



Atar and near us, the sound of bells!
The air is throbbing from sea to sea,
With the passionate thrill of a song that tells
The glory that was, and that is to be
Echoing sweet over wilds and dells,
From lower and sleeper, from street and town—
From lonely villages nestled down
At the foot of the mountains rough and bare
Ah! the wilderness blossoms to-day anew—
The heart's bleak desert is glad again,
And roses bloom where the brambles grew—
The earth has forgotten her grief and pain
In this benediction of Heavenly calm!
Hark! Hoarding out on the listening air
The myriad cadences of prayer,
Praise and ritual, chant and psalm,
Swelling the world-wide Easter-song
That dies, in a dream, the clouds among!

The Buff Cochin's Mission

An Easter Story.

By Mrs. F. M. HOWARD.



THE buff Cochin was the envy of the fowls in the yard. A young thing, the belated product of a late hatching, yet she towered above the other hens, and her feathers were thick and glossy as a maiden's hair, and of such a brilliant, beautiful buff. The buff Cochin heard the envious, ill-natured remarks of her mates, and her heart was often sad.

"Such a stump of a tail," said the pert white Leghorn chick. "I'd be a better outright if I couldn't raise a more respectable tail than that."

"And such a ridiculous comb," sniffed the black Minorca, whose bright red comb hung over like a plume. "For my part I admire the rose combs, if one isn't a Minorca."

"The man who feeds us says she pays for her keep in looking pleasant," cawed the motherly old white hen, who had raised so many broods of fine chicks that she was on the pension list, so to speak, and she told the truth.

There was a commotion in the yard when Buff laid her first egg. Chanticleer sat on the edge of the box and warned the hens that a friend of his was engaged in a serious and delicate operation, and must not be disturbed.

Buff bore her honors meekly as she flew off the nest at last with a modest announcement that she had done her duty as a patriotic citizen of the yard, but her friends took up the strain so loudly that the mistress came running out. It was almost a golden egg, so large and yellow, and she carried it in to show the family.

"Bless the bird. We must save every egg for a setting," was the unanimous verdict, and the cracked blue dish was set apart in the corner of the cupboard for the purpose. "The buff Cochin is by far the finest fowl we have."

The fowls were more than ever envious, as every day the fine, yellow egg was carried to the house with such care. The mistress picked up the pretty golden pullet one day and caressed her, and instead of fluttering and rebelling against human touch, the gentle creature leaned her head against her arm, and cawed away as prettily as if she was saying real words.

"She is telling us that she is trying to be a good biddy, and that she appreciates all we do for her," said the daughter, laughing.

"It is foolish, I know, to get so attached to a little, senseless creature," replied the mother, stroking the glossy feathers; "but how can one help it when it is so evidently living up to the very best of its knowledge and ability? If only humans would do as well, and a sigh escaped her, for she had a wayward son, and her heart was often sad.

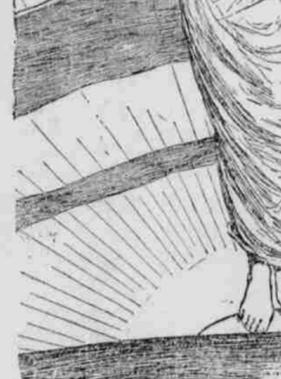
It was not long before the buff Cochin began to feel an impulse to do the strangest thing which had ever entered into her experience.

to earn the pittance upon which they lived, her only company the chance neighbor who came in with charitable intent, or the children whose visits were uncertain and all too short. She had been as bright and active as any of them before the fall which had injured her spine so terribly, but where she had been strong and active she was now gentle and uncomplaining, bearing her pain and privation with such sweet patience that one could scarcely see it without a stinging at the fountain of tears.

"Whatever I am going to do with Marjie I don't know," said Mrs. Blake one morning, as she stepped into Mrs. Hunt's cheery kitchen of an errand. "House-cleaning time is at hand, and my customers are each one clamoring

to earn the pittance upon which they lived, her only company the chance neighbor who came in with charitable intent, or the children whose visits were uncertain and all too short. She had been as bright and active as any of them before the fall which had injured her spine so terribly, but where she had been strong and active she was now gentle and uncomplaining, bearing her pain and privation with such sweet patience that one could scarcely see it without a stinging at the fountain of tears.

"Well, my good little hen, you have found rather an exalted mission, I think," remarked Janie Hunt, as she tucked her favorite into her coop for the night. "The best of us cannot do much better than to minister to the sick, and to comfort the afflicted," and the buff Cochin tucked her brood



EASTER MORN.

to be served first, and I shall have to hurry from one to the other as fast as I can, or lose the work, and that I cannot afford to do."

"Can't you find some one to stay with Marjie, Mrs. Blake? It does seem such a pity to leave her alone so much."

"Yes; I might for money," replied Mrs. Blake with a sigh; "but house-

cleaning time is my harvest, and with all the other needs for money, I cannot spare a penny for that."

"I will go in as often as I can," Mrs. Hunt said thoughtfully.

"I have a lot of ripping to do for my spring making over, and if you won't mind shreds on your floor, I can do it there as well as here, and Janie can mind the house at home."

For several days Mrs. Hunt's ripping amused Marjie and kept her busy, as with a tiny pair of scissors she, too, ripped the less difficult parts of the garments, and Janie Hunt helped her to fashion a doll's bonnet out of the scraps, and the suffering child was as happy as she could be in her pain. All too soon the ripping was done, and the spring's work would keep kind Mrs. Hunt at home, and Mrs. Blake went away to do her day's work with a heavy heart.

down a number of little ducks swam in a miniature pool, a motherly hen scratched for a brood of downy chicks, and an idea occurred to Mrs. Hunt as she passed on her way to market.

Marjie had just awakened from a troubled dose when she heard a sound outside which caused her weary, pain-filled eyes to open wide with surprise. Her back had been unusually painful, and the hands of the clock seemed almost immovable as the pendulum slowly, more slowly than ever before, it seemed to the suffering child, ticked off the lagging moments.

"Oh, Mrs. Hunt, what have you brought?" she cried in surprise, as little chirping sounds issued from a large basket on the kind neighbor's arm.

"Wait a moment, little girl, and you shall see," replied Mrs. Hunt, as she began spreading newspapers over the widow's clean floor.

"To-morrow is Easter Sunday, you know, and as you cannot go out to see the shop windows yourself, I have brought you a live Easter to enjoy at home," and she lifted out the buff Cochin, serene and glossy as ever, and ten yellow, bright-eyed chicks after her.

Little Marjie clasped her hands in an ecstasy of delight as she watched them, picking up food, and drinking water with perfect content.

"Dear Mrs. Hunt, will you really leave them with me?"

"All day long, if you like. Here is the food for them, and Buff is so gentle she will eat out of your hand if you wish her to. See how she is settling down to mother her babies, as contented as if she was in her own coop."

Never had Marjie spent a happier day than that charming one with the chickens. Her little, pinched face was in one perpetual smile as she watched their pretty antics, tiny miniatures of their mother, almost as interesting in her motherly dignity to the observant child.

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under her wings with an amiable and appreciative caw.—Ladies' World.

Easter Remembrances. Good taste demands that in Easter gifts we follow a certain law of propriety not necessary in Christmas presents. This is not a time for replenishing a friend's wardrobe, for preparing bountiful dinners and indulging in frolics. Rather every gift should in some subtle manner suggest the deeper sources of joy, the awakening of spiritual forces, the hope of an everlasting life which death cannot touch. Easter gifts should not as a rule be costly, but should be made to reach as many as possible. In the olden days men went about the streets on Easter morning hailing everybody they met with the glorious words, "Christ is risen," to which came the invariable response, "Christ is risen indeed." So we should try to remind as many as possible of the joyous news of a risen Lord.—Florence Marrian Critchlow, in the Woman's Home Companion.

The authorities at Sydney, Australia, are taking no quarantine precautions against the plague, but rat-catching is being vigorously pursued, the wharves are being cleaned, and house inspection is carried on.



Brother Rabbit, what's your hurry, Why this wild and frenzied rush? Why this big-eyed, bounding move-on? Why this breaking for the brush?

Quoth B'r'er Rabbit, as he waved his left hind foot at me by stealth, "I have got heart palpitation, And I'm travelling for my health."



FASHIONS FOR SUMMER.

The Ways in Which Thin Gowns Will Be Trimmed—Military Styles.

It is the early shopper who catches the best of summer fashions for the prettiest things are gone. Then summer fabrics are cheaper now than they will be later on, which is a point above all others to hasten the bargain.

Prime favorites of the new season will be certain embroidered Swisses, whose designs are as delicate as if stamped, and which are in the faint hues of organdie. One seen—a soft maize with turquoise blue and black leaves—had been made up with blue ribbon borders to the founces and a narrow black velvet sash.

Black is to trim everything, and black and white will be considered a more than ever ideal combination. French organdies and Chantilly lace are the materials of an effective gown whose foundation is of simple lawn. The skirt shows the hip trimming which has been found so becoming to slight figures, and the arrangement of the killed frilla and lace bands below suggest the lines of the old graduated flounce. On the round bodice the lace outlines, in rows, a little bolero effect, which is topped by a shirred yoke, edged with a double killed frill. The close lower portion of the puffed sleeves are only basted in that the sleeves may be worn elbow length when desired.

Elbow sleeves are seen on most of the airy gowns. Deep founces narrowing at the inner arm in the quaint old way finish them all, and there are many narrow ribbon sashes.

The parasol that accompanies this particularly charming gown is of white chiffon, with close quillings of black lace heading several rows of tucks. The English walking hat is of black and white straw, trimmed evenly with wings in the same combination, and black tulle and velvet.

The spoils of Bacchus are seen in the new millinery, in neck fixings and on dance gowns. Grapes, grapes! everywhere says fashion, and she hands us the fruit, as if covered with a delicate frost, in purple and white and silver and in huge bunches. Sometimes the great balls are glued over with a fine tarleton—for grapes are easily broken, and when the fruit is white, with the deep green leaves of the natural vine, the effect is exquisite.

Few walking hats are seen, hats which sit on the head rather flatly and are pushed over the face, without a seductive fall of some sort at the rear. Sometimes of lace, sometimes of ribbon, flowers or fruit, the dangling tail is always an aid to looks so it is not surprising that it is to be continued. This began last summer, but whether it is to increase in length remains to be seen. In such a tentative summer started the "streamers" of the long ago. A black and white braid tuck gives the present length for the rear falls, which in this instance is of the thin white lace which fills in the underside brims. Three of the popular pearl ornaments, and a crown wreath of pale pink roses are the other trimmings, and with it a black and white collet of spotted net; velvet and lace is a suitable neck finish.

The new wash bodices are as simple as they are pretty. The daintiest of them are made of dimity, in pale colors and white, tucked all over and showing lace insertions in straight and undulating bands. The popular sleeve for them is elbow-length. The neck is finished with an unlined stock in the waist materials, and the garment fastens at the back with small pearl or linen buttons.

With three skirts and six of these waists in white and colors, the most modest person may go triumphantly through the summer. As to the materials of the skirts, let them be of white duck, black serge and brown linen.—New York Sun.

Managing a Husband. There is a positive explanation to be derived from bringing all one's efforts to bear upon a husband whose business worries have pursued him from the office. There is a genuine delight to fight with the unknown anxieties which his love will not permit him to unburden at home. It brings out all the tact and patience and diplomacy, all the charms and graces, of a woman's character to transform a cross, tired, worn-out husband into a new man—just by a good dinner and a little tact.

But to manage a husband when there are so many kinds of husbands requires, more than any other one thing, a thorough study of your subject. To "meet your husband with a smile," which is the old-fashioned rule for all ills, is enough to make a nervous, irritable man frantic. Look him over before you even smile. You ought to know how to treat him. Don't sing or hum if he has a headache, or begin to tell him the news before you have fed him. If there is one rule to lay down—which there is not—or if I were giving automatic advice—which I am not—I should say that most men come home like hungry animals, and require first of all to be fed.—Ella Bell, in Harper's Bazar.

Pathetic Old Woman. One of the most pathetic sights in Washington is that of the old women who are struggling to keep their positions in the Government departments. Some of them are feeble through age, many are semi-invalids and almost all of them have persons dependent upon them. They have obtained their places through the influence of relatives, and their tenure of office frequently depends upon the continuance in power or authority of these relatives. Not a few of them are woefully inefficient, but they struggle with woman's persistency to do their best, whatever that may be. A white-haired woman who died the other day dragged herself out, day by day, for months, when she should have been dying in a com-

fortable bed. Another who is lame risks her life by going out in bad weather over slippery pavements. These women wear themselves out in the effort to hold on to what they have, haunted by the fear that they may lose it at any moment through the disappearance from public life and political activity of their Senator cousins or Congressional nephews.—New York Press.

The First Woman Ever Photographed. Nowadays, when the principal business of photographers is making portraits of women, and when being photographed is one of a woman's chief pleasures, it is interesting to know that the first woman who ever sat before a camera died at Hastings last month. This lady was Dorothy Catherine Draper. In 1839, shortly after Daguerre's announcement of his discovery of the action of sunlight on silver, her brother, the distinguished John W. Draper, afterward President of New York University's medical college, made some experiments with a camera with his sister for a subject. In order that the impression might be clearer, her face was dusted with a fine white powder. This picture, the result of the first experiment, is still in existence, and is owned by Lord Herschell's heirs in England. Many other men have alleged that they were first in applying Daguerre's discovery, but these claims are not well founded. Miss Draper's likeness and the date it bears have been accepted as final proof that to her brother belongs the honor of being the first man to photograph a woman, and to her the distinction of being the first woman ever photographed.—Woman's Home Companion.

Inventor Marconi's Mother. Marconi's mother is an Irishwoman, Annie Jamison, of Dublin. In her teens she was sent to Italy to study music and met and married Giuseppe Marconi. Of her courtship and marriage she will say little, save that the former was a case of true love and the latter of pure domestic happiness.

Mrs. Marconi is a highly educated woman, and between the mother and son there is a strong bond of sympathy and genuine love. Marconi formerly accompanied his mother on her travels; now he takes her with him whenever he can. She spends about six months out of the year in England, living with him in London when he is there and going with him to one of his stations when his work takes him there.

Mrs. Marconi is exceedingly modest and insists on being regarded as an ordinary woman. Perhaps this very fact makes her remarkable, aside from her single pride in being the mother of such a son.—Chicago Tribune.

The Flower Girdle. The flower girdle gives the latest smart touch to a simple evening gown. It is seen at its prettiest made of pink ribbons and roses. At the back it is shaped like a high girdle. Ribbons are used to get this effect. They start from the waist-line, and above it from under the arm, and cross in the centre of the back, one above the other, each more pointed than the one below it, and each fastening with a pink rose. In the front the ribbons are arranged so as to produce the fashionable dip effect, which is further emphasized by a pointed buckle made of featherbone covered with pink satin ribbon, the outline of the buckle defined with tiny pink roses. From this buckle a mass of pink ribbon-ends dangle. They vary in length, and each end is finished with a pink rose.—Woman's Home Companion.

Square Caps. Square velvet sleeve caps appear on the shoulders of afternoon gowns and evening home dress. The caps are set in at the shoulder seam of the sleeve, or slightly above that point should the gown prove long on the shoulders. The square "caps" are not very large, and should never be of such proportions as to look awkward. A bit, girdle or bolero or yoke or simple application of tabs of the same velvet would look well. One must be careful, however, to avoid "spotty" effects by applying too numerous small bits of velvet upon a gown.

Newest Fashions. New silk petticoats are in slightly changeable glace silk, simply made several narrow edges of black finishing the founces.

Trimmings come in complete sets this year. In embroideries there are the all-overs, the edgings, the insertions, and the galoons in matched designs.

In Swiss muslins there are beadings and hemstitched edgings, and there are pretty embroideries in sat daintiest of materials for many things, nainsook, in ribbon insertions and hemstitched edgings.

Handles of natural wood are smart. They are often decorated with a bow or rosette of silk, or chiffon in a harmonious shade, and end in a small ball or curve. Bird's head handles are also fashionable and for these jade or ivory is employed with good effect.

There are new wash silks on the market this year, which are quite different in appearance from the silks usually found under this head. They are heavy silks, which come in plain colors and in stripes, in plain woven silk, and in twilled. They are warranted to wash without fading.

Stylish waisting for present wear is in granite cloth, with fine all over tucking. Then against every fifth tuck a very fine black and white cord gives a pretty effect of light and shade. In other patterns a mercerized Persian stripe alternates with, three or five of the narrow lengthwise tucking.

Muslin and silk corset covers, to be worn with separate blouses and waists of filmy texture, are as elaborately trimmed and frequently as expensive as the waist. Some of these are made entirely of heading, through which white, pink or blue baby ribbon is drawn. Others have applied designs of lovers' knots in lace.

NEW IDEAS in TOILETTES

New York City.—Novelty waists are in demand for all occasions, and some of the latest designs are buttoned at one side. This way of fastening is said



A FANCY WAIST.

to admit of a great variety of rich embroidery and other effects across the front. White satin, taffeta and novelty silks and light shades of pink, blue or gray are among the materials used for waists to be worn with black taffeta silk or velvet skirts. The chiffon separate waist has also come to stay, despite the efforts of fashionable dress-makers to discourage it. A Paris importation in this line was made with the groundwork of pink satin, veiled first with blue and then heliotrope chiffon, and trimmed with ecru lace and touches of silver.

Woman's Five-Gored Skirt. No skirt is more generally satisfactory than the one cut in five gores.



FIVE-GORED SKIRT.

The admirable May Manton model, shown in the large drawing, includes an upper portion so shaped and a grading circular founce seamed to the lower edge and is shaped to fit with perfect snugness at the upper portion, while it flares at the lower, and the founce falls in graceful folds and ripples. The original is made of sage green velveting, with trimming of black bias folds headed with black and white fancy silk braid that are arranged at the foot in the centre and over the seaming of the founce and skirt; but all dress materials are suitable, and tailor stitching, with corded silk, can be substituted for the bands when preferred. Both front and side gores are narrow in conformity with the latest style, and the fitting is accomplished without hip darts. The fulness at the back is laid in inverted pleats that are pressed quite flat. The founce is curved to give the fashionable fulness, and is seamed to the lower edge.

To cut this skirt in the medium size nine and three-fourth yards of material twenty-one inches wide, eight and one-eighth yards twenty-seven inches wide, seven and one-half yards thirty-two inches wide, four and one-fourth yards forty-four inches wide, or four and one-fourth yards fifty inches wide will be required.

All-Overs as Trimmings. Dressmakers have discovered that the lace all-overs are possessed of even greater possibilities than the narrow appliques. Hence we see them used for everything from whole dresses to the tiniest appliques—some one figure, a leaf or a flower, being chosen for the latter. Then, too, these cut up into big bands, some of them a dozen inches in width. These are usually edged with the narrowest sort of a scroll applique in the same lace. A band set on the skirt in apron overskirt effect serves admirably to head a flared or a pleated founce. For these dresses silky voile and crepe de chine are ideal fabrics, and white is first choice.

New Work For Chiffon Rosas. Chiffon roses are no longer "lilies of the field." They must now toil, being useful as well as ornamental. Their special labor is to hold down the ends of black velvet ribbon trapping. A charmingly dainty dress in white chiffon with Chantilly appliques has the bodice as well as the skirt given distinction by a number of full-length

strappings. A pink chiffon rose, exquisitely made in different shades, catches the end of each strap. Let it prove not trustworthy, the strap is also held some inches above by a glittering rhinestone buckle.

Torades of Fringe. A novel way to trim a house gown is to set off the waist with pairs of silken tassels wonderfully fringed, spaced up and down in the middle of the front. These tasseled ornaments are connected with a shirred strap of very narrow silk ribbon exactly matching the tassels. There are several bars or rows of the tassels and shirred ribbon ornaments. They are spoken of as a torade of fringe. The French word torade signifies a twist of fringe such as we see at the ends of some epaulettes of gold lace on naval uniforms.

A New Constellation. Among the new ideas in satin foulards is a pattern which exclusively belongs to the twentieth century. This displays a constellation of white stars on a colored background. Stars are especially pretty on the clear, dark blue (not purple) satin foulards, and the smaller in size the prettier these miniature worlds. Very chic are white satin foulards, the surface whereof is sown with brilliant white stars. The whole surface of these silks is never covered, but the constellations are set at intervals not very near together.

Work For the Summer Girl. Summer-girls-to-be with leisure and skill may make for themselves very pretty belts, which will look especially well with their white waists or whole dresses. Rows of ribbon arranged girde fashion are feather-stitched together with white silk. A few white-bones covered with white may be necessary to keep the belt in shape.

A Saxon Decree Against Corsets. The Minister of Education in Saxony has issued a decree that no girl attending the public schools and colleges may wear a corset. He maintains that tight lacing is as deadly a foe to intellectual effort as the cigarette, therefore as legitimate an object for educational legislation.—Woman's Tribune.

Woman's Three-Piece Skirt. Skirts with founces, that produce ample flare at the feet, and that fit with snugness about the hips are in the height of style and appear to gain in favor month by month. This graceful model is adapted to all soft materials, whether wool, silk or cotton, but as shown is made of foulard, in pastel tan color with figures in white, and is singularly effective and stylish. The founce curve in a way to give the best results and run up just sufficiently at the back to give a smart effect, their edges being finished with stitching in self-colored corded silk. The skirt is cut in three pieces, fitted at the waist with short hip darts, and the fulness at the back may be gathered or laid in inverted pleats, that are flat for a few inches below the belt, then form soft folds and fall in ripples to the floor. The founces are circular, curved to give the fulness desired by fashion, and are arranged over the foundation. One, two or three can be used as may be preferred.

To cut this skirt in the medium size, fifteen and one-eighth yards of material twenty-one inches wide, ten and



THREE-PIECE SKIRT.

one-eighth yards twenty-seven inches wide, ten yards thirty-two inches wide, or seven and five-eighth yards forty-four inches wide will be required.