THE EASTER SYMBOL.

I think of Easter as a dawn:
  The flushing skies, the passing cloud,
The feeling of a sorrow gone,
  A presence pure and gentle-browed.

There comes the gloom of morning rays,
  There passes all of gloom and sin,
And down the dew-bejeweled ways
  The god of summer enters in.

The past is but a shriveled leaf,
  A written scroll to fade away,
With all it held of joy or grief
  Merged in the glory of to-day.

Sweet hope goes down into the tomb
  And takes from death a grander life.
Joy rings across the voice of doom,
  And peace is gained by every strife.

The egg expands its pulsing wings,
  The twig awakens into flowers,
And from the soul of man there springs
  The perfect age of fullest powers.

Over and over all is told,
  The stars their orbits still repeat,
Season to season buds unfold,
  And worlds and atoms meet and meet.

There is no loss, there is no gain;
  There is no waste of time or force;
And every act and thought and pain
  Are meeting points in nature's course.

And death is not! the very rocks
  Await the resurrection morn;
And fire or storm or change unlocks
  The old, and thus the new is born.

So may we live in perfect trust,
  And in the tempest stand serene,
For God will re-create the dust
  Though countless ages intervene.

The wrong shall vanish in the right,
  The evil melt into the good;

For as the day includes the night,
  The false is true when understood.

Thus all is rounded in a song—
  The song of hope, the song of youth,
The music of a mighty throng
  On the eternal hills of Truth.

O Spirit of the Easter time,
  To all the sweet assurance give,
And swell the sound in voice and chime:
"Though be ye Dead, yet shall ye Live."
—Richard Lew Dawson.

EASTER MONDAY EGG ROLLING.

A Custom Which Is Peculiar to the White House.

Egg rolling on Easter Monday is a custom which is peculiar to Washington, D. C. No one appears to know its origin, but every Easter Monday, within the memory of the oldest inhabitant, hundreds, and now even thousands, of children have gathered in the "White House lot," the grounds south of the President's house, bringing baskets of gayly colored eggs and spending the day rolling them down

EASTER EGG ROLLING AT THE WHITE HOUSE

the sides of the green knolls and grassy slopes. The day has gradually developed into an almost universal holiday.

The White House grounds are given up to the children from dawn to dark. Fathers, mothers, sisters, aunts, and cousins come to look on, and it is indeed a beautiful sight to watch them as they come from all directions, from near and from far: even before sunrise many may be seen waiting at the closed gates: at 8 o'clock these are opened wide, and the eager children, dressed in holiday attire, flock in, each one carrying a basket or box of colored, hard-boiled eggs.

There is no distinction; all classes and conditions are equally welcome. There is no limit to age; the child who can scarcely walk alone and the girl and boy of 16 are alike welcome. Many of the wee tots are accompanied by colored nurses, who, if we can judge by their dusky faces all aglow with smiles, expect to enjoy the pleasures of the day quite as much as the children.

Some very elegant carriages are driven to the grounds; in fact before noon there is a long line of them, and the drivers wait for hours while the little people enjoy the sport.

There is a certain way of rolling the eggs, and the tradition is that those who roll the greatest number without breaking any are to be the most successful in life. It is interesting to watch the young folks while they engage in this game, all seeming to fully appreciate the honor of playing hen. They are truly the happiest of children as their merry laugh and joyful exclamations ring and echo throughout the entire domain; nothing rude or discourteous is heard or seen to mar the innocent festivities.

The inclosed grounds consist of about twenty acres, handsomely laid out, containing fountains and many ornamental shrubs and trees, all kept in perfect order. The White House is situated upon a little rise of ground admirably adapted for this recreation of egg-rolling. When the merry crowd on the lawn

AN EASTER IDOL.

is covered with broken egg shells of various colors.

At 1 o'clock the children partake of their luncheons, which consist largely of cold-boiled eggs. At 2 o'clock the President has a reception for them: he always stands at the door leading from the east room into the large hall, and as they pass through he smiles, says a word of welcome to all, and shakes hands with as many as possible: since there are hundreds passing through, it is quite pardonable if a few are overlooked.

This is the only day during the whole year that the little folk are given free access to the White House and its grounds, and they heartily enjoy the privilege.

NEW EASTER CARDS.

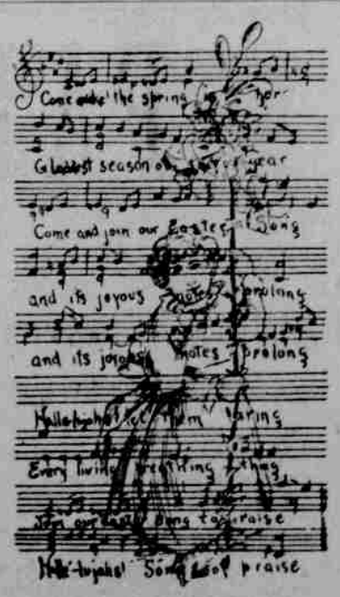
A Variety of Offerings that Are Calculated to Fit All Tastes.

The display of Easter cards, that have become as much a feature of the religious festival season as the Christmas holidays, is more lavish this year than ever, says a New York paper. Not many new striking designs are to be seen, but the shops given to that sort of thing have filled their windows

IN FAVOR WITH YOUNG PEOPLE.

with a variety calculated to fit any financial posibility, from the humble nickel to the haughty gold eagle. The beauty of the offerings only to be attained by the latter coin is beyond question, but there are plenty of charming things in the smaller and more modest that can happily fulfill their mission as a token of remembrance and regard. One that is especially taking with young people is the novel arrangement of a dove on a card so that when the card is set upright by means of the rest at the back, the handsome bird tilts forward and has an unusually natural appearance of flying. An old church tower and the moon rising over the trees at the back, with other doves hovering about, carry out the pleasing effect.

A more expensive token is in the form of a garland of Easter songs. This has several tones attractively illuminated with flowers and children amid the words and score of the songs.



FROM A GARLAND.

Another is a framework of gold and silver, from which hang three bells. Vines twine about the timbers, and

RINGING OUT THE GLAD TIDINGS.

doves and flowers below fill out the picture.

Perforated cards with the lettering ornamented with gold and silver and angels' heads at the corners are catching. They are small and cheap. There are also very pretty ones in folding shape that display flowers and appropriate verses when opened.

A graceful card with exquisite coloring is of two calla lilies and clustering forget-me-nots, with a moon and cross in the distance. The sentiment is "A Joyful Easter." The tints are delicate grays, blues, greens and gold. It is as pretty a card for a cheap one as could be wished for.

An Easter Whipping.

It was nearly dusk. It had been a typical Easter—a beatiful, sunshiny morning. The well-dressed throng of church-goers on their way to morning service had stopped again and again among themselves to comment on the beauty of the day. In the afternoon it had still been clear, but the fresh western wind had begun to blow. And now it was growing late. The fog—the cold, damp, nasty fog—was rolling in from the ocean.

The wind made her shiver as she stood on the street corner.

She was not big enough to be out at that time, when every one was hurrying homeward, even if she had been clad to withstand that western wind. She couldn't have been more than seven.

He came whistling around the corner. He must have been ten, and no cold could get in through the thick overcoat he wore.

"What's matter cryin' for?"

"I'm cold."

He came up close, looked around to see that no one was looking, whipped off the overcoat and put it around her.

"I've got lots more home."

Then he vanished into the modest little home up the street.

"Where is your overcoat?"

"Lost it."

He got a whipping for being careless, but he'd sooner take ten whippings than confess to anything like soft-heartedness.

How to Prepare Easter Eggs.

One way is to put them for a few minutes in hot water, and then write with tallow a name or design, flower or ornament, on either side of the egg. Then boil it in water in which a colored solution or dye has been put. The color will not adhere to the part of the shell which has been touched with the tallow, and whatever has been drawn will be quite white. Eggs boiled in logwood will be violet or purple, and with a pin or knife one may scratch on the shell any design desired.

An Easter Processional.

Let us sing of bright morn breaking
From the glorious east;
Lilies fair their sheaths forsaking;
Larks in light their music making;
Sing the song of wings and waking
That befits our feast!

Apple boughs in white are dressing,
And in heaven's blue arch
Little clouds, like cherubs pressing
Rank on rank with cheeks caressing,
Shed their softness like a blessing
On our joyful march!
—St. Nicholas.

WOMAN AGAINST WOMAN.

BY MRS. M. E. HOLMES.

CHAPTER XI.—Continued.

"I don't know—to Italy, perhaps, where I met him. I believe he has a castle or an estate out there. He may have—they may have gone to it."

"Roy, you will do nothing rash? Promise me, for your mother's sake. Remember, she has only you."

"I shall avenge my honor," the Earl answered quietly. "But you, Valerie," he went on, gently, "you will not leave my mother? She loves you. It is a great thing to ask you to do—to give up your life, your pleasures, to be with her—but I beg it as a favor."

Valerie felt her throat choke.

"There is no hardship I would not submit to for your mother's sake," she replied.

The Earl raised her hand to his lips.

"Thank you, Valerie," he said simply. "Tell my mother I am coming to speak to her soon. I want her to go to her favorite house in Scotland for a little time, or anywhere. She must leave here."

Valerie smiled faintly, and turned away as he entered the library.

"All goes well," she murmured to herself. "He prays me to remain—he will find soon he cannot do without me, and Lady Alice will be forgotten. Does he love her—is he suffering from his heart or his pride at her flight? Pride, I am certain: he is a Darrell, and therefore dishonor is to him the greatest of all evils. Now, it only wants Jura to send the report of her death, and the game is mine. I feel free, light as air, after a long, wretched, dark imprisonment. Paul gone from my path—happiness before me!"

The Earl shut the door of the library, and drawing a chair to the table buried his face on his folded arms.

He was simply stunned by the news of Alice's faithlessness and sin: the vision of her sweet beauty haunted him, and even, when proofs were strongest against her, the thought of her innate purity and goodness would come like a flash of light.

He remembered her as he held her for that few brief seconds in his arms that night in the conservatory: it was the face of an angel in its fair loveliness.

Such a woman could not sin!

Yet how could he explain the circumstances? Look which way he might he saw nothing but the most damning and conclusive evidence of her guilt.

A knock at the door roused him, and his man Mason entered.

"There's a gentleman wants to see you, my Lord," he said quietly.

"I can see no one," the Earl replied hastily.

"He told me to give you this card, and beg you to see him for a few minutes, my Lord."

The Earl took the card.

"Frank Merredith—staying with Armistead at the Grange. Well, let him come in, Mason."

Mason bowed, and in a few seconds returned, ushering in Frank Meredith.

"I must apologize for intruding on your privacy, Lord Darrell," Frank began courteously, "but I wish to speak with you most particularly."

The Earl bowed; he seemed to know his guest's face.

"You are looking at me, I see," Frank went on. "We have met before. Do you remember, a few days ago, you had a riding party to the old abbey ruins?"

The Earl reminated.

"Yes, I remember now. You are the gentleman who very kindly assisted my—the—the Countess of Darrell. I thank you, sir, for——"

Roy's voice failed

Frank went on quickly:

"Lord Darrell, it is not a moment to mince matters. I know your trouble. I think I can appreciate your grief. I have come here to tell you I think you have been the victim of some horrible treachery."

Roy's heart stood still, then beat quicker than ever.

"Go on," he said in low tones.

"I had the honor of a short conversation with Lady Darrell that morning at the ruins and, thinking her a neglected, sorrowful woman, urged by some strange feeling I begged her to let me be her friend. After a moment's hesitation she agreed, and I handed her two cards with my address, one at the Grange and the other in London. She promised me if she ever needed help she would send for me. Have those cards been discovered?"

Roy rose hurriedly.

"I will ring for her maid and ask."

He paced the floor in wildest agitation till Davis came. How he reproached himself! A stranger had read her misery, and he was blind!

Davis knew nothing of the cards.

"I have looked through everything, my lord," she said, coming back after a time. "They are nowhere. My dear mistress left all her clothes. She had only her white silk peignoir, her cloak and hat. Oh, dear! I feel something terrible has happened to her."

The Earl waved her away, and Frank only waited till the maid had gone. Then he walked up to the Earl.

"Did you hear that? Would any woman deliberately go away in this damp cold weather, clad only in a dressing gown? I am convinced there is some treachery. Listen: I came over here at Armistead's request. Last night we were sitting up late, when we heard a slight noise, and going to discover what it was, we discovered two men crouching outside the house. They fled like hares. We chased them. They took the direction of the Abbey ruins. Two nights before I imagined I heard something outside, but I took no notice of it. Armistead has gone up to town to bring down a couple of detectives, and we will get to the bottom of the affair. I have come to tell you this, and so support my theory that the disappearance of the plate and diamonds is all part of a systematic robbery."

"Yes, yes; but——"

Roy had risen in his excitement.

"You mean, how does this account for Lady Darrell's disappearance also? I cannot explain that; but something tells me she is in trouble, and needs our assistance. But you look pale, Lord Darrell. Let me get you some brandy, or——"

"It is nothing, only your views upset me. It is dreadful to think of—of her, perhaps in danger, and I cannot help her. What shall we do?"

Roy had covered his face with his hands and now looked up.

"Do!" echoed Frank; "put the detectives on the track at once. Will you ride with me now as far as the Abbey? We might reconnoitre and find out something."

"Let us start at once. Have you a horse? No? Then I will order two."

The Earl seized the bell.

"Two saddle horses, Mason, without delay. Mr. Meredith, you have given me the first moment of gladness since that dreadful morning. You have given me hope."

"Do not be too sanguine," Frank observed quickly. "They are only my own ideas on the affair. I have no proof; but to convict Lady Darrell of such odious crimes seems to me impossible. She has the face of an angel. If ever human eyes spoke the truth, hers did."

"Why have not I had this faith?" cried Roy passionately. "I should not have wasted three days. But come, the horses are there; we can start at once."

"Do you know anything about this Count Jura? Where did you first meet him?" Frank asked as he mounted.

"In Italy. He represented himself as a scion of a noble and ancient house, and certainly I found him charming. Why do you ask?"

"Because Armistead seems to think him a scoundrel; but you will meet Geof to-night and learn more."

Valerie Ross heard the sound of horses on the path and looked from the window. As she saw Roy ride away hastily with a stranger her heart contracted as with fear. What had happened? Suppose they had traced Count Jura, and Alice was found? She summoned her maid, and, after much questioning of Mason, Valerie's fear died away. Roy has gone for a ride. All was safe as yet.

CHAPTER XII.

Alice lay unconscious half through the night that followed her abduction: she tossed and turned in her fever: her lips murmured words incoherently: her small hands were held out as if begging for pity.

She knew not that Myra Burden sat beside her through the silent hours long after the voices had sunk down in the next room, patiently and tenderly watching and tending her.

The chloroform had made her feverish: the shock of seeing Count Jura simply prostrated her.

A vague dream of horrors filled her brain. Valerie's malignant face, Count Jura's dark eyes, haunted her like demons: then for a moment would come blessed happiness, as Roy's tender, handsome countenance floated before her, only to melt again into terrifying figures of Myra and her mother, bringing that sense of dread and horror.

"Yes," mused Myra, as she sat in the long night silence, ever and again moistening Alice's parched lips with water: "she is here against her will and knowledge, he has evidently carried her away drugged and insensible. Who is she? A lady, her hands are white. I will help her; my heart burns against her, she is in my power, yet I cannot do her harm. It is he who shall suffer. He loves her," she shuddered: "yes, there was a look on his face he never gave me—he shall suffer. I will get her away, but how? Let me think."

As she pondered, Alice moved over restlessly: the actions caused two cards to fall from her pocket to the ground. Myra picked them up.

"'Frank Meredith, the Grange.' Why that's the next plant! Is he a friend, or perhaps her husband. The same name—'Savile row, London!' This is luck. I will keep them, and George shall find out."

The words died away in a stifled shriek, a hand was placed over her mouth, another snatched the cards from her.

This was done by Count Jura: he had pushed aside the curtains noiselessly, had watched the girl sitting quietly, had listened to her half-whispered musings, and when she picked up the cards he dashed forward and grasped them.

"So, you viper, you are planning against me, are you?" he hissed, drawing her by a tight hold into the other vault. "Treacherous—eh?"

"Yes, treacherous if you like," Myra answered sullenly, snatching her arm from his hand: "though it is not from you such words should come, George Fox."

"Hush!" Count Jura glanced round fearfully—"dare to breath that name again and I'll——"

"Kill me? Well, do it. What have I got to live for? You've treated me like the dirt under your foot, George." Myra flashed her great black eyes on him like scorching stars. "Do you ever think of my ruined heart, of all the misery I am suffering, of my degredation, of the aching void, the never-dying despair?"

Here she smote her breast as she spoke passionately.

"I know all about that," returned the man, coolly. "I am not in the mood for recrimination, Myra, so I tell you plainly."

"Have you forgotten all you swore to me? Have you forgotten your promise that I should be your wife?"

"Yes," he said, quietly with a sneer.

Myra shrank back; his cruel coldness cowed her, she could say no more. She turned, and sinking on to a mattress, buried her face in her hands.

The Count frowned, then he approached her.

"There, Myra, don't be a fool! We have had our sunshine, and it is gone. But we needn't quarrel, we are friends, you and I, Myra; I can't do without you, I swear it!"

"George, do you mean that?"

The words had gone through the girl like an electric shot.

"Mean it? Of course I do! There give me a kiss to mend the quarrel."

Myra shrank back. Then a thought seemed suddenly to come to her; she lifted her lips for the careless caress; but as the Count turned aside for an instant, she brushed away the touch with a shudder.

"Now you are my wise Myra once more. I want your help. This plate must be got to Nestley town, en route for London, in the morning. You will take it?" He glanced at her indifferently.

Myra made no outward sign as she answered, "Well?"

"The Darrell diamonds cannot be disposed of here. I shall take them abroad. I will be gone only about a week; during that time you must look after everything as you know how to. Keep your eye on Paul; he is growing sulky. I half expect him to bolt. Your mother, too, must not venture to Nestley again. She lets out too much when the liquor is in her. We must all move up to headquarters as soon as the job is done at the Grange, and I come back. You will do all I ask, Myra?"

"Yes," Myra answered, slowly, then she added, "And she—does she stay here with me?"

Count Jura hesitated.

"Yes," he replied: then with a careless nod he went out through the curtains into the passage, to the corner in which the men slept.

Myra stood glaring after him.

"He lies to my face. Traitor! coward! villian! But though my hands are tied now and I seem helpless, I shall find a way, and he shall learn what it is to break the heart of Myra Burden!"

CHAPTER III.

Myra crept back to the inner room. Alice was not awake, but she was murmuring in her sleep.

The other girl drew a rug over the stone floor and crouched down on it to get a little rest.

She burned with a fever of pain, jealousy, and shame in her heart, but her hands were cold as ice.

As she lay down on the rug the memory of by-gone days came to her—dim visions of a tiny house and shop in a crowded city, where her mother was busy all day.

She could barely remember her father, though away in the misty past she seemed to recall a tall, dark man who returned but seldom to his home, and always tossed her on his shoulder and played with her.

She knew now that he had been a sailor, and that he was dead. Then years passed and she could see plainer.

Her mother left the shop they lived in—a dingy, dirty locality: their lives were strange. Roused at the dead of night to admit men with bundles and packages, she learned to know them all, and as she blossomed from a bud into a lovely flower, she grew to welcome one with a flutter at her heart.

For George she had always a smile, and in return she got many stolen glimpses of happiness.

George admired her beauty. He loved to deck out her dark locks in glittering jewels, clothe her in silken robes, and let her walk about the dingey house like some beautiful star caught in a prison.

Myra loved this man with all the warmth and passion she inherited from her Spanish father. Her mother cared nothing about the intimacy one way or another, except that she let Myra amuse George: it kept him in a good temper, and he was a man to be feared and fawned to.

He was the most daring of the whole gang; a gentleman by birth, of unexceptional manners, he mingled with the very people whose houses he robbed.

Myra was 18 when she first realized what her mother's calling was—the receiver of stolen goods! It did not shock her.

She had no knowledge of the sin it was. Her companions had kept her in the dark so long, merely to prevent her talking, and when she knew the truth she was indifferent. George was one of them, and what George did was hallowed in her eyes.

But there came a time when Myra's dream was shattered.

George wearied of her love; he come less often: then he announced that it was decided between Paul Ross and himself that he should go to Italy, get introduced to Roy Darrell, become his friend and thus rob Darrell Castle of some of its world-famous treasures.

The whole gang was ordered to find their way to the Abbey ruins.

Paul Ross knew them well: he had lived in their mouldy vaults during the whole time his sister was luxuriously lodged as Lady Darrel's guest.

With sullen sorrow Myra went about her work.

George went off to Italy without a word, and despair and grief had eaten her heart nearly away when the building fire of jealously was added to her burden, and transformed her at once into a woman full of cares and thoughts of vengeance.

Alice's fair loveliness was a sight that brought the flush of agony to her dark cheek; the knowledge that George loved her was a very sword thrust into her bleeding heart, and filled her eyes with unshed tears.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Chinese Paper Weights.

The odd little paper weights, cups, seals, bowls, teapots, animal figures, idols, and knickknacks in soapstone of various shades, which travelers bring from China, are made, for the most part, from the output of mines near Wenchow. When the steatite is taken out it is very soft, but hardens quickly in the air. As to the colors there found the British Consul at Wenchow enumerates purple, red, mottled red, black, dark blue, light blue, gray, egg-shell white, jade color, beeswax and frozen color. The white, jade color and frozen are considered the finest and bring high prices. There are two thousand miners and carvers employed in these mines.

Tornado-Proof Houses.

An interesting idea from the west is a tornado-proof house. It revolves on a pivot, with a big weather-vane at one end and a six-pound cannon looking out of a port-hole at the other. When a revolving storm cloud strikes the dwelling the latter necessarily turns to face it, and the six-pounder is automatically discharged into the face of the "twister," destroying it. This notion is adopted from the well known practice of firing guns from ships at waterspouts which approach dangerously near.—Milwaukee Journal.

THE snakes a man sees when he is wrestling with a severe attack of delirium tremens are not water snakes. This is reliable.

IT is said that if a married man puts a piece of bride's cake under his pillow, he will dream of the girl he didn't get.