



THEY BLOOM AT EASTER

The Very Latest Manifestations of Spring Fashions.

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The persistently popular blouse lives on, to the comfort and convenience of women. Blouses for the approaching season are of beautifully embroidered batiste and muslin, made over delicate shaded silks. The silken fabrics, used in the shirt waists, that cost anywhere from 50 cents to \$3 a yard, are decidedly useful, for they wash perfectly and never wear out.

With regards to skirts, they are at a standstill; that is, all seem to be content with the full gored skirt, which is graceful and easy to walk in. The hats which women may choose from are certainly the creations of some very active brain, for no two are alike; most of them are loaded with flowers.



The canvas gown illustrated is of black. The skirt is novel and attractive. A gored section from the knee down is outlined with a piping of black satin. The bodice is of hyacinth taffeta with a tucked yoke from which depend pieces of white embroidery. The sleeves have shot puffs at the top and are wrinkled at the wrist. The gown, of ecru linen is tasteful and bright with its waist of ecru embroidery and bright chine silk for sleeves and foundation. The ruffles of the embroidery from the neck form a yoke effect, while the revers are formed of the embroidery and are edged with lace. Rosettes of black taffeta ribbon are used.



"By the rustle of their petticoats ye shall know them," said the sergeant-at-arms of a certain women's club the other day as the members tripped in by twos and threes, and unconsciously she spoke a great truth. For what can call up such visions of feminine daintiness as the swish-swish of silken underskirts? Every woman, young and old, rich and poor, loves that sound—the frou-frou as the French people call it.

"It sounds rich on other people," says one.

"And it makes a woman feel rich to hear it on herself," said another.



However this may be, one thing is certain. Every woman nowadays, no matter how limited her income, considers her wardrobe very incomplete without at least one rustling silk petticoat.

A woman anxious to improve her appearance cannot do better than study the arrangement of her hair. The accompanying sketches will show how Dame Fashion intends the hair to be arranged during the reign of fluffy, thin gowns. With the pompadour coiffure the fair hair forms a sort of aureole in soft wavy puffs, with only one stray love lock as a relief, while at the back



is a softly twisted narrow coil between two side combs; the head with the hand bandelette parted and dressed low on the forehead and caught at the back of the head, where the hair is twisted into a series of coils, reaching almost to the crown.



Last of all, but by no means least, is an ideal coiffure for a woman who has said farewell to her youth. Nothing is so becoming as gray locks skillfully treated, and that is why in the olden times even the youngest and fairest powdered their hair or wore white wigs to enhance their beauty. In the coiffure illustrated the softly waved locks are



parted in the centre and drawn up high at the sides, where the side locks are divided from the coil and twisted back by side combs.

POPE LEO XIII.

Bismarck Says He is the Greatest Man in Europe.

The Pope's last encyclical turns public attention toward the Vatican. The personality of this pontiff, who casts aside the precedent of centuries and proposes unity to the Christian world, is most interesting. Bismarck calls him the greatest man in Europe. His temporal power is a thing of the past, yet he has dictated to the most powerful monarch in Europe the terms upon which he would receive him as a guest, and the sovereign complied with those conditions.

The Pope's day begins at seven o'clock, alike in summer and winter. At that hour Centra, his faithful body servant, unlocks the outer door leading to his master's bedroom. It is the valet's duty to fasten this door at night, after His Holiness has retired; thus the Pope, during his sleeping hours, is practically a prisoner. The key of his bedroom door, however, Leo XIII. never trusts to any one; it is locked at night by himself, and the key never leaves him.

The Pope is in his eighty-fifth year and his frame is bent and meagre. His personality is spiritlike. His is a wonderfully musical voice—the Italian voice. The Pope's memory is marvelous. He has been known to recall the faces and names of ordinary visitors who have had audiences with him years before. He is much attached to Americans, and talks to them of the great men of their country and its historical events.

A TOUCH OF NATURE.

When first the delicate crocus thrusts its nose up through the drifting of belated snow, When folded green things in dim woods unclose.

Their crinkled spears, a sudden tremor goes Into my veins and makes me kith and kin To every wild-born thing that thrills and blows.

Seated beside this blazing sea-coal fire, Here in the city's ceaseless roar and din, Far from the brambly paths I used to know, Far from the gurgling brooks that slip and shine,

I share the tremulous sense of bud and brier And inarticulate ardors of the vine.

—Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

Doing One's Best.

That is all you can demand from people—and all one can insist upon from one's self—to do one's best in every sphere and situation. In the shop or factory, at home or at school, in the pulpit or on the bench, the inexorable law is the law of doing one's best.

As to what is the best, that is to be left to the individual, and it is not our business to set down a canon or standard as to our neighbor's conduct. Let us sweep the snow from our own sidewalk first; let us do the nearest duty to be done; let us breathe into our work all our manhood or womanhood, all our earnestness and determination. Then we can peep a little at our neighbor and see how he is getting along and whether the result is worthy or unworthy.—Jewish Messenger.

Depew on Overwork.

I have learned from observation that three things happen to a man who works steadily without relaxation. In the first place, he becomes nervous, irritable and hard to get along with. In the second place, the grade of his work falls off, his services are worth less and he is liable to err in his judgment. In the third place, he dies suddenly. It is an incontrovertible law of nature.—Chauncey Depew.



STORY OF THE CROSS.

IT WAS A SACRED SYMBOL LONG BEFORE THE CRUCIFIXION.

Revered by the Ancients. It is Found in Two Letters of the Alphabet, Which Have a Mystic History. The Mark Saved Men in Old Testament Times.

No symbol, either in art or in religion, is so universal as the cross. It appears twice in our alphabet, as the letter T and the letter X. It is worn by priests on their sacrificial robes, by distinguished laymen as a sign of distinction on occasions of state, and by male and female nonentities as taste may direct. It is graven on eucharistic vessels, embroidered on altar cloths, and cut in relief on tombs and monuments. Some of the greatest churches and cathedrals of Christendom are fashioned in its shape. In European countries it is common to see large crosses erected in public places. The famous Charing (chere reine) Cross, in London, derives its name from the fact that it was one of the places at which King Edward I. set up a cross to mark where the body of his Queen Eleanor rested during the progress of the funeral cortege to Westminster.

Yet it is a mistake to suppose that the cross has only a Christian history. It was used as a religious symbol by the aborigines of North and South America, as well as by the most ancient nations of the Old World. Prescott tells us that the Spaniards found the cross as an object of worship in the temples of Mexico. Researches in Central America and Peru prove that it was used in the same way by the inhabitants of those countries. Dr. Brinton, in "Myths of the New World," informs us that the Indians regard the cross as a mystic emblem of the four cardinal points of the compass.

Comparative mythologists draw various deductions from these remarkable facts. Let us, however, appeal to a man who is not only a comparative mythologist, but a Christian priest. "For my own part," says the Rev. Earing Gould, "I see no difficulty in believing that the cross formed a portion of the primeval religion, traces of which exist over the whole world, among every people; that trust in the cross was a part of the ancient faith which taught men to believe in a Trinity, in a war in heaven, a Paradise from which man fell, a Flood and a Babel, a faith which was deeply impressed with a conviction that a Virgin should conceive and bear a Son, that the dragon's head should be bruised, and that through shedding of blood should come remission. The use of the cross as a symbol of life and regeneration through water is as widely spread over the world as the belief in the ark of Noah. Maybe the shadow of the cross was cast further back into the night of ages, and fell on a wider range of country than we are aware of."

It was only natural that the early and medieval Christians, finding the cross a symbol of life among the nations of antiquity, should look curiously into the Old Testament to see whether there were not foreshadowings in it of "the wood whereby righteousness cometh." Nor was their search unrewarded. In Isaac leaving the wood of the sacrifice they saw prefigured both Christ and the cross. They saw the cross in Moses with arms expanded on the Mount, in the pole, with transverse bars, upon which was wreathed the brazen serpent, in the two sticks gathered by the widow of Sargata. But plainest of all they read it in Ezekiel, ix., 4, 6. "Go through the midst of the city, through the midst of Jerusalem, and set a mark upon the foreheads of the men" that are to be saved from destruction by the sword. The word here rendered "mark" is in the Vulgate "signa thau." The Thau was the old Hebrew character, shaped like a cross, which was regarded as the sign of life, felicity and safety.

Yet the cross was not always a symbol of honor. Among the Phoenicians and Syrians and later among the Romans, it was a punishment inflicted on slaves, robbers, assassins, and rebels—among which last Jesus was reckoned, on account of His proclaiming Himself King, or Messiah. The person sentenced to this punishment was stripped of his clothes, except a covering around the loins. In a state of nudity he was beaten with whips. Such was the severity of this flagellation that numbers died of it. Jesus was crowned with thorns, and was made the subject of mockery; but insults of this kind were not common. In this instance they were owing to the petulance of the Roman soldiers.

SOCIETY EDITOR.



A SONG.

A bird soared up in the face of the sun— Oh, but the bird sang gloriously! With throbs of bosom and flutter of wing, In the rich, ripe glow of a day in spring When the bursting of blossoms had just begun, And the green on the hillside was fair to see.

A bird soared up in the face of the sun— Oh, but his song was a thing to hear! With heart attuned to a wild desire, With the quiver of passion and pulse of fire, And the bond of a soul that had well-nigh won The first of the golden outworks there.

A bird soared up in the face of the sun— And I watched his flight with a straining eye; But if he descended I cannot tell; I marked alone how his music fell. Till the last faint throbs of the song was done, Or lost in the space of the pillarless sky, —Youth's Companion.

THOUGHTS ON EASTER.

Some Extracts from a Sermon Delivered by Bishop Satterlee.

Rev. Dr. Henry J. Satterlee, recently consecrated Bishop of Washington by the Episcopal Church, in an Easter sermon written for the New York Herald said:

Before St. John saw the risen Christ, before the Lord appeared to Mary Magdalene, or a single person on this earth, this apostle, who carried in his heart the conviction that every wrong must be righted, had the light of the resurrection break in upon his darkened soul.

The historic proofs of the resurrection, great as they are—"infallible," as St. Luke calls them—never really bring heartfelt satisfaction alone and by themselves. It is the moral proof that is satisfying. The risen Christ manifests Himself in His fullness, not to those who are convinced by the sight of the eye, or the hearing of the ear, but to those who love Him and keep His commandments.

And the reason for this becomes more and more plainly manifest when we consider what that eternal life is which the risen Jesus brings to His followers. When men speak of eternal life they keep thinking all the while of a prolongation of earthly life. This life ends with the grave; eternal life begins after death and lasts forever. The idea of duration is, with us, the dominant idea. In the Bible the idea of duration is a subordinate idea. Eternal life is a quality of life.

And this eternal life has four characteristics. It is a new life, it is a cumulative life, it is the life of heaven, begun on earth; it is a positive life; so positive that all other things seem negative.

"If only," cried Phillips Brooks in words that echo all over the land, "oh, if only we could lift up our heads and live with Him; live new lives, high lives, lives of hope and love and holiness, to which death should be nothing but the mere breaking away of the last cloud, and the letting of the life out to its completion!"



REV. DR. SATTERLEE.

Man never began to live until he began to live in Christ. He never saw things as they really are until he looked out of Christ's eyes. He gazes upon the same earthly scenes that others see, but they have a new and different meaning for him; nor can he explain to others in any possible way what the difference is. Men look at him and wonder how he can believe; he looks at them and wonders how they can possibly doubt.

That feeble and impoverished thing which they call life he who knows something higher calls death. It is not merely the life of a sleeper who mistakes dreams for realities, but the kind of existence that will die with the things that die around it. Read the New Testament; see how that consciousness finds vent again and again in the teachings of St. Paul and St. John and St. Peter. They all use the same words to express this consciousness. What is a sentiment, a metaphor, a figure of rhetoric to the world meant to them a reality and a real contrast.

To one who is alive in Christ, existence without Christ seems mere death, for "He that hath the Son hath life, and he that hath not the Son of God hath not life."

Why She Poses.

"When a girl comes in and insists on a certain pose or expression," says a Boston photographer, "you can be sure she is getting up a picture for a certain man. She has quarreled, perhaps, and she means to convey by the picture that she is sorry. Very few girls will say that they are sorry, but they will go to an elaborate trouble and expense to get a picture representing them looking mournfully into space or glancing appealingly in a sort of 'Oh, please don't be cross with me' way. Their idea is to put the picture up in some conspicuous place where he will see it. His heart will be softened, he will say something, and then they can have it over."



BRYANT'S OLD HOME.

CECIL MERE STILL KEPT AS THE POET LOVED IT.

It Still Stands on the Roslyn Hillside. Here the Poet Wrote a Great Many of His Poems, and It Was Here He Passed Away.

Just as it was when the poet knew it, the home of William Cullen Bryant still stands on the Roslyn hillside in Long Island. It was here that the inspiration for many of his sweetest poems was derived, and where the poet himself passed the latter days of his life. The spot and surroundings well exemplify Bryant's love of nature, for:

Here is continual worship, nature here, In the tranquillity that thou dost love, Enjoys thy presence.

Here, too, amid all the beauties that he loved and admired so much, the poet died.

Cedar Mere is the pretty name that Bryant bestowed upon his Roslyn home. The large two-story mansion, with its broad piazzas, looks down upon the waters of the Sound. It is built of heavy oak to withstand the severe winds that in winter beat upon the headlands along the Sound shore. The timbers are as staunch and perfect as they were fifty years ago, and give every evidence of enduring for a century longer.



The house was designed in the old Colonial style. A wide hallway extends its entire length. The interior style is also Colonial. There are old-fashioned open grates, huge chimneys and carved balustrades. In the hall, library and drawing room there are many valuable paintings, photographs of poets and authors, and many fine steel engravings, representing a portion of the poet's collection.

Bryant first came to Roslyn in 1844. He was always more than a summer visitor to the village, for in its affairs he took a decided and manifest interest. Its poor he helped, and when other troubles beset the community he frequently came to the rescue with money or advice.

The Bryant Hall and Library bears testimony to his munificence. This he built, with the sole stipulation that the village should always keep it in good repair. In 1890 the village put over the entrance to the hall a tablet bearing this inscription:

"In honor of William Cullen Bryant, who founded this Library A. D. 1878, this tablet is erected by his grateful fellow-townsmen, A. D. 1890."

EASTER'S FEAST OF EGGS.

The Custom of Eating Them and Exchanging Is Centuries Old.

With Easter comes the feast of eggs. Gobelin informs us that the custom of giving eggs at Easter is to be traced back to the theology and philosophy of the Egyptians, Persians, Gauls, Greeks, Romans, &c., among all of whom an egg was the emblem of the universe, the work of the Supreme Divinity.

Hutchinson remarks that "The egg was held by the Egyptians as a sacred emblem of the renovation of mankind after the Deluge. The Hebrews adopted it to suit the circumstances of their history as a type of their departure from the land of Egypt, and it was used in the Feast of the Passover as part of the furniture of the table, with the Paschal lamb. Christians have certainly used it on this day, as retaining the elements of future life, for the emblem of the Resurrection. It seems as if the egg was thus decorated for a religious trophy after the days of mortification and abstinence were over and festivity had taken place, and as an emblem of the resurrection of life, certified to us by the Resurrection from the regions of death and the grave."

With the Minority.

There are no compensations in life more delightful and soul satisfying than those that come from service and sacrifice for the welfare of our fellow-men.

It has never troubled me to be in the minority. If you want genuine pleasure in a battle go in with a minority on some great principles affecting the welfare of society. You feel the bracing of muscle and nerve, the rising of the will power, the determination not to go down. It is glorious.—Chas. Carleton Coffin.

AND EASILY UNWOUND.



"She's all the world like a ball of twine." "Indeed?" "Yes—so wrapped up in herself." —New York World.



PARKHURST SEVERE.

SPECIMENS OF THE DOCTOR'S RHETORIC WHEN HE'S FEELING GOOD.

In a Recent Address the Learned Doctor Who Overturned New York's Police Department, Cuts Loose in an Amazing and Highly Entertaining Fashion.

Rev. Dr. Charles H. Parkhurst, of New York, is not only one of the two or three best known clergymen in the United States, but is the one most conspicuous clerical warrior. He attacks with a vigor that knows no tiring the things he believes hateful, and his denunciations ring with an invective and bitterness which have few parallels.

Here are some characteristic extracts from a recent address:

"As gorillas, snakes, fleas, and other vermin fill a niche in the divine economy of material things, so their human analogues, although an inherent nuisance, are an historic utility."

"Our cities are hotbeds of every species of individual, social, and economic iniquity that the cultivated depravity of the human heart can devise."

"New York is only a sample of what distinguishes our cities generally. New York five years ago was literally festering with disease and slimy with its own noisome putridity."

"Binghamton, a hotbed of Tammanyism, not Tammanyism of the Croker type, but baptized Tammanyism, Tammanyism that has been christened over a dry font—Plattism, that is by so much worse than Crokerism, as it has caught the trick of decency and millinered itself with the affectations of respectability."

"My roiled condition dates from dry back, and neither does drought dry the channel of my feelings nor cold weather freezes it over."

He thus described the New York Legislature:



REV. DR. PARKHURST.

"When two sets of thieves seek to discourage one another's rapacity, you always know there is an amicable understanding as to the lootings. That is legislation. That is the sort of unctious maw that is even now watering with beastly voracity at the succulent prospect."

About the Greater New York bill Parkhurst had this to say:

"The meanest and sneakiest thing about the consolidation bill is that it is not a consolidation bill at all, but the mere shell of a bill that will be loaded by and by with you don't know what, and they don't mean you shall know what."

"This movement is being jammed through by Tom Platt and Dick Croker, either of whom, if possible, is worse than the other, whose souls are reputed to have soldered themselves together in the damnable conspiracy to make the consolidated city pasturage ground upon which to graze their political cattle."

Dr. Parkhurst made the remarkable statement concerning the Raines' Excise bill which recently became a law in New York State.

"If the Ten Commandments had been jammed through in the way the Raines bill has been jammed through, I would break them—the whole of them."

Of Senator Lexow, chairman of the famous Lexow Committee, which investigated the Police Department of New York and was largely instrumental in overthrowing Tammany, the Doctor says:

"That little pip of a Lexow that is saved from being a barren zero only because of the interger that he leans against and helps to make ten of, proposes to govern us."

"That little rube-scented statesman from Rockland county, Platt's right bower." "That turgulent little exclamation point."

THE MORNING BREAKS.

The morning breaks, and with it brings The first faint breath of Spring, And hearts, like happy birds on wings, For joy are carolling!

A thrill runs through the frozen earth, A thrill pervades the air, Pressing banishment of death, Foretelling all things fair!

Each silvering bough unwreathed shall glow With wealth of summer bloom, Unmindful of the blasts that blow, Forgetful of the gloom!

And hearts bowed down by weight of woe, Souls silvering in life's blast, Beneath God's smile shall radiant grow In Summer-land at last!

—Grace Appleton.

The Cap of the Sphinx.

A most interesting discovery was made at Ghizeh on February 24 last. While Colonel G. E. Ramm, who has been carrying on excavations around the Pyramids and the Sphinx, was at work on the temple which lies between the fore paws of the latter colossal monument, he suddenly came upon the missing cap of the Sphinx at a distance of fourteen or fifteen feet below the surface.