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EASTER EGG CUSTOMS.

The chief emblem of Easter is the egg. Many opinions as to how it came to be a symbol of the day are current, but most think it is because the egg is the symbol of life, on the principle of omnia ex ovo, and hence of the resurrection.



PICKING EGGS. from the land of Egypt, and it was used in the feast of the passover as part of the furniture of the table with the paschal lamb.

The custom of dyeing eggs at Easter-tide dates back to the Fourth century of the Christian church. The Romish church at that era prohibited the eating of eggs during Lent. The store of eggs which accumulated was counted the property of the children, and to enhance the value of the eggs in their estimation they were dyed with brilliant colors and gayly ornamented.

Here is the right way to boil Easter eggs: Boil fresh, clean, white eggs at least ten minutes. Add a little dissolved dye, any color wanted, and a teaspoonful of strong vinegar to a pint of water. Then put in the eggs, and let them remain until the desired shade is obtained. The eggs may be eaten with safety after being colored. Eggs can be colored red by dissolving a little redwood, cochineal or carmine in the water in which they are boiled.

The patterns of any print may be transferred to the egg by sewing it up in a piece of the calico, the right side next the egg, and boiling the egg for about ten minutes in water in which a tablespoonful of soda has been dissolved. Generally it will be found best in decorating eggs to "blow" them instead of boiling. Pierce each egg with a darning needle and blow out the contents. Then the shell is ready for decoration, and may be painted in water colors or sepia.

The street gamin does not lose his share of Easter joy, though he goes to no church and has no new clothes to wear. Eggs are cheapest at Easter, and the little fellows gamble with a game that is called "picking eggs." Each boy looks for the strongest egg, testing it by tapping the end against his teeth. The sound tells whether the egg is strong or not. When the particular young purchaser is suited with the strength of his egg he finds some boy with whom to "pick." The sharp end of the egg is the "pint," the round end the "butt." The pints are struck, the boy who proposes the game striking first. The other boy holds his thumb and forefinger around the top of his egg, so it can be struck only on the "pint." The striker keeps up his blows until one egg is cracked. Then he holds up the "butt" of his egg, and the other boy strikes it until one of those is cracked. The boy who succeeds in breaking the other's egg at both ends wins the broken egg. He can sell all he wins for a cent apiece at home or in the stores, where there is always a brisk trade for cracked eggs.

The egg rolling in the White House grounds each Easter Monday is a scene not reproduced anywhere else in the United States. The grounds are thrown open to the public, and parents and nurses with children of all ages come in the morning. They carry baskets of lunch and others filled with gayly colored eggs, which are to be rolled down the grassy slopes on which the children play, or "picked" as the street gamins do fresh ones. Thousands of children fill the grounds and play with eggs under the



EGG ROLLING AT WASHINGTON. trees until they get hungry and eat the hard boiled ovals with their lunches, with regular picnic appetites. The big band plays in the afternoon, and the visiting thousands are delighted with a sight of the presidential family, who show themselves on the piazza with their friends. Of course the little White House children are chief objects of interest.

DIDN'T WORK.

It Wasn't the Right Time and Mr. Diltz Gave It Up.

"I'll do it!" Polhemus Diltz laid down the paper he was reading, put his nose glasses back in his pocket, took his hat and overcoat down from the hook and started home. "I'll do it!" he repeated to himself as he walked along. "I'll court my wife as if she were a girl again, the way the fellow did in that newspaper story. I expect it'll go pretty tough," he reflected, throwing away his cigar and wiping his mouth carefully as he approached his home. "I've been a good deal of a rhinoceros about the house, and it's a hard thing to break off old habits all at once, but I'm going to give it a trial if it takes the hide off."

Mr. Diltz entered the house, hung his hat and overcoat in the hall instead of throwing them down in a heap on the sofa in his usual fashion. Then he went on tiptoe upstairs, put on his best necktie, combed his hair carefully, and came softly down the stairs again. "Mary Jane!" he called out. "Where are you, dear?"

"Out here," answered a voice in the kitchen. "Did you bring that package of chocolate I told you not to forget when you went down town this morning?" "Why, no," said Mr. Diltz regretfully, as he went into the kitchen. "I forgot it, dear."

Mrs. Diltz looked at him suspiciously. He hadn't called her "dear" for about eleven years. "You forgot it? Humph! I just expected it. What are you up to now?" This query, somewhat sharply uttered, was prompted by an unexpected forward movement on the part of Mr. Diltz. "Don't you see I'm cleaning this chicken!" she exclaimed. "Look out! You'll make me cut myself. I'm working at the gizzard. A man has no business poking round in the kitchen when he can't do any good."

Mr. Diltz stepped back. He had intended to kiss his wife, but concluded to postpone the matter for a little while. "Mary Jane," he said, "my dear!" "What are you all slicked up for, anyhow? Going anywhere?" "No, love. I expect to spend the rest of the day at home. I came an hour or two earlier, thinking—" "I wish you had brought that chocolate. That's what I wish."

"Darling," said Mr. Diltz, "I—that's no way to go to work at a chicken gizzard. Let me—" "Maybe you know more about this kind of work than I do. Maybe I haven't cleaned hundreds of chickens since I've been keeping house? What are you snooping around out here for, anyhow, with your hair all plastered down and that smirk on your face?"

"My dearest Mary Jane, I—" "Polhemus," broke in his wife, laying down the portion of the fowl's anatomy she had been dissecting, and looking at him keenly, "what on earth is the object of this palvering? What new dodge are you trying to work now?" "Why, Mary Jane, I've made up my mind to try to get along with you in a dif—" "To get along with me? What do you mean? Do you tell me to my face I'm hard to get along with?"

"Not at all, Mary Jane; not at all. I was only going to say that we might live together more comfortably, you know, if—er—if we'd quit this quarreling and be sociable, you know, as we used to be. There's no need of us acting like cats and dogs." "Who says we act like cats and dogs, I'd like to know? Look here, Polhemus! You've been drinking." "It's a blamed l— now, Mary Jane, don't you give way to that temper of yours!"

"Who started this fuss?" "You did." "I didn't. You did yourself." "You did!" "You know better." "Tell your wife she lies, do you? Well, it isn't the first time. If you have any business to attend to at your office there will be plenty time for you to go and do it before supper. I'll get along. I don't need any help on this chicken."

"Diddly-dad-swing the dag-gone old aen!" shouted Mr. Diltz, beside himself with rage. "Dad swizzle its everlasting gold-dinged old carcass!" He went out of the kitchen, slamming the door behind him, and in less than a quarter of a minute he was on his way back to his office, muttering excitedly to himself and crushing the inoffensive sidewalk hard beneath his vindictive heel as he strode along.

Mr. Diltz has not entirely given up the idea of courting his wife, but he has registered a castiron vow never to undertake the job again when she is anatomizing a to chicken.—Chicago Tribune.

Familiarity Breeds Contempt. Old Patron (at the restaurant)—Look here, Anna! You are paying no attention whatever to me. I have been waiting three-quarters of an hour without anybody serving me. Waitress—Well, sir, you are an old patron of the place, and have so many reminiscences of good dishes that I ought to serve the strangers first.—Flegende Blatter

No Objection to That. Mother of Marriageable Daughter—I will confess one thing to you, my dear sir. My daughter sits at the piano the whole day long. Eligible Suitor—Oh, that's all right—so long as she doesn't play on it.—Flegende Blatter

Strange Oversight. She (on the way to the theatre)—John, please hold my handkerchief a moment. He—Is this the only one you brought? "Certainly. Why?" (Aghast.) "Going to hear Clara Morris with only one handkerchief!"—Chicago Tribune.

THE PENITENTIAL FAST IS GONE.

EASTER CAROL. By WM. LEIGH.

With spirit.

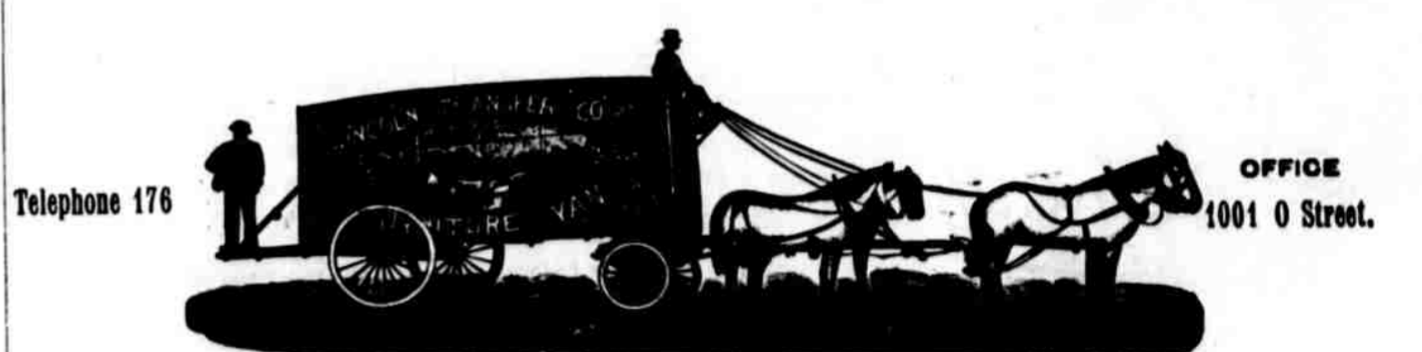
1. The pen - i - ten - tial fast is gone, The Len - ten sea - son o'er, And joy - ous Eas - ter
2. The wel - come buds of spring - time, In green and pur - ple hue, Burst forth as sea - son's

bells ring out, Dark-ness veils the earth no more. The sun breaks forth in bright-ness, Fore - em - blens Of a res - ur - re - c - tion too. As we hal'd with joy the Yule - tide, When the

told in Ho - ly Word, And danc - es 'mid his glit - t'ring rays, To hail the as - cend - ed Lord. Sav - our Christ was born, So we hail His glor - ious ris - ing On this hap - py Eas - ter morn.

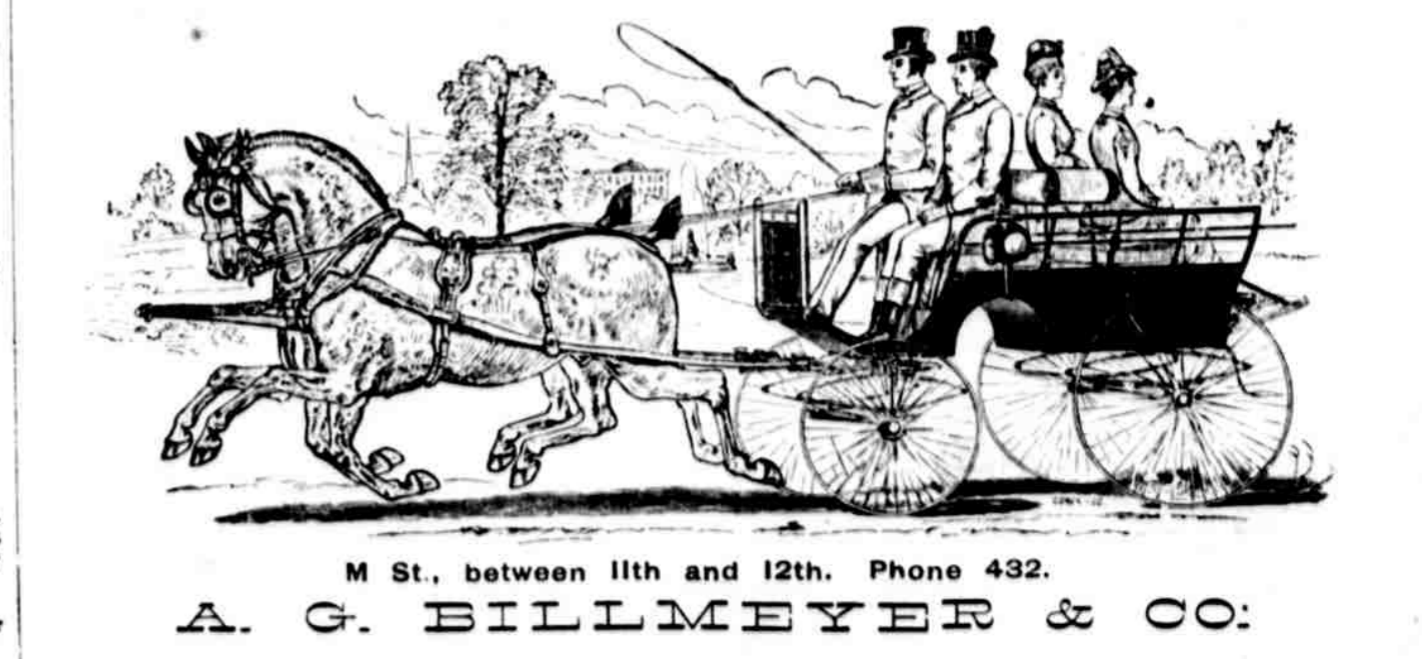
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