



BY ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE.

not fully decided yet that she was going to spend it, but she had felt for it where she kept it in a little ring box under her clothes the first thing when she got up that morning and the little ring box had been pushed back under her clothes empty when she came down to breakfast.

Miss Prim was unusually pleasant that morning. She brought both hats out to the light for Nellie to see and said there was more than a dollar's difference in the two, and Nellie could see that herself. But Miss Prim looked a little surprised when she saw the gold dollar.

"Why," she said, "I haven't seen one for a long time. I'll keep it. I guess, for a little piece of mine." Then she wrapped up the hat for Nellie, talking pleasantly.

When Nellie started with her purchase there was a feeling of triumph in possessing it that wore off as she walked along. She did not feel at all happy in the way she had expected. She remembered now for the first time that her mother would no doubt wonder at the cheapness of the hat and speak of it in a way that would make her silence equal to a falsehood. She had never told her mother an untruth. Then she remembered how happily she had tripped away to Miss Prim's yesterday. It did not seem to her that she could be the same little girl.

But Mrs. Thorne said less than Nellie had expected. She was tired and only kissed her pretty daughter.

"Why, Nellie," she smiled, "I don't see what you would want of more tramping than that. I think a good deal less would have answered. It's rather old for you now, but will be

AM going to give you the money, Nell, and let you buy it yourself," said Mrs. Thorne rather wearily. "What with company yesterday, and getting your dress ready to day, and flaxie cross and half sick with a cold, I simply haven't the courage to go to the milliner's with you."

The little girl looked up brightly. She was barely thirteen, and the thought of going all alone to Miss Prim's for her new Easter finery was rather pleasant to her.

"Oh, mamma, you don't need to go! I'm sure you don't! I can pick out just what I want, and if you don't like it when it comes home we can change it, you know. I might go down right away and see what Miss Prim has. May I, mamma?" and the little girl rose eagerly.

"Why yes, Nell, I suppose so. You can tell Miss Prim that you want to see what she has and the prices, and that you will be in to-morrow to take one. Don't go over two dollars and a half, Nellie. That is all I can afford this time. That ought to buy really a very nice hat for a little girl. Not too much tramping, remember. I don't believe in so much show for Easter as some folks make. Goodby, dear; be home early."

Nellie had been hastily putting on her things as her mother talked, and was out the door almost before she had finished. She tried to walk at first, but her feet kept going faster and faster, until she was fairly in a run, before she was half way to Miss Prim's little shop, that was quite in the centre of the village.

At Miss Prim's she was all upset. There were so many hats, and most of them so pretty and becoming, that she could not choose. She had almost decided upon a dainty little Leghorn, trimmed with violets and daisies, when her eye caught a hat in another case that made her forget all the others. It was richer and more profusely trimmed. When Miss Prim placed it beside the others they looked cheap and scanty.

"Oh, Miss Prim, how much is it?" she asked breathlessly.

"I have been asking four dollars for it, but it is so near Easter now you may have it cheaper. You may have it for three and a half."

The girl's face fell. It was a dollar more than she could pay.

"I am afraid it is more than mamma can afford this year," she said regretfully.

All the way home she thought of that beautiful hat. She walked rather slowly now, thinking and thinking very hard. She knew it would be useless to ask her mother to buy the more expensive hat. Mrs. Thorne was kind, almost indulgent with her children, but she was firm in what she told them. Nellie did not enter the house as gaily as she had left it, and her mother thought her tired.

"You have been finding it hard to choose, Nell," she said, smiling. "Tell me about it."

"Yes, mamma, there were so many, I picked a Leghorn staw, trimmed with violets and daisies. It is two and a

half. Miss Prim had another a good deal like it, only lots finer and more trimming for three and a half that had been four dollars."

"The cheaper one will do very well this year," Miss Prim said her mother gently. "We have had a good deal of expense, you know."

The little girl was very quiet that evening and went to bed early. Far in the night she woke with a start. She had been dreaming of the two hats and Miss Prim. In her dream she had said to Miss Prim, "I cannot buy it, because I have only two dollars and a half," and Miss Prim had said, "Why yes, you have, Nellie; you have a gold dollar put away in a drawer at home."

It was this that had made her jump and wake up, for she did have a gold dollar that her uncle, Henry Thorne, had given her once when she was a baby, and it was put away in a drawer, just as Miss Prim had said. She had not thought of this before, and it was of no use to think of it now, for though she had never been told not to spend the dollar, it was only because her mother believed she would never even dream of doing so.

But Nellie did dream of it, over and over, and each time she woke with a start and lay awake a long time. She was pale and silent next morning, and when she set out for Miss Prim's the money that her mother had given her was carried in her little purse, while deep down in her pocket was Uncle Henry Thorne's gold dollar. She had

no fire in the stove and only a little late in the oven, d'ye see. On Easter mornin' I put the egg in some warm blinew' water before the boy got up and when he came down to his breakfast there it was on the plate before him, blue as the heavens in July. 'Twas actin' mighty queer, though, Mrs. O'Brien, rollin' around on the plate as if the devil was in it, and me husband and little Mike lookin' at it as if 'twas a ghost they saw. But Mrs. O'Brien, if ye'll believe me, I had to keep me back to the table, I was that full of laughter. Ye'd think the egg was tryin' to stand on its little end, 'twas that full of tricks.

"'Tis only a cruked egg, and your plate is standin' down hill," said me husband. "Whack it wid your spoon, me lad!"

"So Mickey took the egg in his hand and gave it a slap with the spoon, and out came the head of a chicken that let a yelp out of him that 'ud wake the dead. Sure, he kicked the blue shell off him like you'd shed a petticoat, and waded up to his knees in the gravy of the pork chops, and him howlin' like a catbird, and egg-shells in the coffee and the mashed potatoes and me husband on the flure yellin' wid delight! Oh, glory be, Mrs. O'Brien; me sides is achin'. I'm afeard I'll bust some-thin' inside o' me!" Mickey Finn.

Easter Day.

If you wake up Sunday morning when it's quiet in the street.

And you hear the church bells chiming far away;

If their melody is rich and more than usual;

It's because they're ringing in the Easter Day.

When you see the streets alive with women radiant and fair,

And hats of every fashion, blue and gray,

Till you think a million butterflies are winging in the air,

It's because they're certain that it's Easter Day.

If you notice during service, when the Lenten prayers are read,

And every pretty woman kneels to pray,

That she's taking in the bonnet of her neighbor just ahead,

You'll excuse her, 'cause you know it's Easter Day.

When you tuck the blessed little 'uns in bed so snug and tight,

And "Now I lay me down to sleep," they say,

Just tell 'em 'bout their Savior 'fore you kiss 'em all good night,

And thank the Lord we've got an Easter Day.

The Mohammedan Easter.

Bairam is the name of the Mohammedan Easter. It follows Ramadan, which corresponds to Lent, and lasts three days. During this time visits are exchanged and presents made in much the same spirit as that which characterizes our Christmas. At Constantinople the streets are thronged and bands of music parade day and night. The decorations of the boats in the Bosphorus are striking and beautiful. The Sultan celebrates the day by worshipping in the mosque, after which he gives an informal reception to his friends in the palace of Dolma-baktoe. During this reception the Sultan occupies a throne of great splendor placed in the midst of the vast and beautifully decorated audience hall.

Easter in Olden Time.

Easter was at one time celebrated by feasts and games held in the churches. These at first were decorous and useful in bringing the congregations together in rejoicing after the seven duties imposed upon them during Lent. The custom was abandoned because of the excesses, which became a scandal to the Church.

New England and Easter Sunday.

New England was the last section of this country to recognize Easter as a general holy day.

Christ is risen! Hear the song,
Filling all the isles of air,
Where the stars of glory throng,
Where the angels answer prayer.
Christ is risen over all,
No longer claim of mortal seal,
Sin no longer need entail,
Death no more life's ardor quench.

Christ is risen! Evil powers,
Flee like mist the morning sun,
Truth descends in healing showers,
God and goodness shine as one!
Let us from our idols turn,
Wreathe the cross with Easter flowers,
And the risen Christ discern.

Christ is risen! How much is it?
She asked breathlessly.
"I have been asking four dollars for it, but it is so near Easter now you may have it cheaper. You may have it for three and a half."

OK, MISS PRIM! HOW MUCH IS IT?

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MICKEY FINN'S EASTER EGG.

The Surprise Which the Lad's Mother Unwittingly Provided.

ASTER was speeding away and Mrs. O'Brien had run in to borrow a drawing of tea and to ask for the loan of a sand-iron. She found Mrs. Finn sitting in a chair bursting with laughter. Tears of delight were streaming down her face in a torrent.

"Sit you down, Mrs. O'Brien," said she, "and wait till I can get me breath."

"And what's the matter with you, at all, at all?" exclaimed Mrs. O'Brien, envying the cause of such a joyful cyclone.

"'Tis all about me little boy, Mickey, and his Easter egg," replied Mrs. Finn, wiping her eyes. "A weeny joke I played on him, d'ye see? If you saw the face of the little lad when—ah dear, I'm laughin' all day about it, Mrs. O'Brien—to see the egg, and me husband laughin' till I thought he'd have a fit, acushla, and!"

"Will you stop givin' malvatherin' and tell me what it's all about?" said Mrs. O'Brien impatiently.

"Well, you must know this," resumed Mrs. Finn, "that Mickey wanted war o' them eggs wid paint on it like they have in the candy store winds, and I had no money to buy war. But I told him Saturday night to niver fear but he'd have a nice big egg on Easter mornin', all blue like a robin's egg. You'll mind I'm after sittin' the blue bin on thirteen eggs, and the time was near up for the chickens to come. Well, after the little lad went to bed on Saturday night I took war of the eggs from under the hin and put it in the oven to keep it warm till the mornin'. There

was no fire in the stove and only a little late in the oven, d'ye see. On Easter mornin' I put the egg in some warm blinew' water before the boy got up and when he came down to his breakfast there it was on the plate before him, blue as the heavens in July. 'Twas actin' mighty queer, though, Mrs. O'Brien, rollin' around on the plate as if the devil was in it, and me husband and little Mike lookin' at it as if 'twas a ghost they saw. But Mrs. O'Brien, if ye'll believe me, I had to keep me back to the table, I was that full of laughter. Ye'd think the egg was tryin' to stand on its little end, 'twas that full of tricks.

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SUNDAY'S DISCOURSE BY THE NOTED DIVINE.

Subject: "Brilliant Bitterness"—Attilla the Hun Used as a Terrible Example—The Rise of the Wormwood—Mentioned in Revelation?

Text: "There fell a great star from heaven, burning as it were a lamp, and it fell upon the third part of the river upon the fountains of waters, and the name of the star is called Wormwood."—Revelation.

Patrick and Louth, Thomas Scott, Matthew Henry, Albert Barnes and some other commentators say that the star Wormwood of my text was a type of Attilla, king of the Huns. He was a man of a most brilliant as a star, and like wormwood, he blighted everything he touched. We have studied the Star of Bethlehem, and the Morning Star of Revelation, and the Star of the East, but my subject calls us to gaze at the star Wormwood, and my theme might be called "Brilliant Bitterness."

A more extraordinary character history than that of Attilla, the Hun, is that of the king of the Huns. The story goes that one day a wounded hellebar found limping along through the fields, and a herdman followed its bloody track on the grass to see where the hellebar was wounded. He went back, farther and farther, until he came to a sword fast in the earth, the point downward, as though it had dropped from the grasp of a warrior. He dug about the sword the better had been cut. The herdman pulled up that sword and presented it to Attilla. Attilla said that sword must have dropped from the heavens from the grasp of a warrior. He ordered his men to him meant that Attilla should conquer and govern the whole earth. Other mighty men have been delighted at being called liberators or the Merciful or the Good, but Attilla called himself "the scourge of God."

At the head of 700,000 troops, mounted on Cappadocian horses, he swept everything in his way. He conquered the Huns, Greece and Thrace. He made Milan and Pavia and Padua and Verona beg for mercy, which he bestowed not. The Jews of Jerusalem were terrified. He put up at auction massive silver tables and vases of solid gold. When a city was captured by him, the inhabitants were brought out and put into three classes. The first class consisted of the old men, and must immediately enlist under Attilla or be butchered; the second class, the beautiful women, were made captives to be sold to the Huns; the third class, the aged men and women, were to be sold as slaves. He let go back to the city to pay a heavy tax.

It was a common saying that the grass never grew where the hoof of Attilla's horse had trod. His armies reddened the waters of the Seine and the Moselle and the Rhine with carnage and fought on the Catalonian plains the fiercest battle since the world stood—300,000 dead left on the field. On and on until all those who could not oppose him with arms lay prostrate on the faces in prayer, then a cloud of dust was seen in the distance, and a bishop cried, "It is the aid of God, and all the people look up to the aid of God." As the cloud of dust was blown aside, the banners of re-entrancing armies marched in to help against Attilla. "The Scourge of God." The most unimportant occurrences are the usual resources. After three months of labor to capture the city of Aquileia, when his army had given up the siege, the flight of a stork and her young from the tower of the city taken by him, and the sign that he was to capture the city, and his army, inspired with the same occurrence, resumed the siege and took the walls at a point from which he had been repulsed. So brilliant was the conqueror in attire that his enemies could not look at him, but shaded their eyes or turned their heads. Siala on the evening of his marriage by her, he was a widow for his life. His followers bewailed him, not with tears, but with blood, cutting themselves with knives and lances. He was put into three coffins, the first of iron, the second of silver, and the third of gold. He was buried by night, and into his grave was poured the most valuable coins and precious stones, amounting to the wealth of a kingdom. The granddiggers who had been assisting at the funeral were massacred, so that it would never be known where so much wealth was entombed.

The Roman empire conquered the world, but Attilla conquered the Roman empire. He was right in calling himself a scourge, but instead of being "the scourge of God" he was "the scourge of the world." Because of his brilliancy and bitterness, the commentators might well have supposed him to be the star Wormwood of the text. As the regions he devastated were great, the cities he destroyed were many, and the rivers he polluted were streams and rivers, you see how graphic my text is: "There fell a great star from heaven, burning as it were a lamp, and it fell upon the third part of the river, and the name of the star is called Wormwood."

Have you ever thought how many emperors there are all about us, misanthropic, morbid, acid, suspicious, and full of hate? The wormwood is a perennial plant, and all the year round it is ready to exude its oil. And in many hard lives there is a perennial distillation of bitterness. Yes, there are some whose whole work is to shed a bitter influence over others. There are Attillas of the home, Attillas of the social circle, Attillas of the church, Attillas of the world. The more power men have the better, if their power be used for good. The less power men have the better, if they use it for evil. Do you see the point of the matter? The more power men have the better, if their power be used for good. The less power men have the better, if they use it for evil.

Are you any of you the star Wormwood? Do you have large opportunities, and do you occasionally trickles through at wrong times, and is suppressed by them until they can hold it no longer, and all the barriers burst into unlimited gulf and abyss? Do you have the power to do good, and do you have the power to do evil? Do you have the power to do good, and do you have the power to do evil? Do you have the power to do good, and do you have the power to do evil?

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Have you ever thought how many emperors there are all about us, misanthropic, morbid, acid, suspicious, and full of hate? The wormwood is a perennial plant, and all the year round it is ready to exude its oil. And in many hard lives there is a perennial distillation of bitterness. Yes, there are some whose whole work is to shed a bitter influence over others. There are Attillas of the home, Attillas of the social circle, Attillas of the church, Attillas of the world. The more power men have the better, if their power be used for good. The less power men have the better, if they use it for evil. Do you see the point of the matter? The more power men have the better, if their power be used for good. The less power men have the better, if they use it for evil.

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