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The Date for Easter.

"Thirty days hath September,"
Every person can remember;
But to know when Easter's come
Puzzles even scholars, some.

When March the twenty-first is past,
Just watch the silvery moon,
And when you see it full and round,
Know Easter'll be here soon.

After the moon has reached its full,
Then Easter will be here,
The very Sunday after
In each and every year.

And if it should hap on Sunday
The moon should reach its height,
The Sunday following this event
Will be the Easter bright.

—Boston Transcript.

EASTER LILIES.

"REALLY I think she's quite above her station," said Miss Plantagenet, languidly. "I always tell Mrs. Seamwell to send her into me, when I go there to have a dress fitted. She has such a pretty way, don't you know, and such lovely eye lashes, and she understands her business to perfection!"

"She is a very beautiful girl," said Mr. Elwood, calmly. "And she has helped me wonderfully with those shy children, at the Sunday afternoon services. They seem to take to her by instinct."

"Some people have a way with children," said Mrs. Plantagenet. "Now I never could endure the idea of teaching until you came to take charge of our church, Dear Mr. Elwood; then, of course, everything was different."

Mr. Elwood smiled a little. If Miss Plantagenet had been less lovely and dimpled, sitting there, with a blue ribboned pug in her lap, and the colored lights from the stained glass window making a sort of aureole around her face, he might have set her down for a fool; as it was, he mentally characterized her as merely a "thoughtless child."

Yes, Marien Plantagenet was certainly very lovely. And the reduced family of Plantagenet were reckoning largely on this innocent, infantine beauty to build up their fortunes again.

Mrs. Plantagenet, a hatchet-faced widow of fifty, went around cutting down the daily expenses, directing the servants to make Irish stews, hashes, and divers other mixtures, out of the scraps of cold meat, instead of bestowing them on beggars, taking big coals off the fire with a pair of tongs, and peering into the ash can to make sure that no solitary cinder had been smuggled unsifted into its depths.

She studied the butcher's book, beat down the baker's account and economized in everything, "in order," as she said, "to give Marien a good chance to marry."

In the article of white satin shoes, cut flowers and ball dresses, she was compelled to loose her purse strings, groan as she might.

And when Mr. Elwood, the nephew and adopted son of a wealthy old bachelor, came to assume the charge of the nearest fashionable church, Mrs. Plantagenet rejoiced greatly.

"It's all plain sailing now," she thought. "For nobody can deny that Marien is a beauty."

"Mamma," Miss Marien had said, "I must have a new dress for Easter. I did think my pearl silk would do, but it is too tight, and I've worn it so often."

"Nonsense!" said Widow Plantagenet. "Where in the world do you suppose it is to come from?"

"From the stores, to be sure!" said Marien, with a saucy toss of her head. "And I've promised Mr. Elwood to send a cross of lilies for the font. I must be looking around for that."

"My goodness me!" groaned Mrs. Plantagenet. "Do you know, child, what they are asking for white lilies now at the florists? Twenty-five cents each. And they'll go up, of course, as Easter approaches. They always do."

"I couldn't manage with less than a dozen," said Marien, immediately. "For the centre piece, you know. I might arrange jonquils, and hyacinths, and white carnations, and those cheaper spring flowers, around the base, with plenty of climbing fern and rose geranium leaves, and violets—if violets aren't too dear."

"Well, we must contrive some way," said Mrs. Plantagenet wearily.

Would this everlasting warfare of ways and means never cease? Would the time ever come when everybody would be paid, and no army of clamorous duns would longer besiege the door?

Mrs. Plantagenet hoped for this happy state of things, but it was very much as she hoped for the millennium—in a vague, indefinite sort of way.

CUPID'S PRANK AT EASTER-TIDE.

Said Cupid: "Now, I'll lay aside
My arrows and my bow;
To play a prank this Easter-tide
Upon the elves I know."

"Who'll pick with me to win or lose?"
In wheedling tones he begs;
Of all he met none could refuse—
And Cupid won their eggs.

"Mamma, I tell you what!" said Marien, starting from a reverie. "I won't say a word to old Seamwell about this dress. Her prices are so exorbitant! I'll go directly to little Eunice Perry."

"And who is Eunice Perry?" said Mrs. Plantagenet, opening her faded blue eyes.

"Don't you know? I'm sure I must have mentioned her a thousand times. That little sewing girl who fits me so beautifully. She is Mrs. Seamwell's forewoman or something. I dare say I can make a special bargain with her to get me up a gown at some what short of the regular price. Of course the profits will all be hers. Old Seamwell wouldn't like it if she knew, but nobody is going to tell her. I'll go there to-morrow, the very first thing, before Eunice goes out; afterwards I'll go to church. Mr. Ellwood likes us to be devout."

"It's an excellent idea, my dear!" said Mrs. Plantagenet, who caught eagerly at everything that involved the saving of money.

Early as Marien Plantagenet rose from her downy pillow the next morning, Eunice Perry was earlier still. The morning services in the dimly-lighted church were very dear to her. They seemed to shield and shelter her from all the pricks and arrows of the day, and up to this time she had not missed one.

She lighted the fire, put over the coffee-pot for her old aunt's breakfast, tidied up the room, and before she went out, sprinkled a little water over the magnificent calla lilies that were unrolling their superb scrolls of white velvet in the windows that fronted to the east.

"There will be thirteen," said she, to herself, her cheeks flushing with natural pride. "Thirteen! I didn't think when I planted the roots in the fall how splendidly they would grow and thrive! Oh, you darlings, I could kiss you, if I wasn't afraid of spoiling the white purity of your hearts!"

There is no accounting for the freaks of the flower world. These lilies had blossomed royally out in the sunshine of those low, little three-story windows, when, perhaps, beneath the arched crystal roof of a steam-heated conservatory they would have put forth nothing but leaves.

Did they know how Eunice loved them? Did they feel the magnetic current of her liquid hazel eye every time that she looked at them? Who could answer? Not Eunice, certainly.

She had been gone some time, when Miss Plantagenet leisurely ascended the stairs, turning up her aristocratic nose at the various sights and sounds, and smells which are inseparable from a tenement house. Only the old aunt was in the room, moving leisurely about as she put away the remains of her frugal breakfast.

Marien opened the door, and came in without the preliminary ceremony of knocking. According to her platform, the poor had no feelings that it was neccessary to consult or regard.

"Is Miss Perry at home?" said she. "Good gracious, what beautiful lilies! Where did you buy them, my good woman?"

Old Mrs. Perry smiled complacently.

"We didn't buy them," said she. "Eunice has grown them herself. My niece, Miss!" with a little courtesy.

"How much are they?" said Marien, greedily.

"They are not for sale," said the old aunt, with rather a frightened air.

"Oh, but I must have them!" said Marien, smilingly arrogant. "They are just precisely what I want. Such a perfect shape—so unusually large! I dare say she'd sell them all for seventy-five cents; for of course they can be of no use to you here?" with a scornful glance around the room. Did you say she was out?"

"She has gone to church," said Mrs. Perry, who instinctively approached a step or so nearer the lilies. "If you want to see her, she will be at Mrs. Seamwell's rooms at nine o'clock this morning."

In her own mind, Marien Plantagenet abandoned the idea of the dress at once. She could make her violet suit do—or else the despised pearl-colored silk, perhaps. And, after all, there was scarcely time for the proper making up of an Easter costume; and Sharke & Scabury were advertising some very cheap ready-made suits from Paris. But the lilies she must have!

"We are very old friends, Miss Perry and I," said Marien, turning with a hard, polished smile to the old woman. "And I'm quite sure that if she knew I had taken a fancy to her lilies she would be glad to give them to me. I am Miss Plantagenet, one of Mrs. Seamwell's best customers, you know, and a word from me would dismiss any of her workmen. Here is a dollar. Of course the flowers aren't worth that, but I have a horror of any meanness. And now if you'll get me a piece of paper to wrap them in, I'll cut the lilies at once."

So, nolens volens, Miss Plantagenet carried off poor Eunice's white-souled darlings in a piece of tissue-paper, leaving her crumbled dollar-bill on the window-sill.

"A capital morning's work," said Marien to herself.

On Saturday morning the exquisite bunch of lilies arrived for the font, with a card on which was scribbled the prettiest of messages for the rector.

He looked at them with admiration.

"I never saw lovelier lilies in my life," he said. And then, with a not unnatural sequence of ideas, he added to himself, "I wonder why Eunice Perry has not sent the flowers that she promised?"

Eunice came into her prayers that Easter Eve, pale and silent, with eyelids just flushed, as if she had been secretly crying, but she brought no flowers.

The rector perceived in an instant that something was wrong.

She was stealing quietly away, when he came out from the robing-room door and intercepted her.

"Eunice," said he, gently, separating himself from the crowd of young girls who came thither to help arrange the chancel, font and rails with leaf and blossom for the morrow's joyful festivity, "don't go. I want to speak to you."

"About the flowers?" said Eunice, lifting her soft, shy eyes to his. "Oh, Mr. Elwood, I am so sorry! But—they were taken away."

"Taken away?" he repeated, with surprise.

"Yes," said Eunice. "Miss Plantagenet came to our house, while I was gone, and carried them away, without leave or permission. She left a dollar for them. No money would have bought them of me, after watching the earliest buds swell into bloom."

"Miss Plantagenet," he repeated, slowly, as if in thought. "Are these flowers yours, Eunice?"

He took the stately cross of calla-lilies from the centre of the white marble font.

Eunice Perry clasped her hands.

"Yes," she said; "they are mine. I should know them anywhere."

"I thought so," said Mr. Elwood, drily. "She sent them here this morning. It is the old story of the rich man and the little ewe-lamb over again, Eunice. But do not weep; the sweetest lily that ever bloomed is not worth your tears."

He walked home with her a part of the way, and when they paused on the street corner nearest her home, he took the little cold hand in his.

"Eunice," he said, "I wish I could comfort you."

"You have comforted me," she uttered.

"If I could make your life easier!" he exclaimed, earnestly. "Eunice, do you think that I could? Sweet one, will you let me try? Will you be my wife?"

So he wooed his wife, and so he won her, on Easter Eve. And, as he afterward told her, he never knew how well he loved her until he saw her crying over those mute, magnificent Easter lilies.

As for Marien Plantagenet, she gained her lilies, but she lost the man she loved. The callas were not such a bargain after all! For, if Marien had ever cared for any one, it was for Mr. Elwood. But she failed to perceive that her mistake was rooted in her own selfishness. People never see quite straight where their own follies are concerned.

And Mrs. Plantagenet, poor soul, is as far away from her millennium as ever!

Easter Song.

Awaken, sweet flowers!
The snow in the 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!

Awaken, O heart!
In bondage of sin thou hast slumbered so long.
Arise in thy beauty and rapture of song.
Arise in the gladness of nature's morning,—
Come forth in thy strength on this glad Easter morning!

—Rose Hartwick Thorpe, in Demorest's.

Meaning of the Easter Egg.

As Easter represents a new birth into the best life of all, it is easily seen how the pagan idea that the egg was the beginning of all kinds of life should become purified in the minds of the Christians, and accepted as the typical offering of good wishes and emblematic of pleasant hopes between believers of the glad Easter day. The egg in some form or other has been the unquestioned type of the new life from the very dawn of the Christian era.

In Russia as early as 1583 eggs colored red, typifying the blood of Christ shed as an atonement for our sins, were the most treasured of exchanges of Easter. Every believer went abroad at this season with his pockets well supplied with Easter eggs, as the society man of to-day attends to his well filled card case. When two Russians met for the first time during the Easter holidays, if they had not met on the day itself, the belated Easter compliments were passed, first by solemnly shaking hands in silence; then the elder (or the younger, if he outranked the elder) would say, "The Lord is risen," and his companion would reply, "It is true;" then they kissed each other and ceremoniously drew from their respective pockets the Easter emblem, and exchanged eggs.

The Syrians believed also that the gods from whom they claimed descent were hatched from mysteriously laid eggs. Hence we infer that our present custom of offering the Easter egg emblem has the heathen legends for its origin; in fact, all our most precious festivals come down from similar sources, but purified with the light of Christianity.—Chautauquian.

The Moravian Way of Celebrating Easter

One of the most significant and picturesque celebrations of Easter is that of the Moravian Christians, of whom there are many congregations in the United States. At Bethlehem, Penn., and other towns where Moravians abound some musicians with brass instruments go at earliest dawn to the roof of the church and play music signifying the calling forth of the dead. The people immediately flock to the church and begin the service of the day, most of it being musical. At a given signal the entire congregation rise, and, preceded by the ministers and trumpeters, leave the church and march to the cemetery. In Moravian cemeteries all the gravestones are alike—small, flat slabs laid upon the graves, "for," say the simple, literal people, "in the grave all men are equal." The procedure of the service is so timed that the musico-prayerful rejoicing reaches its highest expression just as the sun rises.

A Belgian Easter Tradition.

The offering of the Easter egg is also an ancient and popular tradition of the Belgians. It is customary there every Sunday for the young men to exchange boquets of flowers with their fiancees, but at Easter time these gifts are varied by eggs colored and having inscriptions on them similar to the poetical lines one finds in cheap holiday confectionery. Among the wealthier classes in Belgium, as in Paris, eggs adorned with beautiful miniature portraits were exchanged. Flemish chronicles relate that under the reign of Maria Christina Easter eggs to the value of twenty francs were often distributed.

This expensive adorning of the Easter egg has lost its popularity, and to-day the eggs in general are simply colored by boiling or staining. They also are to be given and exchanged by adults, but are colored for children's amusement and pleasure.

FREAK CURES.

Queer Remedies for Rheumatism Described by a Doctor.

Singular "Whale Cure" Practised at a Hotel in Australia.

Of all diseases to which the human family is subject, writes J. F. Whitmyer, M.D., in the New York World, there is none that receives so much popular attention as rheumatism. Nor is there any other disease for which so many "freak" remedies and "cures" have been invented.

All sorts and conditions have contributed to this wonderful assortment of remedies which contains medicaments derived from animal, vegetable and mineral sources.

Thousands of infallible (?) remedies could be enumerated. From the ring of Paracelsus to modern whale, bee and ant cures. One of the standard works on medicine at the present time contains no less than 250 drugs, all of which are said to be useful in the treatment of different forms of the disease.

Some of the methods of treatment are extremely painful and cause intense suffering to the patient. The blistering treatment, which was much in vogue at one time, consists in the application of circlets of blistering fluid above the affected joint. Cupping, both dry and wet, have also had their day. A measure that might be considered very painful is the subcutaneous injection of pure carbolic acid. As a matter of fact, however, it is painful for an instant only, for the acid acts as a local anæsthetic. The efficacy of the remedy is rather doubtful.

Bleeding, general and local, mercurialization, purging, vomiting and the administration of large doses of saltpetre have all been employed, with more or less effect, generally less. Ice to the joints was at one time a favorite treatment in Germany. Electricity also has its advocates.

In France quinine was formerly much in vogue, the drug being given in doses of 15 to 30 grains three times a day. The remedy was recommended principally for the acute form of rheumatism.

In 1874 salicine came into general use. It was employed not only on account of its anti-rheumatic properties, but for a tonic effect as well. This drug is obtained from willow bark. A year later salicylic acid was highly commended as a remedy. The results following the administration of this drug were in a measure satisfactory, but it was noticed that it caused severe and alarming stomach disturbances, therefore the remedy was gradually abandoned.

The alkaline, one of the best and most popular methods of treatment, consists of the use of soda or potash salts, with vegetable acids, such as citric and tartaric.

One of the strangest of the "freak cures" is that known as the whale cure. There is a hotel in a town on the coast of Australia, whose patrons are almost entirely "rheumatics." They remain at the hotel till a whale is caught and landed on the beach. Then the "treatment" is applied. After benching the whale holes are dug into the body of the monster. The holes are made large enough to admit the body of a patient, who is placed therein and allowed to remain for a specified time, according to severity of the disease.

In the island of Malta the bee sting cure is practised. This cure was suggested by the discovery that certain people who had been stung by bees enjoyed immunity from rheumatism. A French journal calls attention to this remedy, also to the fact that it has been used among certain Indian tribes, who admit that the remedy is a very painful one, but they console the sufferer with the assurance that "when it does not kill it sometimes cures."

The Flying Proa and Double Canoes.

In describing Some Queer Craft in St. Nicholas, Gustav Kobbe says:

The fore-and-aft rig derives its ease of handling by direct borrowing from the lateen sail, which is as effective as it is simple. The craft of the Ladrone Islanders are so swift that they are called flying proas. They are long and very narrow, and alike at both ends—double-enders among sailing craft; for by simply shifting the sail, bow and stern are reversed as they are by reversing the engines of a ferry boat. Thus the proa is not obliged to "go about." The same side is always to leeward and this is flat so that she can be sailed very close. The windward side is rounded, and to prevent the proa from capsizing on account of the extreme narrowness of beam, an outrigger, to which a hollow, boat-shaped log is attached, extends from this side, so that the proa is a catamaran with one hull much smaller than the other. In sailing her a man sits in each end, steering with a paddle when the end in which he sits happens to be the stern. No iron is used in the construction of the proa. The sides are made separately, and sewed together at the ends with bark. The peculiar build of the flying proa—double-ended, with differing sides, one always lee, the other always weather—is made possible by the direction of the trade-winds and the fact that the Ladrone Islands lie in a line almost due north and south, so that these slim, bird-like crafts have simply to follow these points of the compass.

The Fiji Islanders have so-called "Double Canoes," which resemble the proa. One kind of Fiji Island canoe is, however, more like a true catamaran, the hulls being decked over and connected by a platform instead of by two outriggers. Hatches lead below decks, and there is a small raised platform protected by a mat as a quarter-deck, from which the captain maintains a look out for schools of fish. The craft are often from sixty to eighty feet long, and are steered with an oar twenty feet in length. Two and sometimes more men are required to handle this oar. The mast is on a pivot, and instead of rooting about, the sail is simply shifted from bow to stern.

A Relic of Royalty in New York.

Though few are aware of the fact members of the congregation of old St. Paul's church, at Vesey street and Broadway, pray, says the New York Times, every Sunday at the arms of the future King of England. On the canopy of the old-fashioned pulpit, which is of the pepper-box style of a century ago, are the three ostrich feathers and the crown that for many generations have constituted the arms of the Prince of Wales, the heir to Britain's throne. The feathers stand out gracefully in the centre of the mass canopy. They are of carved wood, handsomely gilded, and form an attractive ornamentation to the pulpit. With these royal arms over his head, the minister who officiates in St. Paul's church on Sunday reads the service of the American church.

It is strange that these royal arms have survived the storms of revolutionary days. An incensed mob travelled through New York city when independence had been declared, destroyed every sign that represented the monarchy from whose chains they had cut themselves free. Nothing was regarded as sacred by the mob. The royal arms were everywhere at that time; on the windows of stores whose proprietors had been proud of this means of reminding the public that at one time they had supplied his majesty's ships with salt pork or hardtack; on the lamppost at the street corners, and swinging from the front porches of the old inns. Windows on which the royal symbols appeared were ruthlessly smashed by the mob, the lampposts were hurled to the ground and the inns deprived of their signs in short order. It was a time when to be a client to royalty brought a man into dangerous prominence, and many wise storekeepers escaped mob violence and saved the destroying party the trouble of smashing their signs by doing the work themselves.

The royal arms of England were hard to find in New York city when the mob had completed its tour. Some few signs escaped the ruin, but not for long.

The relic in St. Paul's church was passed unnoticed, and has survived to this day.

Dead Girl's Locks a Parlor Ornament.

Something which demonstrated that the human hair grows after death was discovered recently in Colesville, N. Y. There lives in that town a family named Howe, well-to-do farmers. They had a daughter, Jessie, nineteen years old. She had beautiful golden hair. When she was stricken with a fever it was necessary to cut off her locks. Finally she died and was buried.

After two years the parents decided to remove the remains to another spot. The grave was opened. It was found that her hair had grown to reach nearly to her feet. It was as bright and glossy as though its wearer was in the best of health. The tresses were cut off. They measured over five feet. They were put into a glass case in Mrs. Howe's home, where they are now shown to visitors.—New York Press.

A rabbit, chased by a dog at Jasper, Fla., ran into a gopher hole, followed by the dog, and a rattlesnake killed both of them.

INSTRUCTIVE TO FARMERS.

THE BEST WAY TO BEGIN.

The best way to enter the poultry business is to begin with a small flock and gradually enlarge, the object being to learn and also to breed for the kind of fowls desired. No one can succeed who goes on the market and buys his hens, of all sizes, breeds and characteristics, for he will know no thing of them, and may lose all from disease or inferiority of the stock. By breeding his stock he gets those best suited to the objects desired. It takes at least a year or two to bring together a flock of several hundred choice hens, for they are not often sent to market except in small numbers. The market is filled with fowl that are sold because they are not serviceable on the farm as on the stall.—Hon. F. E. Dawley.

POULTRY TALK.

In hatching and caring for chickens one cannot follow any set of rules laid down by another, even if they are successful poultry raisers, writes Mary B Stetson. At any rate that is my experience. So much depends upon the breed of chickens, the weather and various other circumstances.

Of course, there are general rules for cleanliness, feeding, etc., and it is well for the amateur to study the experience of others; but it seems to be a natural law that one must learn many things by experience.

I m only eggs from my choicest fowls for hatching. I aim to hatch all I can care for in good shape, and no more.

We sell out the poorest fowls to use on the table; the next grade are sold to farmers about home who do not expect to keep the breed pure, hence are not particular as to the exact number of points on the comb or the color of ear lobes and legs, so they are good breeders. The highest scoring ones we ship to fanciers and those who wish to keep them pure.

I have two rooms especially for the breeding fowls, although they serve other purposes at different seasons of the year. They are fitted up with nests and roosts. There is an opening from each into a good-sized yard of wire netting. The houses of which these rooms are a part are some little distance from each other.

It is better not to keep too many fowls in one building, even if it is large. Smaller houses and more of them is my theory.

In February I select my finest pullets and hens and place in these rooms. Each yard is headed by a cock; better if not related to the hens.

The number of hens to one male depends much upon the breed. With mine—the Leghorns—I can mate about fourteen hens to one male, but with heavier breeds six or eight would perhaps be better.

It is a good plan to mate old hens with cockerels, and pullets with an older male.

I never use a male bird after it is two years old, although it might do well if active and well.

As to time of mating, poultry raisers differ. Some say 10 days, others twenty, before the eggs are wanted for hatching. I prefer to separate them quite early in the season, then I can give them extra attention, and they need it in order to have the eggs fertile. They get all the meat scraps, egg shells, etc., which I can provide for them. I give them warm mashes daily and a variety in grains—wheat, barley and oats being given the preference.

Once a week I stir in a tablespoonful of sulphur to a large kettle of mash—this being vegetables boiled until tender and thickened with ground feed (oats and corn or barley and corn which is kept for our milch cows.) It is said that sulphur helps to make the eggs fertile. It is well not to use it too freely, however, as it might make the fowls tender and liable to take cold.

They are well supplied with fresh water, skim milk, charcoal and grit in the shape of pounded-up crockery. As soon as there are "green things growing" they have their share. I pull up tender grass, strip leaves off the willow trees and rob the lettuce and kale beds.

The eggs are gathered every day, and if several hens lay in one nest it is well to gather them twice a day, for if an egg becomes cool and then is warmed up again it is not apt to hatch so well.

Keep the eggs in a cool place, turn every day, and do not use them for hatching after they have been kept long—the fresher the better.—Farm, Field and Fireside.

In Mexico turkeys are driven to market through the main streets of the cities, just like sheep.