

Martha's Easter Bonnet.

Annie Hamilton Donnell.

HORATIO. Mrs. Whitney waited a reasonable period, then spoke again, a degree louder.

"Horatio!" "Why? why, yes, Martha, did you speak?"

"I did. I believe you're getting hard of hearing, Horatio. I suppose it's nothing but what we can expect. Your father was deaf, and your grandfather before him."

"Oh, but, Martha, they were old. I'm not old." Horatio Whitney's earnest face was eager and wistful. It seemed to be struggling to put on its rightful mask of youth—a man at 45 is not old—but to be painfully conscious that it no longer fitted. Almost at once it settled back to its lines of care. With a sigh Horatio Whitney gave up his youth.

"Maybe I am old," he said, quietly. "Well, I'm not!" he laughed his wife. "When I'm old, I won't ask you for my Easter money. I suppose you know Sunday after next is Easter, Horatio?"

"Easter—Sunday after next? Are you sure, Martha?" He sighed again unconsciously. There was so little "Easter money" for Martha this year. Horatio Whitney had been married 15 years; there had been 15 Easters. There had always been "Easter money."

"I went down town prospecting today. If I'd had the money, I should have taken up a claim—in Easter fixings," she laughed pleasantly. Her own face was untroubled and comely. Horatio looked at it round the edge of his newspaper and experienced his old feeling of pride in Martha. He was thinking that Martha was young enough. Martha was 45, too.

"How much will you need, dear?" The "dear" went with the little thrill of admiration.

"Mercy, Horatio, as if you didn't know how much it always takes! Easter bonnets don't vary much from one year to another. The market is always 'firm!' You've always given me \$20; that includes gloves and what-nots, of course."

"Would—er—fifteen do, do you think?" hesitatingly. The difference between \$20 and \$15 took on preposterous value to-night. Horatio Whitney was a little more tired than usual. The care lines were deeper in his plain face.

Mrs. Whitney dropped her work into her lap and peered round the drop-lamp at her husband. Horatio might be growing old and deaf, but she did not like to think he was growing stingy. Fifteen?—why, she had always had to stretch the \$20!

"You need not give me any, Horatio," she said, stiffly. "I'll stay at



She gathered up her sewing and set wretchedly perturbed stitches in the soft stuff.

home Easter Sunday and look through the slats at other people's Easter bonnets. If you imagine I am going up the broad aisle of Canaan church in my last year's bonnet, you are laboring under a delusion. It would be bad enough if our pew was behind, but when it's the third from the front!—She gathered up her sewing and set wretchedly perturbed stitches in the soft white stuff. Horatio was conscious that she looked even prettier with that red tinge in her cheeks. On the instant he put aside anxious thoughts of unpaid bills and bills to come. Martha must have her "Easter money." He took it out of his worn old pocket-book, and moistened his finger-tip to count it and make sure it was all there.

"Sixteen—two's eighteen—two's twenty, dear. I'm sorry the bills ain't all clean—I know you like 'em better that way—"

"Don't worry about their being clean!" she laughed. The stiffness was all gone from her voice. "I guess Mme. Jacque will be willing to take them in exchange for a bonnet. Oh, Horatio, you must see that little beauty in the window! It's the one I mean to get—the one on the left of the window, as you look in from the outside. It has apple-blossom buds on it—you know you al-

ways liked apple-blossom buds, Horatio!" She nodded across to him archly and her full face reminded him of the Martha's of 15 years ago. He conjured up that other beautiful little bonnet with apple-blossom buds in it, and set it on her smooth brown hair—Martha had not grown gray at all.

"That one was beautiful," he smiled.

"Well, this one is. I shouldn't wonder if it made me look 15 years younger!" she laughed. "But I don't want to decide on it till you see it. You always did have excellent taste in bonnets, dear." She fell into the "dear" naturally enough, as if the soft halo of 15 years ago were over her, too. She had always called him "dear," then—how many years was it she had called him Horatio?

"I wish you'd go to the office through Jermyn street to-morrow morning—no, I'll go with you. That



... and whirled him around to the mirror."

will be better. You can pass judgment on the little gem-bonnet, and I shall go in and buy it!—for I'm certain you'll like it."

They had not walked through the streets together for a good while—not even to church. Horatio Whitney was keenly sensitive to the fact that his overcoat and hat were shabby. He did not care to remember how long it was since he had bought new ones, and he did not want Martha to remember. So he stayed at home quietly, and grew a little grayer and a little older every day.

So he had stayed at home Sunday after Sunday. He was always tired; it was a good enough excuse. Martha gave up urging him after awhile.

The next morning Martha walked down-town with Horatio, through Jermyn street. It was a beautiful day.

Down the street a little way progress was temporarily blocked, and Horatio and Martha came to a standstill. A heavy dray was being backed across the sidewalk.

They were abreast of a splendid plate-glass show-window, and Martha turned to it for entertainment. What woman was ever at loss for amusement with a show-window at her elbow? But this one—Martha turned away a little disgusted. It was only a men's furnishing store.

The drayman took his time. Martha was driven back to the window in self-defense, and it was this time that she saw the coat that reminded her. A little thrill ran over her, for it was the exact shade—the soft, deep gray—of that other coat. It was not distinguishably different, either, in style—queer that 15 years should make so little change!

Martha glanced at Horatio's shabby overcoat. The pitiless sun gave it no quarter. She saw all its fadedness and meanness, and the listless, dejected sag of it. It gave her a start of surprise that she had not noticed it before. She scarcely ever noticed Horatio's clothes. They were always whole—Horatio had always been "easy" on his things. There was rarely anything to mend.

But now—the contrast between the spruce, new coats in the window and Horatio's coat! Between the sleek hats set jauntily on the staring painted heads of the window-dummies and the faded, worn one planted squarely on Horatio's gray hair! Martha's heart misgave her at the contrast. She did not want to look, but looked on steadily.

Horatio was looking at the drayman. His bent shabby shoulders were "back to" the great window. Horatio never looked in show windows.

"When you get through looking at the styles, my dear, we'll go on. That's the fellow's taken his time, but he's out o' the way now."

It was Horatio's voice in her ear and Martha started with an odd sense of confusion and guilt. She went on down the street trying to joke herself at ease again, but her thoughts ran on persistently in a perturbed undercurrent. The gray overcoat that had reminded her—she could not get it out of her sight. Gray had been so becoming to Horatio 15 years ago—Martha had chosen that color herself for his "wedding overcoat." And she had had apple-buds in her wedding bonnet because pink and gray were so beautiful together.

you don't like it!" She was laughing a trifle breathlessly. Her eyes were on his face.

"Isn't it a little gem, Horatio?" "Yes, oh, yes, Martha, I like it," he said, warmly. "You go right in and buy it. Don't you wait, or somebody else will get in ahead. The posies on it are beautiful. Martha, it reminds me!"

After a little he went on alone, down the street.

Easter Sunday dawned clear and perfect. Martha woke to the trill of Easter carols outside her window. A myriad of little birds seemed vying with each other to celebrate His rising. The jubilant chorus filled all the air.

"I'm thankful it's pleasant," thought Martha. "I want it to be pleasant to-day." She went about her morning duties with a light heart. At breakfast she chattered like a girl.

"Horatio, you're going to church with me to-day—I thought you might like to know!"

"No, no, Martha," he said, hastily; "I guess I won't go to-day—not to-day."

"I said you were going!" she laughed. "Didn't you promise to 'love, honor and obey' 15 years ago? I'm through marching off to church alone every Sunday morning."

"But I'm tired, Martha. I'm going to stay at home and get rested up for to-morrow."

"Yes, I know—I guess I'm always tired, Martha."

"Then you must go to church and rest. Horatio Whitney, do you know how long ago it was that you went to church with me?"

"No, I don't. Don't reckon, Martha."

"Well, I won't if you'll turn over a new leaf to-day. I've set my heart on your going to meeting with me, dear."

He flushed painfully. Martha was making it very hard. If she hadn't said "dear!"

"But I—I can't, Martha. I'd like to if I could."

"Say: 'But I can, dear'—say it, Horatio!" She was round on his side of the table, with her hand on his arm. "Come upstairs and get ready. We don't want to be late on Easter. I've got your things all out on the bed."

"I—I haven't any things, Martha. You must ask me—I can't go."

"Well, I've got my things all out on the bed, then. I want you to come up and see my things, dear. Come!"

He could not resist her. She was like the old girl Martha—persistent and irresistible. He yielded weakly and followed her up the stairs. The Easter things were spread out on the bed. Horatio Whitney uttered a queer sound at the sight of them.

"Martha!" "Well, don't you like them? Don't you like my Easter bonnet, dear? I like it better than any I ever had before, all the Easters of my life. Now I will try it on and let you see how becoming it is."

She set the soft gray felt hat on his head and whirled him round to the mirror. Then she threw the handsome gray overcoat across his shoulders and laid the gloves against his sleeve.

"See how they match!" she cried. "And they all match you. You great stupid boy, to stand there as if you didn't recognize yourself!"

"I don't," he gasped. Suddenly he faced about. "But, Martha—"

"Say 'dear!'" "But, dear, I don't understand. You were going to get the one with apple-blossom buds on it—"

"What do you call that?" She had caught up a little thing in lace and flowers from the table, and was whirling it round on her fingers before his astonished eyes. "Aren't those apple-blossom buds? Can't you smell 'em? You ought to, for they're the very ones you declared you could smell 15 years ago! The very ones, Horatio! I got out the little old bonnet, and there were the flowers as fresh as ever—not withered at all! Snip, snip—I had cut them off and there they were on my Easter bonnet! Now, we'll go to church, dear."

He walked along the sunny street beside her as if in a pleasant dream. Unconsciously, he held himself straight and walked briskly.

They seemed to get ahead of everybody. Once Martha gave him a little push.

"Go on ahead a little way," she whispered, "there's no one now to notice, and I want to look at you as a whole!"

When she caught up with him, she squeezed his arm gently. "You look handsome, Horatio Whitney—don't tell me you don't! Now tell me I look handsome!"

"Martha, Martha—dear—you look good enough to eat!" It was a home-ly compliment, but it suited Martha. They went on together through the sweet Easter sunshine. At the church door she stopped him.

"Wait! We're going to walk up the broad aisle slowly, Horatio—don't you go to hurrying. I want the people to have plenty of time to see my new Easter things! Now, ready!"

The altar was heaped with Easter lilies, and their sweet breath filled the church. Martha drew in long whiffs of it.

"How good they smell, dear," she whispered. "Is there anything sweeter than Easter lilies?"

He smiled down at her. Martha was short and plump, and he was tall to-day.

Lights and Shadows of an Egyptian Desert

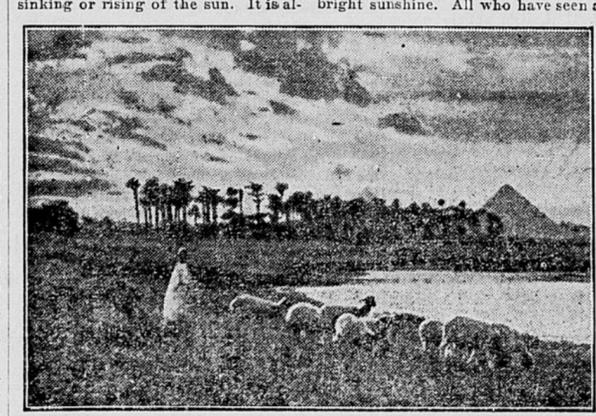
Wonderful Changes Pass Over It with Each Passing Moment—A Striking Contrast.

BEAUTIFUL, not only on account of its absolute stillness, is the vastness of the desert, so vast that its enormity is beyond the range of human eyesight, but also on account of the wonderful changes of light visible on it. Seldom a living soul to disturb the tranquillity of the surrounding waste, only the song of an occasional bird becomes audible as one approaches a small plot of arable land.



AN EASTERN SUNSET.

Out on the desert, in the far distance, a solitary camel, silhouetted clearly against the sky, becomes visible, bearing its rider or laden with merchandise; closer and closer it comes; the sound of its discontented grunt is heard as it approaches, only to die down again as its ungainly tread and uncouth form become more indistinct will be approached, a village of which the houses are built of Nile mud, each house accommodating a family of no matter what size, the inhabitants of each village almost all related to each other, comprising sometimes several hundreds of people. Their streets are littered with filth, animals of every kind obstruct one's path, dogs growl and snarl at the appearance and intrusion of a stranger, women rush about, hiding their faces in their yashmaks lest a white man should behold their faces. Flies in swarms settle on the children, and lay their eggs on their eyelids, unwashed, because they believe it to be contrary to their religion to wash or remove the flies from their eyes. To come suddenly on a scene like this, a scene on which the sun can seldom shine owing to the closeness of the huts, a scene with which the poor-



AN EGYPTIAN PASTORAL SCENE.

most impossible to imagine that these changes of effects can be so frequent in a part of the world where there are no houses to cast deep shadows on the ground, no avenues of trees to vary the monotony of an ever brilliant sun. Still the changes are there, and so frequent that one never experiences a feeling of unvaried sameness. One walks on, be it north, south, east or west, the same expanse of sand presents itself, apparently, too, the same palm trees and silent pool of water, and one is forced to ask one's self whether, in this whole world of desolation, no soul exists, no human body breathes—when, in the distance, an Arab is seen, his feet shoeless, his head devoid of turban or fez, bending to a pool of water, washing. Soon he rises, having performed his ablutions, to turn to the east, and there, alone on the desert, now kneeling, now standing, ever intent on his duties towards his prophet, he prays to his God. Can anything be more impressive than such a scene? No temple or church, not even a Mohammedan mosque, in which to offer his soul to his God, his prayers to Heaven. There alone, amidst a solitude almost inconceivable, he performs his acts of worship.

Walk on, and sooner or later a village storm at sea, have realized its grandness and the solemnity of its ever following calm, may be able to picture to themselves the terrors of a khamsen, sweeping over the desert, and its accompanying stillness when the gale has passed.

G. H. RITTNER.

Rocky Mountain Pie. "I thoroughly enjoyed everything in the Sportsmen's show last week," said a clerk in the New York postoffice, "because it was new to me. I was born in a New England town, and knew little about such things. But my wife came almost from the base of Pike's Peak, and asked me to take her, so I did. As we were coming out I saw a sign outside the restaurant, 'Rocky mountain pie.' In my opinion, you cannot tell a New Englander much he doesn't know about pie, so I went in and asked for some. My wife said she did not know what was coming, either. Well, sir, it was a revelation. There was a thick, rich bottom crust, with quarters of apples sticking up and endive all over it, and the little valleys in between them filled chock-a-block with delicious cream. It looked like snow between mountain ridges. My wife and I ate a whole pie between us."—N. Y. Times.

LOVE FOUND A WAY.

Railway Engineer's Sweetheart Gets a Bouquet to Him with Disastrous Result.

There is a saying that "Love will find a way," but whether the way is always a good one seems a little doubtful. On one of the trains running between Kansas City and St. Louis is a young fireman named Blackmar. Sometimes, says the Kansas City Journal, he is compelled to stop over in Kansas City, and when several days passed and he failed to put in an appearance the mistress of the boarding-house asked about him.

"He's in the hospital," said the man who runs the engine and rides in the cab with Blackmar. "Down in the railroad hospital, you know."

Of course every one sighed and awaited an explanation.

"Well," the engineer began, "he's got a sweetheart, and she presented him with a bouquet, and the bouquet did the rest."

"Half-way across the state, just outside of Moberly, the girl used to stand by her fence and wave her sunbonnet at him. That was in the spring. In the summer, when the garden back of the fence began to bloom, the girl used to make bouquets, and when the train sped by she used to throw them at the engine cab. Of course she always missed, but she kept on trying."

"It seemed to hurt young Blackmar to have the posies crushed under the wheels, and one Sunday, when he went calling on her, they fixed up a plan."

"The next day, when the train went by, the girl had her bouquet fastened to a long fishing-pole. She thrust it at the moving train, but she was a little too slow."

"The next day she was there again with her fishpole bouquet-holder, and this time she gave a vigorous push. Young Blackmar was in the cab window, with his mouth on a broad grin. Well, he caught the bouquet, fish-pole and all, and she waved him a triumphant good-by. That's all there is to that."

"Caught the bouquet how?" asked the boarders.

"Square in the mouth. We took him back down to Moberly to the hospital on the next train, with half his cheek punched out."

"I suppose the wedding bells will soon be chiming?" said a romantic little widow.

"Well, if they ain't, they ought to be. He's no beauty. I doubt if there's another girl in Moberly would have him now."

DOGS WORK IN COAL MINES.

Canine Power Employed by Ohio Operators in Shafts Too Narrow for Horses.

In certain coal mines of Ohio the dog has already been reduced to the grade of a laborer, and the utilization of dog power in drawing cars of coal has proved most satisfactory. As the German farmer harnesses his dog to a little road wagon and hauls his vegetables to market, or the Flemish milkman ties his mastiff to the axle of his cart, so the Ohio miner hitches a tandem team of dogs to a cart and makes them draw out the coal over a miniature railway, says the New York Tribune.

The dog has been found practicable in these mines for the reason that the coal veins are narrow and mules are too large. The miners themselves are badly pinched for room, and are compelled to work oftentimes lying on one side or half kneeling. The coal is bituminous, and is all separated by means of picks without the aid of powder.

The Ohio coal mine dog not only possesses great strength for his small frame, but is far more faithful than the animals ordinarily used for traction purposes. None is of pure breed, but all have in their veins good quantities of the blood of the mastiff or the bulldog. Dogs of the same team work together harmoniously, but entertain remarkable jealousy for those of a rival team. Thus, when several car loads of coal are traveling out of the mine, one behind the other, the dogs of the hindmost team strain every muscle to keep up with those ahead.

The miners feed their helpmates once a day, for a dog will refuse food while he is working. A well-trained animal is worth from \$18 to \$25 or about the sum a miner earns in a week. Most of the miners treat their dogs kindly, for they cannot fail to admire the patience and faithfulness with which they toil.

Snuff and Good Humor.

Interesting notes on the snuff taking habit are furnished by the German authorities of the district known as the Bavarian forest. The men there consume on an average of half a pound of snuff per day, the tobacco being mixed with ground glass "to sting better." The people in this district are much given to violence and attacks with the knife are of daily occurrence. For years the prison authorities experienced great difficulties with their charges on account of their uniform obstinacy and finally hit upon the plan of depriving them of snuff. They say that after awhile a great change for the better was noticeable, the men becoming tractable and sensible of their degrading inhumanity.—Knowledge.

Stock Shares in Germany.

In stock companies in Germany a share must be at least \$240 and indivisible. And, too, it must represent fully paid cash capital or other good assets subject to severe examination and approved by the commercial court before the company is registered. It is very difficult to "water" stock.—N. Y. Sun.