London's Old Taverns.

There yet remain in London of the old taverns seven Adam and Eves, five Noah's Arks and, naturally, connected with that, as many Olive Branches. There are two Jacob's Wells, one Job's Castle and one Samson's Castle. Oldest of all, but not the least appropriate, is a Simon the Tanner, in Long Lane, Bermondsey, the seat of the tanning industry in South London. Among those marked for destruction, too, one notes the sign of the Two Spies, a reference, of course, to those advance Israelites who returned from the Promised Land with their burden of grapes.

Carrie's Sharp Reply.

Several invitations of a more or less farcical nature have been sent to Mrs. Carrie Nation regarding a New York visitation. The latest was a suggestion that she try her hand at reforming the Four Hundred, reference being made to the burlesque saloon smashing act at Senator Clarke's valentine ball. She replied, "The society people of New York probably need reformation as badly as any class of people in America, not excepting saloonkeepers. If they want to burlesque me when I am trying to save men's souls I do not care. They had better employ their time driving vice out of their own city."

A $30,000 Automobile.

King Leopold, of Belgium, has ordered an automobile traveling van containing a parlor, bedroom and servants' quarters, and to travel forty-five miles an hour. The machine will cost $30,000.

Much broth is sometimes made with little meat.

Where you cannot climb over you must creep under.

W. N. U.—OMAHA. No. 13—1901

When Answering Advertisements Kindly Mention This Paper.

IRISH JAUNTING CARS.

Explanations of the Well-Known Term Inside and Outside.

A long list of vehicles, outside cars and cabs, some of them battered and shaky, others sufficiently well looking, was gathering on two sides of the green, for Dublin, you know, is the "car drivingest city in the world." Francesca and I had our first experience yesterday. It is easy to tell the stranger, stiff, decorous, terrified, clutching the rail with one or both hands, but we took for our model a pretty Irish girl, who looked like nothing so much as a bird on a swaying bough. It is no longer called the "jaunting" but the outside, car, and there is another charming word lost to the world. There was formerly an inside car, too, but it is almost unknown in Dublin, though still found in some of the smaller towns. An outside car has its wheels practically inside the body of the vehicle, but an inside car carries its wheels outside. This definition was given us by an Irish driver, but lucid definition is not, perhaps, an Irishman's strong point. It is clearer to say that the passenger sits outside of the wheels on the one, inside on the other. There are seats for two persons over each of the two wheels, and a "dicky" for the driver in front, should he need to use it. Ordinarily he sits on one side, driving, while you perch on the other, and thus you jog along, each seeing your own side of the road and discussing the topics of the day across the "well," as the covered-in center of the car is called. There are those who do not agree with its champions who call it "Cupid's own conveyance;" they find the seat too small for two, yet feel it a bit unsociable when the companion occupies the opposite side. To me a modern Dublin car with rubber tires and a good Irish horse is the jolliest conveyance in the universe; there is a liveliness, an irresponsible gayety, in the spring and sway of it; an ease in the half-lounging position against the cushions, a unique charm in "traveling edgeways" with your feet planted on the step. You must not be afraid of a car if you want to enjoy it. Hold the rail if you must, at first, though it's just as bad form as clinging to your horse's mane while riding in the Row. Your driver will take all the chances that a crowded thoroughfare gives him; he would scorn to leave more than an inch between your feet and a Guinness' beer dray; he will shake your flounces and furbelows in the very windows of the passing trams, but he is beloved by the gods and nothing ever happens to him.—Atlantic Monthly.

Stone That Brings Luck.

A good deal has been heard of the "Lia Fail," or Stone of Destiny, which is placed under the seat of the coronation chair in Westminster abbey; but few people realize the extreme antiquity of this uninteresting-looking, rough, gray block. It was brought to Ireland about 1200 B. C. by the Tuatha-de-Danaans, a mysteriou eastern race who conquered Ireland at that period. No one is quite clear as to their identity, but many savants suppose them to have been Chaldeans, Persians or Phoenicians. Those races were certainly highly civilized, even so long ago as the date mentioned. They attached the greatest possible value to the stone and used to crown all their monarchs on it. Three of the Tuatha-de-Danaan queens regnant who sat upon the stone of destiny rejoiced in the curious name of Fodhla, Bamba and Eire—the last a name that is creeping into use again of late, after long eclipse. In the sixth century, Fergus, king of Scots (an Irishman by descent), borrowed the stone for his coronation at Scone, and "froze on to it" when he had it. It never went back to Ireland, and many historians date the commencement of the distressful country's woes from that loss. Edward I. of England carried off the stone from Scone and placed it in Westminster abbey, where it still remains.

Subjected Prince and Lost Job.

German papers give currency to a rumor that the retirement of Mr. Goschen from the British admiralty department was the result of his determination not to favor a royal sailor. He ordered that Prince Louis of Battenberg represent the admiralty at the funeral of a naval officer. The prince refused on the ground that he was of royal rank. He was upheld by Queen Victoria, but Mr. Goschen peremptorily ordered the chesty princeling to do as he was bid. Battenberg obeyed orders, but Goschen eventually retired from the department.

Lord Rowton's Fame.

Lord Rowton, who celebrated his sixty-second birthday recently, has earned fame in several directions. He owes his title, to which there is no heir, to the fact that he was Lord Beaconsfield's private secretary and also to the fact that he is a favorite with the queen. It is as the "noble lodging-house keeper" that his lordship is now best known, however. He is the chief proprietor of three, if not four, of the buildings about London where a single man can obtain a night's comfortable lodging for sixpence.

Barbaric Punishment in England.

The old-fashioned punishment of riding the rail for martial offenses, has been revived in the North Riding of Yorkshire. In Carlton, West Scrafton and Coverdale three erring husbands have undergone the salutary punishment of being forced to bestride a rail, and then, hoisted on the shoulders of some of the villagers, being ridden around through the streets for the edification of a hooting populace.

Easter.

Easter comes to April's tryst,
With a garland on her hair,
And a gown of silk and vair;
On her breast an amethyst—
Fastened in a silver twist,
With pale cowslips faint and fair,
In the rosy breast-knots there.

Fresh from off the rainbow stair
Shine her little feet, made bare
Of all shoes, for she has found
God's green earth is holy ground.
Delicate and debonnair
Windflowers, of coming 'ware,
With faint sweetness take the air.

After her the blossomed pear
Flings its flowers, the vetch and tare
Know her, even as the rose
In its bud her passing knows.
Dreams her look of love and care,
And, fast-shut, more lovely grows,
Till June gather it to wear.

After her the West wind blows,
And the rain before her goes,
Companied with flying mist;
Fearless of their human foes,
Conies shy and timid does,
Ewes and lambs beside her pace,
Looking in her lifted face.

All things in her sweetness share,
All would stay her, and none dare
Keep her here a fortnight's space.
Seven days we see, of grace,
Easter in this earthly place,
Easter, kindling grass and clod
With the eyes that have seen God.

Live Easter Eggs.

Sam Lee was a great chicken-fancier, for a small boy, and like most people with a fad had no patience with the fads of others; so when one day he was telling his mother of a lovely brood of bantams he had seen ("Not much bigger than bumblebees, mother, honest!"), he was provoked when Grace came in with a basket of eggs to color for Easter, and took off his mother's attention by her questions.

"Easter eggs!" he scornfully said. "What good are they? You can't eat 'em! You can't hatch 'em! It's all just nonsense!"

Grace retorted hotly, and a quarrel seemed very near indeed; but just then grandma snapped her fingers sharply, in a funny way she had. Mother said, "There, another thought has struck grandma!" and they all laughed, and the "war-cloud" rolled away.

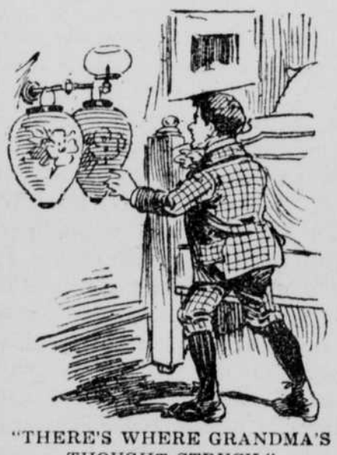
Easter morning, when Sam came to breakfast and found at every plate but his a pretty nest of moss and wild flowers holding three colored eggs, he wouldn't have owned to feeling neglected and left out, but he did! More than that, the family certainly looked at him with a queer smile, and grandma even left the table "smiling all over her face." Could it be they were smiling at his discomfiture? Sam plucked up pride, and even was generous enough to admire the baskets.

"When he went to his room to get ready for church, he saw the joke! There on his gas-fixture hung two large, handsome, egg-shaped Chinese lanterns, just what he had wanted.

"Ah!" said Sam, "there's where grandma's thought struck!"

He started to take them down, and heard a strange scrambling sound! Hastily opening them, out fluttered a tiny pair of silver bantams, and the little rooster flapped his wings and crowed!

"Hurrah!" cried Sam, as he dashed



"THERE'S WHERE GRANDMA'S THOUGHT STRUCK."

downstairs to plant a resounding kiss on each of grandma's soft cheeks. "Those Easter eggs are something like!"—Lizzie E. Johnson.

Schoolboy's Tribute to Burroughs.

How close that veteran friend of birds and animals and trees, John Burroughs, gets to the heart of mankind is illustrated by a letter which he recently received from a schoolboy. The letter, as printed in an article by Clifton Johnson in Outing is as follows: "I recently got one of your books through the mail, marked 'second-class matter.' But it isn't second-class matter. I have read it, and it is first-class matter. The binding and get-up may be second class, but the matter is first-class." The boy wrote to John Burroughs as he would write to any other boy friend whom he considered had been dealt with unjustly. He had read the book, and he knew and wanted to assure his friend that what he wrote was first-class matter in spite of what any postmaster general said.

The customs, traditions and superstitions connected with Easter are almost innumerable. Their origins are in many cases impossible to determine, because they evidently took place at a time when the season was still pagan in its character. Others, again, are directly connected with the Christian observance of the festival. The early Christians in many countries used to greet one another on Easter morning with the salutation:

"Christ is risen."

The reply to this was:

"Christ is risen, indeed, and hath appeared to Simon."

"This custom, it is said, is still observed in the Greek church.

The giving of eggs at Easter, or the spring festival, is one of the most widely known, as it is also one of the oldest, of the customs. From the remotest times the egg has stood to the Eastern nations as the symbol of the universe, and its breaking at that time has represented the opening of the new life of the year. When the custom was carried over into Christian practice the Easter eggs were usually sent to the priests to be blessed and sprinkled with holy water. In later times the coloring and decorating of the eggs was introduced, and in a royal roll of the time of Edward I., which is preserved in the Tower of London, there is an entry of 18d. for 400 eggs, to be used for Easter gifts.

In the last few years artificial eggs of candy, china and other materials, and egg-shaped articles of all kinds, have largely replaced the real eggs as Easter gifts. The shop windows each

"CHRIST IS RISEN!"

year at this season testify to the ingenuity expended in devising new and attractive objects in which the idea of the Easter egg shall be preserved. In Paris these Easter presents are generally given on the first day of Passion Week. All are emblematic of eggs, and are known as "oeufs des Paque," or "Paschal eggs."

Children's Easter

It was the Saturday before Easter, and the children all ran out to the barn to hunt eggs, with Egypt, the tame crow, hopping after them. Nanny was sure there must be several dozen eggs in the hen house, Billy thought the haymow was the best place to find them, and Kitty said she had seen old Topknot flying out from Dobbin's manger. Egypt said nothing,

OUT IT CAME WITH A LOUD "OW!"

but I rather think he knew as much about the nests as they did.

Egypt was a sly old fellow. He liked buttons and pennies, but he had the greatest fancy for pins. He would pull them out of every pin cushion in the house when he could get a chance, so you might search through room after room, and not come across a single pin. Nobody knew what he did with them all. He was fond of eggs, too, and I am afraid this was the reason that the children had such a long hunt for them, and found so few.

At last they climbed up the long ladder into the mow. The hay was piled almost to the roof and covered the windows. It was so dark that Nanny and Kitty were a little bit afraid, but Billy went first, floundering along in the hay, just as you wade through a snow drift.

"Guess there are nests on this beam," said Billy, "but it's so dark I can't see. I'll feel."

In went billy's hand, and out it came in a second, with a loud "Ow!"

"It's hornets or yellow-jackets or something!" he screamed. "Fetch the barn lantern, Kit, and I'll knock 'em out!"

Kitty brought the lantern, and then ran to the other side of the barn, for fear of the yellow jackets. Billy held the lentern over his hear and peeped in.

What did he see? Not hornets, but pins.

He had run his hand into Egypt's own little "hidy-hole," where the sly little rogue had laid away a whole pile of his favorite treasures. No wonder they pricked like hornets. But what the queer old bird was saving them for I never knew.

Nature's Easter Girl.

The gladsome Easter-tide comes on,
The sesame of spring;
When birds begin to tune the voice,
A summer's praise to sing.

The leaves upon the trees bud forth,
The daffodils unfold;
All nature opens like a bud,
The sun floods earth with gold.

No more in this, our better age,
Do maidens seek in dress
And costly bonnets to express
Their Easter happiness.

The modern maid, with brimming health,
Gives locks a saucy curl;
Brings forth her bike and natty suit—
She's Nature's Easter girl.

Origin of Easter Hats

To neglect the putting on of some entirely new article of dress on Easter Sunday was regarded by the English of olden times as sure to bring bad luck, and certainly this is one of the practices which has lost nothing with the increase of years. Only now it has been slightly altered, so that to have no new clothes to exhibit at the Easter parade is considered sufficiently bad luck in itself, without the fear of any further misfortunes that may result from it. After donning their new Easter garments the English country people dined off tansy pudding and bacon or tansy pudding and "good red herring," the tansy being the symbol of the bitter herbs commanded to be eaten at the Paschal feast.

EASTER MORNING

Through the long night of darkness and gloom
We follow Thee unto the opened tomb,
And, standing by its side,
Behold life glorified,
Know immortality,
Because of Thee.

Through the bright morning still we follow Thee,
Our fears forgot, our faintest doubts shall flee.
Let praises linger long,
For death is conquered.
Lo! the farthest skies
Are filled with song!

O heart, rejoice! Art blinded at the door
Of thy safe tent? Thy Pilot went before,
He leads thee in; then sing,
"Ours is the victory,
O suffering One,
Because of Thee!"

Homeless ere yet He knew the darkened tomb,
Homeless henceforth no more; in each glad heart His home.
Wake! every flower of spring,
And swell the Easter song,
And every bird awing
The praise prolong!