

Even More Popular Now Than When We Billed Them in Cakes.

Notwithstanding the advent of the rabbit, the egg continues in undiminished popularity as the emblem of Easter. The crude, homely practice of coloring hen's eggs in the country districts at Eastertide is increasing, rather than losing its vogue, and in our cities Easter times see the development of all sorts of expensive and extravagant novelties, in which eggs, real or simulated, figure extensively. Our shops are full of these novelties, and one can find value for any amount of money, small or large, that he wishes to expend for them. They appear extensively, this time in the jewellers' shops, both in this country and England.

Eggs, in which costly presents are placed, are mere papier mache shells, covered with hand painted satin. Frequently, however, a lady will order a plain, white satin egg, to be painted upon by herself, and then return for filling and dispatching. Returned travellers will bring in ostrich eggs to be painted and filled; and an egg of the extinct great auk is described by the Strand Magazine as having passed through the hands of a big London dealer in such novelties.

The record egg, as far as size is concerned, was recently manufactured by a London firm. Its shell was entirely of chocolate, nine feet high and eighteen feet in circumference. It held about a ton of superfine confectionery, besides the whole expensive tressou of a South African millionaire's bride. A great number of the wedding presents were also packed in the egg. The sweetmeat part of the order, including the elaborate external decoration, cost £500. The packing of the filled egg was a work of art, and the whole was insured for many thousands of pounds before being delivered on board a Castle liner at Southampton docks.

Easter eggs worth \$100,000 have been sent out by the same house, but the value, of course, lay chiefly in their costly contents.

Of course, to some extent, topical events affect the designs of Easter novelties but the craze must be something which can be fashioned into the shape of an egg. Thus, a bicycle wouldn't do. But a motor car has been pronounced. The motor car is one mass of chocolate, weighing eighteen pounds.

I have seen in Paris Easter eggs as big as an ordinary door. Not all sweet stuff, however. One, I remember, was merely a huge shell of interlaced cane or wicker, which was to be filled with moss and stuck all over with fresh flowers—a costly and beautiful ornament for a lady's boudoir. It cost 1,500f.

A very funny Easter conceit is produced by an American designer in this way:—

About a gross of hen's eggs are bought and blown; the contents of the eggs, by the way, are sold very cheaply, at so much per quart. The blown shells are next taken to the drying room and left there a few days, before being weighted or balanced. This is done by pouring in through the hole a little fine shot, on top of which is poured melted wax.

The eggs are then stood on a perfectly level surface and allowed to settle. Then they are placed in the hands of an artist, who judges from the shape of the egg (and the shapes vary) what character shall be imparted to it by means of oil paint.

#### Some Ancient Easter Customs.

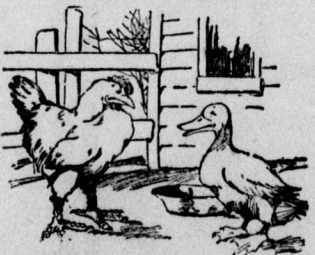
Years ago the celebration of Easter was invariably accompanied by many very quaint and interesting observances; but few of these customs have been brought down unimpaired to the close of the essentially practical nineteenth century, and are, therefore, little known to the present generation. The sending of Easter eggs still remains in vogue, but this custom, too, is slowly but surely dying, being probably killed by the more popular and less expensive Easter card.

The exchange of eggs at Easter was formerly a religious observance, the custom dating back to the very earliest days of the Christian Church. In many European countries, notably France and Russia, it is still religiously observed. Among the Russian peasantry the exchange of visits and eggs on Easter Day is very common, being accompanied by the salutation "Christ is risen!" the usual response being "He is, indeed!" In France, begging for eggs on the part of the village children is very popular, while in Italy hundreds and thousands of eggs are blessed by the clergy, previously to being distributed among the people as charms against many spiritual and bodily ills.

#### Polyglot Menus.

No restaurant in St. Petersburg will be allowed hereafter to have its bill of fare exclusively in a foreign language. By a recent edict a Russian version must always be added.

#### Easter Chickens.



Dr. Duck—Your feathers are just too pretty for anything.

Henrietta—Yes; you see I was hatched from a dyed egg.



Lizotte?

Yes, that Agenaise lassie, half peasant, half worldling, who revealed the sweetness of woman's presence to the little thinker and dreamer that I then was.

I must tell you that they are good to look upon our girls of the Gascon country. They have not the rather hard type, the accentuated Greek type, of the Arlesiennes, but their tall figures are less supple, less stocky, their more humid eyes have more sweetness.

Lizotte was an incarnation of this charming and piquant type.

When I became her friend I was 15 years old. I lived in Fontgrane. Every day I went to the parsonage to take a lesson in Latin from the Abbe Destourbes. The Abbe was a kindly teacher, a lover of Virgil, whom he recited with devout intonations, like a prayer.

But what was best in the parsonage was Lizotte—Lizotte Destourbes—the little niece of the abbe, the daughter of the Destourbes of Agen—he who kept at the corner an important establishment of fruits and candies. Lizotte was some months older than I. She loved fun like a child, and none the less did not disdain from time to time to play the lady, as she paced along the sidewalk on Sundays, attracting much attention from the young fellows.

Unforgettable days, those Easter holidays in the parsonage at Fontgrane. Never since have I made such tremendous journeys nor such curious ones as those which I then undertook with Lizotte in the attic of the parsonage—a real wilderness of entangled beams. Further, it was the season of approaching Easter.

I recall above all others a certain evening of April, at the commencement of Holy Week.

Lizotte and I were enjoying a holiday on the plea that we had to attend to decorating the church. I dined pleasantly enough at the parsonage between the Abbe Destourbes and the little minx, who amused herself by kicking me on the shins under the table. We had finished the frugal repast that was served up for the Lenten period, and had already left the table when a messenger came to call away Abbe Destourbes to a very old lady who was very sick and wished to make her confession.

He instantly donned his overcoat, took his hat and stick, and sallied out with the final instruction that I was not to leave Lizotte alone in the parsonage, for, the night being dark, Irma, the housekeeper, accompanied her master, lantern in hand.

The charge gave me great pride, but at bottom I was forced to own to myself that she had in me a rather poor defender. She was at that time far braver than I. Taking me by the hand, she drew me into the interminable, winding corridors of the house, then into the cool solitude of the nave. She whispered into my ear at the same time awful stories of ghosts, whose favorite season, as is well known, is Holy Week, for enjoying themselves in consecrated spots. Suddenly she burst out into a song, her fresh young voice accentuating the vowels in the Languedoc fashion.

Come, divine Messiah,  
Bless our unfortunate days!  
Come, source of life,  
Come, come, come!

But when she ceased the church answered to her voice in such horrible reverberatory echoes that we madly fled back through the sacristy and the long winding corridors to the dining room of the parsonage, where we fell into chairs, affrighted and laughing at our fright.

Then as the Abbe Destourbes did not return, Lizotte enumerated to me all the presents she had received on her birthday, which fell that year on Palm Sunday. At last, her little friend rose from her chair and went on tiptoe to open the buffet at the dining room. She drew from it a box of white wood, which she laid cautiously on the table.

This box was a present which Lizotte had brought from Destourbes d'Agen to his brother, the cure. A hundred of the finest prunes were arranged side by side in layers of twenty, upon beds of laced paper. The prunes which Lizotte had brought were phenomenal ones, large, meaty bursting with juice and luscious and perfumed. The girl was right in the pride with which she displayed these products of the paternal business. As to me, I should have wished to compare their taste at once with their fine appearance. But alas! the slightest theft would be easy to discover. The prunes fitted in one against the other like stones in a mosaic, and (doubtless because such luxuries were interdicted in Holy Week) the abbe had not yet touched them.

After a long and contemplative silence Lizotte said:

"If I let you taste one of these prunes what would you say?" I readily acknowledged that the experiment would be very agreeable to me.

The little minx made that gesture which signifies in every language, "Wait a moment; don't stir." She delicately lifted out of the box first the upper layer of prunes, then the second, each in its bed of paper, took a prune from the third, carefully re-

placed the two layers that she had taken out, then closed the box and put it back in the buffet.

All these maneuvers were executed with an ease, a perfect mastery, which filled me with admiration.

But now Lizotte had returned to me, holding between two fingers the stolen prune. She began by appropriating to herself at one bite exactly half of the prune. This seemed to me entirely equitable. Then, just as people offer sugar to a lapdog, she tendered me the other half in her red finger tips, amusing herself by withdrawing it as soon as I approached my mouth to the morsel.

A pretty game! My lips caught without retreating sometimes her nails, sometimes her brown fingers and sometimes the fist of my little friend. Then I seized Lizotte's arm, I snapped the prune, but when I had swallowed it I still held imprisoned the slim little hand with my lips above it.

Oh, that exquisite hour of innocent caresses! All who have known such an hour know also, I think, how to love most delicately. Almost swooning away, I murmured:

"Oh! Lizotte! I love you, I love you!"

Suddenly Lizotte thrust me away from her. She turned a little, hiding her head with her arm. Astonished, I raised my eyes. I saw the Abbe Destourbes standing in the frame of the doorway. He was looking straight at us. He was very red. The scene of which he had been a witness had undoubtedly disturbed him violently, for his brevity was hanging from the end of the little piece of cloth in which he usually carried it, and the devotional pictures, sliding out of the pages, were whirling around the floor like choristers escaped from a sacristy.

He said severely:

"Pick those up!"

Lizotte did not stir. Half turning her back, her head slightly bent, she was nervously playing with her fingers on the strings of her apron. I noticed that her shoulders and her chignon shook.

"She is weeping," I thought. At present, having deeper thought on this matter, it is my opinion that she was laughing.

Sheepishly, I picked up the sacred objects and replaced them in the breviary. The abbe did not scold me. He contented himself with saying:

"Go home to your parents. It is time for you to be in bed."

After this event I was no longer allowed to play with Lizotte. That was an awful grief to me, but you may be sure I spoke of it to no one, and so I began to know, before love itself, the delicious suffering of love.

At the Easter season, when the holidays arrived, I still saw at the church and afar off the pure profile, the supple figure, the knotted kerchief of Lizotte.

But, alas! never more did she laugh at me or box my ears. Never more did my lips touch her brown hands.

All this happened long ago. Nevertheless, when I visit Gascony, when I walk in Agen, I sometimes meet Lizotte.

Only Lizotte is a woman. She has married a notary. She wears a hat. And she is no longer Lizotte.

#### Color Blindness.

It has been scientifically proved that a woman's color perception much exceeds that of a man, while men, as a rule, have a keener sense of smell. Women's training in the details of dress doubtless accounts for much of this superiority. Men, however, who were almost color blind have yet shown surprisingly good taste in the selection of dress goods for their women folk.

While on this subject of color, one may mention that a popular lecturer on dress advised women to wear "street gowns the color of their hair, house gowns the color of their eyes; and evening toilets the tinge of their complexions."

#### Another Freak.

"That young man of yours," said the observing parent, as his daughter came down to breakfast, "should apply for a job in a dime museum."

"Why, father," exclaimed the young lady in tones of indignation, "what do you mean?"

"I noticed when I passed through the hall late last night," answered the old man, "that he had two heads upon his shoulders."

#### A Boxful of Orders.

It is stated that the King of Siam, who recently visited Europe, has had to have a special box made to hold all the insignia of the distinguished orders conferred on him by brother monarchs.

## Bad Blood Is a Good Thing

to be rid of, because bad blood is the breeding place of disfiguring and dangerous diseases. Is your blood bad? It is if you are plagued by pimples or bothered by boils, if your skin is blotched by eruptions or your body eaten by sores and ulcers. You can have good blood, which is pure blood, if you want it. You can be rid of pimples, boils, blotches, sores and ulcers. How? By the use of

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#### Vender Was a Loser.

The following "news item" published by the New York Sun, is by itself a pretty good temperance lecture:

A carriage containing four well-dressed men in four stages of intoxication stopped in Union street, near Seventh avenue, Brooklyn, at about 3 o'clock yesterday afternoon. On the curb stood a wheelman bargaining with a peddler for fruit. He bought ten cents' worth of bananas, and offered in payment a two-dollar bill, which the peddler could not change.

The wheelman asked the men in the carriage if they could change it. The least responsible one of the four at once drew a handful of paper money from his pocket, handed two one-hundred dollar bills to the wheelman, stuffed the two dollar bill into his pocket with the rest of his money, and called to the driver to go ahead.

In a moment the carriage was rolling down the street. The wheelman stood gazing in frozen wonder at the two hundred dollars in his hand. Then he fumbled the bills as if to restore his mind to working order, jumped on his wheel, and spun after the carriage.

He caught it at the corner of Sixth avenue, returned the two hundred dollars with some difficulty, as the party of four seemed slow to comprehend the situation, and got back his two dollars. The only loser in the transactions was the peddler. In his agitation, the wheelman forgot all about the bananas.

## Persistent Coughs

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