

EASTER WINGS. A shower of rain on a happy day... How bright they bloom, how brief they fade...

DID SUN AND MOON DANCE?

BY F. R. BURTON. 'T DID yer mamma never tell ye of that, Elsie, me darlin'?

How the sun an' the moon dance together, the bot' of thim, on Easter mornin'?

What would I be tellin' ye for if it wasn't so at all? They do in Ireland; just as sure as the blisssim comes...

See thim, is it? Oh, oh! run away, now, to yer mamma an' shup asking me bothersome questions...

It was strangely interesting to the eight-years-old, and in happy reflection she forgot all about the add figure in the new carpet...

Mamma, exclaimed Elsie, taking a tack in her dress with her fingers and looking hard at her feet...

Mamma Durant was too astonished to speak, but papa with an amused smile said: 'You would have your trouble for nothing, Elsie; the sun and the moon don't indulge in such antics.'

Elsie did not understand her father's words exactly, but she felt the denial and responded: 'Maggie says they do every Easter morning, when the sun comes out of the sea, and the moon hops, skips and jumps, and they take hands and dance in the sky, at least in Ireland, the both of them, and perhaps, if I just sat up all night, they'd do it for me. Please, papa.'

'If you sat up, little one,' he said, 'you would not be awake in the afternoon to sing with the other children in the Easter festival. You wouldn't like to miss that?'



EASTER-TIDE. Oh, rare as the splendor of lilies, And sweet as the violets' breath, Comes the jubilant morning of Easter, A triumph of life over death.

Margaret Sandister. To convince her, for the event was too interesting not to be believed, and she was more than willing to see for herself whether it was so.

As she lay wondering about it all a thought suddenly sprang into her head. Why should she not stay awake and see the dance? Papa and mamma had not said that she must not, and they would not care very much when she told them at breakfast what she had done.

The evening had grown old for country folk before Mrs. Durant put the work that had lain idle in her lap for

many minutes, and followed her husband to his chamber. Her thoughts had gone back to a happier time when her son Willie was with her. Only five years ago, and how long it seemed! He had yielded to a restless disposition and wandered away, where she knew not except that it was credibly reported that he had shipped aboard an East Indian.

Mrs. Durant said nothing to her husband of her common grief, and before she slept she had relieved her aching heart by thoughts of Elsie, upon whom she poured forth all of a mother's yearning affection.

Elsie started. There was a flood of soft light in her room, and the stars that had shone so clearly into her window were almost invisible. She sprang from her bed with a great fear at her heart. Was it day? No, there was the moon smiling at her and making the whole night glorious. How had the moon come around the house corner so quickly? Had she been asleep? The street lamp had been put out. It could not be more than a minute since she snuggled her feet under the blankets, and yet—

It must be near morning, and intent on being out in time for the dance she hastened to put on her clothes. She would go up to the church at the top of the hill. There she could see all of the known world except that vague confusion of some far town where papa used to live.

With no one to awake anybody, Elsie crept down the back stairs, drew back the bolt of the kitchen door, cautiously opened it and stepped out. Every thing was wonderfully still, as if the earth was holding its breath in expectation over the heavenly capers to occur at daybreak. Neither the stillness nor the night itself had terrors for Elsie. She walked quickly across the yard and through the sloping orchard beyond to the low wall that bounded the church hill. Over this, and presently she stepped upon the shadow of the steeple. The moon was on the other side of the clock face, or Elsie might have seen that it was but a few minutes past midnight. Entirely satisfied with her adventure thus far, she sat down upon the church steps to wait.

ances that morning. The first rays of the sun fell on a deeply lumpy group in front of the church, and the pallid moon looked on from the other side of the sky. If they did not dance then it is doubtful if they ever have done so since the first Easter.

THE FAMOUS CROSS OF CHESTER. Some of the Easter Customs Common to the West of England. Every one who visits England goes to see that ancient city of Chester, with its "Rows" (covered walks over the ground floor) and its castellated town walls, which give it an antique air wholly unique in England.

A cross was erected at Hawarden, by which a man was unfortunately killed, and in accordance with the superstition of those days, the cross was made to bear the blame of the accident and was thrown into the river, for which sacrilegious act the men received the name of Hairden Jews.

scorn and contempt, for the master of the grammar school converted it into a block on which to chastise his refractory pupils, and it was finally burnt, perhaps by the very scholars who had suffered on it.

We need not wonder that in so ancient and thriving a city old customs and games were kept up. On Easter Day there might be seen the mayor and his corporation, with the twenty guilds established in Chester, with their wardens at their heads, setting forth in all their pageantry to the Roodey to play at football.

When Elsie returned she brought a half loaf of bread and a doughnut, a luxury of which she was especially fond. The stranger felt upon the bread reverently and Elsie watched him in silence for a moment. Then she asked: 'Where do you live?'

'I'm no thief, little one, and I never tried to break into a house, though I've seen hard times enough.' 'Wouldn't you like to see the sun and the moon dance?' asked Elsie. 'They do it every Easter morning.'

'Who told you so?' 'Maggie.' 'Who's she?' 'Papa's little girl.' 'What's your papa's name?' 'Mister William Durant.'

'Wake up, Elsie,' he said; 'the sun is just getting up.' 'Is he dancing?' inquired a small, sleepy voice from a tumble in his arms. 'Where is the moon?'

And did the sun and the moon really

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FARM AND GARDEN.

OBSERVATIONS AND EXPERIENCES OF INTEREST TO FARMERS.

A Boat Cart on Which a Team Can Draw a Ton Load with Ease—Directions for Making One of These Novel and Useful Vehicles.

Our readers are indebted to Ohio Farmer for the drawings and descriptions of the boat cart here given. This style of cart is a great improvement over the mud bog, which is so hard on a team, and will answer many of the purposes of a four-wheeled wagon, when the load is properly adjusted.

In unloading earth, manure, etc., take off the sideboards, and with chain hitch the team to one of the wheels, carry the chain square across the load, over the other wheel, start up the team and tip the load over.

The staples (S) are made of 1 1/2 inch iron, cut 17 inches long, the ends drawn out and turned square edge-wise, one end one way and one the other, as shown in Fig. 3. Bend flatwise to form the staple.

Butterflies and Caterpillars. A New Jersey Entomologist Tells How to Circumvent the Pest.

The white cabbage butterfly may be seen hovering about cabbage fields on sunny days from May to October. It was introduced from Europe, and has now become general over all the states east of the Mississippi.

Every Gift but Speech. Mr. S. G. Harris, a horse dealer of Vincennes, Ind., is the owner of a wonderful dog. It is a Scotch collie and seems possessed of almost human intelligence.

Had a Long Nap. A chick who had just learned to creep came out of its shell and said: 'Peep! It is good, I declare. I must have had quite a long sleep.'

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leaves, but in most instances without doing material injury. In all cases where they live outside on the leaves they can be destroyed by the remedies given.

A Poultry House on Wheels. Those who have tried movable poultry houses regard them as very desirable arrangements. Southern Cultivator calls attention to the one shown in our cut.

MOVABLE POULTRY HOUSE. It has a set of movable laying nests at back, outside flap door with lock, large door with lock, for attendant, small sliding door and ladder for fowls, two shifting perches and sliding window.

MAKING CHEESE ON A SMALL SCALE. Brief but Definite Directions for Home Made Cheese. Our readers are indebted to Indiana Farmer for the following directions for making cheese in a small way.

For the manufacture of cheese on a small scale are required a cheese hoop about ten inches in diameter, with a follower, a new washtub and a press. The milk should be taken perfectly fresh from the cow and strained through a cloth into the cheese tub.

As soon as the curd will break smoothly, it should be cut with curd knives into squares, and then allowed to stand until all the whey runs off. Part of this whey is then heated, the mass of curd is lifted and broken into minute pieces, and warm whey is added until the temperature of the whole is raised 95 degrees Fahrenheit.

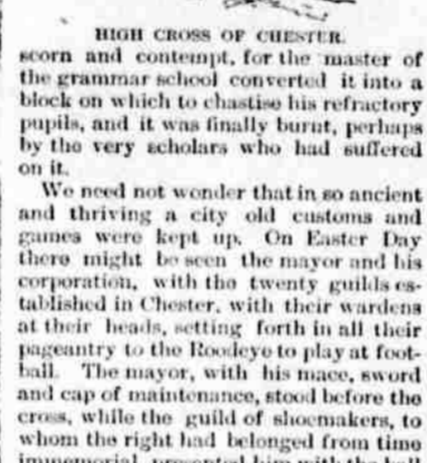
Egg Eating Hens. As high authority as The American Poultry Journal says that there is no way of curing hens from eating eggs, but to prevent them by mechanical means is easy.

Of Interest to Bee Keepers. Bee keepers ought to have a special work suit, one light in color, easy to put on or off, a protection to the entire person and of a make and texture to stand frequent washings.

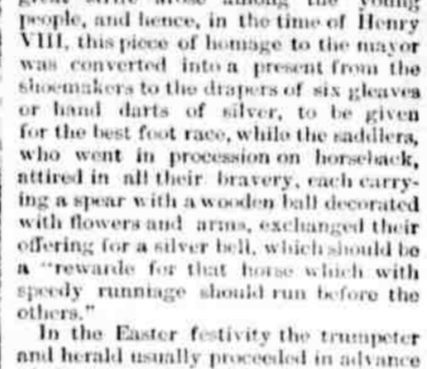
A COMPLETE BEE SUIT. It consists of overalls and short coat or blouse, made of blue or white checked cotton cloth, the whole weighing only one and one-quarter pounds.

Fay's Prolific is unanimously pronounced the best curant for market in the report of the New Jersey Horticultural society.

Mr. S. F. Baker considers the wren one of the best friends of farmers and encourages them to nest on his place. He has yet to see the sparrow feed on insect food of any kind.



HIGH CROSS OF CHESTER.



JACOB SLEEPER.

secretary of Music, etc., etc. In church work his labors were persistent and sincere and his pocket was ever open.

There is an eccentric Boston character, in the person of an itinerant mender and sharpener of scissors and knives, who, notwithstanding the burden of 89 years, still perseveres joyfully at work.

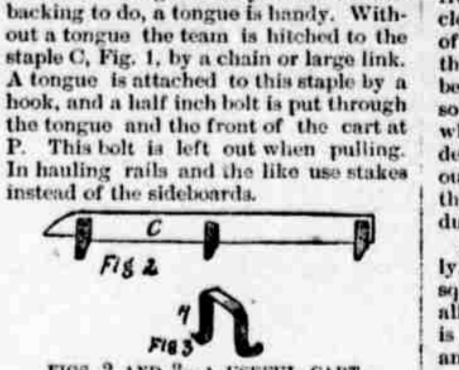
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Had a Long Nap.



FIG. 1.—A USEFUL CART.



FIGS. 2 AND 3.—A USEFUL CART.

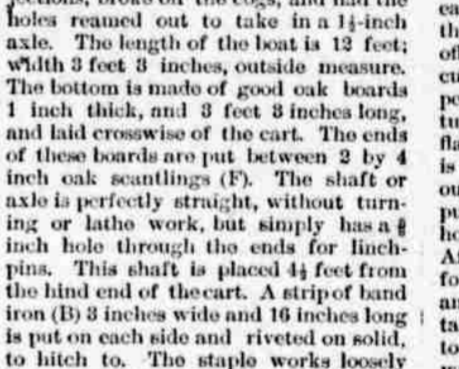


FIG. 3.—A USEFUL CART.

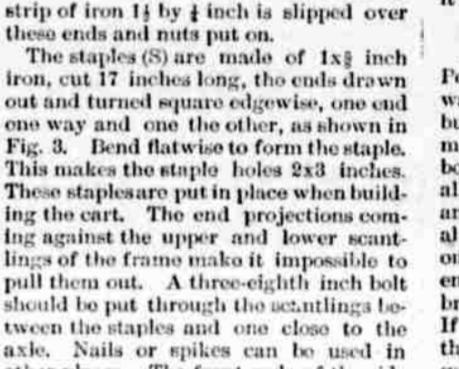


FIG. 4.—A USEFUL CART.

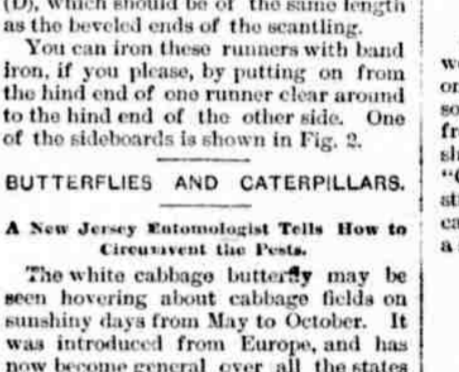


FIG. 5.—A USEFUL CART.

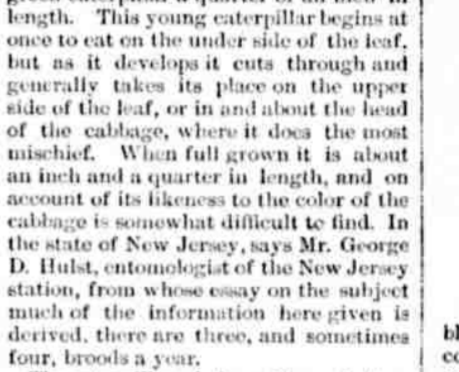


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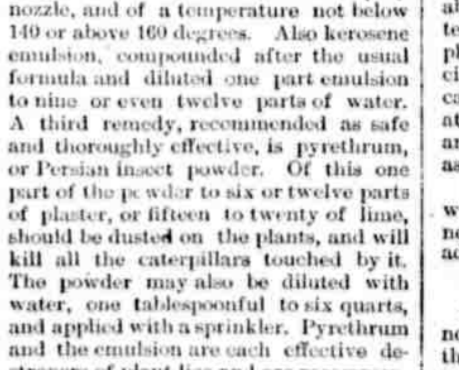


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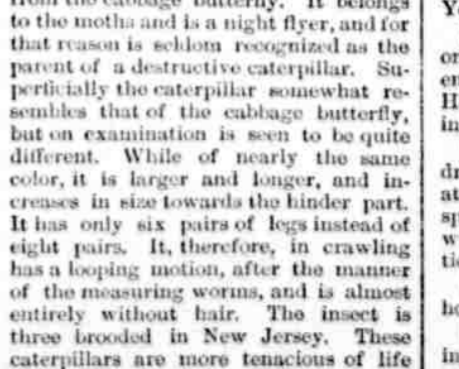
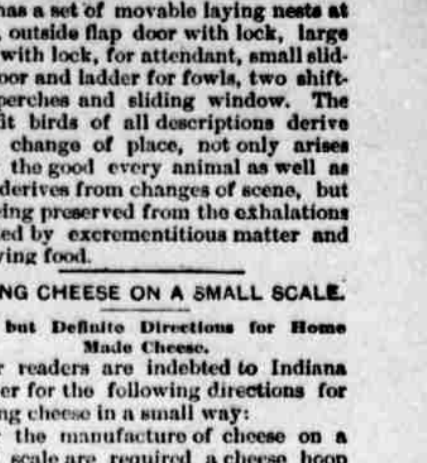
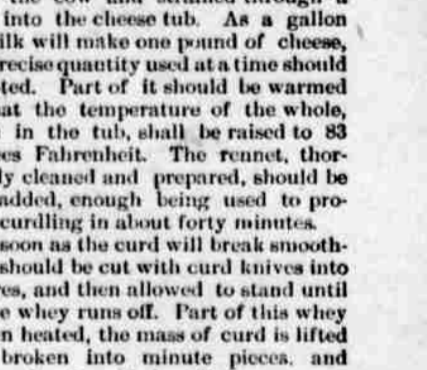


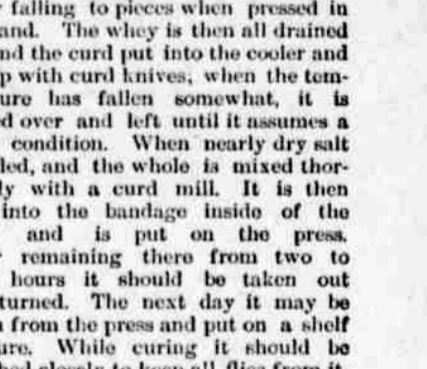
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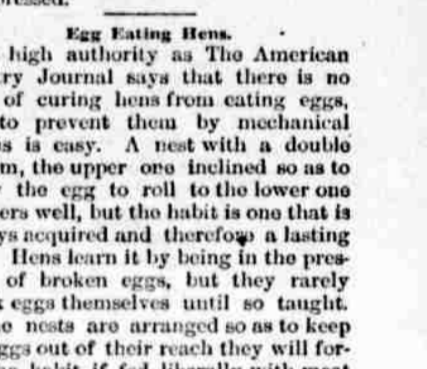
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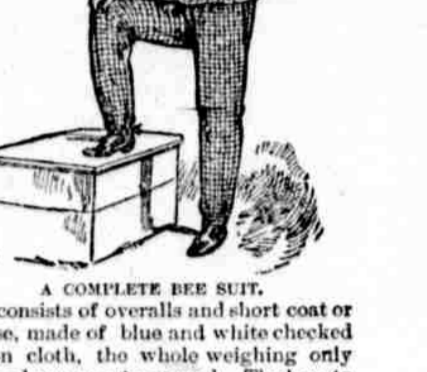
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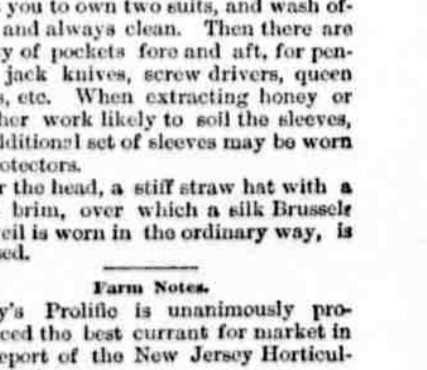
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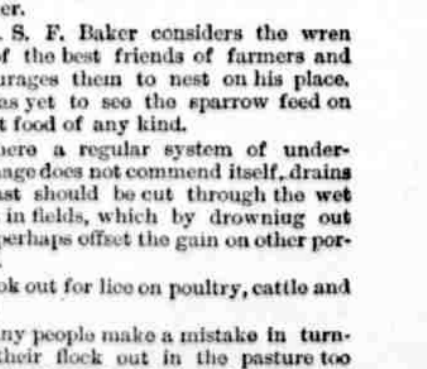
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