



NELLIE'S EASTER LILY

WHEN all is said and done, if it had happened in a large city like Chicago, where there are sometimes scores of people who have the same names, it would not have seemed so strange, but it was in a small town, and this is the way it happened:

On one of the streets where all of the houses were large and beautiful and all their owners rich, stood one house more magnificent than the rest. From the outside it looked like a palace, and the richness and beauty of the inside proved it to be one in truth.

Here lived a young woman, Nellie Graham, and her mother, father and two brothers. And here, too, her cousin, Frank Orr, made his home during his vacations from college.

On a very different street from the one where this beautiful home was lived another Nellie Graham, a little girl of eleven. Her home was a very small and humble one of only three rooms.

Her mother smiled, too, for she was thinking of the little surprise she had planned for her sick child. She had stopped at a florist's in the afternoon and ordered a small bunch of violets for Nellie; and thinking it would be a pleasanter surprise for her if they were sent, she did not bring them home herself, and so Nellie was not now expecting anything. It was a small bunch of very modest little flowers, but it was as much as her mother could afford, and oftentimes small gifts show more love than large ones.

But Frank Orr had also visited the florist that afternoon and had ordered the most beautiful Easter lily in the store to be sent to his cousin, the Nellie who lived in the beautiful house.

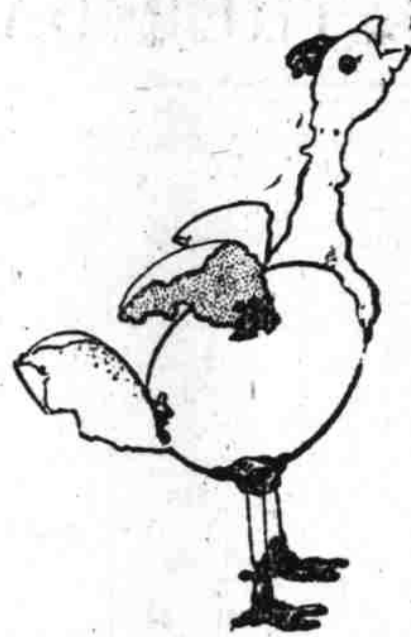
Toward evening the old colored man who worked for the florist was sent out to deliver the flowers that had been ordered. He had often before taken flowers to the Graham mansion for the beautiful Miss Nellie, and he also knew about the other Nellie in the little house. He had heard of her through his own little daughter, whom Nellie had once defended when some rude boys were teasing her, and he knew that she was now very sick.

"Uncle Moses," as he was called by everybody, had ideas of his own that sometimes surprised people. So now as he neared the house where the magnificent lily was to go he looked at it, then at the small bunch of violets. Something seemed to puzzle him, for he ran his fingers through his hair, then his face fairly shone as a thought came to him.

"Land o' massy! B'lieve I'll do it, suh. De names is jist alike, and Miss Nellie heah doan no mo' need dis lily dan nothin'. She got all she wants an' mo' besides, while dat other little Nel-

Evening Fun With Egg-shells

EGG shells, that are usually thrown away in the kitchen, can be used for the purpose of making the loveliest, daintiest little objects. For both girls and boys nothing could be more interesting than building candlesticks of these



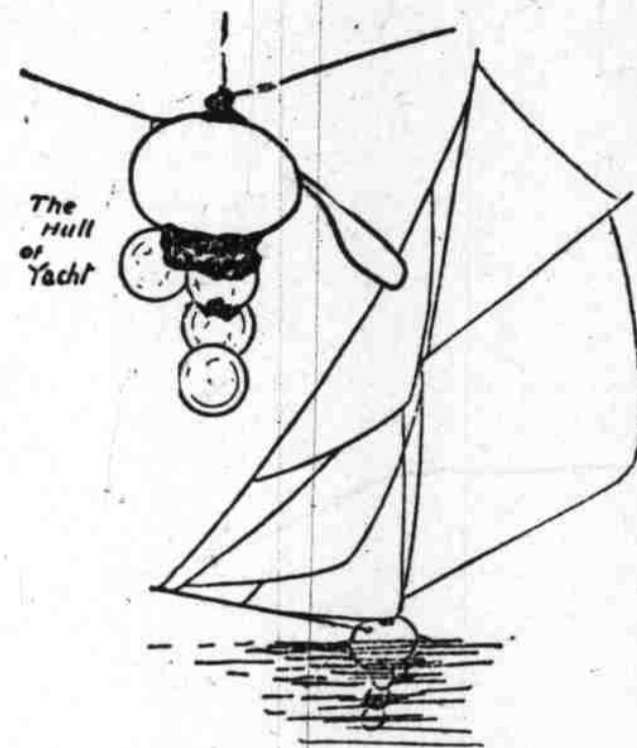
EGG SHELL ROOSTER.

frail materials. A writer in the Ladies' Home Journal gives the following direction: To make the candlestick place upon a piece of cardboard three eggs, and fasten to cardboard and to each other with sealing wax. On top of these three fasten another egg, and on this again a stick about five inches in height. Upon the top of this stick fasten a "half-shell," which has been previously scalloped, and place in a dainty candle. The illustration shows exact-

soaking a number of "half-shells" in warm water for twenty minutes. Then scallop the edges of these with a pair of sharp scissors. Fasten a small piece of candle in each with sealing wax and float upon the water. A most enchanting scene is produced by floating these in an aquarium containing goldfish. All other lights in the room must be turned out.

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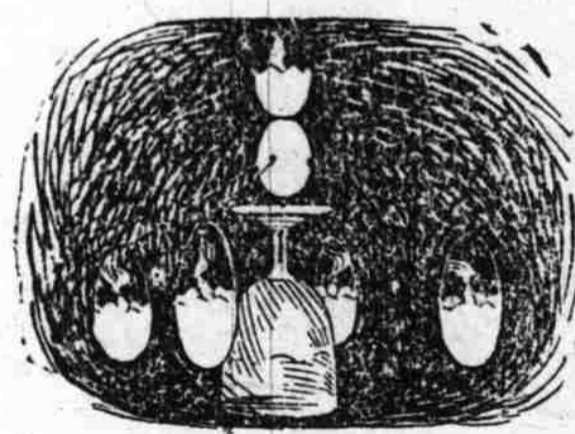
To make an egg yacht, first empty an uncooked hen's egg. Do this by making a small hole in each end, when the contents may be blown out easily. Then close up both openings with sealing wax; join a number of coins together for the keel, fasten this firmly



RACE FOR THE EGG-CUP.

to the egg—all fastenings to be made with sealing wax—and your yacht is ready for launching. If it floats properly cut out the mast and spars from very light wood; fasten these to hull and to each other with sealing wax. Place the delicate wooden rudder and bowsprit in position, and proceed to make sails of tissue paper. Fasten the main and top sails in place with prepared glue—the jib sails first to long pieces of thread, and these, in turn, to mast and bowsprit. Flags and pennants may be made to adhere with mucilage or glue. The exact dimensions of mast and spars cannot be given, as so much depends upon the lightness of the material used and the size of the egg hull. Select as large an egg as can be procured for the hull; make the mast and spars as light as possible, and see that your yacht always sets perfectly even upon the surface of the water.

To make the revolving fairy lamps, fasten to an emptied egg four slender sticks, each four inches in length. Upon the lower end of the egg fasten a tack, point downward, with sealing wax. From the tip of each stick sus-



EXQUISITE FAIRY LAMPS.

pend with delicate wire a scalloped "half-shell," and on top of the egg place another. Set the whole upon the bottom of an inverted tumbler. If rightly made it will balance perfectly upon the tack point. Place pieces of candles inside of scalloped shells and light. Wire may be fastened to the egg shells by boring a hole with the point of a penknife and then passing through wire and fastening on the inside.

EASTER



JOLLITY

This is Very True.

"There is one thing which may be said about Easter eggs," remarked Gigg.

"Say it," replied Ricketts.

"They are not as fresh as they are painted."

Resignation.

Mrs. Boscawen—"Is Lent a season of rest with your husband?"

Mrs. Cobwigger—"Indeed it is, my dear. I make him accompany me to church every day, and he never fails to go to sleep during the service."

His Time of Vogue.

"Agulnaldo doesn't seem to show much concern about his future."

"Why should he? He can come over here and sustain life on afternoon tea for a couple of years."



GOOD ROADS

Oyster Shell Roads.
Driving, cycling and automobilists tourists who return from their outings on the South Jersey pikes this summer are unusually enthusiastic in their praises of these shell roads, writes the Philadelphia Press.

The process of constructing these roads is of special interest because of its simplicity. There is no expense of digging out the roadbed and filling it first with large stones and then with a smoother top dressing as in the construction of a macadamized road. The shells are simply unloaded from the boats (which bring them in great quantities from nearby oyster fields to Buena Vista wharf), and are carted out along the roads until a low level is found, or any spot that needs repairing, and are then unceremoniously dumped and left without any process of pounding or smoothing, broken up and leveled off by the passing carriages and farm wagons.

In constructing a shell road from the beginning, load after load of the oyster shells are dumped in an irregular bank all along the centre of the roadway, then with a road scraper a bank of earth is thrown up along the edge to keep the shells from scattering. This leaves a narrow, smooth space on which the scraper has passed along the edge of the bank of shells; and this is used for driving as long as the weather is dry, it would seem that a bank of sharp shells would never be driven into smooth, white firmness. Wait until there is a heavy storm, the smooth road at the side becomes a mass of heavy mud and sand, the rough shell bank is gladly mounded and although it is decidedly rough at first, the heavy country driving and carting of farming produce crushes the shells and forces them into the rain soaked soil beneath. A second or third banking of the shells, scattering them further over the sides of the roadbed each time, with this process repeated, forms a roadbed that is hard and firm to the depth of a foot or more and beautifully smooth and white.

When these shell roads extend along great stretches of pines, with rows of cedar and fir trees lining the roadway (as they do throughout many parts of New Jersey), one is reminded of the palm lined drives so alluringly pictured in views of "our new possessions."

Solving the Problem.

Cost is now the principal obstacle to the building of good roads in New York State, according to State Engineer Bond. The farmers, who have the most to gain from improved highways, but who have been slow to appreciate this fact, are now represented to be generally in favor of the movement. Applications under the Armstrong-Higbie law for road improvement are piling up in the State Engineer's office. With a reduction in the cost of road building, the State appropriation could cover more ground. To this problem of a reduced cost of road building, the State Engineer has been devoting his attention. He thinks he has found the solution in the proposed establishment of a State rock-crushing plant, near Roseland Lake, across the Hudson from Sing Sing, where the conchoidal rock, abundant there, into road material may be employed, in converting the rock, abundant there, into road material. He regards the location as excellent for the purpose, and would expect to return canal boats to carry loads of broken stone up into the State at low rates, rather than to go back light. He other suggested merit in the idea that it would solve the conchoidal problem, so far as Sing Sing is concerned.—New York Post.

Europe Was Fortunate.

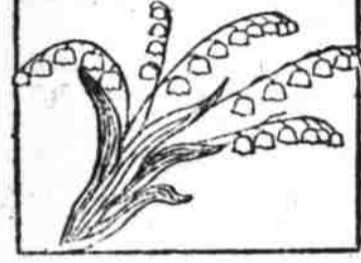
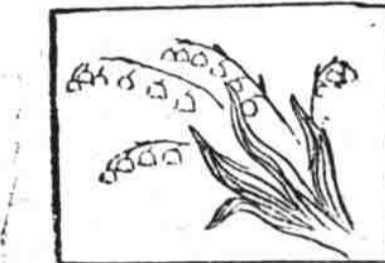
The countries of Europe were fortunate in having a system of roads established long before the invention of the steam railway. In the United States the rapid extension of railroads has caused the roads to be neglected. Good roads are essential to the prosperity of rural districts, as they promote local commerce and tend to acquaint the people better acquainted with another.—Thomas W. Knox, New York City.

Mean New Opportunities.

Good roads mean new opportunities which will broaden and sweeten. They mean education, and just as ignorance is the root of falsity and disorder, so education means knowledge, love of law and order, the main hope for the abolishment of crime.—Clara Louise Burnham.

A Good Suggestion.

The Legislature of each State should pass a law for the establishment and maintenance of good roads. Let the bicyclist of town or city unite with the farmer in agitating the matter. A millennium of good roads will speedily result.—Mrs. R. F. Woodward, Wadsworth, N. Y.



We carry our beautiful lilies,
Our roses and hyacinths sweet,
To strew in the path of our Saviour
And carpet the way of his feet.
They stand at the side of the altar,
Like candles to light up a room;
For the Lord of the flowers is coming
And he will be pleased with their bloom.
He once said, "Consider the lilies,"
And bade us be fearless as they
Of the stealthy, fierce step of the stranger.
Of the peril that prowled in the way,
As the lily waves perfume before her,
So sweet be our hearts at his touch,
Let us give him our all for his service,
He'll bless it, or little, or much.



CONSIDER THE LILIES HOW THEY GROW

So stainless the flowers of Easter,
All woven in looms of the light
So radiant the thoughts we would
bring him,
So pure would we stand in his sight!
Oh, lift a long chorus to praise him,
Our King who is mighty to save,
Who has ransomed from death and
destruction,
And broken the power of the grave.
To the church with our snowy sweet
blossoms,
To the bed of the sick and the sad;
To the last resting-place of our dar-
lings,
These flowers that always are glad,
For they lift in their silence and sweet-
ness,
A song without jar in its chord,
And every rich note of their music,
Is praise, Easter Morn, to the Lord.

It was now the Saturday before Easter. Mrs. Graham was busy preparing a little supper, while in the front room in the snow-white bed lay that other Nellie. Her eyes were as blue as the pretty hepatica that is one of the first of the children of the woods to push its little head through the brown leaves and open its eye, and her hair was as yellow as the golden sunbeams that kiss the hepatica's blue eye. Before she was sick there was a red rose on each cheek, but they were faded now, and the little face seemed as white as the pillow on which it lay. "Mamma," said a faint voice, "did you see any Easter lilies to-day?" "Yes, dear," answer mamma, while



"MY BEAUTIFUL LILY! IS IT ALL MY OWN?"

something fell from her eye onto the dish she had in her hand, for she knew how much Nellie longed to have one of the beautiful plants for her own, and she also knew that Nellie's wish could not be granted, for the plants were so high-priced that year, and every dollar that she could save must be laid aside for the rent that was now over-due. Nellie knew this, too, so she tried not to complain.

"If I could only see one and touch and smell it, even if I couldn't keep it!" she said. And the brightest smile that had lit up the little thin face for weeks played around Nellie's mouth.

lie's so sick, and likes 'nuf never'll get well. An' if dey blame me I'll say dat it seemed to me it ought to be jist dis way I'm doin'."

So Uncle Moses left the violets at the big house, and when he knocked at the door of the little house, handed Mrs. Graham the beautiful Easter lily instead of the violets she expected.

"Why, Uncle Moses, this is a mistake, isn't it?" said Nellie's mamma.

"Doan dis card tied to it say 'Miss Nellie Graham?'" asked Uncle Moses, chuckling to himself.

"Yes, but—"

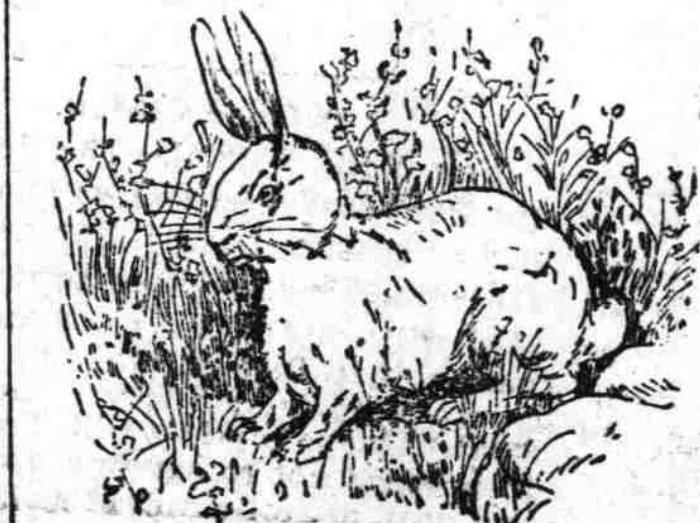
"Den it must be for Nellie, an' yuh bettah take it."

So Mrs. Graham took the lily, thinking perhaps the florist had sent it purposely as a gift to the sick child, and on Monday she would go to the store and thank him for it, and if it was a mistake they could send the lily back, but Nellie could enjoy it all day Easter, anyway.

She carried the lily into Nellie's room. "Oh, mamma! Am I dreaming? My lily! My beautiful lily! And is it all my own?"

Mamma cut off one of the six white blossoms so Nellie could hold it in her hand, and in the afternoon, as the sun peeped in to look at the white face, it saw the most beautiful, happy smile on Nellie's face, while her thin hand clasped her loved lily.

From that day Nellie got better, and no one can make her believe that it was not the Easter lily that helped her get well, and Uncle Moses never regretted that there were two Nellie Grahams in that town.—Mabel F. Scofield, in the Chicago Record-Herald.

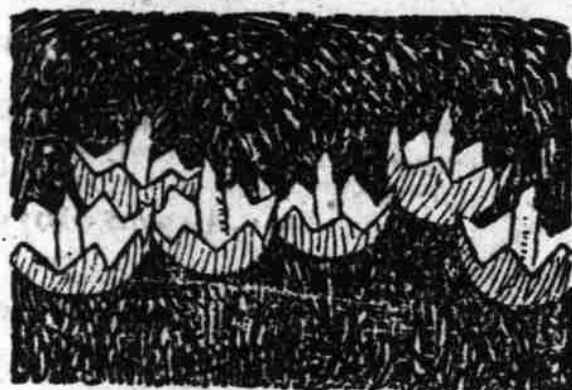


ly how the candlestick looks after it is made. To make the egg shell rooster fasten two pieces of a match to an egg, about three-quarters of an inch apart. Set the egg in position on these, and hold in place, while fastening lower ends of matches with sealing wax to a firm base. Attach two large pieces of ragged shell to the egg for wings; use a



CANDLESTICK.

slender piece of tallow, taken from the side of a candle for the neck, and on top of this place a small chunky lump of the same material for a head. The pieces of tallow may be easily jointed together by first slightly melting the ends where adherence is desired. The rooster's bill is made of two small fragments of shell stuck into the tallow head. The eyes are two tiny drops of sealing wax. The comb is a piece of flattened sealing wax, and the



PUREST OF NIGHT LILIES.

tail is a ragged piece of egg shell. The feet may be made of sealing wax drawn into shape while it is still soft. Night lilies may be made by first