

WHICH?



(Chicago Record.)

MY EASTER EFFORTS.

By FRANCES DILLINGHAM.

Last Easter I had a perfectly beautiful time. The church was decorated magnificently, the choir boys sang divinely, assisted by a glorious tenor, and the minister preached a very eloquent Easter sermon. Add to all these delights my handsome new gray suit and the walk down the avenue, and the announcement of my engagement to Harold and the violets, and—but what is the use of dwelling on the past that, as the poets say, has forever flown.

This Easter I went to visit Aunt Serena in her dear little country village; it is so unpleasant to meet all the half-concealed queries over one's broken engagement. So I simply slipped away without saying a word to anyone. Nobody ever tells anyone why their engagement is off. I expect most people would be ashamed to reveal the ridiculous reason for the break; I'm sure I should. It always seemed to me that people were lame to make so much of trifles, but when it comes to you, somehow you can't help your inanity. A little explanation would, perhaps, straighten everything, but you can't make it; and so Aunt Serena was as proud as I, I knew it was all over and went to visit Aunt Serena.

Now I had no intention of withering into the grave with a broken heart, or of letting sorrow pry upon my damask cheeks; my heart was somewhat sad and heavy, but it beat regularly and firmly; my cheeks were a little pale, but I intended to grow plump and rosy at Aunt Serena's. Of course, life sometimes looked like a long, gray day, but I had once overheard that I was a sensible young person—horrible phrase—and I intended to prove it now.

All books of etiquette, advice and morals, and religion agree in saying that the way to forget one's self and one's sorrow is to make other people happy. I am afraid I have grown rather skeptical as to conduct recipes, but I decided to try this one, especially since there was so splendid an opportunity in Aunt Serena's village. At home, Easter would have been a ghastly day, but here I would interest myself in the church service, and make it as near like the city one as possible. I would decorate the altar and see to the singing, and have Aunt Serena wear the new bonnet I had brought for her, and don my new suit I had ordered from the city.

Like all reformers, I might meet with opposition. Not from Aunt Serena, dear soul; she would have worn a Shaker bonnet if I had asked her, and sung in the choir in her sweet, cracked soprano. One night, four or five days before Easter, I brought out her bonnet, which I had kept in my trunk since my arrival. I carried it into her room and laid it on the bed. It was a pretty thing, with three or four dainty feathers behind and some lovely violets round the edge. Aunt Serena was down-stairs, and I called to her over the banisters.

"Bring the lamp up-stairs, so that you can see your new bonnet."

Aunt Serena came into the room with the lamp in her hand and gave a cry

of delight at the sight of the bonnet. I knew she would like it.

"Try it on," I said.

She lifted it from the bed to put it on, while I carried the lamp nearer the mirror.

But Aunt Serena did not put it on. "Why, what is this?" she asked.

I turned about, and then I saw that she was holding a big bunch of faded violets and looking at the card attached to them. Across it was written Harold's name with some foolish, tender words. He had given me the violets last Easter. I had kept them in the trunk and they must have caught in the lining of the bonnet.

I put the lamp down rather abruptly and took the flowers as quickly, but as politely as possible out of her hands.

"Dear me, have I been keeping those old things?" I said, and I threw them into the scrap basket.

Aunt Serena did not say a word. That is the best of her; she is sympathetic but quiet. She only remarked, "It's a pretty bonnet," and then she put it back on the bed.

I said, "Yes, it is pretty," and then I went out of the room.

We both of us forgot about trying on the bonnet.

When I went down-stairs, I told Anne to empty the scrap baskets early the next morning. Then I rescued the flowers. I could not find the card. I hunted and hunted, and finally I decided it was better lost. I had been foolish to keep it, very foolish. But I wouldn't throw the flowers away just yet.

Now was the time to prove the efficacy of my remedy of outside interests. I must see the minister to discuss with him the church singing and decorations for Easter. He was a very young man, very pleasant and rather gentle, and he yielded to me gracefully. He put everything into my experienced hands, so he said; poor man! He little knew what awaited him.

The church choir was a more difficult problem. There were about twenty in the mixed chorus, horribly mixed—who merely peeped out any inadequacies in the congregational singing. Now and then they would render a very simple anthem with harmony, a heroic hymn confined to the singers, but extending to the listeners as well. I decided they were hopeless, but tried to sort out a quartet from this miscellany. I was to sing alto, pretty little Mary Knight was to take the soprano, and we selected a bass and tenor of doubtful quality.

They were hard to manage; at least the soprano was. It dawned upon me by degrees that she was jealous of the minister, who came to our two rehearsals, and whom it was often necessary for me to consult. To be sure, he saw us both home, but I considered that this was really essential, as the bass and tenor went home together. The mother of one of them told Aunt Serena afterward that they were afraid to ask Mary Knight for the pleasure of her company, on account of the minister's supposed attentions, and they were afraid to ask me because I came

from the city? As they were as weak musically as they were socially, you can imagine that the quartet was pretty bad, though at each rehearsal I hoped for better things.

Securing plants for the decorations proved another formidable task. Aunt Serena drove about with me in her little pony cart while we asked people for the loan of their flowers, and when we went about to collect them, I had supposed the ladies would be flattered to be invited to contribute, but they seemed to look upon me as a city upstart whose ignorance was only equalled by her temerity. Henrietta Chase was afraid her lily would get broken; Mrs. Wilson was afraid hers would get chilled, and wouldn't lend it anyway; unless Henrietta Chase gave us hers; and Mrs. Deacon Spicer thought it would make the minister nervous to see a lot of leaves waving in front of him.

But at last they were all collected. We had taken everything we could get, even common geraniums, and had decided to piece out further deficiencies by evergreen. My chess d'oeuvre was a tureen covered with paper callas, which hung between two ropes of evergreen over the altar. This, as the little soprano unkindly suggested, showed that the decorations were intended for Easter rather than Christmas.

The Saturday night rehearsal went abominably, but the minister and Aunt Serena praised my work highly, and the quartet promised to come early Easter morning in order to practice a little more. I went home that evening tired enough to sleep and forget memories of last Easter in the weariness of the present.

Oh, it was a glorious day. But, somehow, I would rather have had it rainy. I felt penitent, though I tried hard to remember my moral code of forgetting one's sorrows in the interests of others. But when I went to put on the new suit madame had sent from the city, I could find no pleasure in it. I never knew what made me, but I pulled out my old gray gown, hat and all, just as I had worn it last Easter, though I had no violets. I did fasten the faded ones on the front of my waist for a second, as I stood before the mirror.

Aunt Serena kissed me good-bye when I started for church and hoped I'd have a glad Easter. It was kind of her, but it choked me up for a moment, then I laughed and told her to be sure and come late as usual to show off her new bonnet.

Alas for the rehearsal! Those were sounds to make angels weep. The little soprano was maliciously weak and faulty, the tenor had always been off the key and was not within hailing distance this morning, while the bass had a terrible cold, which had reduced his voice to a hoarse growl.

"What shall we do?" I asked the minister despairingly.

He was standing by the altar just beneath my paper-calla cross. At least the church looked pretty; I could be proud of that.

"I think," said the minister in his kindest tones, "we would better have chorus work as a sort of support for the congregational singing; we can have the quartet some later Sunday. It has been so kind of you to interest yourself. Your decorations are eminently successful."

He had hardly spoken the words,

when, awful moment! the string holding the cross above him gave way. Down through the air came the cross and directly upon the minister's head. Alas! it was not all paper; it had been made on a wooden foundation. The edge of the wood struck him on the forehead, and he staggered back against the altar with his hand to his head. We could see blood between his fingers.

The little soprano rushed forward, "Oh, you are hurt! you are hurt!" she cried.

The minister shook his head and smiled at her. "Not badly, dear, not at all!"

"She blushed up to the tips of her ears; I was just behind and heard him and saw her. 'It's only a scratch,' he went on.

"But it's bleeding," she cried, "come into the vestry and let me stop it."

She took hold of his arm and he laughed as he looked down upon her. "My dear, it's nothing," he said again; but he did look a trifle pale.

They went into the vestry and we all trailed after, the tenor, the bass and I. I ran to get a glass of cold water from the ladies' kitchen and dabbed my Easter handkerchief in it.

"Here, just let me wipe away the blood with this water," I said. The minister's handkerchief was all red stains.

The little soprano took her own handkerchief and dipped it into the glass. "I will bathe it," she announced with hauteur, and I stood meekly by, squeezing the water out of my handkerchief and holding the glass for her.

"That cross ought not to have been put up there anyway," she muttered.

It did not prove a very deep cut. Soon all signs of blood were removed, and then the hitherto useless tenor produced some pink court-plaster, with which the little soprano and he covered the wound. The minister laughed while they worked over him, but he did not seem to mind it. I stood meekly by, crushed and forgotten, holding the now useless glass of water.

The bass came in from the church carrying the fateful cross.

"Shall we put it up again?" he asked cheerfully.

"For pity's sake, no!" I cried. "Throw the thing away."

"Pray don't blame yourself; it was not your fault," said the minister soothingly, whereupon I aroused myself and carried the glass of water to the kitchen. When I came back through the vestry I found the tenor and bass had returned to the church, and the little soprano seemed to think I had intruded.

I had to say something. "We are going to give up the quartet music, aren't we?"

And the little soprano answered, "I should hope so."

Then we all went into the church. The minister had combed his hair over his forehead, so that the court-plaster did not show.

The church bells began to ring and the people came straggling in. But Aunt Serena did not appear. I laughed to myself as I wondered if she were going to take my advice and come late with her new bonnet.

We were standing up, leading the congregation in the singing of the first hymn, when the swinging doors at the back of the church moved and Aunt Serena entered. But behold! my third Easter disappointment! Dear Aunt Serena had her beautiful new bonnet on hind side before. It was pathetic; the feathers stuck out over her eyes, and the violets were hunched on her forehead. It must have been very uncomfortable, but Aunt Serena probably thought discomfort was a synonym for style. Her cheeks were pink and her eyes shone so that the bonnet was not unbecoming at all. She carried a great bunch of violets in her hand.

She did not start directly up the aisle, late as she was, but appeared to be waiting for somebody. Then the swing doors parted again and a man came in. I clutched my book, the church swam about me, for there, walking up the aisle beside Aunt Serena, was Harold. It seemed as if I could not stand there and see him sent himself so quickly in that pew and then raise and open the hymn-book for Aunt Serena. I saw him do it, although I never looked at him; at least no higher than his hands, but they were trembling; I noticed that. Aunt Serena's were too, no wonder! I found out afterwards how she sent that old card to Harold in a letter. I never saw the letter; she asked Harold to give it back to her. But I did not care; my foolish pride was gone.

I shook all over as I stood there. I moved my lips, but could not make a sound, and I was thankful when the singing was through and we could sit down. Then the minister led in prayer. I knew I prayed too, a prayer of thankfulness over and over.

Then came the sermon. I did not dare to look at Harold once. I was afraid I should cry right out in church, sitting there in the choir, facing the people. At first it did not seem as if I could wait till the end of the sermon, but when the minister began to speak, I listened and was carried out of myself.

How he preached! It seemed as if he must have known! Easter was not merely a time for clothes and flowers and music, he said; it was a time for life, a new and higher life. Upon the death of our old and selfish loves should arise a new and lofty love for God and man. He went on and on, until I saw how foolish I had been in my old love. I didn't wonder he had quarreled when I had been so small and proud. Then, somehow, though I have never been very religious, I seemed to realize the infinite love that is back of all our love for one another, the love of God.

At the end of the sermon, when we stood up to sing the last anthem, I

could scarcely see the last words for glad tears. I chanced to glance up, and for the first time met Harold's eyes. And then—well, Harold said afterward that that hymn sounded like angels' singing; I too thought no seraph's song could be sweeter, though the leading alto was rather weak.

At last it was over and people moved and they whispered about the lovely sermon and the beautiful decorations. Aunt Serena and Harold waited in the pew and I was hurrying down to them, when the little soprano stopped me.

"Is that a friend of yours with your aunt?" she nodded, and smiled and blushed.

And instead of drawing myself up and answering indignantly, I actually blushed and simpered in turn. "Yes, it is," I answered.

She followed me a step. "Oh," she whispered, "I hope you'll excuse my being so cross; I didn't mean to be."

"Oh, that's all right," I cried, as I went to meet Harold's outstretched hand.

All right! Of course it was all right; nothing could be wrong on this glorious Easter.

VICTORY DUE TO AN ELEPHANT.

Waited for His Dead Master's Orders and Saved the Day.

The elephant is very intelligent, but stolid. If it had once been taught to do a thing a certain way or obey a certain master, it is almost impossible to make the huge beast depart from its teaching. As illustrating this trait a story is told of an elephant standard-bearer engaged in the Indian wars. At the beginning of the battle in question the elephant that bore the royal ensign had lost its master, who had fallen dead at the elephant's feet from a wound. The battle closed in around the giant ensign bearer, but the elephant stood unmoved, waiting for its master to give the command to change position. Gradually the native forces fighting under the English banner were driven back and a frantic effort was made to make the elephant retreat with the ensign, but the elephant stood like a statue of granite. The enemy swept by after the retreating foe, but only for a minute. There was a cry, "Save the ensign!" and the troops turned and fought their way back to the elephant. All day long the battle surged about the patient beast that waited in vain for its master's order. Finally the enemy were driven back, defeated, and the native troops swept on in pursuit of them. Still the elephant stood by the body of its master and would not move until its master's son was brought from a village 100 miles away. The elephant had been taught to obey the child's voice, and at the first order peacefully left the field, after three days and three nights of waiting. When the story of that battle is told the elephant is given credit for the victory which the native troops won over the opposing forces.

A Puzzling Trick.

Liquid air is perhaps the coldest thing in the world. It is so cold that a cake of ice is like a fierce fire as compared with it, for a kettle of liquid air placed on a cake of ice will boil just as water boils over a hot fire. It freezes mercury so hard that one can drive nails with it. The story is told that Charles E. Tripler, the experimenter in liquid air, recently took a quart can of the remarkable substance with him on a visit to a friend.

On the way he stopped in a restaurant to eat a beefsteak. The waiter brought meeting was given over into the hands in a hot broiled steak and placed it in front of Mr. Tripler. As soon as the waiter's back was turned Mr. Tripler hastily opened the can and exposed the meat to the liquid air. Instantly the steak was frozen as hard as a rock. When the waiter came back his customer complained that the steak was frozen. So the waiter called the head waiter, and the head waiter blamed the cook, and the cook was at a loss to explain, and the result was that the frozen steak was taken back into the kitchen as a mysterious curiosity. A new steak was broiled for Mr. Tripler, and this one he ate with much relish.

Couldn't Fool Him.

A butcher in Manchester, N. H., tried to fool a dog which was in the habit of coming to his stand daily for meat, and bore the name of "Horace Greeley." One day Horace went to the butcher stand, on which, as usual, he placed his ten-cent stamp. The butcher put the stamp in his drawer, and paid no attention to the dog, thinking it was a good joke on the animal. Horace didn't understand why his goods were not given to him, but waited patiently, keeping a sharp eye on the man all the while and following his every movement. After a few minutes spent in this way he began to comprehend, and decided to play a little joke in return. So he coolly walked up to the bench, seized a quarter of lamb and walked away, with indignation, and triumph depicted in every wag of his tail.

The new wraps for summer show a great variety of capes in light cloth covered with stitched bands arranged in some fancy design, and no end of net chiffon, lace and silk combinations for dress. Capes of cloth applique on cream lace net made over white silk and satin and finished with pleatings of chiffon matching the cloth are really good style and very pretty. Taffeta silk gulleure over black forms another style of cape and cream lace with black net and chiffon is another variation. The capes fit the shoulders closely, fall moderately full below and are finished with medium high flaring collars.

Submarine Boats.

They can easily be seen from a Balloon Directly Above.

Should the submarine boat take the place in naval warfare that some nations expect, one of the chief precautions taken by the world's navies will be an immense increase in the number of balloons, with duly trained staffs to work them, carried by war vessels.

The balloons carried by these battle ships are of exactly the same material and pattern as those in use in the army, only smaller. They have a use far in advance of any mere long-distance observational purpose, for, though the wake of a submarine boat sunk deeply in the water can only be traced with difficulty from such an elevation as that afforded by the ship, both such wakes and the boat itself can be seen with absolute and undeviating clearness from a captive balloon. This is the result of a scientific and optical law and when ship balloons were first put to the practical test in regard to this matter, the results attained were of the most surprising kind.

Even where the water is distinctly cloudy, objects of a much smaller kind than a submarine boat, and painted of neutral color, could be seen from a balloon to the utmost clearness at a depth of five fathoms, or thirty feet, though the surface was rough. No submarine boat could in the daytime get within striking distance of a ship that had a balloon without being observed.

TRICK OF A FAKER.

How a Corn Salve Seller Attracted Attention of a Crowd.

From the Washington Post: The portly man with the bulging overcoat pockets began to lose his center of gravity gradually at the corner of Fifteenth street and New York avenue. One foot slipped from beneath him on the icy pavement, and by the time he had re-established connections with the bricks with that one the other shot out from under him. Then they both began to execute a quick and devilish shuttle dance. The man's arms flew out, and he seemed to be making a wild but futile effort to pull pieces out of the nippy atmosphere. Then he simply sat right down, without any superfluous ceremony or hubbub whatsoever. Of course all the eyes within a radius of eighty feet were turned to their sides and his head joggled. There is only one thing on earth that tickles a man more than to see his fellowman drop flat on the icy pavement—it tickles 'em more if he happens to have a bottle of bug juice in his rear pocket.

This portly man with the bulging overcoat pockets looked around him in a dazed way, as if he were endeavoring to study the thing out. Meanwhile a dozen of the men who were waiting for cars just lay back and hollered. The portly man made no effort to rise, and the longer he sat there looking mystified, the funnier it seemed to the merry gang around. Finally they began to close in on him.

"Made you see constellations, hey?" asked one of them, laughing uproariously at his own humor.

"Just taking a little rest, I s'pose," inquired another.

"Gentlemen," said the portly party, "you are all wrong. I simply took this method of attracting your attention, and wish to introduce to your notice my patent corn-killer—the best in the universe, warranted to eradicate anything from ingrowing toenails to whistly-blossoms on the nose. And it, sells, gentlemen, at the unheard-of, scandalously low price of 25 cents. What gentleman wishes a box, now? Come quick, for I have only a few left!"

Several of the gentlemen invested, and considered they got the worth of their money in the joke, while the others slunk away crestfallen.

A DEPARTED SPIRIT.

Returned To His Own Funeral and Thanks His Friends.

Hamamton (N. J.) Special to New York Herald: Of peculiar interest were the funeral services of Gerry Valentine. Mr. Valentine was one of the early settlers of this place, and was more than 80 years old. He was an ardent spiritualist, and when he died he left directions for his funeral, which were intended to be a practical demonstration of his belief.

The services were held in the Universalist church. The preacher was Sempel Wheeler, a noted spiritualist of Philadelphia, and he chose "The Rainbow Bridge" as his subject. When the Mrs. Minnie Brown, a clairvoyant from Philadelphia.

Immediately after Mrs. Brown had taken her position several raps were heard.

"Our brother has a message for Cyrus F. Osgood," said the medium. "He wishes to thank Mr. Osgood and the others for their care in carrying out his wishes in regard to his funeral ceremonies."

Mrs. Brown then gave the information that Mr. Valentine was not alone, but that J. O. Ransome, Mr. A. Prkurst and Mr. Wynn, former friends of the dead man, were with him on his "little journey in the world." Several other shades of departed spiritualists had come with them. They reported that they had made things homelike for Mr. Valentine, and gave messages to the friends of the latter which were intended to cheer and comfort them.

The announcements were hailed by the many spiritualists in the audience with pleasure, and after a few more congratulatory raps Mr. Valentine's spirit and its companions rapped "Adieu."

SUBMARINE BOATS.

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