

**A THOUGHT OF THE RESURRECTION.**

The tulips that were hid in the darkness  
Through the winter time and the snow  
Have felt the thrill of the sunlight.  
Their heart to bloom they know.  
Purple and gold and scarlet  
And white as the robes of a king,  
To the glory of love at Easter  
Their beautiful wealth they bring.

The grass that was brown and withered  
And cold on the sodden plain  
Has been kissed by the tender sunshine,  
Cared by the crystal rain,  
And its bright green blades quiver,  
Led twice ten millions strong,  
And the bird, with her nest among them,  
Flies up with a sudden song.

And we, who have seen our darlings  
Reft from our side away;  
Who have wept in silent anguish  
O'er the cold and pulseless clay,  
Take heart in the Easter gladness,  
A parable all may read,  
For the Lord who cares for the flowers  
Cares well for our greater need.

He knows of the loss and anguish,  
The grope of the stricken soul,  
He will bring again our dear ones,  
By his touch of life made whole.  
We shall need and know and love them  
In the spring beyond the sea,  
That, after earth's dreary winter,  
Is coming to you and me.  
—Mrs. M. E. Sangster.

**EASTER IN MINGIN'S ALLEY.**

BY KATE JORDAN.

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

They stood at the entrance to the alleyway, so chill, so damp this cloudy day of early spring—an old woman in a shabby quilted bonnet, a market basket on her arm, her seamed, flabby face fairly quivering with curiosity, and a footman in dark green livery, as carefully groomed as the master who sent him.

He certainly was an unusual sight in Mingin's alley—so unusual indeed that old Mrs. Ryan could scarcely get her breath back as she looked after him.

"Well, well, well! Upon me wurd, but that's airs, I must say! Mrs. Terry Mason'll hold her yaller head a little higher than ever now that she has a laddy buck like that comin' with letters to see her. Oh, my, but this is a wicked wurld! Who is Mrs. Mason anyway, and why does such an airish young piece live in Mingin's alley, and where's her husband, and why do the loikes of that futman come after her? Faith, I have me doubts about these aisy going, soft voiced, standish sort of people! Divil a drop o' whisky would she take wid me avin on the blessed Christmas day! No use troyin to be frindly with the loikes o' her. She's got too many frinds among the upper tin sot fit to look an honest woman in the face, I'll be bound, if the thruth was told! Well, well, well! Mrs. Mulcahy say to this wuin I see her at the market?"

It was a choice bit of news, and Mrs. Mary Ann Ryan of Mingin's alley looked forward to retailing it over a glass of whisky, just as Miss Manhattan at 5 o'clock tea rattles the skeletons her absent friends think hidden. Meanwhile the footman went on, gingerly picking his way over the muddy pavement, until he came to the door in the small rear house to which he had been directed.

It was still wintry and cold in the passageway, but when the door was opened to his knock there was something spring-



"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. In reality she was 28. In suffering she often felt about 30.

"Mrs. Terry Mason?" and the footman lifted his hat respectfully.  
"Yes," her dry lips murmured.  
"A letter for you, madam."  
"Come in," she said, and with the grace of one gently bred she sank into a wooden chair, the letter fluttering with a rustle like a dead leaf in her fingers.

The footman looked around the room. He knew he would be asked questions concerning it, so he noticed it particularly. It was very clean, the bare floor scrubbed to an astonishing whiteness, a crisp bit of muslin in a big grill upon the shining window, a red geranium adding its bright head against it, and a little chubby boy, with steady, inquiring blue eyes, sitting in a high wooden chair, playing with a painted horse.

"Hello," said the little fellow, nodding his head. "I'm Ted. Who're you? And where did you get all those buttons from? Brass buttons! You ain't a policeman, for you ain't got a club."

The footman smiled, but a low cry from Mrs. Mason as she bowed her head almost to her knees startled him.

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.

"You made her cry," and the flaxen curls fell in a tossing angry mass over his accusing eyes. "You're a bad man. You made her cry—delibery!"

He hobbled to his mother's side, forced her head up with his mites of hands and looked inquiringly at her white face.

"Mammy, tell Ted," he whispered. "Oh, my darling," and she flung her arms around him, "if we could both die! If you and I, Ted, could just find rest! It's a sorry old game, this life, dear. It's a cold, horrid, old world, my baby. I begin to think there isn't room for us here."

She kissed him on the lifted baby brow, closed her dry lips, and replacing the letter in its envelope handed it to the footman.

"Take that back," she said in an icy, level tone.

"What answer, madam?"  
"No answer. Just take it back."  
"But Mr. Trevelyan!"  
"Go. Tell my father—tell Mr. Trevelyan," she said, hurriedly correcting herself—"that I cannot answer it as I would if he stood here before me."  
"He might come himself, madam."  
"And the way I would answer it is this: I'd tear it to bits and cast them in his merciless face!"

Long after the door had closed upon the footman she sat there, white, silent, unmindful even of Ted's furtive caresses and tender questioning. She seemed to see the words of that cruel letter still before her—yes, every sentence was burned on her brain:

Your note of appeal reached me when I arrived here from San Francisco on a trip around the world. You are weak, you say, and poor. You ask me for help. You say you would not do this but for your child's sake—that if you cannot work he must starve. I have considered the matter, and I have decided to give you one more chance. The facts of the case are these:

You married Terry Mason against my expressed threats. He was the son of the only man I hated, one who tried to ruin me financially and socially for reasons I need not state here. I told you that if you clung to your absurd infatuation for Terry Mason you lost your father forever. Perhaps you thought I did not mean it.

However, Terry Mason is dead. Come back then, if you will, and I'll receive you, give you a home, but his child I will never permit to live under my roof. Send him to the beggarly relatives his father has bequeathed to him or put him in some institution where he can be paid for. Do as you please about that. He cannot live with me—and, more than that, you must drop the "Mason" and be my daughter again, in name and in spirit. There must be no reminders of your sorry past. For your immediate need I inclose \$50.

JULIUS TREVELYAN.

"The money would have scorched my fingers!" the girl muttered. "And yet, oh, how I wish I might have kept just a few dollars to buy something for Ted for Easter—poor darling!"

What fancies passed before the young widow's sad, blue eyes, what pictures of the past!

She saw herself so happy as a girl at Trevelyan House, her father's ancestral home in England. She saw Terry Mason, who had won her heart the very first time she had met him, during the London season. She saw herself so happy, so happy with him during their short honeymoon together—happy, despite her father's estrangement and bitter words.

But the happiness had died so soon. She thought of one sunny April morning when they were in the Alps, a few months before Ted was born. Terry had gone up one of the mountains with a party of men. His last words still echoed in her ears:

"Don't worry, Mildred, dear. I'll be back before you are up in the morning."  
Ah, death had its shadow over him even as he spoke! He never came back.

Into one of the treacherous crevasses that lurk in the still, white depths of the eternal snows he had disappeared. His companions, reaching the top, had called and waited for him in vain. Search parties sent out had returned without a hope. The earth had literally swallowed him and with it all Mildred's joy in life.

Yet—not all—for when Ted was born—poor, pretty, crippled Ted, with his eyes like the sky that arched the peaks of snow—there was something to live for. Money went, ill luck came like a shadow that persistently kept pace with her, but her love for Ted grew stronger with sickness and disappointment.

Like so many other hapless ones, she had eventually drifted to America, the land of promise, but it had brought no fulfillment to her. What weary years of struggle had passed, yet she had been brave, had fought the fight alone, and no prayer for help had reached the iron-willed master of Trevelyan House.

But just a week before this Easter she had seen her father step from his carriage into one of the hotels on Fifth avenue. This was her first intimation that he was in New York. An irresistible impulse had led her to appeal to him for Ted's sake. Despair was the result.

"Oh, is this all of life?" was her dreary protest on this Easter Thursday as she listened to the slow, silvery notes of a church bell drifting over the battered rooftops that crowded Mingin's alley.

"Is this all, dear Ted?"  
But Ted, leaning his elbow in his frayed sleeve upon her knee, only shook his yellow curls and looked with wondering eyes into hers.

The next morning, after a breakfast of dry bread and suspiciously bluish milk, Ted was left alone. Mildred had gone to seek a position in one of the big shops, a quest she had started on daily for almost a month, while her small hoard of savings was decreasing with terrifying rapidity.



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!

But he was a philosopher in his small way, and he put the tempting thought aside.

Nevertheless the page interested him, and he began spelling out this conspicuous



TED'S LETTER.

ously printed notice in a loud, lisping 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. He seized the little crutch and ticktooked over to where he kept his schoolbooks and a stubby pencil. After an hour's hard work the following letter was completed on a page of his copybook:

Dear trumpet office—I am Ted, seven year old next jody and I want a gift, my mammy cryed had yodas she has no mufy for gifts a letter came that was horrid, a man with buttons brot it, I am lam but I dont min that I was borred that way, do pies send a gift my papa is ded I gess that makes mammy sad, so piece send the gift to Ted in mingin's alley yor true friend

Ted.

Posting the letter was an easy matter, for when Sophie, the little German girl, came up stairs he gave her explicit directions about sending it at once.

Not a word did Ted say to his mother about this venture of his, and his cheeks were very red when he went to sleep that night, his first secret weighing most importantly on his heart.

It was Easter eve, and the city editor of The Trumpet was very busy.

Among his letters was one in a very cheap and rather soiled envelope, the address written on it in a hand that was ludicrously babyish.

"This is from one of the kids about the Easter gifts," he said, with a smile. "How in thunder did it stray among my papers? I'm afraid it's too late now—yes, for it's almost 11, and the children's editor is gone."

But when he had waded through little Ted's scrawl there was a mist over his eyes. He thought of his three boys at home, and he determined that this little chap should have an Easter gift if he had to fetch it himself.

Folding the letter, he looked hurriedly around the room.

There was a man busily writing at a desk near by. He was the assistant editor, a young Englishman but lately engaged by the paper.

"See here, King, I've got a job for you."  
He showed Ted's letter.  
"Sad, isn't it? It may be a fake, but I want you to go and find out. It's too late to touch it tonight, but go, like a good fellow, the first thing in the morning. Here are a few dollars, and you'll find some of those painted eggs we sent out to the children in the desk there."

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!

He was almost afraid to think the word, lest in some way it reach the minds of the men he heard laughing in the other room.

What would they say if they knew he had been mad—the inmate of a madhouse 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.

What would they say if they knew that to him there was no past—that beyond his first conscious hours in the Swiss madhouse he knew nothing?

Dismal thoughts—terrible, penetrating loneliness. How his soul was tortured! But worse even than this poignant pain was the feeling that often beset him when he awoke just at the edge of day, just as the gray light of dawn was stealing over the sluggish world, a feeling that his consciousness was trembling on the brink of a discovery—that a great joy or a great sadness would be his in that flood of light.

But it did not come, and the cloud did not lift from his eyes.

Easter morning dawned fresh, crystal clear. The sky was a tremulous azure; the fragrance of trumpet shaped lilies hung in the velvet air; the church bells pealed out gladly; the streets were thronged with people who seemed untroubled by a care.

To the city editor's gift King had added a bunch of white flowers, and feeling the happy consciousness that he was going to make one small boy happy made his way to the dreariness of Mingin's alley.

As fate decreed, he met old Mrs. Ryan about to sailly 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 wurd!" 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 foind Ted and his mother, too, I'll varrant—an airish piece—jes' beyant that fuz' dure, one flight up, back. Upon me wurd, wid such callers on Ted and herself she'll be havin barooches stoppin here rixt. H'm!" And with these charitable remarks Mrs. Ryan pursued her self righteous, self satisfied way to church.

Outside the door to which he was directed King paused.

Dare he venture in? There was grief beyond that door. He heard a woman's weeping voice, a child's short, heart-broken sobs.

"Oh, Ted, Ted, Ted, what shall we do? Oh, the cruelty of the world! There, there, dear, I'm selfish to make you weep. I'm a bad mammy. Still I don't

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 deathly coldness swept over King's body. Something seemed to snap in his brain, and he clung to the casing of the door to keep himself from falling.

That voice! He had heard it before! Some one had called him Ted long ago in just those sweet, velvety tones, in glib laden and loving then, instead of broken by anguish. Oh, was he going mad again—mad from joy?

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!

Oh, it was a moment that a century of life, if that were possible, could not blot out.

And yet—and yet—he dare not hope for too much. How could he expect to find Mildred, his proud, gentle Mildred, here in Mingin's alley?

His faint knock was not heard, so he gently opened the door, Ted's letter and the white flowers in his hand.

Ah, the scene that met his eyes! A young woman was seated by a table, her face hidden on her clasped arms, a cherub faced, yellow haired boy leaning on a crutch beside her and gently stroking her shoulder.

"You got Ted to help you when he gets big," he was saying. "Isn't Ted nothing?"  
As King entered the baby face was turned wrathfully toward him.

"Don't you touch my mammy! Are you the landlord?"  
"No; I've come from The Trumpet, Ted, with some Easter gifts for you," answered King, scarcely able to control his voice as his eyes fastened on the woman's downcast head instead of Ted's face, now wildly jubilant.

Slowly, at sound of that voice, Mildred looked up, turned, as if expecting to see a spirit beside her, rose slowly, all the while gazing into King's eyes as if magnetized.

"Did—you—speak?" she gasped.  
He caught her in his arms.  
"Terry!" came in a ringing cry of mad joy from her lips.

Yet still she trembled and gazed, still unbelieving, still dazed. Could the dead come back?

There, while in his arms, she heard the whole story.

"The people who took me in when they found me wandering half crazed never thought, I suppose, that I was the chap who disappeared weeks before. Those graves of snow seldom open, and one false step usually means oblivion. They gave me the name of King at the asylum, and I kept it. I hadn't an idea who I was any more than if I had never heard of myself, but otherwise my mind was perfectly restored, and I've been in journalism in New York on different papers for three years."

"For three years!" And she shivered as her lips met his.

But, oh, the glory in Mingin's alley that day! Easter in the air, Easter in the souls of these restored lovers, while Ted was monarch of all he surveyed, including his father's watch, came and matelasse. He marched up and down the room, a curious little figure, leaning on his crutch.

"It was my letter done it!" he kept crying, with a fine disregard for grammar. "Hooray! Hooray!"

EASTER EGG FANCIES.

How an Old Time Custom Has Grown Into an Art.

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-re-

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. A stem may be made of twisted green paper and pasted on it at the base. Another device is made by cutting the small end of a shell straight across, pasting on a strip of paper at the side and placing a bit of wood or cardboard underneath. The little cup thus made can be tastefully decorated with either oils or water colors. This is as easily constructed as any and is a rather neat object when carefully finished. A basket made from a good sized eggshell is another novelty. It is not hard to make, but care must be taken in breaking the shell and in cutting it down trim and smooth.

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. The throat and head can be made either of paper or of a wire around which paper or cloth has been wrapped.

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.

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.

Two other designs are eminently practical in their uses and are not hard to make. One is a matelasse, and the other, which is painted to resemble a tub and fitted with a pasteboard bottom, may be used to hold matches, pins or other small articles. In making both of these devices considerable caution will have to be used in cutting the shell. After that, however, the work is easy. On any or all of the designs there is great scope for ingenuity, and a cheap box of paints will enable one to make any number of decorations that fancy may suggest.

**SEEN IN DIFFERENT LANDS.**

CURIOUS 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. Sometimes a basket lined with silk and trimmed with ribbon or anything bright and pretty is used for a nest. Besides the eggs, there are candies and cakes made in odd shapes of people and animals, with marbles, toys and even books. But whatever else is missing, the eggs are always there, and, strange to say, a rabbit—not a hen—is set on top of all. The rabbit is made of pastry or sugar.

On Easter morning the children hunt for the nest, and the first one who finds it cries out, "Oster hase, oster hase!" 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. Many candles and beautiful flowers are used to decorate them.

Eggs play an important part in the Easter festival in Russia. It is estimated that 10,000,000 are used in St. Petersburg alone at that time. It is necessary for all persons to prepare a good stock of decorated eggs for every one, and meeting and greeting an acquaintance to press an egg into the hand. All the eggs have "Christos voskress," "Christ is risen," on them, and generally are decorated.

Besides the eggs, everybody gives a kiss to all of his acquaintances he chances to meet. Not to do so is considered rude.

On Good Friday in each church is placed a representation of Christ's body after death, and as people pass by it they kiss the wounds. Saturday is very quiet. There are no services and no ringing of bells. At midnight the priests appear at their several churches, the song, "Christ is risen from the dead," is heard, the churches are suddenly lighted, and people kneel in groups to receive a blessing. Then the Easter kissing begins, and everybody kisses all with whom he has the slightest acquaintance. In St. Petersburg there is a grand illumination with fireworks.

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.

In the Greek church in Asia Minor the Easter ceremony consists of having a small bier, decked with orange and citron buds, jasmine flowers and boughs, placed in the church, with a crucified Christ rudely painted on a board for the body. Before daybreak a huge bonfire is lighted, singing and shouting indulged in and every honor paid the effigy, accompanied by presents of colored cakes and Easter eggs.

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. The Patriarch of the Holy Land celebrates it, and he is assisted by members of the Franciscan order. The friars come in a body, and many high officials attend with their retinues. There is always a vast number of pilgrims in Rome during holy week, and among the worshippers one may see Persians, Russians, Albanians, Assyrians, Kurds, Armenians, Egyptians, Abyssinians, Turks, Arabians and all sorts of Europeans. On Good Friday thousands attend a service at Golgotha, which consists mainly of the nailing of an image to a cross, a sermon on the crucifixion, the taking down of the image and its removal to a tomb after being laid on a slab of marble supposed to be the same one on which Christ's body was laid.

In Rome Easter day is the grandest of the year. The Boston Transcript gives this brief description of the ceremonies: "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. The holy father officiates in person at the high mass. He is borne from the hall of the Vatican to the church seated in his chair of state, carried on the shoulders of his officers. His robes are most gorgeous, and upon his head is the triple crown, which signifies the embodiment in his person of temporal and spiritual power and a union of both. On each side of him and before and behind march men bearing huge fans of ostrich feathers, upon which are painted eyes to symbolize the eternal vigilance of the church. In the church he rests under a rich canopy of silk. After the mass he is borne back to a balcony over the central doorway, where, rising from his chair of state, he pronounces a benediction, with indulgences and absolutio-



PETULANCE AND PEACE.



SHE HEARD THE WHOLE STORY.