He took no part in the early morning contests, but stood among the earliest at appear. When Miss Brett arrived she af-'I've just had a serious interview with feeted Jack like an apparition, for, of course, she had on a new bonnet, like any Master Jack Mulling."

other young woman on Easter Sunday,

"Indeed? I didn't suppose boys ever and Jack, like most other members of his sex wasn't quick to discern a familiar face under an unfamiliar bonnet. A load tumbled from his heart, though, as the teacher's eye met his, for there seemed a grateful, though shy look in it-a look as if Jack was connected in her wind with something pleasing. So far, so good; but how about Lije Minsey, who wasn't vet in the secret at all? Jack called himself all sorts of names, but they made the situation "If he were a few years older I would no better. Could he in any way, give Lije him well."

a quiet tip. He was sure he didn't see how, but with a wild determination to do something he stood in front of the building, and as soon as he saw Elijah afar off he hurried toward him.

"Good-morning, Jack," said the young man, and then continued with a quizzical "How did the verses work? How's the girl?

"Haven't?

up to my Sunday school teacher? suit you, wouldn't she?" "Ah, she'd suit any man, Jack." "Why don't you get her, then, b fore

some other feller grabs her? I reckon she's sweet on you already. "Upon my word, young man," exclaim-

ed the clerk-librarian, stopping and staring at his companion, "are you in the habit of observing women closely?" "I've looked at her lots, an' I guess you don't know how much she looks at you in Sunday school when you're lookin' some other way."

Minsey's face reddened ; Jack went on "Pity you didn't send them verses to her instead of givin' 'em to me--' specially that part about givin' her two hands on Sunday. She's a picture to-day, I just tell

By this time the couple had reached the ol, and both entered, and it seemed to Jack that his teacher and Lije quickly exchanged tender yet embarrassing looks. The school service opened in the usual manner, the lesson of the day was discussed and Miss Brett tried her utmost to make it of practical value to her graceless charges. The school was held in the church building, each teacher having a pew instead of chair or desk, with her scholars in one or two pews behind her. At one end of the front row of bad boys was Jack, with Billsey Chubb beside him, and Billsey asked several times why Jack was so confounded silent and stupid, for the youth had neither eyes nor thoughts for anything but his pretty teacher and Lije Minsey. Toward the end of the lesson, while the librarian was collecting the books returned, Miss Brett's thoughts seemed to wander from the lesson itself, and as Lije approached her seat the lesson paper fell from her

Jack leaned slyly forward; he saw Lije how, put down both hands to take the return books of the class, then he saw the teacher's head drop slightly and her two little hands steal into those of the librarian.
Then Jack dropped back in his seat, heaved a long sigh of relief and gave Billsey Chubb a mighty pinch that elicted a howl that brought the entire school to its feet, while the librarian snatched the books and hurried away and the pretty teacher blushed as red as the roses in her bonnet; and Billsey Chubb turned on his tormentor with a long pin, and the superintendent, who on week-days managed a lumber yard, hurried down to the bad boys' class, snatched out both Jack and Billsey and deposited them on the sidewalk with a vigorous kick or two by way of emphasis, and both boys went into an open ot nearby to adjust their differences, and Jack got a severe drubbing without whimp ering a particle. Then he made his way home to remove the dust of battle from his garments and thus avoid a painful interview with his father. He had just finished and the 'last bell for church' services was tolling when a loud and persistent knocking summoned him to the front door, where he found himself face to face with Lije Minsey, who gasped:

"Jack, you young scoundrel, you're mixed up in this thing in some way. Tell me all about it—quick." "What's the matter with you? asked

Jack, assuming as hold a front as he could. 'Ain't you in luck ?" "Yes, but-

"Ain't she happy ?"

"She certainly seems to be, but-" "Well, then, what are you coughin'

It took some effort to get a frank and fulf statement from Jack, but when Lije learned that there had been a deliberate bit of match-making developed from some hero worship in which he himself had been the hero he said more pleasant things than Jack had ever heard about himself before. All that seemed to trouble the happy man was that his taste in colors might be judged by the eggs-he had seen Blue Bridge Easter eggs before. When and how he relieved himself from this imputation Jack never knew, but when the engagement of the belle of the village was "She said," Jack replied as coolly as if formally announced Miss Brett gave a din-were a veteran politician and a disbeother guests present but Lije Minsey, and after the meal the young lady brought in the box of eggs which all the boys remembered well, and begged each of the givers to pencil his autograph upon his own contribution, and later in the evening the boys saw one anther home without a single fight, although Billsey Chubb remarked two or three times that he couldn't see what excuse Jack Mulling had at that dinner for putting on about as much style as if he was a grown man .- John Habberton. Easter In Jerusalem

> 'Christ is risen !" 'Christ is risen, indeed, and hath appeared unto Simon.' Thus were Christians in primitive times wont to salute each other on Easter morning. This beautiful custom is retained in the Greek church. In Russia one may still hear these words which recall the day when the surprised disciples first listened to the joyful tidings.

> The anniversary of the Risen Lord will be commemorated throughout Christendom on Sanday, but in no spot will the cele-bration of Easter have so deep a significance as in Palestine, the scene of His birth, ministry, crucifixion, resurrection, ascension. A traveler gives an interesting account of

Easter in Jerusalem. "On Easter Day the tomb of Christ in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre is covered with the lilies which are used all over the world. The Mount of Calvary is visited by the Christian population of the town and the members of the various religious orders inhabiting it and flowers are strewn upon the spot where the cross is supposed to have The archways under which tradition tells us Christ walked upon His way to the spot of crucifixion are standing just as they stood fully 2,200 years ago. Easter the little children of many of Jerusalem's families are taken to this place of the cross and told what the various objects signify and of the great events which tran-

On Easter Sunday every believer in the doctrines which were preached by the Being whose resurrection is celebrated, makes his way to the mount, and there, in some form or other, observes the day. There are processions of old and young. One hears that familiar anthem, "Gloria in Excelsis" all about. Now to the mount or the Garden of Gethsemane comes a troop of young girls all in white and singing 'Christ the

Lord is Risen Today. Alleluia.'
"This Garden of Gethsemane, where the children love to spend much of their time on Easter, is a small enclosure 100 ft. long and 150 ft. wide. It is cared for by a col ony of Franciscan monks, who spend much time beautifying it. The place is beautifully adorned with hedges kept in exquisite order by the monks. There are innumera-ble beds of pinks and roses and visitors are given a nosegay by the monk in attend-

"The Easter celebrants are 'also almost sure to visit the bunch of seven venerable olive trees, some of them nineteen feet in circumference, and so old that their trunks existed upon the same spot at the time Christ lived in the world. This belief is lent what seems positive proof by the fact that they are unlike all other trees of the same -variety in that country. The only spots in the garden where the appearance of the Easter visitors indicates other than a feeling of joy and religious inspiration are those where a monument marks the spot where Judas Iscariot gave the kiss of trayal. Even the little children scorn the memory of that most famous of traitors."

# Billed as Potatoes.

A Young Man in a Sack Travels 700 Miles in a Freight Car.

Billed as a choice sack of potatoes a young man has arrived in Chicago from Kansas City tied up in a sack. For three days and a half he had been confined in the sack, and during that time he had traveled close to 700 miles in a freight car. The sack which covered him was inclosed in an

open fruit case. The traveler, who is Martin J. Klansdigger, a machinist of Kansas City, was nearly famished when he was cut from his prison at the Chicago & Northwestern freight house by a friend who had been waiting for a day and a half in the city for him to ar-

Klansdigger began his journey with only a quart of water and two pounds of crack-ers in the sack with him, this being a condition of a wager of \$300, which caused him to make the perilous trip. When re-leased Klansdigger was nearly blinded by the dust which had crept into the sack, and his throat and mouth were so parched that be could hardly speak, his little cask of water having been spilled after he had been

on his journey a day. For nearly three days he had been without water, and he stated when he was able to talk that had it not rained Wednesday he would certainly have died of thirst. During most of the storm the car in which he was packed was side tracked out in one small country town, and the water came through a crack in the roof and fell on the sack. The burlap became quite wet, and he was thus enabled to suck from the cloth a few drops which allayed his thirst.

-May-Charley Stubtoe is a good dancer in his way. Sue-Yes, and in everybody else's way.

## VERY CURIOUS. A ROBIN came tilting over the lawn-

Curious! Curious! Curious!
He glanced all about with his bright little And he hauled up a worm of a very great

And he gobbled him down with an air of sur Such a very ridiculous air of surprise! (Curious ! Curious !) Curious !) And I said to him : "Birdie, reflect-is it

wise, In a manner so frantic and furious, To gobble down worms of such terrible size Don't you think it is very injurious?" But all he would say as he hurried away

Was: "Curious! Curious! Curious!

What curiosity! What-what! Curious-curious creature! -Alice Reid in Harper's Bazar.

### Special Cakes for Easter

Many of the delightful old observances attached to Eastertide have become almost obsolete. The practice of serving special kinds of breads and cakes on certain days is still kept up by those who love the old time custom

The lists of these breads and cakes considered appropriate, or having any significance in connection with the days, is not very varied, being confined to pancakes, fritters and buns. But ignoring the meaning attached to all observances of this season, we may take the same liberty in this, as we do in choosing other dishes to serve during the Lenten season, if we still observe the 'eternal fitness of things' in the selection of the materials composing them.
Pancakes and fritters, to be strictly or-

thodox, should be served only on Shrove Tuesday and on Good Friday; but are in keeping for luncheons all through Lent, especially on Wednesday and Fridays.

### PLAIN PANCAKES.

Break six eggs into a bowl and beat until very light. Allow to each egg a gill of milk, an eighth of a teaspoonful of salt and about an ounce (quarter of a cup) of flour. Sift flour into a bowl. Make a well in the center and add the eggs and milk gradually, mixing to a smooth batter. If eggs are large a little more flour may be necessary. The batte of thick cream. The batter must be the consistency

Place a smooth iron frying pan on the fire; see that it is perfectly clean and smooth or the pancake will stick. When the pan is hot put in a small piece of sweet butter. When it is melted pour in just enough batter to cover the bottom of the pau; about half a cup for a pan five inches in diameter. If made thin enough they need not be turned. When done sprinkle over with powdered sugar, roll it up in the pan and take out with large cake turner. Place on a hot dish before the fire until you have sufficient quantity fried to serve. They are better served as soon as fried. A little grated lemon or orange rind may be

added to the batter or sifted with the sugar. If the whites of the eggs are beaten separately and added to batter the last thing the pancakes will be lighter. Allow four or five minutes for the very thin pancake and six or eight for the thicker one. Very rich pancakes are made with eggs, cream, sugar, sherry, grated nutmeg and flour.

ORANGE FRITTERS. Measure a cupful of sifted flour and sift into a mixing bowl with a level teaspoonful of salt. Beat the yoke of one egg with a tablespoonful of good salad oil; mix these gradually enough to hold a drop let fall from the mixing spoon. Beat whites of the eggs to a smooth froth and fold lightly into the batter. Put two or three slices of orange into this batter; cover them well and then slide into hot fat and fry a golden brown. Remove with a skimmer or wire egg whip; dust with powdered sugar and

## POPOVERS.

Mix to a smooth batter two cups of flour and two cups of milk and the yolks of two eggs; add a level teaspoonful of salt. If you do not possess iron popover pans, butter six little earthern custard cups and place in a pan in a hot even. Beat the whites of the eggs to a stiff froth and fold lightly and quickly into the patter. Fill the hot, buttered cups about half full of batter and bake until they are brown and perfectly light when handled. These can be served for breakfast, eaten with butter, or for luncheon or dinner as a dessert, using

### a good sweet sauce or maple syrup. BREAKFAST ROLLS.

Heat to scalding point one pint of milk are stored up with stones. These trees are believed to be descendants of those which tablespoonful of sugar, a level teaspoonful of salt. Turn into a bowl and when lukewarm add half a yeast cake dissolved in a little lukewarm water. Beat in flour enough to have rather a thick batter; beat for five minutes until full of bubbles, then add flour to make a dough. Knead for at least ten minutes until the dough is smooth and elastic to the touch. Set in a moderately warm place and let rise for four hours: watch that it does not get too light. Knead down well; take pieces of dough about the size of an egg, roll out on board, having the roll about an inch thick in the middle and pointed at each end. Place some distance apart in well-buttered tins: cover and let rise for an hour; then bake in a quick

# HOT CROSS BUNS.

Two pounds of sifted flour, two cups of sugar, two cups of currants, half a tea-spoonful of salt and a teaspoonful of mixed pices. Mix these all together in a bowl. Make a hole in the center and add half a pint of warm milk and half a cake of yeast dissolved in a half a cup of lukewarm water. Mix slowly into the flour until you have a smooth, thin batter; cover and set in a warm place until light, then add half a pound of melted butter and milk enough to make a soft dough of all the flour; cover this with a thin coating of flour and let rise once more for half an hour. Shape into buns and lay them far apart in buttered tins. Cover and set to rise for half an hour. Just before going in the oven make a cross on each one by pressing the back of a knife almost entirely through the dough.

### ANGEL FOOD CAKE. Take one and one-half cups of granulated sugar and sift twice, one cup of flour sifted four times, the whites of eleven eggs, a teaspoonful of vanilla and half a teaspoon-

Bake in a quick oven for ten or fifteen min-

utes.

ful of cream tartar. Add a pinch of salt to the whites and beat them about half stiff, then add the cream tartar and continue whipping until eggs are very stiff; sprinkle the sugar in lightly, then add the flavoring, beat in; then fold in the flour as lightly as possible; sprinkle it in, a spoonful at a time. Do not stop beating or folding until ready for the pan. Pour into an ungreased pan and bake in a moderate oven for forty min-

ANGEL CHARLOTTE Make a loaf of angel cake by above recipe. When perfectly cold carefully cut out the center, leaving a wall at least an inch thick. Ice the sides and top with boiled icing, then fill the center with sweetened and flavored whipped cream or charlotte russe, heaping it up roughly. Scatter over the whole candied violets.—By Lida Ames Willis

# The Oldest Grand Army Man.

Aaron Young, who died in Lynn, Mass., the other day, was said to be the oldest Grand Army member in the country. He was born in Union, Me., April 14, 1808, and exempt from military service when the Civil War broke out, being fifty three years old, he enlisted in the Thirteenth Maine Volunteers and followed his twenty year old son. to the front. He was a member of Post 5, Department of Massachusetts, the largest post in the United States.