

A GOLDEN EASTER EGG



AY HARTLEY said that saying that Harry was not like other girls...

When Harry came home from the city for his Easter holiday...

"HERE'S MY PART OF THE SPREAD," he said, and he laid out the spread...

"What is it, Candy?" "I didn't know candy was cooked. I thought it was just made."

"How witty you have become since you went to the city!" she retorted, with a mock bow.

"Oh, you have no idea," he replied calmly. "Now you go and get your cake, and when you come back I'll have my spread ready."

"After she had left the room Harry stepped out into the hall and took a neat little package from his overcoat pocket. He placed it on the table...

"Here is my part of the spread," she said, and if you don't like it I am afraid there will be trouble.

was rubbing loose. "I wish you would open it now," said Harry.

His persistence was just exactly what would naturally keep May from opening the egg to please him...

"My! I wish you had put the poetry on an other side of the egg for I would like to save this wonderful shell! But now I'll have to spill the verses while opening it."

"By opening it at the little end, as everybody else does."

"At the little end? I never opened an egg at the little end in my life."

"It is entirely too late when I know better. Everybody knows that the big end is the only end to open enough of."

"Well, one would think you had never eaten eggs at all, which she retorted, when you don't know which end to open."

"But I do know at which end to open them, and that is why I fixed that one as I did. My mother taught me as a child to open my egg at the little end, and I have never forgotten it."

"If it had been sensible, you would have forgotten it, but I want you to be a good girl and open enough of your own to enable you to open an egg properly."

"So it is no wonder that their tender feelings were wounded by this trifling incident. Harry rose angrily from the table and accidentally struck against it in such a way that the golden egg, which May had put down, started to roll to the edge, and before either of them noticed what was happening it fell to the floor with a crash."

"If you won't try to eat my Easter egg," she said, "I'll have to eat it myself. It is a very nice one, and I have had it for some time."

"All right," said May, "and I'll join you. I looked fair into her laughing eyes, then took her unresisting hand in his and slipped the ring on her finger."

An Easter Song BY WILL MACDONALD

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The song was a thing of triumph, a hymn of the Easter time. That swept over the chords of feeling with the charm of its words and rhyme.

The theme was of love that conquered, that won in the war with death. Of hope in a grand immortal surviving the fleeting breath.

Like a life triumphant, born the palm of a life supreme. My soul was filled with its rapture—I lived in a strange, sweet dream.

And a calm came over my spirit, a peace without doubt or fear. I felt on the waves of music upraised to a purer sphere.

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Bright voices opened before me, demons that the foot never tread. I longed for a bliss which only the good finds in rest with God.

The wonderful anthem ended, but notes dying away. As the youth wind breathed his promise of verdure and flowers for May.

The jubilant chimes of Easter rang out with a glad refrain. I felt that for men, as nature, the springtime would come again.

I thought of the risen Saviour, I thought of His empty tomb. And over the graves of ages I saw the resurrection bloom.

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afford to get sarcastic about the giver's feelings. "Oh, you have no idea," he replied calmly.

"What is it, Candy?" "I didn't know candy was cooked. I thought it was just made."

"How witty you have become since you went to the city!" she retorted, with a mock bow.

"Oh, you have no idea," he replied calmly. "Now you go and get your cake, and when you come back I'll have my spread ready."

A Cynic on Marriage.

Sardines are a delicacy fit for any epicure, but the other fish was thus summed up by an epigrammatic Cornishman.

Admirable Caution. Book Agent—Is the head of the house in?

Arctic Rivers. All the rivers of Africa have remarkable peculiarities. They seek the ocean by the most circuitous way.

ONE OF WOMAN'S WAYS. She hates to pay out bills that are clean and crisp.

Chinese Honesty. As for the honesty of these people, I appeal to every English merchant or banker from Peking to Hongkong to answer if he ever dealt with a dishonest Chinese merchant or banker.

Champagne and Cancer. There is a remarkable coincidence between the spread of cancer and the consumption of champagne.

Leather Eating Ants. It is said that in Rhabasa white ants destroy boots and articles of clothing left on tables or hanging on nails.

The Three Meal Habit. Our three meal habit is a fearful tax on our working capacity. It troubles the stomach and sours the blood.

Her Sorrow. She—Harry, you said something last week about my going on a journey. He—What was it, dearest?

Drill Legends of Filial Piety as Practiced in Japan. The Japanese make much of the duty of children to parents.

An Old Hand. "What was the first thing your husband said when you got started on your wedding journey?"

Experienced. He—Your former Miss Dashway, has quite a military air about her. She—No wonder. She has participated in no fewer than seventeen engagements.

The best part of the Kimberly diamond field covers nine acres only. It is not expected to make a noble in Bavaria. To be made a simple "crown" costs a matter of 175, to be raised to the "crown" costs 1,000, to be made a "crown" costs 2,000, to be made a "crown" costs 5,000.

Buying a Wife. It is not expected to make a noble in Bavaria. To be made a simple "crown" costs a matter of 175, to be raised to the "crown" costs 1,000, to be made a "crown" costs 2,000, to be made a "crown" costs 5,000.

EASTER-TIDE PLANT-LEGENDS BY KATHERINE A. CHANDLER

ASTER comes in the springtime from the north, and its habit of growth, when a port and wood-land glen invite our attention anew to the marvels of the flora of our world.

Before the Christian era throughout Europe blossoms bore the names of the pagan deities, but with the revolution of religious ideas the plants had to be rechristened and the legends attached to them reconstructed to conform to the new faith.

Perhaps from a feeling of reverence for the church, which its habit of adopting as many of the popular religious rites as possible into the new faith, found it an easy matter to transform the features of the earth's awakening from the sleep of winter to the rejoicing that Christ should initiate the resurrection of the souls of men from the sleep of the grave.

Upon the Saviour's mother a wealth of flowers were bestowed. The plants coming to us with the prefix "lady,"

As lady's slipper and lady's tresses, were "Our Lady's" (but abbreviated by time. Our Lady's thistle received its name from a legend connected with the flight of the holy family from Bethlehem.

There is an old English legend carrying the cross back to the days of our first parents. Adam sent Abel to an angel to petition him to show them the way back to the garden of Eden.

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THE DANGER OF DISEASE. does not lie in the strength of the body, when the blood is impure. When the blood is pure and plentiful and nourished by blood made strong to resist the assaults of disease.

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