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### SHORT STORIES.

**AN EASTER FUNERAL**  
We caught the drone of it a mile away—a shrill high-keyed ullulation, swelling and falling,

as the train of three hundred mourners, wound slowly underneath richly budded boughs. Spring was toward. Though Easter fell early, woods were in tassel, orchard trees a-bloom, garden ways flecked and spotted with white and purple and scarlet and gold.

"Sis Charlotte's Viny sho' would be proud, ef she could see all dis crowd come ter her funeral," Black Mammy said, as the bearers lifted from the wagon a stained pine coffin, pitifully slim. "She had high notions—dat gal did. Doctor he say she bound ter die Monday night, but she up an' lib tell Sat'dy, so she kin be bu'ied dis Easter Sunday."

"De breddren an' sistern kin come foward, an' take de las' look at our sister, who is done 'ceased dis life."

They came in a stream, weeping, moaning, writhing, dropping big tears within the open coffin. The dead girl's mother, standing at the foot, kept up a low keening, wrung her hands and rocked back and forth. She seemed heedless of everything, until a white girl appeared, with her arms full of early flowers.

She was near dead Viny's age, and under the old order would have been her young mistress; under the new they had been the friendliest playmates. She knelt beside the coffin, to lay the flowers within it, but stopped, perplexed by that which met her eye. As she hesitated Aunt Charlotte whispered loudly:

"Miss Ma'y, please marm, don't tetch dat bokay in Viny's han' hit's de flowers whar was on de new hat, she nebber libbed ter wa'ar. You kin put dat gyarden truck at her head, an' foots—hit gwine wither long fore de Judgment day—an' de ve'y las' thing my po' gal say ter me was: 'Mammy, bury me so 't when I rises, I kin rise in style.'"

Notwithstanding Miss Mary's smothered laugh as she obeyed, her tears fell when she heard the clods rattle upon the coffin.

**AN EASTER CHARM.**  
"Something new worn Easter day will give you luck in love the whole year through."

The choir boys were singing like larks in a passion of joy. The words that soared and swayed in the lily-scented air were of souls "that reunited, nothing henceforth could divide," but Nora, sitting with strained, sad eyes, heard only the idle words that her mistress had said, giving her the bit of pleated tulle and ribbon that encircled her neck this morning.

Luck in love for a year? Ah, that was better than the pale promise of some far off attainment of a heart's desire! To win Dan back again—back from the Quinlan girl of the black brows and the bold glances! Could the pleated trifle work that marvel—that miracle—which secret tears of agony and open smiles that wrung her heart and pleadings and prayers had failed to work?

The blood ran rosily beneath Nora's dull, freckled skin at the thought, and a shaft of sunlight, stabbing a saint in the great eastern window, played in gold about her dull hair for a second. Luck in love for a year? Then a ray, piercing some blood red robe, fell upon the forehead of another girl, and Nora's eyes followed the red influx. It was the Quinlan girl, and Dan knelt by her side. In Nora's bosom the fluttering heart was suddenly stilled to a lump of ice. Her fingers clutched at the collar that strangled her. But feeling it and re-

membering the work it was to do, her hand fell away. And the carolling of the boys, the whiteness of the lilies marshalled in radiant rows before the altar, the beams of brightness in the church, all became mingled in her mind in one blind passionate appeal for "lucky in love."

The people were filing decorously out; the organ was playing a jubilant postlude; the doors, held open, let in the morning freshness upon the flowering chancel. Nora placed herself in the slow-moving mass, where the new frill must smite the recreant Dan's eyes and stir his heart. And as her feet struck the stone steps without and she breathed the scentless morning air, she heard the hated voice of the Quinlan girl.

"D'ye mind Nora Haggity's collar this mornin'?" it said.

"Sure, it's the quare lookin' ould rag," commented Dan, indifferently.

**AN EASTER LILY.**  
She sat miserably in the angle of the 'L' entrance, old, tired, cold, ghastly with the pallor of the powder.

He came swinging along the sidewalk, young, vigorous, warm, comfortable with the content of the well-to-do.

His eye alighted on the old woman just as she rose. In the gutter lay a handful of Easter lilies, half faded, probably thrown aside from some church or window decoration in favor of a fresher bunch.

She picked the flowers from where they lay and resumed her seat on the steps. When the young man passed she looked up at him so wistfully that the cigar he smoked changed from the delicate satisfying thing it was to a rank reminder that its cost would buy such a creature as this her dinner.

She cast her eyes down again when she offered him the flowers and murmured a pitiful, foreign, broken plea that he purchase them. She knew he had no use for the flowers; that they were soiled and drooping, and that even if he had not seen her pick them from the street he could not but see through the beggar's subterfuge. He felt the pathos of the fraud and paid for the faded flowers and went on his way, satisfied with his quarter's worth of self-approval. The flowers he threw away as soon as he was around the corner.

Hours afterward he repassed the spot. She was there still, and the memory of the morning's episode had not faded from his mind. As he approached he saw her rise stiffly and pick a faded bunch of lilies from the gutter, and when he passed she looked up wistfully and then down with the same shame for the same poor wares she had shown in the morning.

"I wonder how much that graft has letted her today?" mused the young man.

**TWO CHILDREN OF STEAM.**

As old Berlin, the builder, climbed into the car he caught a glimpse of Pat Dorgan, splendid in his gray Sunday suit and scarlet neckscarf, running after it hot-foot. Berlin checked the car. He always stood on the platform, swaying uncomfortably with the motion, because the young men stood there. "I aint young," says Berlin, "but I can match the best of 'em working. And I don't look bald with my hat on yet."

He was a tall, lean man, in black clothes almost as shabby as they were neat. He had a long, mild, sallow face, tufted with gray at the chin, and a pensive eye, which lightened when Dorgan swung himself on the step.

The young fellow was good to see in his youth and strength and radiant cleanliness. "I've something particu-



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