

A MAN AND A WOMAN AND AN EASTER BONNET



HEY sat together on a big boulder, in a daisy field, and the summer sea stretched blue and sparkling in front of them.

They were a man and a woman, and they were making love to each other, or they would not be worth talking about. The love-making was the unadmitted, under-the-surface sort, so far.

He broke off one of the big white flowers and put it into her hand—with care, as if she could not manage her own hands, and he had to open and shut them for her.

"Try your fortune," he said; "let's see if the daisies are to be trusted."

"I hope they can be trusted not to tell the way you are trying to hold my hand," said she, but she did not say it or take her hand away for exactly seven seconds.

"Try your fortune, let us see whether to believe in daisies or not."

So she began pulling off the petals. "He loves me; loves me not; he loves me; loves me not;" and with each assertion a slim little leaf dropped in her lap. It was coming out, "He loves me," and she played false, and pulling the last two together made it "Loves me not," and then sat helplessly waiting—obviously waiting—for the contradiction she had invited.

Well, it came, not with any fine speeches, but with two or three broken words, and a timid grasp of the little hand he'd been so bold to grasp about two minutes before, and then there was the old touching miracle of a new heaven and a new earth.

That was the way they got themselves engaged, and very naturally, as they were young enough to take pleasure in sentimental notions, they called daisies their flower, and made much of the part the one sacrificed had played in their drama.

"It's not what you might call a rare blossom," said Phyllis, with an affectation of the critical, when they were sitting again on the same boulder and adopting the daisy as their emblem.

"It's because there is no limit to them that they suit for my part of the love in this business," said Dick Tyson, with more sincerity than clearness or elegance, but Phyllis found the sentiment satisfactory. These particular lovers were not born to overthrow the tradition that true love never runs smooth. They quarreled in a month; of course, they had quarreled before that, but in a month they had a row that amounted to something.

"Mr. Allison rowed me over to the point to-day, and we gathered mussels there for an hour," Phyllis said, one day, as she settled herself in the stern of Dick's boat, and Dick answered, heartily: "Nice fellow, Allison;" and then, just as Dick was giving his attention to getting clear of the landing and into deep water, Phyllis declared that it seemed to her as if they were making a great mistake, they were not meant for each other, and so on, in a tragic voice, trailing one hand in the water and fastening her eyes upon it. Her heart seemed to faint away in her breast as the moments brought no denial. At last Dick said, still rowing:

"You must mean something by what you say! Is it that you think you have made a mistake?"

Phyllis controlled her breathing by an effort as Dick spoke, and then she said:

"Are you giving me a chance to say I have? Is that what you want?"

"I want to hear it if it is true," said Dick, leaning on his oars and setting his teeth.

To him it seemed plain enough that he was waiting for his death sentence; to Phyllis it seemed that he was crushing her with his indifference. What could that mean but that he did not love her, was giving her the woman's privilege of breaking with him?

"Very well, then, if you wish it, it is true," was all even her pride could drive her to say. "If you wish it, it is true." Surely no man would take that for a sincere renouncement!

But feeling real emotion makes people very poor judges of the weight of their own words or anybody else's; and Dick was feeling a great deal. He did not grasp the exact form of the sentence. He heard the strange, hard voice—the voice of a woman on the verge of hysterics; but he did not know that—and the words "it is true." He rowed back to the landing, and without waiting for assistance, as an older woman certainly would, Phyllis sprang out and took her way to the house.

CHAPTER II.

Phyllis was sitting before her easel in the antique room of the Art Student's League. She was working on the worst drawing in the whole room, and though she had no more talent for drawing than she had for political economy, she knew enough to guess as much. She had been suffering from an attack of woman with a big

W. She was never going to marry, never, and she would carve out a career for herself and be an independent soul.

Two girls were chattering behind her.

Said one:

"You know Dick Tyson, don't you?" and Phyllis drew her charcoal across her paper in a way that gave a squint to the Greek deity she was working on.

"He's just back from Europe. He called on my aunt, where I live, the other day. I used to know him when I was a little girl, but he's grown lots handsomer since then. He's coming to our house for dinner Easter Sunday, and he said he was going to our church that day to see my new hat, and come home with us afterward," and this odious girl giggled self-consciously.

Phyllis was torn with conflicting emotions. She gratified herself in more ways than one by having the accidental misfortune to back into that very girl's easel and knock it over; she then, with her apologies, managed to strike up an acquaintance

enough to make your bonnet suit your years."

"Don't you think any one will wear spring bonnets?" Phyllis asked sotto voce of the good-natured man at her elbow. There was such a curious note in her small, plaintive tone that he turned and looked down at her with a little curiosity, and then he said, that dear perjured man, who knew that he did not know a thing of what he was talking about:

"Of course they will. Many ladies always do, no matter what the weather; they look upon it as a sort of religious duty," and he twinkled at her; but Phyllis never had much sense of humor, and now there was no more in her than in a catechism.

Phyllis had never before regarded a man's opinion on feminine attire but a man's opinion on feminine attire but—she thought this was a very sensible man, a man with a peculiar knowledge of the world and nice taste; and at the proper hour one solitary Easter bonnet—a daisy bonnet—took its way to St. Elizabeth's under the protection of an umbrella.

That evening Phyllis went to church again; a boarding-house parlor is such a bad place for any private conversation that even the street is better. The storm had not abated, and Phyllis wore her old brown hat, and had a bean for her only adornment.

"Thank God it was such a stormy day," Dick whispered in her ear, "for if that blessed bonnet of yours hadn't been the only light one in church I'm such a stupid owl I'm afraid I mightn't have seen it; I might not have seen you—oh, Phyllis, Phyllis darling!"

"I was mortified to death when I saw no one else had one on," said the young lady in candid accents. "If I'd dreamed that you were on the continent I suppose I'd have gone home



THE EASTER FAIRY.

with her. The next was Easter Sunday. What more natural than that the talk should turn that way, and that the girl should tell about the music they were going to have at St. Elizabeth's.

Easter Sunday that year was a day that made itself famous. Never was more weather to the hour. It was cold, and it blew and stormed a little, and sleeted some, and rained a good deal.

Phyllis got up and looked heart-brokenly out of her boarding-house window over a world of wet chimney pots. On her dressing table was a bonnet, a bonnet that had absorbed her attention for days, and that showed more artistic ability than any master at the League ever credited her with. She had made it herself, partly because she knew exactly what she wanted better than any milliner could, and she had very clever fingers and understood volumes about the becoming, if she could not draw.

The bonnet was made of all daisies—great white, yellow-hearted daisies—and there was a daisy pin to fasten the strings with. There was no law against her having a bonnet, was there? No one need attach any significance to that, surely.

But it was a lovely bonnet, and now such a Sunday!

"Dare wear it!" said the Dragon of Respectability, who always fought

again rather than have risked your seeing me make such—a guy of myself. But just for my own feelings I've loved to wear daisies some way ever since!" She stopped.

"Thank God you didn't know, then," said Dick fervently and sincerely. He was just as big a fool as ever, but Phyllis did not mind this time.



EASTER SONG.

Awaken, sweet flowers!
The snow in valleys has
melted at last,
And the desolate night of the
year is past;
The ice-chains are broken,
The robins are singing,
Awake to the call of the
Easter bells ringing!

Paschal Candle's Symbolism.

The Paschal candle is the name given to the light which appears on the Gospel side of the altar during mass and vespers from Easter to Whit Sunday. It symbolizes the rising from the grave of Christ the "Light of the World." In the year 1457 it is recorded that the candle used at Canterbury was of 300 pounds weight. There is also mentioned as a matter of history that on one occasion the Paschal candle in the church at Norwich, England, was so tall that it had to be lighted through an opening in the roof over the choir.

The Rabbits and the Eggs.

The little folks believe the rabbits lay the Easter eggs. With the dawn the small members of the family are up and searching for the nests of multicolored eggs, over which a little white rabbit sometimes presides. But a candy one calls forth equal shrieks of delight.

An Easter Prayer-Book.

A prayer-book ordered for a popular young woman is of elephant skin, with silver corners, and the clasp is a tiny silver rabbit. The elephant skin is the latest fad and is a dull brown, which harmonizes excellently with a smart tan frock.

EASTER AND ITS CUSTOMS.



ASTER is a movable festival which is celebrated annually throughout Christendom, in memory of the Resurrection of Christ. The word Easter is from the Anglo-Saxon *Eastre* or *Eoster*, and the German *Ostern*. The Easter feast was in ancient times devoted to *Eastre*, the Goddess of Spring, and the whole Easter month was set aside to do her honor. Socrates attributed the introduction of the festival of Easter in the church to the perpetuation of an old usage.

The observance of Easter dates back to about the year 68, at which time there was much contention among the Eastern and Western churches as to what day the festival should be observed. It was finally ordained at the Council of Nice in the year 325, that it must be observed throughout the Christian world on the same day. This decision settled that Easter should be kept upon the Sunday first after the fourteenth day of the first Jewish month, but no general conclusion was arrived at as to the cycle by which the festival was to be regulated, and some churches adopted one rule and some another. This diversity of usage was put an end to, and the Roman rule making Easter the first Sunday after the fourteenth day of the calendar moon was established in England in 669. After nine centuries a discrepancy in the keeping of Easter was caused by the authorities of the English Church declining to adopt the reformation of the Gregorian Calendar in 1582. The difference was settled in 1752 by the adoption of the rule which makes Easter Day always the first Sunday after the full moon which happens on or next after the twenty-first day of March. If the full moon happens upon a Sunday, Easter is the Sunday after.

Pretty customs which have obtained in recent years are the decoration of the churches on Easter Sunday, and the sending of gifts of flowers to one's friends, to invalids, and to the hospitals, and the distribution of the potted plants used in the church decorations among the sick members of the congregation. Another custom has obtained, which should not be allowed to degenerate into extravagance, and that is the sending of gifts at Easter.

Among all the quaint ceremonies which characterize Easter Day the practice of giving presents of eggs is doubtless the most ancient, as well as the most universal. Eggs have been associated with Easter always. The Jews believed them to be emblematic of the Passover; the Egyptians held them as an emblem of the renewal of the human race after the deluge, and the Christians as the symbol of the Resurrection.

In ancient times the eggs would be boiled hard and dyed, then clergymen and laymen alike would play ball with them, and after much sport eat them.

The simplest method of coloring eggs is to use the aniline dyes, or to coat them with metallic paint and frost them with diamond dust, or to cover them with gilt, silver or colored paper. To make an Easter egg with a fancy head, blow the egg hollow and then rub the shell gently with benzine to make the color take. Then give it a complexion wash to suit the character. Then hold the egg with the small end down and paint the face. When this is done glue the egg into a hole cut in a piece of cardboard, placing a tissue-paper hat on its head. A pen-wiper may be attached to the card.

Egg caricature is another popular idea in Easter-egg decoration. Prepare the eggs as before, and paint upon them a caricature of a man, woman, child, crying baby or Brownie. Spool thread of either black or yellow may be attached by a little wax and will serve as hair. The funnier the faces the more delighted the children will be.

A simple way by which the little folks, unaided, may prepare Easter eggs for themselves and their little friends is by tying up each egg separately in a piece of bright-colored silk or cotton, having previously pasted on the surface of the egg some little design. Have the eggs boiled slowly for half an hour and then set aside to cool. When quite cold untie the covering and the eggs will be found nicely colored and with an impression of the design clearly represented. These eggs may be placed in egg-cups which have been lined with fringed tissue paper, and placed upon the breakfast table on Easter morning.

There are countless other Easter conceits, such as nests, birds and chickens, all of which may be evolved with a little ingenuity, and will bring joy to the children's hearts on Easter morning. And children should early be taught the significance of the holiday, and encouraged to remember the children in the hospitals, to whom a little nest of Easter eggs will be a reminder that it is Easter day.

Victure of an Easter Wind.

If the wind is from the east on Easter Sunday an old wives' superstition bids one draw water and wash well in it. If this is done all attacks of rheumatism for the ensuing year will be avoided.

The lowest grade of molasses, which is unsalable, is used as fuel. Over 100,000 tons were used last year.

HINTS FOR HOUSEWIVES.

Cleaning White Fur Rugs.

White fur rugs may be successfully cleaned with naphtha if properly used. Wet a small portion of the rug at a time with naphtha and rub with a soft cloth until the space is cleaned. Then rub another piece and so on until the entire surface has been covered. Hang in the air until all odor of the naphtha disappears. Above all things take care that the gas is not lit in the room where the naphtha is being used or that the work of cleansing is not carried on near a fire.

Ferns for Table Decoration.

A pretty table decoration recently seen was accomplished by pressed ferns. The centerpiece was of growing ferns, and strewn in careless but artistic profusion about the cloth were pressed specimens of the same green. The fresh ferns cannot be so well used for this purpose, as the leaves would turn and wrinkle. The present variety is obtainable at a florist's and may be used more than once if properly put away in flat boxes or between the leaves of a book.

Destroying the Water Bugs.

It is dangerous to use the surest method of getting rid of water bugs, that is, bichloride of mercury solution used to "paint" infested places. But time, patience and powdered borax will meet all but the worst cases. Sprinkle the borax wherever the pests are likely to find their way, as along pipes, cracks and angles, around the edges of shelves, etc.; they will diminish in number and at last disappear. It is surprising how keen these little pests are to avoid substances which have been doctored for their benefit, but a patient course of vigilance and cleanliness will drive them away. Sometimes they are only paralyzed and not killed outright by the poison. In the morning the infested places should be gone over early and all the dead and partially paralyzed bugs be swept up and burned. The smoke of burning gunpowder is said to be deadly to them, but must be used with the utmost care in small quantities, dampening the powder first and burning it in a fireplace.

A Proper Clothes Closet.

A woman who investigated how the unnumbered suits and jackets are taken care of in the shops where these are offered for sale discovered that the necessary economy of space comes from the use of metal rods upon which the garments are suspended on wire hangers. She promptly applied the same principle to her own limited supply of closet room, with the result that she is able now to utilize the waste space that can be found in any clothes press, however small. From a near-by plumber she got all the gas pipe tubing she needed cut in the required lengths. These were mounted in the closet by simply securing them on the hook boards, taking care that they fitted snugly between walls. Two or three dozen of the cheap wire hangers completed the closet outfit, and now skirts and bodices, wrappers and jackets, are kept within easy reach in compact space and in good shape. In particular is the parlor floor closet, when thus equipped, found to be much more useful, for there may hang the reserve overcoats and heavy storm wraps of the entire household, which have heretofore often proved too bulky and unmanageable for it.—New York Post.

Recipes.

Bean Croquettes—Mush the beans to a paste, season well with melted butter, pepper and salt; add one beaten egg and enough cracker crumbs to make the paste thick enough to mould. Form into balls, dip into beaten eggs and cracker crumbs and fry brown on both sides.

Chocolate Blanc Mange—Dissolve one half box of gelatine in water. Put one pint of milk into a saucepan and when it comes to a boil add one cupful of grated unsweetened chocolate and twelve tablespoonfuls of sugar. Add the gelatine just before turning into the mould. Serve cold with sugar and cream.

Mutton Ragout—Put one tablespoonful of butter in the frypan, dredge in a little flour, add two small sliced onions and fry a light color, put in a few thick slices of cold mutton and fry a rich brown, then add a cupful of cold water, a half can of peas, pepper, salt and a little butter, and thicken with a little flour.

Bread Sauce (for Turkey)—Put one-half pint of milk into a saucepan, with one small onion, and when it comes to a boil stir in one tablespoonful of fresh white bread crumbs which have been rubbed through a sieve. Boil for fifteen minutes, then remove the onion; add two teaspoonfuls of cream and season with salt and pepper. Serve in a hot tureen.

Apple Fruit Cake—Soak two cupfuls of dried apples over night in cold water. In the morning chop them fine, add two cupfuls of molasses and stew for one hour. When cold add one cupful of sugar, three-quarters of cupful of butter, two well-beaten eggs, one teaspoonful of soda, dissolved in one cupful of tartar in two and one-half cupfuls of flour. Bake for one hour.

Broiled Beef and Oyster Sauce—Put into a stewpan twelve oysters with their liquid strained, add three cloves, a spoonful of butter, salt and pepper to taste, a half teaspoonful of flour, and simmer for five minutes. Have ready in the centre of the dish a round wall of browned potatoes, into the middle of this pour the oyster sauce and around the outside place slices of roast beef which have been previously browned. Garnish with parsley.

WHEN LOVE LIVES.

When all the world, for Spring's sweet sake,
Its festal robe of green put on,
And flowers were gay in field and brake
Because the Winter's power was gone;
Within the white-pearled Hawthorne tree
You heard the mated thrushes sing;
You had no word to say to me,
For all your thought was of the Spring.

And when a thousand buds uncurled
A thousand scents your garden knew,
And when the wonder of the world—
The Summer world grew clear to you;
You heard the skylark overhead
Between green fields and sky of blue;
You had no heart for me, you said,
Summer had won your heart from you.

But now the woods grow thin and brown,
The dry ferns shiver in the breeze,
The year puts off her bridal gown,
Puts on her mourning draperies,
Down in your orchard robins sing,
Ah! Can you bid me go, my dear?
For Summer's gone, and gone is Spring;
'Tis Love alone lives out the year.

HUMOROUS.

An Irish philosopher says it's a wise man who has his after thoughts first.

"What frightfully tall collars Harry Higgs wears." "Yes; he can't see that his shoes are not blacked."

"We didn't have time to stop, so we bought a lunch and ate it as we drove along." "Ah, I see—you dined a la cart."

"I rise for information," shouted an excited politician. "I am very glad to hear it," said a bystander, "for no man wants it more."

"Your daughter has a rather peculiar name." "Violetta Jernsha? Yes, but the grandmothers she is named after are both rich."

"My first dumplings!" she exclaimed: "And she looked so very sweet." "He was carried away and protested." "They look nice enough to eat!"

"I can't go to jail," said a funny cagrant. "I have no time." "The court provides that," said the magistrate. "I give you ten days."

"The Jinkle girls have given up all their social ambitions." "Money run out?" "No; they couldn't teach their mother to say 'caudalabra'!"

Teacher—You must know "book" is neuter gender. When did you ever hear of a masculine book? Tommy—I've heard of "hymn" books, miss.

Magistrate (sternly)—You're a pitiable specimen of humanity. What brought you to all this degradation and disgrace. Prisoner (proudly)—It took three policemen.

Cholly—I'm the only one left in London. Grace—Then why do you stop? Cholly—Why I wondered how Wobinson Cwusoe felt and I wanted to find it out, don't you know.

There are poems unwritten and songs unstrung—
But don't let this fact get your nerves all unstrung;
Tis economy wondrous for midnight lamps
And think what an awful saving of stamps.

"I trust," she said, patronizingly, "that you are a true artist—that you confine your efforts to an elevated plane." "Assuredly I do, madam," was the reply. "I am a frescoer, and invariably work with a ladder."

"You say," remarked the pedestrian, "that you have vainly wished for work." "Many a time," answered Meandering Mike. "What is your favorite occupation?" "It all depends on where I happen to be. In Oregon it's pickin' bananas, and in Florida it's shovelin' snow."

A widow went to the office of the insurance company where her late husband had insured himself in order to receive payment of her claim. During the conversation which ensued the clerk remarked sympathetically that he was very sorry to hear of her husband's death. "Whereupon she fairly staggered him by remarking, "You men are all the same—always sorry when a poor woman gets the chance of a little money."

Promenading in Manila.

The Caljada, in Manila, Philippine Islands, is an odd sight in the latter part of the afternoon, when the day's business is over and the air is cooler. Every one is there, and, as nearly every one knows every one and has more time to be polite than folk have in some other parts of the world, the crowd is in a state of continual salutation. The newcomer fears the promenaders have got to going so they will not be able to stop, but when the grand bells of the cathedral toll for vespers he will discover his misapprehension, for every one in that great throng will bow or kneel silently, with uncovered head, and before he has realized what he is looking at, the throng is nodding right and left as industriously as ever.

The native women dress prettily, and if they have money, very expensively. They wear only two garments—a short chemisette, coming hardly to the waist, and a saya, or skirt, made of a single piece of cloth, and wrapped tight about the figure. The material is pina, from the fibre of bromelia, a kind of pineapple. The best quality is exquisitely fine and is transparent. A single saya will cost sometimes as much as \$2000, a scarf \$200 and handkerchiefs from \$25 to \$100. The threads are so light that great care must be taken in the factories to prevent gusts of air from tangling the delicate strands.

History's Greatest Banquet.

The greatest banquet in history took place on August 18, 1889, when the 40,000 mayors of France sat at table in Plais de l'Industrie in Paris. There were three relays of about 13,000 guests each. To prepare the feast required 75 chief cooks, 1300 waiters, scullions, cellar-men and helpers, 80,000 plates, 52,000 glasses, knives, forks and spoons in proportion, 40,000 rolls, and fish, meat and fowl by the ton. The banquet was part of the centenary celebration of the events of 1789.



PHYLIS WORE HER OLD BROWN HAT.