

A THOUGHT OF THE RESURRECTION.

The bulbs that were hid in the darkness Through the winter time and the snow Have felt the thrill of the sunlight...

EASTER IN MINGIN'S ALLEY.

BY KATE JOHNSON.

(Copyright, 1894, by American Press Association.)

"Is this Mingin's alley?" "Yes, that it is." "Does Mrs. Terry Mason live here?" "She do. Jest beyant that fus' dure, one flight up, back, ye'll find her."



"IS THIS MINGIN'S ALLEY?"

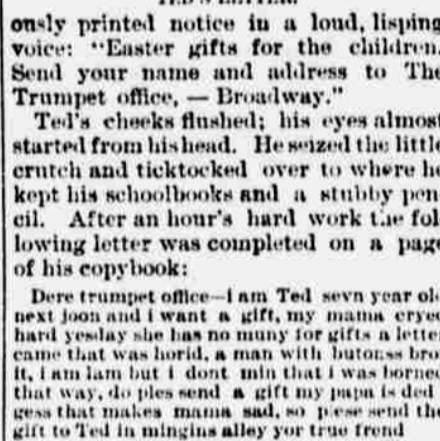
Like about the interior of the little room revealed and about the girl who stood there pale, wide-eyed, silent. She was only a girl—Mrs. Terry Mason—as far as looks went, for her figure was slender and youthful, and her sweet face was of the ethereal, blond type that always seems childish.

hopelessly lame, his tiny crutch the very saddest thing he had ever seen. He stood for a moment looking from the downcast head of his young mother to the footman's now impassive face.



of eggs and driven by a little cherub not unlike himself?

Ted took the paper and spread it out on his knees. It was, in fact, the children's page of a daily paper. He liked the hen and the eggs. How he wished he might have a candy egg for Easter Sunday, as he had had when times were better the year before!



TED'S LETTER.

only printed notice in a loud, hissing voice: "Easter gifts for the children. Send your name and address to The Trumpet office, — Broadway." Ted's cheeks flushed; his eyes almost started from his head.

When the city editor was gone, and the place was almost quiet, he threw down his pen and clasped his hands to his burning head. How the old pain racked him tonight—the surging, the humming, the vertigo that seemed as if some day it would surely drive him mad again.

What would they say if they knew he had been mad—the inmate of a mad-house for years? Now they spoke of him as a man who had suffered much—that was evident from the settled sadness of his clouded eyes—and who was strangely reticent about his origin, his past.

As fate decreed, he met old Mrs. Ryan about to sally to church in her Sunday bonnet. "Will you tell me, please, if a little boy lives in this alleyway named Ted?" King asked.

"Well, upon me word!" and Mrs. Ryan tossed her head. "It's Ted now, is it? And yesterday it was a futman that ud dazzle the eyes of ye. Oh, yis, ye'll find Ted and his mother, too, I'll warrant—an airish piece—jes' beyant that fus' dure, one flight up, back. Upon me word, wid such callers on Ted and herself she'll be havin' barooches stoppin' here nixt. H'm!"



SHE HEARD THE WHOLE STORY.

often break down, Ted, dear, you must admit, but when it comes to being turned out—into the streets—O God, have you forgotten Ted and me?" A deadly coldness swept over King's body.

rose as if out of a mist. He remembered all—the bright sunny day when in a holiday mood he had left her; the fall into the hidden snare in the mountains; the awful period of hunger passed there as in a walled-in chamber, where he was imprisoned like a bird in a snare; then the terrible struggle for freedom, aided by the sun, whose sudden, unseasonable heat loosened the drifts about him; his crawling from the place and wandering—he knew not where—a wreck from privation and hunger; his next memory the madhouse! How it all came back!

What would they say if they knew he had been mad—the inmate of a mad-house for years? Now they spoke of him as a man who had suffered much—that was evident from the settled sadness of his clouded eyes—and who was strangely reticent about his origin, his past.

One of the queer products which an artist has hatched from Easter eggs is a tulip. It is very easy to make, and if touched up with water colors will fill a useful and artistic office as an ash-tray.



PETULANCE AND PEACE.

ceiver. The little end of the shell must be broken first and all the contents removed. The edge may then be broken carefully down to about one-quarter of the length of the shell.

One of the new designs is especially calculated to catch the fancy of masculine juvenility. It is made out of an unbroken egg which has been painted to resemble a swan, and to which a tail of pasteboard and small feathers has been appended.

By carefully blowing out the contents of the shell through pinholes and sealing up the holes before adding the head and tail the artificial bird may be made to float on the water like its natural relative in the parks.

SEEN IN DIFFERENT LANDS.

CURIOS EASTER CUSTOMS IN VARIOUS FOREIGN COUNTRIES.

Children Hunting For Eggs on Easter Morning—The Festival in Russia—Description of the Ceremonial in Rome. The Day in Siberia.



The Easter season is full of curious customs in various countries. In Germany Easter nests are made to hold the eggs and many prepared goodies. These nests are made sometimes of twigs and ivy, or gilt and silver leaves, or lace and artificial flowers.

On Easter morning the children hunt for the nest, and the first one who finds it cries out, "Oster haese, oster haese!" meaning "Easter rabbit." The finder then distributes the gifts, which are marked with the children's names.

In Paris thousands of people go in holy week to visit "the tombs" erected in the various churches, scenes representing the birth and death of Christ. The figures in these scenes are made very lifelike and are grouped according to the descriptions of the events in Scripture.

In Siberia people shake hands and present eggs to each other on Easter morning. These eggs are exchanged for other eggs, and so on ad infinitum until the day is over. Men go to each other's houses in the morning and utter the greeting, "Jesus Christ is risen." The reply is, "Yes, he is risen," after which the people embrace, exchange eggs and drink brandy.

The observances of Easter are especially interesting at Jerusalem, where the event which they commemorate took place. A single mass is celebrated on an altar erected for the occasion in front of the sepulcher, which is in the Church of the Holy Sepulcher.

In Rome Easter day is the grandest of the year. The Boston Transcript gives this brief description of the ceremonials: "The pealing of cannon ushers in the day, and at an early hour thousands of men, women and children hasten to St. Peter's. The church is newly decorated for the occasion, and around the tomb of St. Peter is a perfect blaze of light.

One of the Easter devices is very elaborate and a rather pretty trifle in its way. It is simply an egg from which the little end has been cut neatly away, and upon which figures, like those seen in Chinese flowerpots, have been painted. Into the open end small artificial flowers of wax are placed. The whole is to be mounted on a little three-legged support of the very light, thin bamboo.