

AN EASTER SONG

EVERY face is beaming,
Every step is light,
All the world is beautiful
From merry morn till night.
The little streams are dancing
And flashing, just for fun,
And joyfully to meet
The sea,
The mighty rivers run.

And twice ten thousand flowers,
And twice ten thousand more,
Are waking in the lonesome woods
And by the cottage door.
To count the Easter lilies
Is more than you or I
Can hope to do the long day
through
How hard see'er we try.

Every face is beaming,
Every step is light,
For o'er the threshold Easter
slipped
At waking of the night,
And little birds are singing
Like mad for joy of life,
And all the hours, in sun and
showers,
With brimming joy are rife.

Uplift the songs of Easter,
Let none to-day be still,
When this great world is like a cup
That flowers overflow,
When blossoms deck the orchard,
And boughs are pink and white,
And winds go by, like wings that fly,
From merry morn till night.

—Margaret E. Sangster, in Youth's Companion.

TWO EASTER BONNETS

"H. HENRY," said Mr. Montague's wife, as she came from the dining-room and quietly removed the paper he was reading from his hands "how long have you carried this letter in your pocket?"

"What letter?—that?—why, it only came yesterday. You can see the date that is stamped upon the envelope."
"Well, I didn't know. You are very careless—you know you are. That letter that came from aunt—"

"What about this other?" he skillfully interrupted. "It's from Jack, I see." He reached for his paper with a movement at once diplomatic and tentative.
"That's exactly what I came to tell you about. It's very thoughtful of him, I know, but—well, we'll see what you think. He writes," she said, consulting the letter, "I met your one-time admirer—? No, that isn't the part. Here it is, 'Mumbly, dear, I've got a scheme that's top notch. I want you to let me get you an Easter bonnet, here in the city. Some stunners in the shops—knock the spots off anything you can get in Mayfield. It begins to look as if I won't be able to get away from the college, and I'd like to have some sort of a share in the festive season there at home. Leave it to me, won't you, Mumbly?—and I'll rig you out on time in a crystallized dream.'"

"First, what does he mean by knocking off the spots?" she inquired. "I suppose that's just an expression of his, however. Now, what do you think?"
"I think it is," said Henry, who was looking furtively at his paper; "I guess that's it."

"Henry Montague, you haven't heard a word." She took the paper and put it behind her. "I meant what do you think of his plan?"

"Good scheme. Best I've heard of. Let him get the contraption there by all means. There—I refer to the bonnet, Fanny—don't feel hurt. I know they have some—well, some very unusual effects in the city. I think perhaps you'd avoid unpleasant complications, and have something new to Mayfield to wear. Yes, let him do it." And he reached for his paper—and failed to get it.

"I believe I will. Of course, I always like to select, but I said last year that I'd never, never trade at Miss Le Fevre's again. Just to think that her miserable mismanagement should have parted two such friends—but I was surprised at Helen—at Mrs. Kapuletto—to think she'd wear a bonnet that she must have known was mine, or at least not the one she had ordered."

"Did—you—wear—hers?" said he, with an imitation yawn.

"Why, of course! Now, what a question! I had to wear something—I couldn't order another one then. Henry, you are positively foolish at times. I remember I said to Miss Le Fevre, when I picked it out—"

"Yes, I remember the story," interrupted her husband, consulting his watch and starting to arise.

"Well," said she, as she pushed him back gently to his seat, "you always for-

get that lavender and pink are positively hideous on me, and why in the world did—Mrs. Kapuletto—couldn't have managed to send my bonnet home when she found the mistake had been made—"

"Did she know it was yours?" asked Henry, beginning to be rather more insidiously sarcastic than enthusiastic about this oft-repeated tale; "did she go along when you gave the order?"

"No; you know she didn't! I meant to give her a pleasant surprise—and that was her way of receiving my effort. Your questions are childish, Henry. She might have guessed that 'canary' was exactly my color—precisely what anyone with my taste and complexion would be sure to select—and Miss Le Fevre's girl—"

"There—there's Billings out at the gate. Good-by, my dear. Give Jack my love when you write—sorry he can't be up for Easter. Good-by." Mr. Montague clapped his hat on his head, and nudged his wife, made a grab for his cane and departed.

Then Mrs. Montague sat down to think of the trials of that time, a little less than a year before. There never had been in the world, she thought, such a long and beautiful friendship as that between herself and Helen Kapuletto. To think that after having gone to the same identical school together—the best of chums—they were married the very same day—to travel in separate directions later, to be sure—and both had moved to Mayfield at last to live. Mrs. Montague recalled every detail of her order for that fatal Easter bonnet; exactly that delicate shade of yellow, and what the trimmings were—and everything. Then the changes she had ordered; the exasperating stowness and stupidity of Miss Le Fevre; the crazed despair, when, that Saturday night she returned so late from calling with Helen, to find that her bonnet had not yet arrived. And then that awful time on Easter morning, before the girl came weakly up the steps and handed in—the wrong bonnet—a bonnet she had never seen before—a horrid nightmare of a thing in lavender and pink, which she had to wear or stay at home—new blue silk and all.

She wouldn't have believed that Helen could have worn her own very bonnet—and with veiling over the yellow at that—and then be so hateful. She won-

"Just such a morning as this," said he, with a buoyancy in his voice, "that we went to the chapel—so many, and yet it seems so very few years ago. What a day that was! And what a lot of sunshine we have had ever since!"

"Oh, yes! And didn't the girls look pretty—and Helen—Mrs.—Mrs. Kapuletto?"

"I'd call her Helen—wouldn't you, Fanny—to-day? Wasn't it odd that Helen should have been the one to introduce us? What a lively pair you used to make—you two!"

A glow had come in the cheek of Mrs. Montague and an extra brightness in her eyes. She felt a yearning toward the girl who had been her chum—the tall young lady who had found her mate—the matronly woman whom long she had loved.

"I wish I could see the way," she mused aloud; "but I know she wouldn't meet—"

"What way, my dear?" said her husband, when she paused. "What do you know—about whom? Who wouldn't meet what?"

"I was just thinking what a lovely bonnet that is on that lady ahead!" She chatted along admiringly—as well she might, having really the prettiest bonnet on parade—but her undercurrent of thought was still of Helen, though she parried the questions of her husband with the lightest digressions.

Up the steps of the miniature cathedral the brilliant throng of Mayfield was swarming, faces turned—amid the gaiety of dancing plumes and blooms that courtesied from bonnet to bonnet—to note what their neighbors had found or created to grace the happy occasion.

Within, as Mr. and Mrs. Montague walked calmly up the aisle, the organ was pealing exultantly, pouring forth its thousand voices of praise in an exuberant and swelling river of harmony, as if itself were the fountain of melodies divine.

They took their seats, and reached, like children, each for the hand of the other, to exchange a gentle pressure. No sooner had Mrs. Montague commenced a rapid survey of the congregation—in which her glance went flitting from one exotic to another, like a butterfly in clover—than she found herself, abruptly, looking in the face and at the

a pew together and sang from a single book.

Now began, in the breasts of two indulgent and admiring mothers, a contest of emotions and a struggle so intense that music, sermon, songs and prayers, and all the people but themselves, were merged in a shadowy dream of unreality, to say no word of the puzzle in their brains. Then, to add to their fantasy of thought and to set them whirling in a wilder field of conjecture, those "youngsters," making a show of arranging the overcoat of Jack, in their seat, at the end of a hymn, turned coyly about and smiled the gayest, most knowing of smiles in the wondering faces of their parents, doing first the honor to one and then with utter impartiality to the other.

The mothers were more than ever amazed; but not to say that each began to entertain suspicions of something unusual between their "children" would certainly be to do no justice at all to that other sense in woman-kind, which is duly acknowledged under the explanation that all possess an intuitive faculty of "finding things out."

Slowly, very slowly, the face of Mrs. Montague came squarely around, unabashed, un-everything but quizzical. Likewise the countenance of Mrs. Kapuletto, innocent of everything but dumb though eloquent inquiry, turned deliberately about to that of her friend. Their glances met without a quiver; they scanned each other's expression for light on the mystery; then, playing through the eyes of each, came gleams of old-time merriment and sparks of mischief, and over the face of each a flush of color from the heart. In a second they were smiling in spite of all they could do, while the blossoms on their bonnets insisted on nodding and bobbing across the space intervening in a way that was nothing short of the veriest fellowship and sweet familiarity.

For Helen and Fanny the Easter service was a dream of music, smiling faces and weddings of the past and the future, but the whole was far too long. They would fain awake and span the gulf between—and yet were vaguely in doubt to think of what they would say.

When at last, to the peals of a glorious postludium, the congregation turned to move to the door in calm procession, young Jack and the blushing Julia came tripping down the aisle in time to take their respective mothers by the arm and halt them face to face in the vestibule.

"We came from town to surprise you both," said Jack, "and—ahem—to—ask you for each other. I want Julia and Julia wants me, and it was for that reason we sent the bonnets."

And the bonnets, being twins, resisting each other no longer, came nearer and nearer together, till at length the nodding violets on either one leaned forward and commingled lovingly with those upon the other.—Ella Stirling Cummins, in American Queen.

The Old Easter Bonnets.

Don't make 'em like they use to—done killed with too much style!
Fixed up with buds an' ribbons 'till you'd know 'em half a mile!
They all look mighty fancy, in the big store windows hung;
But they're nothin' like the bonnets they wore when we was young!

How much completer—neater, and sweeter was the old—
Time bonnet coverin' rosy cheeks and ringlets black an' gold!
Plain—with no flixin' on it—with ribbons white an' blue—
But a kiss beneath that bonnet was as sweet as honey-dew!

Don't make 'em like they use to, yet the girls that wear 'em seem
Almost as lovely as the girls that made our boyhood's dream.
But still I sigh to see 'em in the big store windows hung;
For they're nothin' like the bonnets that they wore when we was young!
—Frank L. Stanton, in Atlanta Constitution.

AFTERMATH.



Mrs. Cobwigger—I never think of visiting my milliner for a month or so after Easter.

Mrs. Doreas—Why so, my dear?
Mrs. Cobwigger—It really isn't a fit place for a woman, because the men are there swearing about their wives' bills.
—N. Y. World.

A Mind Diseased.

"My wife gave me a terrible shock last night."

"What was it?"
"I offered her money for an Easter bonnet, and she said she believed she would spend it on a new saddle for her wheel."
—Detroit Free Press.

FLORAL SEASON FOR HATS.

The First Installment of Spring Millinery Loaded with Flowers.

It is said that a milliner, to be a success, needs quite as much artistic taste as an artist, and we cannot doubt the truth of this statement when we look upon some of the top-heavy examples of the new spring millinery.

Hats literally loaded with flowers stand out very conspicuously among the few which are less pretentious, and consequently in better taste. The prettiest hats are rarely seen in the first installment which opens the season, as the modifications that come later are sure to be an improvement on the earlier productions. It is evident, however, that this is to be a floral season in the department of headgear. Some of the newest toques are made entirely of flowers and leaves. Fine flowers are used for the crown and brim and roses with leaves wired into aigrettes for the high trimming at one side. The craze for violets and violet tulle for hat trimming seems to have taken a new lease of life, and blossomed out in millions where we had thousands before. Bunches of white and purple violets are used together in one hat, making a very pretty contrast.

Scotch heather, forget-me-nots, heliotrope, myrtle blossoms, and all the fine flowers are to be worn this season, but roses, cornflowers, poppies and even the coarse dahlias are quite as well represented. Flat roses are one of the novelties, and something quite new is the flat feathers. Feathers will continue in favor, and stiff wings combined with flowers adorn many of the new hats. Large picture hats more generously covered with feathers than ever will be worn.

The new straws are in every shade of color, the many shades of brown being especially noticeable and very light and lace-like in effect. The braids are wide and intricately plaited, forming a striking contrast with the fine chip hats, which are to be quite as much the fashion.

The shapes are too varied to admit of a detailed description, but the hat, which turns up at the back above a bed of blossoms and tips well down over the forehead, is one of the distinctive styles, while another quite as decided turns back from the face enough to show the hair. Toques are in every possible shape, but the one which has a flat brim in front and spreads out wider at the sides is the latest variety. One of the fancies in trimming is the taffeta silk rosette, with a jeweled ornament in the center, two of which, in pale blue, are the only trimming on the little toque of the new satin straw. Pretty little toques are made of chiffon with paste buckles for trimming.

Covering the brims of chip hats with tufts of chiffon is another fancy, and tulle and chiffon are very much in evidence in the millinery department, as well as jeweled and spangled nets of all sorts.

All the fashionable flowers are reproduced in black for trimming mourning hats, and they are quite as generously employed. Small flowers are massed around the brim in front and under it at the back, while black poppies and roses are used for the aigrette or loops of pou de soie ribbon.—N. Y. Sun.

Egg Fritters.

Boil four or more eggs for 15 minutes, set them aside in cold water, then shell, and cut into long pieces, like the quarters of an orange. Let them lie in a salad composed of one tablespoon of salad oil, the same of vinegar, half a teaspoon chopped parsley, and the same quantity of minced onion. Let the slices lie in it for 20 minutes; prepare some frying batter by mixing a teaspoon of salt with a quarter of a pound of flour. Stir smoothly in a pint of tepid water, to which you have added a teaspoon of salad oil or oiled butter, or of dripping. Beat the white of an egg very stiff, and add lightly, and at the last, to the batter. Now lift separately the quarters of the eggs in a tablespoon (first dipping the spoon in the batter), then immerse the whole. Slide egg and batter gently into boiling fat and fry a golden brown. Serve quickly, piling up on lace paper, and sprinkle liberally with salt. The dish is quickly made, and inexpensive, the materials are available in most markets on the shortest notice, and the fritters form a useful addition to the menu when an unexpected guest drops in, and only sufficient had previously been prepared for the usual members of the family.—Boston Globe.

Graham Pudding.

Heat one quart of milk until lukewarm, add four tablespoonfuls sugar, two teaspoonfuls extract of vanilla and one dissolved rennet tablet. Take six custard cups, put into each one 1/2 tablespoonfuls graham bread crumbs, then fill them with the prepared milk; set the cups into a warm place until firm, then set them in a cool place or on ice. When ready to serve turn the pudding into individual dishes and serve with vanilla, or rose sauce, or whipped cream.—Ladies' World.

Banana Toast.

Peel and press some good bananas through a colander. This may be very easily done with a potato masher, or a vegetable press may be used for the purpose. Moisten slices of zwieback with hot cream, and serve with a large spoonful of the banana pulp on each side.—Good Health.



PRECISE REPRODUCTIONS—EACH OF THE OTHER.

dered vaguely if they ever would speak to each other again. No, she didn't believe they would; she didn't believe that Helen was half so ready to forget and forgive as she. Well, she would just let Jack get the bonnet in the city this year, and let the people of Mayfield stare if they wished.

So at length she arose and went to her desk to write to her grown-up "boy."

In the course of time, and several days before Easter, the bonnet from the great metropolis arrived along with a note from Jack deploring the fact that he could not have carried it home in person. It was really a jewel, a dainty creation of airy, graceful feathers on a moss-green frame and subdued with violets that were poised with an exquisite grace, where they nodded and smiled and seemed to be tossing the sweetest of perfume kisses to all who were gracious enough to behold.

But Easter morning! Ah, how it brightly outjeweled all others of the year. The sun shone warmly from a flawless sky of turquoise hue; the trees wore freshest, fairest emerald leaves, or pearl and ruby blossoms; the grass was asparkle with diamond dew, and the birds were chorusing in anthems as clear and sweet as the crystal tinkle, tinkle rung from pebbles by the brook.

Mr. and Mrs. Montague not only were in harmony with all the scene, but were really a part and parcel of it, as, with faces gay with smiles, they slowly walked the way to church. The bells had never sounded half so musical and liquid bright—that is, except on one occasion, to which, indeed, Mr. Montague was moved now to allude.

bonnet of Mrs. Kapuletto. And Helen in return was looking at her and hers, and the gaze of each was suddenly held, transfixed.

Well might the old-time friends open eyes of amazement—their bonnets were counterparts—precise reproductions—each of the other; the same moss green, the same spray of feathers, airy and filmy, the same mass of violets, nodding and smiling and tossing their perfume kisses across the aisle and seats of the chancel.

Both in confusion at last were glad to divert their eyes to the hymn books, held below the pews; but neither was reading, nor praying, nor seeing a thing but the twin of her bonnet, and wondering with might and main how this singular duplication had been made possible.

Mrs. Kapuletto was guilty of stealing a "peck" from the sides of her eyes. Mrs. Montague was timidly attempting a similar sortie. The glances met and fell again to the books. The service commenced, but nothing was heard or observed, except in a dim, uncertain, mechanical manner, by the two. They were quite enough engrossed with attempts to flank the enemy.

In the midst of the battle of glances, which had gone so far that each was now feeling singularly humorous and amused, their gaze was focused on a striking pair of tall young people gliding silently by and up the aisle side by side.

They were Julia Kapuletto, the daughter of Helen, and John Henry Montague, the son of Fanny. And they sat in