ON CREMATION.

It matters little to the winged sprite
That flits and flits the clustered stars among
What fate befell the useless vesture flung
So sadly earthward at the time of flight.
Eyes dazzled by a sudden flood of light
Cannot look into darkness, hymns are sung
In vain for spirit ears, on which has rung
God's perfect music, heard at last aright.
Yet for this worn-out garment seems more fit
Than beak of Parsee bird, or wormy shroud,
Or grinding ages in Egyptian pit,
A chant of merry fire tongues singing aloud,
While deft flame fingers shall unravel it,
And slim wind fingers weave it into a cloud.

—George Horton, in Harper's Magazine.

MY EASTER EGG.

"BESSIE," my father said to me, looking up from a letter he was reading, "how should you like to have a cousin come and live here? A girl cousin, about your own age, and who has your name, too—Elizabeth Basset."

I only stared, far too much amazed for speech. A cousin! Never had I heard of an uncle or an aunt, much less a cousin.

"But, papa," I said, at last, "I never knew I had a cousin."

"H'm! No! Your mother was an only child, but I had a brother. Poor Tom! He and I had a quarrel, long before we were either of us married; no matter about that now. Tom went off to the West, but he didn't find any of the wonderful good luck there that some men do. The fact is, Bess, Tom was always lazy! Lazy folks don't get along out West! But he is dead, my dear, been dead these ten years, and his wife died about a week ago, and left a letter for me, asking me to befriend their only child. She needn't come here, you see, if you don't want her."

"Oh, but I do want her!" I cried. "Have I not been longing for a sister all my life? I do want her, papa! Please send for her."

"Very well, my dear. I will write at once."

Then I rushed off to find Martha, who is our head-servant, and, I sometimes suspect, our real housekeeper, though she let me have all the honors. Martha, who had lived with my grandmother, had known Mr. Tom, but had thought he died long ago. She was very willing, however, to help me in getting one of the prettiest rooms ready for "Miss Elizabeth," and promised dainties for the feast of welcome.

At the eleventh hour papa resolved to go himself and bring the orphan girl to her new home, and Martha and I had full scope for our hospitable plans. It was not that I had anything to do, for with our small family Martha declared she had hard work to keep the servants busy, in spite of the size of the house, but I liked to fuss about, and select pretty ornaments and trimmings for my cousin's room.

Perhaps I threw myself into these preparations with more energy, because I had never quite recovered from the heartache it gave me to part with Herbert Wilson. Two years before papa had sent him off to seek his fortune, and I lived meantime on the hope of his finding it. It was a romantic little love story, and being so much alone, I had suffered more than papa knew, so I was glad to think of having a companion of my own age.

She came with papa and rushed into my arms apparently as pleased as I was. I had pulled down my face to express my sympathy with her recent loss, but it was wasted sentiment. She did not appear to have any feeling about it, and longer acquaintance convinced me that she had no depth of feeling about anything.

But she was charming, a little, fairy-like blonde, with fluffy yellow hair, soft blue eyes, and a complexion like strawberries and cream. I felt gigantic when I saw our reflections in a long mirror, for I was tall, decidedly brunette, and while I was just six months the younger, looked five years older than the child like butterfly.

It was pretty to see how she enjoyed the luxuries about her, the dainty food, the cozy-arm-chairs, and above all, the idleness. Poor little mite! She had faced poverty ever since she was born and she enjoyed comfort as much as a kitten.

"I mean to marry a rich man," she told me, "or not marry at all. Lots and lots of money! That's my idea of perfect bliss. And by the way why don't you marry Mr. Gordon?"

I laughed heartily. Ever since I could remember I had been asked why I didn't marry Mr. Gordon. He had wooed me with dolls and sugar-plums while I was a mere baby, and his devotions were apparent to the most careless. Even Bert, my own Bert, had occasional spasms of jealousy, and in our last conversation had said imploringly:

"You'll give me a fair chance, Bessie? You won't marry Gordon?"

And I solemnly promised never to marry Charles Gordon.

"Stop laughing!" Lizzie said. We had found she had always been called Lizzie, so there was no confusion from our both having our grandmother's name "Stop laughing, and tell me why you don't marry Mr. Gordon. They say he is awfully rich."

"And they can say he is awfully silly and awfully dreadful!" I cried. He is half a fool, Lizzie, and he is old enough to be my father. Marry Mr. Gordon, indeed!"

"Tell me," she said, nestling down in my arms, "is there not what the novels call 'another?'"

"Yes, my dear, there is."

"Where is he?"

"I don't know," I said, ruefully; "he was sent away to seek his fortune. He is a poor man, and father thought I was too young to know my own mind! But he has sent me a Christmas card and an Eester egg every time the days come round, so that I know he is alive, and does not forget me."

"How jolly!" said Lizzie. "And is that his ring?"

"Yes; we each had one made to order, just alike—two clasped hands, and on the reverse side our initials entwined."

"How romantic!" said Lizzie.

"I don't believe you have any heart!" I cried, indignantly.

"Not the tiniest, tiniest bit," she said, with perfect good-humor; "but, Bessie, if there is 'another,' can't I have Mr. Gordon?"

"You ridiculous baby," I said, "you need not ask my permission. I wouldn't marry him if I had never heard of 'another.'"

But, after all, it was rather mortifying to my vanity to see how readily she could make my life-long lover her slave. She was so pretty, and her mourning was the merest pretense—just enough black to set off her dazzling complexion, and she knew well the power of beauty. Then her childlike, innocent ways were attractive to the elderly adorer I had always held at a distance. She sang for him, waltzed with him, devoured his bon bons by the box, flattered him, and when he threw his fortune and himself at her feet, she accepted him.

I think papa was secretly delighted. He was accustomed to my quiet ways, and this dancing, singing fairy flitting about, rather bewildered him. We were rather old-fashioned folks, papa and I, and my cousin had considerable "girl-of-the-period" about her.

It was just before Lent that Lizzie told us of her engagement, and as Mr. Gordon urged an early wedding day, it was decided that the week following Easter should make him "the happy man" of a gorgeous wedding.

Papa was liberal, and my Lenten duties were sadly upset by the preparations for a grand reception after the church wedding. It was a perfect delight to Lizzie to throw off her black dress and try on the pretty finery that papa gave me permission to provide. She was not exacting, accepting what I selected, but I had orders to be generous, and between us we had ready a trousseau of which Mrs. Gordon need not be ashamed.

But on Easter Day, when I could not quite detach my heart from earthly matters, I watched eagerly for Herbert's present. I had made no secret of this little ray of hope that came to me, and father only grunted when I displayed my trifling presents.

I was in my room alone when this one came—a little box, such as I had twice before opened. And on the pink cotton a dainty crystal egg. Two lay in the jewel box; one with a tiny locket, one with a golden cross inside. I opened this one! My heart gave one sickening throb, and the whole room seemed to reel about me. When my sight was once more clear, I saw on the pretty pink cotton the ring I had given Herbert Wilson! There could be no mistake! There it lay, mocking me with its tiny clasped hands and entwined initials: He was false to me! Some fairer face had won his heart, and he has sent my ring back to me!

It had never been my habit to show my feelings on any occasion, so I closed up the pretty crystal egg, locked it away in my jewel box, and went down to dinner. Father noticed that I was very pale, but accepted a trifling headache as an exeuse, and Lizzie made no comment. She was deep in the study of our visiting list, and adding a few cards to those already sent out.

The next week was all a whirl. Somehow I did manage to push back my personality and give myself to my cousin. The duties of hospitality were pressing, for we had bidden all our "dear five hundred friends" to the wedding, and to the reception afterward. I had escaped a bridemaid's position by pleading that of hostess; but I was very busy, and only at night could I let my sorrow have its way. How much I had loved, how perfectly I had trusted Herbert, I learned in those days, when all my love and trust seemed thrust back upon my own heart. The last drop was added to my cup of misery the very day before Lizzie's wedding. Father came home earlier than usual, and came to my room.

"Bessie, my dear," he said, "I heard some news today that will come to you, sooner or later, and I thought that I could tell it more kindly than any one else."

"Bert is married," I thought, but I could not speak the cruel words.

"Herbert Wilson has come back, my dear, and taken a partnership in the firm for which he has been traveling agent for two years. He had a legacy, not very large, but sufficient, with his own value to the firm, to give him a place. He knows, my dear, that I only wanted him to prove that he could take care of a wife, and he should have come to me at once, after what he has said, both to you and to me. Bessie, it is a hard thing to say, but I am afraid he was counting upon marrying you for my helping hand in business. Now that he does not need that—There, there"—for I broke down at last—"don't cry, dear; it is better for you to know him as he is."

Then he took me in his arms, my dear father, and gave me such caressing tenderness as my mother might have done. I had my cry out on his breast, and then I faced the truth, and knew I could never be utterly miserable while my father lived.

We agreed to say nothing to Lizzie, and I dressed her myself to go to church, thinking no fairer bride had ever been seen, nor one that was more carelessly entering upon the new solemn duties before her. She chattered with the pretty cluster of girls who were to be her bridesmaids, and was the brightest of them all. When we drove up to the church door, we found Mr. Gordon awaiting us, and after some fluttering of lace and flowers in the vestry-room, the bridal procession sailed up the broad aisle, Lizzie on papa's arm and Mr. Gordon escorting his married sister.

I slipped into my pew, and when my eyes wandered I saw—Bert Wilson, looking at Lizzie with a dazed expression, as if she was a part of a nightmare.

Then I understood. When the organ pealed forth the wedding march, and Mr. and Mrs. Gordon walked slowly down the aisle, I caught Herbert's eyes and smiled. Two minutes later he was beside me.

"You will come to my cousin's reception," I said, shaking hands. "I should have sent you cards if I had known your address."

"I saw the card," he said, in a low, choked voice—"'Charles Gordon and Elizabeth Bassett.'"

"And you sent back my poor, little ring."

"But you will forgive me, Bessie, and let me have my ring again? You never told me you had a cousin whose name was the same as your own."

Just then papa joined us. He asked no questions, and we drove home together. Explanations were made, and my crystal Easter egg was opened to give back Herbert's ring, which my husband tells me shall never again leave his finger.—Anna Shields in New York Ledger.

WANT STRAIGRT EYELIDS.

Japanese Undergo an Operation to Remedy the Slanting Eye.

"The Japanese are not only adopting American social and business customs, but they are also trying to conform their physical features to the appearances of Americans," said H. D. Neumann of San Francisco to a St. Louis Globe-Democrat reporter at the Southern hotel. "I was in Yokohama recently, and I met there several American and German doctors who were getting rich by straightening the slant in the Japanese eye to make it look like the beloved Caucasian's optic. The Japanese, you know, show traces of their Mongolian origin more plainly in the shape of their eyelids than in the color of their skin, and those who can afford it are ridding themselves of this unmistakable evidence of their despised ancestry by submitting to a simple and comparatively painless surgical operation, which consists in the surgeon splitting the outer rim of the eyelids in a straight line for the barest infinitesimal part of on inch. The wound is then covered with a thin piece of chemically prepared sticking plaster, the faithful subject of the mikado goes on about his business as if nothing had happened, and in a few days the wound is healed and he looks on his envious iellows through lids straight as American's. It is contended by scientists that this racial physical defect in the Japanese eyelids will entirely disappear in a few generations if each succeeding generation continues to undergo the surgical operation described. The experiment is of especial value to the student of evolution."

Always Late.

It was Archie Cole's wedding day. From boyhood he had been late at school, late at church, late at meals, late everywhere. "I'll wager," said his brother John, laughing, "that you can't be first even to kiss your bride at the wedding!" "Oh, I'll not be late then," said Archie.

Two hours later Archie stood with the pretty maiden by the flowers in the parlor of her home. The guests were seated. The minister arose.

Archie's failing and John's predicdiction were known to them all. Nevertheless Archie knew he should not be late now, for his dear old mother had made all the guests promise not to precede him in kissing the bride.

The solemn vows were said softly, and the fervent prayer was spoken slowly, while a robin could be heard singing on the lawn.

"Amen," said the minister.

Archie bowed to kiss his bride; but he paused, for an instant, he smiled, he blushed. A sunbeam stealing through a rift in the heavy curtains, was trembling gently on the bride's lips.

"I've won the bet!" cried John.

The guests laughed, and the preacher, too, while the victorious sunbeam danced on the hyacinths and lilies.

Had He Wound It?

The Indianapolis Journal says—what every one knows to be false—that women forgive, but never can forget. Possibly the uncharitable remark may be true in certain rare cases.

On the night of March 8, 1891, according to the Journal, Mr. Wickwire brought home a package.

"What have you there, my dear?" asked his wife.

"A clock." said Mr. Wickwire, with perhaps a trace of something unusual in his tone; "a new fangled clock, that runs a whole year with one winding. Hereafter I propose to go to sleep in peace."

His words came true; but on the night of March 8, 1892, he was awakened with a great start. He was dreaming at the moment. He was in a railway wreck, and as he thought, the broken driving-rod of the overturned engine was slowly piercing his vital organs. He waked, as before said, with a start. and found his wife arousing him with her elbow.

"What's the matter?" groaned the husband.

"Did you wind the clock, Henry dear?"

Ravages of Tigers.

Sir William Hunter mentions a man-eater in India who was known to have killed 108 people in three years, and another which killed an average of 80 persons a year for the same period. A third caused thirteen villages to be abandoned, and 250 square miles of land to be thrown out of cultivation. A fourth killed 167 persons in a year, and stopped a public road for many weeks.

A FRENCH TELEGRAPH STORY.

How a Young Girl Outwitted the Germans During the Franco-German War.

In the Franco-German war of 1870 the Uhlans played havoc with the French telegraph wires, says the Pall Mall Budget. On arriving at a village they would ride up to the telegraph office, cut off the connections, and carry off the apparatus, or else employ it to deceive the enemy. They were outwitted, however, on one occasion, and by a woman. Mlle Juilette Dodu, a girl of 18, was director of the telegraph station at Pithiviers, where she lived with her mother when the Prussians entered the town. They took possession of the station and turning out the two women confined them to their dwelling on a high floor. It happened that the wire from the office, in running to the pole on the roof, passed by the door of the girl's room, and she contrived the idea of tapping the Prussian messages. She had contrived to keep the telegraph instrument, and by means of a connection with the wire was able to carry out her purpose. Important telegrams of the enemy were thus obtained and secretly communicated to the subprefect of the town, who conveyed them across the Prussian lines to the French commander.

Mlle. Dodu and her mother were both arrested and proofs of their guilt were soon discovered. They were brought before a court martial and speedily condemned to death, but the sentence had to be confirmed by the commander of the corps d'armee, Prince Frederick Charles, who, having spoken with Mlle. Dodu on several occasions, desired her to be produced. He inquired her motive in committing so grave a breach of what is called the "laws of war." The girl replied; "Je suis Francaise" (I am a Frenchwoman). The prince confirmed the sentence, but happily, before it was executed the news of the armistice arrived and saved her life. In 1878 this telegraphic heroine was in charge of the postoffice at Montreuil, near Vinconnes, and on Aug. 18 she was decorated with the Legion of Honor by Marshall McMahon, president of the republic.

REALISM AND ROMANCE.

A Common-Sense View of the Question--Romance in Everyday Life.

"It is a sign of 'culture' in some critical quarters nowadays to depreciate Dickens and Thackeray, and exalt certain contemporary writers as the exponents of true realism,' says Walter Blackburn Harte in the New England Magazine. "It is claimed that Dickens's men and women are all caricatures; but has any contemporary author created any character more real than Sidney Carton? There can be no question of Thackeray's realism. And, anyway, why should we be asked to appreciate by contraries? There are some poor benighted beings who cannot appreciate Henry James or William Dean Howells without abhoring 'Don Quixote,' the 'Arabian Night,' and the 'Heptameron' or Balzac's 'Droll Stories of Touraine.' If they express admiration for Tolstoi they feel it incumbent upon them to depreciate Dickens and Thackeray. It is not necessary in order to praise the living to execrate the dead; or vice versa. This lack of catholicity is absurd, it is a sign of bigotry, parochialism, and a fathomless ignorance.

"It is surely possible to enjoy both romance and realism? I think most of us do, for in everyday life it is hard to make a distinction between them. There are hundreds of people in almost everybody's acquaintance who would be as romantically impossible in a novel as the old 'heroes' are generally thought to be outside of one. It is hard to say where realism leaves off and romance begins. Tragedies take place at little tables everyday in crowded restaurants. If our humanity were not such a bundle of contradictions, such a crazy patchwork of prosaic practically and romantic impracticality, realism itself would be impossible. The poor realist would have but one type, and every man could become his own novelist by looking into his mirror. No; the great artist recognizes the fact that real life has plenty of romance, as well as plenty of realism in it; and after all one can only guess at human nature."

What Ailed the Cake.

It is said that good cooks, like good nurses, are "born, not made." In this opinion a lady who has recently struggled with the ignorance and stupidity of a servant who was "willin' and anxious, ma'am," fully concurs.

"Now see what a nice loaf of cake you can make from this receipt, Bridget," said the mistress one morning. "Remember the things I have told you; there's no reason why you shouldn't have as light a loaf of cake as anybody."

"Yes, ma'am," said Bridget, "I'll remember iverything, an' I'll warrant I'll be afther givin' you a foine loaf."

But when the loaf was at last withdrawn from the oven by the despairing Bridget, it presented anything but a light and well-baked aspect.

"What iver can be the matter with it," groaned poor Bridget when she had summoned her mistress to inspect the uninviting panful.

"Did you remember to put baking-powder in the flour, Bridget?" queried the lady.

"The bakin'-powder is in all right, ma'am," responded Bridget, "but niver a bit av flour. I put in corn-starch, ma'am, in place av the flour."

Corn-starch!" gasped the mistress.

"Indade, yis, ma'am!" said Bridget. "You said you wanted the cake very light, and it was yourself was 'tellin' me the other day how much lighter corn-starch was than flour, so I just put in two heapin' cups av corn-starch, ma'am!"

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