

EASTER ETCHINGS

Mildred & Trevanion

BY THE DUCHESS.

CHAPTER IV.—(Continued.)

"Don't be alarmed," said the newcomer, "it's only me, and not the long-expected come at last in the shape of the 'midnight marauder'—I like my grammar, don't you, Mildred? How are you old boy? Glad to see you. Had no idea I should first come upon you spooning with my sister in the moonlight, but accidents will happen. Are they all quite well, Milly?"

"Quite well," Miss Trevanion answered, feeling rather disgusted and sore about the moonlight innuendo, and indignant that Denzil should stand there silent and allow it to pass for granted; "but you need not accuse me of flirting so soon, Charlie. I am not given that way, as you know, and Mr. Younge came out merely because he felt the night warm."

"Just so," said Charlie. "Odd how one always does feel the night warm when there's a girl on the balcony! And so," glancing through the bright red curtains that concealed the room, "you have been going in heavily for society tonight. I can see Mrs. Deverill, and a fat young man, and your father, Younge, and 'my pretty Jane,' and Sir George eloquent on South-downs, and here, to excite my curiosity, the end of a blue silk dress, and there—I say, Mildred—come here. Who is the young person in tights?"

"That's young Mason of the 10th," said Miss Trevanion, "and though he doesn't intend it, his clothes always seem too small for him. The blue dress you see belongs to Frances Sylverton."

"Oh, does it?" exclaimed Charlie, turning away abruptly.

"Come in and show yourself!" suggested Denzil. "You can't think how awfully glad they will be to see you. It was only yesterday your mother was complaining about the short leaves of absence you get, and your coming now so unexpectedly, will enhance your value doubly."

"My dear fellow, consider—I'm in morning costume," protested Charles, gayly. "Would you have me throw discredit on the house of my father? Why, these Deverills are so nice they would not know exactly how to treat a fellow who could so far discard appearances as to turn up at half-past nine in a gray tweed. Mildred, I will bid you a fond good-night, and be visible again some time tomorrow, when you have gently broken the news of my arrival. Is my old room appropriated by anyone? Can I have it?"

"Never mind your room yet," said Mildred, "do you think I can let you go again so easily? No, come in this moment when I desire you, and show yourself to the company in general. I would not miss mamma's look of surprise and delight for anything; so I must insist on your obeying me—and, besides, you look charming in gray. Come, darling—do."

"Well, on your head be it, if Mrs. Deverill retires in confusion," Charles murmured, and followed his sister obediently into the warm, handsomely furnished drawing-room.

Miss Sylverton, sitting just inside the window, looked up with a sudden start as he passed her, and, crossing the room to where his mother sat, laid his hand lightly on her shoulder.

He was not a handsome young man—was, in fact, the plainest Trevanion of them all—but the action he used toward his mother was full of such tender, beautiful grace as might have belonged to the most polished courtier of the olden days.

Lady Caroline turned, and half cried aloud in her intense surprise and joy. He was her eldest-born, the beloved of her heart, and she welcomed him accordingly; indeed, every one seemed only too glad to see once more Charles Trevanion's fair, sunburnt face, and hear his honest, happy voice, unless perhaps Miss Sylverton, who, once her astonishment at his sudden appearance was at an end, appeared to lose all interest in his presence, and went back to the rather one-sided flirtation she was holding with "the man in tights."

"How d'ye do, Miss Sylverton?" Charles said presently, and Frances put her hand coldly into his. "Have you been getting on pretty well? You cannot think how happy it makes a fellow to be heartily welcomed after a long absence, as I have been welcomed by you."

"I cannot say how long or how short your absence has been," Frances retorted, "as I have had no means of remembering when it was when you went."

"Whose fault was that?" he said, gently.

"Was it mine?" There was just a suspicion of tears under the long dark lashes. "I don't think I ever forbid you to come and say good-by at Sylverton, did I?"

"No, not exactly, perhaps; but there are more ways of forbidding than those expressed in words. I have a dim recollection, a faint idea, that somebody told me, a few months ago that she hated me."

"And I dare say she will tell you so again before she dies," returned Frances, with a little, low, happy laugh; "meantime I am very, very glad indeed, Charlie to see you home again."

"Are you, Frances?" said Charles, softly.

After that, the young man in close

lowance, and the governor is too hard up to advance, even if he would, another fifty—to say nothing of what I want. Besides, Mildred, I—I could not bear to tell him of it; he has so often warned me against gambling on account of that wretched old story about Willoughby Trevanion. I think it would almost break his heart if he fancied the family curse had broken out again in me, and—oh, Milly, I swear to you I never meant it; it all came about so suddenly, so miserably. I had always been proverbial for my luck, until that evening at the vicar's rooms, and then I lost my head, I think; and the worst of it is Poyntz is just now so deucedly used up himself that he can't afford to wait."

"For how long has this—this gambling been going on?" Miss Trevanion asked.

"About a year and a half."

"And how have you managed to pay your debts during all that time?"

"I never lost much before, and, when I did, was always sure to win it back again the following night. That was the evil of the thing, you see; it drew me on, encouraged me, until I felt I couldn't lose, and then in the end, as I have told you, my luck deserted me, and left me as I am now, hopelessly in debt, and dishonored, and so on," wound up the poor boy with a miserable choking sensation in his throat.

"Oh, dear, what can the matter be?" sung bonny Mabel, at the top of her clear, sweet voice, the words, singularly appropriate, albeit unmeant as they were, echoing merrily through the chamber as she came swiftly toward them through the gathering gloom.

Her advent, unexpected as it was, left Eddie and Miss Trevanion speechless.

"Why, you two," she said—"are you struck dumb that you both stand there so silent in the twilight? Has the 'holy friar' of our establishment appeared unto you and deprived you of the organs of speech? Mildred, you remind me of some stricken saint, leaning in that position, with the painted light of that window falling full upon you in such a dim religiously ghostly sort of manner; while Eddie—Good gracious, Eddie, what's the matter with you?"

Miss Trevanion glanced at her brother, and he said:

"Oh, tell her—there is little good in keeping it secret now, when every one will know it soon, and so 'the queen' was enlightened forthwith and, contrary to all expectations—as she was generally the most easy-going of the Trevanions—was supremely indignant on the spot.

"Well, I have never heard anything so disgraceful," declared that august young personage, when the recital was finished to the last word—"never!" And, if anyone but you had told me of it, Mildred, I should not have believed them. I think—to Eddie—you ought to be thoroughly ashamed of yourself, when you know poor papa is in such difficulties, and no earthly way of getting out of them. No, Mildred, I won't stop; it is useless to shake your head at me behind his back; I mean to say just what is on my mind—and I think too much could never be said on such a subject. You may spend your life's glossing over other people's faults, but I am not an angel, and cannot; besides what is to be done? How the money is to be paid I cannot imagine, I'm sure; and, in fact, I have no patience with him!" concluded Mabel, slightly out of breath, but with a finishing touch of scorn that would have done credit to a parliamentarian.

(To be Continued.)

Farms Can Be Made to Pay.

A professor in Cornell university has been discussing in print the question whether a farm can be made to pay. He thinks it can, but with some mental reservations on the subject of what it means to have a farm "pay." He says, of one of his early experiences with his farm: "Half of a country life is in the living. It is in the point of view. It is in the way in which we look at things. Thoreau rejoiced when it rained because he knew that his beans were happy. One day my man was agitated because the woodchucks were eating the beans. He would go to town at once and buy a gun. I asked him how many beans the woodchucks would probably destroy. He thought from one-eighth to one-quarter of an acre. Now, one-quarter of an acre of field beans should bring me a net cash return of \$3 or \$4. I told him that he could not buy a gun for that money. If he had a gun he would waste more time killing the woodchucks than the beans would be worth. But the worst part of it would be that he would kill the woodchucks, and at daylight morning after morning I had watched the animals as they stole from the bushes, sniffed the soft morning air and nibbled the crisp young leaves. Many a time I had spent twice \$4 for much less entertainment. My neighbor thought that I ought to cut out the briars in the fence corner. I told him that I liked to see the briars there. He remarked that some folks are fools. I replied that it is fun to be a fool."

Let children know something of the worth of money by earning it; overpay them if you will, but let them get some idea of the equivalents; if they get distorted notions of values at the start they will never be righted.—Talmage.

The tooth often bites the tongue, and yet they keep together.

Despite not a small wound, a poor kinsman or an humble enemy.

AN INHERITANCE IN WESTERN CANADA.

Indian Reservations and Other New Districts to Be Opened Up This Year.

In the Great Saskatchewan Valley and the Fertile Plains of Assiniboia.

To the Editor, Dear Sir: The past three or four years have demonstrated to a large number of Americans the value of the grain-growing and ranching lands of Western Canada. Tens of thousands have taken advantage of the offer made by the Canadian government as well as of the exceedingly low prices asked for lands by the railway, colonization and other companies. The experience of those who have been settled there for some little time is of a highly gratifying character. So much so that the Canadian government, who has control of the immigration into Western Canada, has decided to open up some new districts this year in the well known Saskatchewan Valley and also in the fertile plains of Assiniboia. These Districts are probably the most productive in the entire West and in close touch to largely settled communities as well as being situated on some of the most important lines of railway. They are within easy reach of markets, schools, churches and other social advantages. In some of these districts lands may be homesteaded as well as purchased outright at very low prices. Now as to what can be done on these lands. The evidence of the settlers in the neighborhood of the lands now about to be opened for settlement (some of them being located in one of the best Indian Reservations) goes to show that the very best results have followed even most indifferent methods. Cases are given where farmers having gone there with most limited means, barely enough to erect a small house and break up a little land, have in three or four years time become prosperous, all debts paid and money in the bank. The soil in the Districts mentioned, Assiniboia and Saskatchewan, is a rich black loam, fifteen inches to three feet deep. As a settler says, "It appears like the accumulation of decayed vegetation and ashes for centuries (the sub-soil is a stiff, putty clay)." On this soil it is possible to raise from 40 to 50 bushels of wheat to the acre, oats 75 to 100 bushels, all of which bring good prices at the local market. For mixed farming these new districts are probably among the best in Western Canada. Stock fatten easily on the wild grasses. Hay is plentiful, and prices splendid. Another settler writing to a friend in Iowa says: "The climate is all that could be desired, plenty of rainfall in summer, with no hot, dry winds. On the 28th of September I saw prairie flowers in full bloom, sweet corn, potato and tomato vines that had not been touched a particle with frost, and the winters are milder than those in the State from which I came. After the holidays the winter sets in clear and cold, with plenty of snow for good sleighing; no high winds or blizzards are known. Horses live out all winter and pick their own living, while cattle live all winter in open sheds and around the hay racks. Wheat, oats and barley are the principal grain crops. Potatoes and all other roots and vegetables do well, the yield being enormous as compared to those in the States. Wild fruits, such as strawberries, raspberries, cranberries, gooseberries and all varieties of currants yield in abundance. As a reader of your valuable paper for a number of years, I feel that I should inform you of the progress and advancement being made in Canada within the past few years, and the inducements and advantages that will follow settlement in Western Canada. Those who desire information can do as I did, and apply to any Agent of the Canadian Government, whose name I see appears in advertisements appearing elsewhere in the columns of your paper, and when writing ask particularly about the Saskatchewan Valley or Assiniboia Districts.

Yours truly,
O.H. Reader."

A lie in its own clothes is always impotent.

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The customs, traditions and superstitions connected with Easter are almost innumerable. Their origins are in many cases impossible to determine, because they evidently took place at a time when the season was still pagan in its character. Others, again, are directly connected with the Christian observance of the festival. The early Christians in many countries used to greet one another on Easter morning with the salutation: "Christ is risen."

The reply to this was: "Christ is risen, indeed, and hath appeared to Simon."

"This custom, it is said, is still observed in the Greek church.

The giving of eggs at Easter, or the spring festival, is one of the most widely known, as it is also one of the oldest, of the customs. From the remotest times the egg has stood to the Eastern nations as the symbol of the universe, and its breaking at that time has represented the opening of the new life of the year. When the custom was carried over into Christian practice the Easter eggs were usually sent to the priests to be blessed and sprinkled with holy water. In later times the coloring and decorating of the eggs was introduced, and in a royal

Children's Easter

It was the Saturday before Easter, and the children all ran out to the barn to hunt eggs, with Egypt, the tame crow, hopping after them. Nanny was sure there must be several dozen eggs in the hen house, Billy thought the haymow was the best place to find them, and Kitty said she had seen old Topknot flying out from Dobbin's manger. Egypt said nothing,

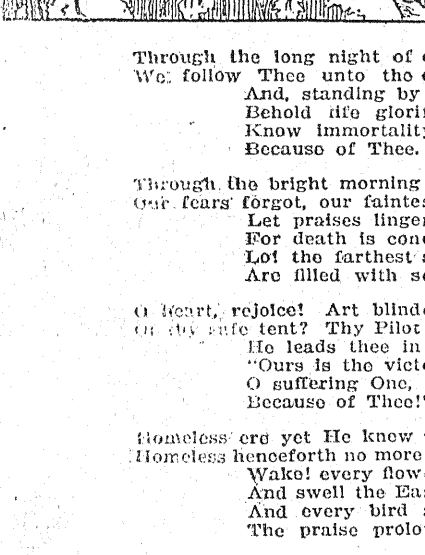


OUT HE CAME WITH A LOUD "OW!" but I rather think he knew as much about the nests as they did.

Egypt was a sly old fellow. He liked buttons and pennies, but he had the greatest fancy for pins. He would pull them out of every pin cushion in the house when he could get a chance, so you might search through room after room, and not come across a single pin. Nobody knew what he did with them all. He was fond of eggs, too, and I am afraid this was the reason that the children had such a long hunt for them, and found so few.

At last they climbed up the long ladder into the mow. The hay was piled almost to the roof and covered the windows. It was so dark that Nanny and Kitty were a little bit afraid, but Billy went first, floundering along in the hay; just as you wade through a snow drift.

"Guess there are nests on this beam," said Billy, "but it's so dark I can't see. I'm feel."



Through the long night of darkness and gloom We follow Thee unto the opened tomb, And, standing by its side, Behold it glorified, Know Immortality, Because of Thee.

Through the bright morning still we follow Thee, Our fears forgot, our faintest doubts shall flee, Let praises linger long, For death is conquered, Let the farthest skies Be filled with song!

O heart, rejoice! Art blinded at the door In the safe tent? Thy Pilot went before, He leads thee in; then sing, "Ours is the victory, O suffering One, Because of Thee!"

Homeless ere yet He knew the darkened tomb, Homeless henceforth no more; in each glad heart His home, Wake every flower of spring, And swell the Easter song, And every bird awing The praise prolong!

roll of the time of Edward I, which is preserved in the Tower of London, there is an entry of 18d. for 400 eggs, to be used for Easter gifts.

In the last few years artificial eggs of candy, china and other materials, and egg-shaped articles of all kinds, have largely replaced the real eggs as Easter gifts. The shop windows each



"CHRIST IS RISEN!"

year at this season testify to the ingeniously expended in devising new and attractive objects in which the idea of the Easter egg shall be preserved. In Paris these Easter presents are generally given on the first day of Passion Week. All are emblematic of eggs, and are known as "oeufs des Paques," or "Paschal eggs."

In went Billy's hand, and out it came in a second, with a loud "Ow!" "It's hornets or yellow-jackets or something!" he screamed. "Fetch the barn lantern, Kit, and I'll knock 'em out!"

Kitty brought the lantern, and then ran to the other side of the barn, for fear of the yellow jackets. Billy held the lantern over his head and peeped in.

What did he see? Not hornets, but pins. He had run his hand into Egypt's own little "hid-y-hole," where the sly little rogue had laid away a whole pile of his favorite treasures. No wonder they pricked like hornets. But what the queer old bird was saving them for I never knew.

Nature's Easter Girl.
The gladsome Easter-tide comes on, The sesame of spring; When birds begin to tune the voice, A summer's praise to sing.

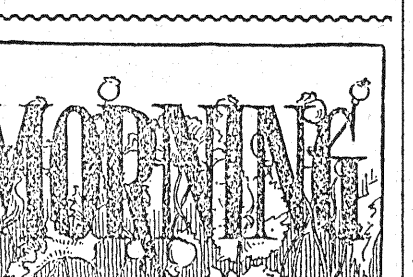
The leaves upon the trees bud forth, The daffodils unfold; All nature opens like a bud, The sun floods earth with gold.

No more in this, our better age, Do maidens seek in dress And costly bonnets to express Their Easter happiness.

The modern maid, with brimming health, Gives locks a saucy curl; Brings forth her bike and natty suit—She's Nature's Easter girl.

Origin of Easter Hats

To neglect the putting on of some entirely new article of dress on Easter Sunday was regarded by the English of olden times as sure to bring bad luck, and certainly this is one of the practices which has lost nothing with the increase of years. Only now it has been slightly altered, so that to have no new clothes to exhibit at the Easter parade is considered sufficiently bad luck in itself, without the fear of any further misfortunes that may result from it. After donning their new Easter garments the English country people dined off tansy pudding and bacon or tansy pudding and "good red herring," the tansy being the symbol of the bitter herbs commanded to be eaten at the Paschal feast.



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