

Chat to . . . Boys and Girls.

My dear young friends, the Easter-tide draws near. I wonder if you are truly glad, and why? Is it only because you want to put on the new spring hat and jacket you have been so anxious about, or is it because of the holidays you are sure to have, or is it something far, far above these—something sacred and holy away down deep in your young hearts—something which tells you that Easter ought to be the very happiest season of all the year, because of what it commemorates.

"What," you say in surprise, "not a happier time than Christmas." Surely Aunt Bell, you don't mean that!"

"Yes, I do; it should be to us all a quiet, happy, holy time, when we ask ourselves in the silence and privacy of our own rooms, 'Have I risen with Christ?' that is have I since last Easter day, grown up nearer to Him? Have I risen at all above the things that used to tempt or provoke me so often at school? Have I grown up into His likeness at all in my home life since this day last year? Question yourselves, my boys and girls, will you, on this coming Easter morning? and looking back over the past year, deal honestly with yourselves, and let conscience tell you faithfully whether you have grown 'in wisdom' as 'in stature' like the Christ-child when on earth, and if you can feel that you have risen above any of the old habits or faults, thank God, and take courage to begin a new year in His strength, so will you have a blessed and a happy Easter.

Many families plan to meet to spend this festival together, and after the service at church, there is a grand dinner and music and flowers, a giving of Easter gifts and a happy holiday time it is made indeed. Well now I should like to ask you my round table boys and girls, who is to be your guest this Easter-tide? You will certainly have your heart full, but what shall be the name of your guest? 'Do you remember that long, long ago, in fact on the world's first Easter day, that two of the disciples started out to walk to a little village, called Emmaus? and as they walked and talked, a stranger joined them. A man whom they did not recognize; but after a while, and when it seemed as if he would leave them, they invited him to stay, saying 'Abide with us' because it was late and they were sorry to part with him, and to lose his gracious words, so they entertained him, and behold their eyes were opened and they knew it was the Christ!

It is my most earnest wish and prayer for you, my boys and girls, the he may 'Abide with you' at this blessed season and be your honored guest.

Let me tell you the experience of a boy friend of mine whom we will call Harsy Earle. It was something like this:—

Tumbling into bed on Easter eve, he thought to himself—'Shan't I have a jolly day tomorrow! Over at Grandpa's for dinner there's a good time sure; and won't the other boys stare when they see my Sunday school prize? Then in the afternoon Grandma and Aunt Hetty always have something fine for us boys, Uncle Frank always gives a prize too for the best recitation, and I don't believe any of 'em will have a nicer one than my Easter poem, or can say it one bit better than Miss Trueman has taught me. I wonder though what she meant, when she asked whom we should take with us tomorrow. I shall take little Flo, and maybe Jack over, but I don't think she meant that. She looked kind of queer when she asked us to mind whom we entertained this Easter! Well, I don't intend to entertain anybody, they can all amuse themselves the best way they like, as I shall; I don't mean to do anything but enjoy myself; the holidays are short enough, goodness knows!' and full of his own coming pleasure, Harry fell asleep.

Awakened next morning, by little Flo, wishing him a happy Easter, and dressing so hastily as to forget his prayers, he ran down stairs eager to see the gift which father, never failed to lay beside his plate. It was there, also a beautiful bible, with loving words from mother. Harry looked it over, and greatly admired its fine soft covers and nice, clear print, but breakfast was ready, and after that, he ran to dress for church, so not one verse among its many pages, did he read I am sorry to say; had he done so, he might have taken to his heart these words from the epistle to the Romans "For even Christ pleased not himself," but Harry's day began wrong.

Starting for grandpa's with a heart full of pride in the new suit he wore, is it any wonder he turned red with anger, as the hasty and rather careless step of a boy behind him, splashed his coat with muddy water from a puddle they were passing? And when cousin Joe's bible was found to be more handsomely bound than his and to contain more maps, how quickly envy and discontent stepped in and spoiled his pleasure!

Then at dinner time, so anxious was he to enjoy himself, he never looked to see that the little ones near him were helped, nor offered to pass anything to another, but ate and drank to please himself, till he felt quite ill, and so selfishness took a seat in the largest corner of his heart. And when in the evening Mary was chosen to lead in singing the Easter hymns, he felt quite jealous and miserable but when grandpa, gave a prize for the best recitation among the cousins of Harry's age, and he was called to receive the handsome writing-desk, his heart was so filled with pride, and other unworthy guests, that like that dreary inn at Bethlehem so many years ago "there was no room" for the Christ! The day has lost its blessed meaning for Harry and instead of being risen with Christ he had sunk into himself.

Oh, my young friends, be warned by this experience and watch! Do not spend the easter holidays on trying to please only yourselves, or your pleasures will certainly be a failure, but in striving to make others happy, you will find your own truest contentment—then drive out anger, envy, pride, jealousy, selfishness, all such unholy guests by prayer, and take the Christ who rose again for you and me into your hearts, and may this Easter be the happiest you have ever known.

AUNT BELL.

FRILLS OF FASHION.

Fine nainsook embroideries with medallions of lace introduced here and their add pretty variety to the season's trimmings. Irish point and Venice point effects are also pretty reproduced in the cotton embroideries for trimming summer gowns.

Lawn ruffles in white and pale colors can be bought all hemstitched, ready for use, and if you want to make your white lawn gown especially chic, scallop all the ruffles in hand embroidery.

Buttons are a decided feature of fashion, but it is the little button this time, is polished or engraved metal, and Wedgwood instead of crystal.

Nun's veiling, because of its soft, clinging qualities, will be one of the popular materials this season.

Plain tinted organdies will be very much worn, and something quite novel is a combination of plain white and violet in one gown. The skirt and sleeves are of white, and the plaiting at the bottom and the bodice covered with crosswise tucks are of the deep violet organdie.

Another idea in making up organdies is the use of one color over another; black organdie over pink, or white over heliotrope, and prettier still is the use of a deeper shade of the same color for the organdie lining.

Narrow silk fringes with network headings are used for trimming gowns and silk blouses as well.

Line the collar of your fawn-colored coat with shirred chiffon of the same colors if it is a high one.

Pink, white and pale violet pond lilies are popular flowers in millinery.

Fawn and dull colored laces generally are one of the desirable dress trimmings. Fawn-colored lace on a silk waist worn with a fawn cloth suit is the smart thing.

Women complain a good deal about the egotism and rudeness of young men, but

the facts prove that the men are scarcely to be blamed for their attitude. Hostesses eager for a good masculine showing at their social functions, ask men without making any attempt to satisfy themselves as to their proposed guest's desirability. An Englishman comments, rather sharply on this custom of London hostesses. 'Women,' he says, 'take the manners out of the men they criticize. As for social negligence, last season I received more than a dozen cards for dances from hostesses whom I did not know and who did not know me. If women allow shoals of young men whom they do not know to be invited to their houses they must expect social contraventions equally great in return.'

Louis Wain, the famous cat painter, professes to believe that a cat owned by a woman is the mirror of its mistress's temperament. He says that if a cat that has been constantly with its mistress is suddenly removed from her society, the creature will show the characteristics madame has displayed. If she has been snappish, pussy will scratch; if she has been sulky, pussy will sulk, too. If this were really true, it would pay a prospective husband to steal the cat of his lady love before taking the fatal matrimonial step. As the cat is about the most independent creature alive, one can't help being skeptical of Mr. Wain's theory.

Dorothy Drew, the little granddaughter of Mr. Gladstone, has been to call on Queen Victoria. She says that the Queen 'was just another woman like grandmamma, with a white cap on her head. She put on her glasses and told me to go to the other side of the room so that she could see me better.' The Queen presented a diamond brooch to her little visitor, who courted and kissed the royal hand. Not unnaturally Miss Dorothy later declared that the Queen was very nice and kind and likable.

Nobody in Europe will regret more the destruction of the Windsor Hotel than Ignace Paderewski who had always stopped there on his visits to New York and never regarded any other as a possible lodging place. He occupied a large suite of rooms on the Forty-seventh street side of the house at the extreme end of a hall, where his playing could not interfere with the comfort of the other guests. The Windsor was for a long time a favorite stopping place with musicians. Adelina Patti was nearly always to be found there when she sang in New York and Christine Nilsson when she came to this country the last time advised Mme. Sembrich, who then introduced herself to America, that she must certainly go to the hotel, as that was the home of all the great singers. Mme. Albani stopped there when last in New York. This character seemed to cling to the hotel until the last, and it was a curious coincidence that one of the first persons to arrive at the scene of the fire was David Bispham, who was lunching in the neighborhood and reached the hotel just after the fire was discovered.

The Marquis de Croisic, who has just declared himself a bankrupt, was one of New York's conspicuous out-of-door figures before he began his career as a hotel keeper and lost the fortune which had been

LEGS ENTIRELY RAW

From his feet to his body,
and ran a blood tinged,
irritating water.

Mrs. A. Keirstead, Snider Mt., N.B., tells how her little boy suffered, and how B.B.B. cured him permanently.



FREDDY KEIRSTEAD.

There is not a mother in this land who has a child suffering from skin disease in any form but will thank Mrs. Keirstead, of Snider Mt., N.B., for telling of the remarkable manner in which her boy, Freddy, was cured of one of the severest and most torturing of skin diseases by the use of Burdock Blood Bitters; and not only relieved and cured for the time being, but, mark you, after eight years the disease has shown no signs of returning.

The following is Mrs. Keirstead's letter:—

"With gratitude I can testify to the wonderful curative powers of Burdock Blood Bitters. Eight years ago our little son, Freddy, was afflicted with salt rheum, and was in a dreadful condition. His legs, from the soles of his feet to his body, were entirely raw, and ran a bloody water, which appeared to burn and itch until he was often in great agony.

"After trying several remedies, we resolved to give B.B.B. a trial. "You can imagine with what delight and gratitude we saw our boy entirely cured after using one bottle and part of the second. We gave him the remainder of the second bottle, and from that time till the present he has never had a sign of salt rheum or a sick day. You need not wonder that I think there is no other medicine can equal Burdock Blood Bitters to purify the blood and build up the health and strength."

One Dose

Tells the story. When your head aches, and you feel bilious, constipated, and out of tune, with your stomach sour and no appetite, just buy a package of

Hood's Pills

And take a dose, from 1 to 4 pills. You will be surprised at how easily they will do their work, cure your headache and biliousness, rouse the liver and make you feel happy again. 25 cents. Sold by all medicine dealers.

brought to him by his American wife. It was in the window of a Fifth avenue restaurant that he was most frequently to be seen. He had made a contract with the proprietor by which he paid \$10,000 for all that he could eat in a year. When he opened his hotel here it was with the idea of supplying New York with what has long been thought a desired institution. He aimed to conduct a hotel which should be extremely expensive and proportionately exclusive. His taste as an epicure helped him in his project, and the hotel supplied all that had been promised as far as the quality of its restaurant was concerned. But the necessarily high prices were too much for the public, and the hotel ended a brief career with a debt it that exhausted the Marquis's fortune and brought him in to the bankruptcy courts. For several years he has lived at Newport.

PEARL-HUNTING IN AMERICA.

How the Precious Jewels are Found in Western Waters.

In the year of 1857 a pearl of fine lustre weighing ninety-three grains, was found at Notch Brook, near Paterson, New Jersey. The Empress Eugenie bought it for twenty five hundred dollars, a quarter of its present value. It was the discovery of this pearl that called attention to the freshwater, pearl-bearing mollusks of North America and led to other 'finds,' which are described at length in a bulletin prepared for the Fish Commission by Mr. George F. Kunz.

Mr. Kunz reminds us that the very oldest inhabitants were pearl-hunters. The mound-builders possessed pearls, literally bushels of them. At a mound in the Little Miami Valley, Professor Putnam and Doctor Meiz unearthed more than sixty thousand—all, of course, decayed or altered so as to be of no commercial value. The Indians, succeeding the mound-builders, likewise sought and treasured them.

The Spanish explorers proved as partial to pearls as they were to all other forms of portable property. The historian of the expedition says that by rifling the sepulchres in one Indian town in Florida, De Soto and his band obtained more than three hundred and fifty pounds. Probably many of these pearls were, in a way, artificial, manufactured from the shell. But there is no doubt that pearls were much more numerous in the explorers' time than they were when rediscovered, so to speak, in 1857—just as they were more numerous in 1857 than they are now.

The pearl-hunting of the last forty years has been carried on at intervals all the way from Nova Scotia to Wisconsin and then south as far as Florida. The 'fever' seems to break out about once in ten years. In the 1897 epidemic, Arkansas was first and chiefly affected. In certain parts of that state pearls had been found frequently and used as children's playthings and as 'luck-stones,' with no idea of their value.

A young St. Louis man, spending his vacation on a fishing trip, picked up a few on the shores of Murphy Lake,—the negro guide laughed at him,—and sent them to city jewellers. The check that came back inspired a company to lease the whole lake and work it, with good results. Discoveries in other places fostered the excitement.

A pink pearl of thirty-one grains, found on Black River, Arkansas, netted the finder thirty-five dollars and the purchaser five hundred. From the Little Red River in a short time, a man took fifteen hundred dollars' worth of pearls. A Kansas man found eleven lavender-colored pearls, which he sold for six hundred dollars. At one 'drive' with his drag-shovel across a little stream, a Missouri farmer collected more than two hundred pearls, some as large as peas.

Unfortunately, these gatherers, with few exceptions, did their work wastefully. European pearl-hunters have instruments with which they open the shell without injuring the animal, and if they find no pearl they return the shell to the water. Our pearl-seekers throw away the shell and the edible meat, and foolishly open the very smallest mussels, which seldom contain pearls.

Then, too, certain factories in the West are beginning to use great quantities of shells in the manufacture of pearl buttons. Supplies for these factories are accumulated by means of steam dredges which sweep the deeper waters where the ordin-

ary hunter could not venture. And so between the button-maker and the careless pearl-hunter, the fresh-water mussels of the United States seem destined to extinction.

The crop is worth preserving. There is always a chance of a 'find' like that blue pearl from Caney Fork, Tennessee, which fetched thirty-three hundred dollars in London a few years ago. But the haphazard methods that now prevail are equally destructive and dangerous. Pearl-collecting is an industry in which stupidity commands no premium. Mr. Kunz tells us that what would doubtless have been the finest pearl of modern times was ruined by the ignorant finder, who boiled it to open the shell.

Do you Know This Boy?

Calling a boy up in the morning can hardly be classed under the head of 'past-times,' especially if the boy had plenty of exercise the day before. And it is a little singular that the next hardest thing to getting a boy out of bed is getting him into it. There is a rarely a mother who is a success at rousing a boy. All mothers know this: so do their boys. And yet the mother seems to go at it in the right way. She opens the stair door and insinuatingly observes:—

'Johnny.'

There is no response.

'John ny.'

Still no response.

Then there is a short, sharp, 'John,' followed a moment later by a prolonged and emphatic 'John Henry.'

A grunt from the upper regions signifies that an impression has been made, and the mother is encouraged to add:—

'You'd better be getting down here to your breakfast, young man, before I come up there, an' give you something you'll feel.'

This so startles the young man that he immediately goes to sleep again. And the operation has to be repeated several times. A father knows nothing about this trouble. He merely opens his mouth, as a soda bottle ejects its cork, and the 'John Henry' that cleaves the air of that stairway goes into that boy like electricity, and pierces the deepest recesses of his very nature. And he pops out of that bed and into his clothes, and down the stairs, with a promptness that is commendable. It is rarely a boy allows himself to disregard the paternal summons. About once a year is believed to be as often as is consistent with the rules of health. He saves his father a great many steps by his thoughtfulness.

Bamboo Curtains.

An amusing story, illustrative of the difference between eyes and no eyes, is told by a New Orleans Times Democrat.

I noticed such a sweet decorative idea on this street yesterday, said a lady visitor to a New Orleans friend, while taking a trolley ride near the French market. It was a house, she continued, hung at all the second and third story windows with pale yellow bamboo curtains. They were perfectly plain and all of the same shade, but you have no idea how they set off the old place. Why, they simply glorified it!

'Hu-m-m, mus-d' her friend, I don't recall the house. Just point it out as we go by, will you?' Presently the visitor uttered an exclamation. There it is! she cried. The house of the bamboo curtains! I'm sure a colony of artists must live there!

A colony of Italians, said her friend grimly. That's not bamboo. It's a spaghetti factory. They hang the stuff out there to dry.

Tried to Comply.

The manufacturer of a certain brand of cigar advertised it far and wide as 'The Unparalleled—Everybody Smokes It.'

One day he received a letter from a man with whom he was only slightly acquainted running thus:—

'Dear Smithby: I want one of those cigars everybody is smoking. Send it to me by mail, securely done up in a small pasteboard box. Yours truly, Brownson.'

Not even a stamp was enclosed for postage, but Smithby took some pains to comply with the request, and after a lapse of two or three days Brownson received by mail, duly packed in a small box, a stump of a cigar three-quarters of an inch long, accompanied by the following note:—

'Dear Brownson: Impossible to send one that everybody is smoking, but here is one that fifteen newsboys have smoked on. Yours truly, Smithby.'

Queer Advertisements.

The advertising columns of papers continue to produce extraordinary offers, made by people who have but one idea in their minds. This, naturally, was from a bottle:—

'Respectable girls, about eighteen, wanted for bottling.'

This is from a bookseller's offering, in which he has classified his authors:—

CLERGYMEN.

'A Fine Collection of Two Hundred Clergymen, consisting of Protestant Ministers, Roman Catholics, Wesleyan Methodists, Unitarians and Presbyterians—Nice, Clean Lot, five shillings.'

'Life,' said the chronic cyclist, 'is one long bicycle-ride; our misfortunes are punctures, and we live in the hope of seeing a punctureless tyre invented.'

ANY Quantity of Imitators



BUT NO EQUALS.

Price \$1.00 to \$3.00 per pair.