

A MAN 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 of 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 affection 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!

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

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 all of 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 with her. "I should think not! No one will be lunatic enough to wear a spring bonnet to-day, and perhaps by next Sunday you'll have matured 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



THE EASTER FAIRY.

handsome 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 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



PHYLLIS WORE HER OLD BROWN HAT, 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

man's opinion on feminine attire but—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 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.

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 Oster. 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 689. 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.

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.

DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON.

SUNDAY'S DISCOURSE BY THE NOTED DIVINE.

Subject: "Brilliant Bitterness"—Attila the Hun Used as a Horrible Example—Is He a Type of the Wormwood Mentioned in Revelation?

TEXT: "There fell a great star from heaven, burning as it were a lamp, and it fell upon the third part of the rivers, and upon the fountains of waters; and the name of the star is called Wormwood."—Revelation x. 11.

Patrik and Lowth, Thomas Scott, Matthew Henry, Albert Barnes and some other commentators say that the star Wormwood of my text was a type of Attila, king of the Huns. He was so called because he was brilliant as a star, and like wormwood, he embittered everything he touched. We have studied the Star of Bethlehem, and the Morning Star of Revelation and the Star of Peace, but my subject calls us to gaze at the star Wormwood, and my theme might be called "Brilliant Bitterness."

A more extraordinary character history does not furnish than this man Attila, the king of the Huns. The story goes that one day a wounded heifer came limping along through the fields, and a herdsmen followed it to the third part of the rivers, and where the heifer was wounded, and went on back, farther and farther, until he came to a sword fast in the earth, the point downward, as though it had dropped from the heavens, and against the edges of this sword the heifer had been cut. The herdsmen pulled up the sword, and presented it to Attila. Attila said that sword must have dropped from the heavens from the grasp of the god Mars, and its being given to him meant that Attila should conquer and govern the whole earth. Other mighty men have been delighted at the title of liberators or the Merciful or the Good, but Attila called himself and demanded that others call him "the Scourge of God."

At the head of 700,000 troops, mounted on Cappadoelian horses, he swept everything from the Adriatic to the Black Sea. He put his iron heel on Macedonia and Greece and Thrace. He made Milan and Pavia and Padua and Verona beg for mercy, which he bestowed not. The Byzantine castles, to meet his ruinous levy, put up at auction massive silver tables and vases of solid gold. When a city was captured by him, the inhabitants were brought out and put into three classes. The first class, those who could bear arms, must immediately enlist under Attila or be butchered; the second class, the beautiful women, were made captives to the Huns; the third class, the aged men and women, were robbed of everything and let go back to the city to pay a heavy tax.

It was a common saying that the grass never grew where the hoof of Attila's horse had trod. His armies reddened the waters of the Seine and the Moselle and the Rhine with carnage and fought on the Catalonian plains the fiercest battle since the world stood—300,000 dead left on the field. On and on until all those who could not oppose him with arms lay prostrate on their faces in prayer, then came the day of the siege, and a bishop cried, "It is the aid of God," and all the people took up the cry. "It is the aid of God." As the cloud of dust was blown aside the banners of re-enforcing armies marched in to help against Attila. The scourge of God. The most important occurrence he used as a supernatural resource. After three months of failure to capture the city of Aquileia, when his army had given up the siege, the flight of a stork and her young from the tower of the city was taken by him as a sign that he was to capture the city, and his army, inspired with the same occurrence, resumed the siege and took the walls at a point from which the stork had emerged. So brilliant was the conqueror in attire that his enemies could not look at him, but shaded their eyes or turned their heads.

Slain on the evening of his marriage by his bride, Ildico, who was hired for the assassination, his followers bewailed him, not with tears, but with blood, cutting themselves with knives and lances. He was put into three coffins, the first of iron, the second of silver and the third of gold. He was buried by night, and into his grave was poured the most valuable coins and precious stones, amounting to the wealth of a kingdom. The gravediggers and all those who assisted at the funeral were massacred, so that it would never be known where so much wealth was entombed.

The Roman empire conquered the world, but Attila conquered the Roman empire. He was right in calling himself the scourge of God, but instead of being "the scourge of God" he was the scourge of hell.

Because of his brilliancy and bitterness, the commentators might well have supposed him to be the star Wormwood of the text. As the rearing and devouring were ports most opulent with fountains and streams and rivers, you see how graphic my text is: "There fell a great star from heaven, burning as it were a lamp, and it fell upon the third part of the rivers, and upon the fountains of waters, and the name of the star is called Wormwood."

Have you ever thought how many embittered lives there are all about us, misanthropic, morbid, acid, saturnine? The European plant from which wormwood is extracted, Artemisia absinthium, is a perennial plant, and all the year round it is ready to exude its oil. And in many human lives there is a perennial distillation of acid experiences. You, there are some whose whole work is to shed a baleful influence over others. There are Atlases of the home, Atlases of the social circle, Atlases of the church, Atlases of the State, and one-third of the waters of all the world are poisoned by the falling of the star Wormwood. It is not complimentary to human nature that most men, as soon as they get great power, become unbearable. The more power men have the better, if their power be used for good. The less power men have the better, if they use it for evil.

But are any of you the star Wormwood? Do you scold and growl from the thrones paternal or maternal? Are your children exasperatedly pecked at? Are you always crying "Hush!" to the merry voices and swift feet, and to the laughter, which occasionally trickles through at wrong times, and is suppressed by them until they can hold it no longer, and all the barriers burst into unmitigated guffaw and cabination, as in high weather the water has trickled through a slight opening in the milldam, but afterward makes wider and wider breach until it carries all before it with irresistible freshness? Do not be too much offended at the noise your children now make. It will be still enough when one of them is dead. Then you would give your right hand to hear one shout from the silent void, or one step from the still foot. You will not any of you have to wait very long before your house is stiller than you want it. Alas that there are so many homes not known to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, where children are whacked and cuffed and ear pulled, and senselessly called to order, and answered sharply and suppressed, until it is a wonder that under such processes they do not all turn out Nana Sahib!

But I will change this and suppose you are a star of worldly prosperity. Then you have large opportunity. You can encourage that artist by buying his picture. You can improve the fields, the stables, the highway, by introducing higher style of fowl and horse and cow and sheep. You can bless the world with tomological achievement in the orchard. You can advance arboriculture and arrest the deathful destruction of the American forests. You can put a piece of sculpture into the niche of that public academy. You can endow a college. You can make 1000 bare feet from the winter frost. You can build a church. You can put a missionary of Christ on that foreign shore. You can help ransom a world. A rich man with his heart right—can you tell me how much good a James Lenox or a George Peck, or Peter Cooper or William E. Dodge did while living or is doing now that he is dead. There is not a city, town or neighborhood that has not glorious specimens of consecrated wealth.

But suppose you grind the face of the poor. Suppose, when a man's wages are due, you make him wait for them because he cannot help himself. Suppose that, because his family is sick and he has had extra expenses, he should politely ask you to raise his wages for this year, and you roughly tell him if he wants a better place to go and get it. Suppose, by your manner, act as though he is doing nothing and you were everything. Suppose you are selfish and overbearing and arrogant. Your first name ought to be Attila and your last name Attila, because you are the star Wormwood and you have embittered the lives of many poor, helpless eyes, as there are persons accompanying them. You will be in the world but a few minutes. As compared with eternity, the stay of the longest life on earth is not more than a minute. What are we doing with that minute?

Hundred gated Thebes—for all time to be the study of antiquarians and hieroglyphist. Her stupendous spread over twenty-seven miles, her sculptures presenting in figure of warrior and chariot the victories with which the now forgotten kings of Egypt shook the nations; her obelisks and columns; Karnak and Luxor, the stupendous temples of her pride! Who can imagine the greatness of Thebes in those days, when the hippodrome rang with her sports and foreign royalty bowed at her shrines, and her avenues roared with the wheels of processions in the wake of returning conquerors! What spirit of destruction spread the late of wild beats in her royal sepulchers and taught the miserable cottagers of to-day to build huts in the courts of her temples and sent desolation and ruin skulking behind the obelisks, and dodging among the sarcophagi, and leaning against the columns, and stooping under the arches, and sweeping in the waters which go mournfully by, as though they were carrying the tears of all the ages? Let the mummies break their long silence and come up to sliver in the desolation and point to fallen gates and shattered statues and defaced sculpture, responding "Thebes built one temple to God. Thebes hated righteousness and loved sin. Thebes was a star, but she turned to wormwood and has fallen."

Babylon, with her 250 towers and her brazen gates and her embattled walls, the splendor of the earth gathered within her gates, her hanging gardens built by Nebuchadnezzar to please his bride. Amytis, who had been brought up in a mountainous country and could not endure the flat country around Babylon. These hanging gardens built terrace above terrace, till at the height of 200 feet there were woods waving and fountains playing. There were the foliage, the glory, looking as if a mountain were on the wing. On the tiptop of a king walking with his queen among the statues, snowy white, looking up at birds brought from distant lands and drinking water from a golden bowl, and looking off over rivers and lakes upon nations subdued and tributary, crying, "Is not this great Babylon which I have built?"

From the persecutions of the pilgrim fathers and the Huguenots in other lands God set upon these shores a nation. The council fires of the aborigines went out in the greater light of a free government. The sound of the war-whoop was exchanged for the thousand wheels of enterprise and progress. The mild winters, the fruitful summers, the healthful skies, charmed from other lands a race of hardy men, who loved God and wanted state by peace. Before the woodman's axe forests fell and great again into ships' masts and churches' pillars. Cities on the banks of lakes began to rival cities by the sea. The land quakes with the rush of the rail car, and the waters are churned white with the steamer's wheel. Fabulous bushels of Western wheat meet on the way fabulous bushels of Eastern coal. Furs from the North pass on the rivers fruits from the South. And trading in the same market are Maine lumbermen and South Carolina rice merchant and Alaska fur trader for dealer. And churches and schools and asylums scatter light and love and mercy and salvation upon 70,000,000 of people.

I pray that our nation may not copy the crimes of nations that have perished; that our cup of blessing turn not to wormwood and we go down. I am by nature and by grace an optimist, and I expect that this country will continue to advance until the world shall reach the millennial era. Our only safety is in righteousness toward God and justice toward man. If we forget the goodness of the Lord to this land and break his Sabbaths, and improve not by the dire disasters that have again and again come to us as a people, and we learn saving lesson neither from civil war nor raging epidemic, nor drought, nor mildew, nor scourge of locust and grasshopper, if the political corruption which has poisoned the foundations of public virtue and bestirred the high places of authority, making free government at times a hissing and a byword in all the earth; if the drunkenness and licentiousness that stager and blaspheme in the streets of our great cities, as though they were reaching for the fane of a Corinth and a Sodom, are not repented of, we will yet see the smoke of our nation's ruin. The pillars of our national and State capitals will fall more disastrously than when Sampson pulled down the Dragon, and future historians will record upon the page bedewed with generous tears the story that the free nation of the west arose in splendor which made the world stare. It had magnificent possibilities; it forgot God; it hated justice; it hugged its crimes. It halted on its high march, and reeled under the blow of calamity; it fell, and as it was going down all the despots of earth from the top of bloody thrones began to shout: "Ah! So would we have it! So would we have it! So would we have it!" while struggling and oppressed peoples looked out from dungeon bars, with fears and groans and cries of untold agony, the scorn of those and the woe of these, uniting in the exclamation: "Look yonder! There fell a great star from heaven burning as it were a lamp, and it fell upon the third part of the rivers and upon the fountains of waters, and the name of the star is called Wormwood!"