

A Load of Easter Eggs.

'Jerry,' my mother said to me at break fast, 'I want you to do something for me today after your regular Saturday chores.'

'What is it?' I asked.

'I want you to take one of the horses and the light wagon and go to eight or ten places and collect a lot of eggs that have been promised to the ladies of our church for the egg festival in the village.'

It was the Saturday before Easter. The egg festival had been planned for the purpose of raising funds to buy a new organ, and was to be held in the vestry of the church on this evening. Eggs were to be served in every conceivable way. Some were to be colored and sold, and some sold as nice fresh eggs for home consumption.

As I enjoyed the prospect of driving around the country that balmy spring morning, I made haste to hitch one of our horses to the wagon.

While doing this I heard some one call out, 'Hello, Jerry! Goin' some place?'

I looked round and saw Luke Hopkins staring over the barn-yard fence.

'Yes, I am,' I replied.

'To the village?'

'Yes, after I have gone to a dozen other places first. Don't you want to go with me?'

'Don't care if I do. I came over to see if you'd go rabbit-hunting with me, but you've something better on hand, and I have to go to the village some time today, anyhow.'

Luke, who was about my own age, lived on the farm next to ours, and he and I spent most of our spare time together. He said, as we drove out of the barn-yard: 'We ought to have some fun before we get home. Where are you going first?'

'Over to Susan Dorr's.'

'You don't mean to say that old Susan Dorr is going to give you any eggs?'

'Mother has her name first on the list,' I said.

'It is the first time Susan Dorr, for all her money, ever was known to give away anything,' replied Luke.

Susan was in her doorway when I drove up to her gate. She came forward to ask me what I wanted.

'My mother told me to call here for some eggs you were going to give for the egg festival,' I said.

'Well, I dunno as I can spare any, after all,' said Susan. 'My hens ain't been layin' as I had a right to expect they would at this time of the year, an' eggs are fetchin' a cent a dozen more than usual just now. Howsomever, as I said that I would, I reckon I must let you have a few, anyhow. You wait here, an' I'll go an' fetch 'em out.'

She returned presently with three very small and not very fresh looking eggs.

'One of 'em' is cracked, but it will do just as well as any for cookin',' she said, as she handed them to me. 'One of you had better hold the cracked egg in your hand so it won't crack clear open.'

Luke took the eggs with a grin on his face, and as we drove on, he said, in an undertone, 'Did you ever hear the like? And she has more than two hundred hens! She beats time when it comes to be saving.'

As we drove round a bend in the road by Susan Dorr's barn, her big yellow dog, a sneaking, cowardly cur, came racing out toward us, barking and snarling. Before I could restrain Luke, he stood up in the wagon and 'let fly' with the three eggs Susan had given us. He always threw with accuracy. The dog turned and fled yelping, with streams of egg dripping from his head, and we drove on down the road, with Luke laughing immoderately at the animal's comical appearance.

Our next call was at the house of jolly Hiram Downs, who had five dozen eggs ready for us; and we did not receive less than three dozen at any of the twelve or thirteen houses at which we called before we started for the village. We received the eggs packed away in boxes and in pails of sawdust. There were more than fifty dozen of them. Others were to be sent in from the other side of the town.

'The ladies won't need half of these eggs. There are enough here for an army,' said Luke.

'They can send any that are left over to the egg-packing factory in Dover and get a good price for them,' I told him.

We were within a mile of the church when we met a number of the village boys on their way to the woods to hunt rabbits. As we passed them, one of them said, mockingly: 'Hello, country jakes! Going to town to sell your truck, air yeon? Heow

much you gittin' fer aigs, hey? Pooty cheap, I reckon.'

At this fancied imitation of an old farmer, Luke's spittle temper rose. Imitating the young mocker, he replied: 'Wal, aigs air so blamed cheap neow that I am givin' them away as rewards of merit to perlitte little town tellers like you be.'

With that he reached down into a pail at his feet, picked up some eggs, and hurled one at the town boy who had sneered at us.

The egg hit the boy squarely on the nose, and his mates, instead of resenting Luke's act, burst into loud shouts of laughter, which increased when a second egg crashed under the boy's chin, and a part of it disappeared below his collar. As he clutched his hat to guard his face a third egg broke in his hair, and he turned and fled down the road, amid the shrieks of his unsympathetic comrades.

One of them called out as we drove on: 'I guess he won't say 'country jakes' again soon! You served him 'eggsactly' right!'

'That's six eggs I have thrown away,' said Luke to me, 'and I am perfectly willing to pay for them, and for six more, if they are needed for dogs and boys.'

We were on the outskirts of the town when we saw a rabbit run from some underbrush and enter a hollow log by the roadside.

'Let's twist him out,' said Luke, as he laid a hand on the reins and stopped the horse.

'We'd better go on,' I said.

Luke however, was bound to get that rabbit, and he jumped from the wagon and began to look for a stick with a crotch on the end of it. He found one in the woods near by, and began to poke away with it in the log. But after a number of futile attempts to dislodge the rabbit, Luke found that the stick was not long enough to reach him from the outside, and he crawled two-thirds of his length into the log.

Presently he emerged without his hat, saying, 'I'll have to get a longer stick. You come and stand here by the log and see that he does not get away while I am looking for the stick.'

'There is no place to hitch the horse,' I said.

'He don't need hitching. He will stand still enough any place.'

'I guess he will,' I said, and wrapped the lines around the dashboard.

While Luke searched for another stick I dropped upon my knees, peered into the log, and even thrust in my head and shoulders. Suddenly I heard wheels. Hastily withdrawing from the log, I saw old Ned running away down the road. He had fled from a man who had come up behind him on a bicycle, a thing which was then almost unheard of in our neighborhood. It had evidently given the old horse a great shock, for he snorted wildly and went racing down the road at a terrific speed.

Luke came running from the brush patch, and we ran side by side after the horse. The man on the wheel, which was a very primitive affair, joined in the pursuit.

But old Ned left us all far behind. He was more than three hundred yards ahead when we saw the wagon topple over as the horse rounded a sharp curve in the road. 'Good by, eggs!' gasped Luke.

'There won't be one left!' I said, panting.

We hurried on to the curve in the road and found the ground yellow with broken eggs. The bed of the wagon lay a little further on, but old Ned and the running gear had disappeared.

We journeyed on sadly enough, and found the horse at a little mill near the village, one of the mill hands having stopped him. The running gear of the wagon was not badly damaged, and we drove back to where the bed of it lay by the roadside.

We were very sober as we drove home ward with the battered pails and less than a dozen whole eggs.

'I will have to give the four dollars I have been nearly six months saving for a shotgun,' I said, moodily.

There was consternation when I reached home and told my mother what had happened, and Luke and I received what we deserved. Then I was sent off to the village to tell the women of the church about the runaway.

It was a relief to find when I reached the church that the man who had been gathering up the eggs on the other side of the town had brought in such quantities that the festival could go forward with enough and to spare

for all who might come. But this fact did not save my four dollars for me. I had to pay it over to the festival fund, and Luke had to contribute his three dollars to the same purse.

Catarrh.

Catarrh is an inflammation of any of the mucous membranes of the body. It is marked by the usual signs of inflammation and, as the word implies,—being derived from a Greek word meaning to flow down,—by a more or less profuse discharge.

Catarrh may be acute or chronic, and the latter, as will be explained later, may be either atrophic or hypertrophic.

Acute catarrh unfortunately needs no description, for it is only too familiar to us all as a cold in the head. In this case it is the mucous membrane of the nostrils which is inflamed. The most obvious symptoms are swelling of the membrane, which may be so great as to close the nostrils completely, and a profuse discharge.

When acute catarrh attacks the pharynx or larynx we have a sore throat, and if the inflammation extends still further we have bronchitis. In the latter case the most evident sign is a cough, due either to the presence of a mucous discharge, or to irritation caused by the air passing through the inflamed bronchial tubes.

In young children the inflammation in the larynx causes much swelling, and this gives rise to the difficult breathing and hoarse voice which characterize one form of croup.

If catarrh attacks the stomach it causes severe indigestion, and when the intestinal mucous membrane is affected the most prominent symptom is diarrhea. Conjunctivitis and acute inflammation of the ear are the expressions of catarrh of the eye and of the drum of the ear.

In chronic catarrh the process is less active; there is usually little or no pain, but the discharge is profuse and thick.

In hypertrophic catarrh the mucous membrane becomes permanently thickened but in atrophic catarrh it is thinned. Atrophic catarrh is not really an inflammation, but rather the result of a previous inflammation which has destroyed the mucous membrane, leaving in its place merely a thin skin, covering the surface, but answering none of the purposes of a mucous membrane.

A catarrh may be caused by anything that acts as an irritant to the mucous membrane—dust, sulphurous, ammoniacal or other strong fumes, undue dryness of the atmosphere, and so forth, in the case of the air passages or eyes; indigestible food, alcohol, and so forth, in the case of stomach or intestines.

Often the inflammation is due to the action of microbes, which are probably always present, but can work harm only when the soil has been prepared for them by mechanical injury, or by congestion caused by a chilling of some portion of the surface of the body.

Unfair Preceding.

Mr. Alonzo Columbus Jefferson had been much interested in a trial for murder which had been held in the city of his birth. On the day before the trial ended he met his pastor on the street.

'I suppose you'll feel it your duty and pleasure to go to the court-room tomorrow,' said the minister, who knew his parishioner's excitement over the matter. 'I should like to be present on that occasion myself. It is conjecturable, Mr. Jefferson, that the judge's charge to the jury will be something extraordinary.'

'Sah,' gasped Mr. Jefferson, his mind emerging from its entanglement in the mysteries suggested by unfamiliar words, 'does you mean to tell me dat after de time dose pore jury gen'lemen hab set in dat co't room, sah, an' tried to keep awake an' go hungry, an' listen to all dat evidence, true en' su-subburious, sah, dat dey's going to be a charge made, an' dey've got to pay it?'

'Seems to me,' said Mr. Jefferson, rolling his eyes heavenward with a pious but learned expression, 'dat justice is a mighty 'spensive an' onreasonable business; it does so, sah!'

Perils of the Colorado.

The Colorado river is considered the most difficult stream in this country to navigate. Rapids, falls, boulders and whirlpools beset the way of the venturesome sailor who trusts his bark on the untamed, boisterous flood. Where the river is broad deep and swift, the bottom seems to be covered with pot-holes in the sandstone, and to have great heaps of constantly changing quicksand. These cause numberless cross currents underneath the surface, which at times seem to combine, resulting in an enormous up-shooting wave, which breaks through the surface of the water with a swish and roar that are appalling, and tosses anything it may strike.

Over and over again the boats were turned upside down by these 'fountains,' says Mr. James, in describing the perils of a

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party of explorers in 'In and Around the Grand Canon, and if the men were not 'ducked' more than once a day they considered themselves fairly fortunate.

Brown, the leader of the expedition, and a man named McDonald were ahead in a boat and undertook to run the first rapid, by the side of which was a great whirlpool. They were going safely along a neutral strip of water between the two, when an enormous up shooting wave struck the boat in the middle, threw it into the air, and pitched Brown into the whirlpool and McDonald into the rapid. Both were powerful swimmers.

McDonald struck out, calling to Brown, 'Come on!'

Brown replied, 'All right!' and faced down the river.

McDonald had now all he could do to care for himself. Three times he was thrown under by the terrific tossings of the mad waters, but he managed to reach a rock about six hundred yards below the scene of the mishap.

Dragging himself out, he was horrified to see Brown still in the whirlpool. Frantically he gesticulated to the following boat. It recognized his signals and dashed for the whirlpool, but too late. Brown had disappeared a few seconds before it reached him, and that river never gives up its dead.

What They Knew of Lincoln.

The unconscious humors of ignorance will never cease. Perhaps the distorted ideas concerning a popular idol which prevail among the 'rank and file' account in part for the wild growth of legend, in the course of generations, around a famous name.

A newspaper prints some answers to questions asked concerning Lincoln at a written examination of candidates for the New York police force. The applicants were asked to write all they knew about Lincoln, and the following was the result in two cases:

'I will tell yous aull that I know about Abraham Lincoln that he has bin a Pre-sented of the New York City.

'Has lost his life while holling pirshing [holding position].

'He was at last assinated out of the effects of which he died.

'The person who shot Mr. Lincoln was supposed to be a Southern Confederate named Gistean for this offense he was tried and convicted and sentenced to be be-headed.'

Another wrote:

'Kind Gentlemen, in reference to the life of Abraham Lincoln would say that I am not pearsnally acuanted with him he was Clurk in a grocery store and could lick any of the village boys. He at one time had a very bad friend who at the end killed him.

'He was the President that freed the South and let the Dorkey go fred and he was shot by Garfield this is all that I remember of prestended Lincom so I will close hoping that I will pass.'

Trained Dogs.

Parisian thieves are clever, also some of them would not have trained a dog to be a useful accomplice. He was a mastiff, and his trick was to go bounding up against old gentlemen in the street.

Naturally the average old gentleman is not steady enough upon his feet to stand against four feet or so of mastiff, and the dog would, as a rule, bring the victim to the ground.

Then a "lady" and "gentleman" would

step forward, and with profuse apologies assist the fallen man to his feet. At the same time they would ease him of his watch, and of any other valuable he might happen to have about him.

Training can do much with a dog. A writer in Chambers' Journal tells of the successful efforts of a dog-owner whom he knew to train a dog to abstain from barking. It took three years to accomplish the feat, and in the end the owner flattered himself that in his non-barking dog he had a novelty.

In some Japanese cities that dog would have been prized, for there is a quaint Japanese law in force there which makes the owner of a night barker liable to arrest and the penalty of a year's work for the benefit of the neighbors who have been disturbed.

The non-barker, however was not so great a novelty as his trainer believed. The writer in Chambers' Journal asserts that there are at least three varieties of dogs that never bark—the Australian, the Egyptian shepherd dog, and the "lion-headed" dog of Tibet.

Skipper and Fisherman.

The dangers associated with the fishing industry on the Newfoundland Banks are many and grave. One of the greatest of them is that the dories may be upset while fishing, an accident which involves almost inevitable loss of life. The Philadelphia Ledger is authority for a good story in this connection.

Callous captains, secure themselves from the necessity of going, frequently order their men out when the weather does not warrant it, and disastrous are the results. One of these brutal skippers was aptly answered last year by a Banks man of whose courage or capacity there was no question.

"Out with you!" shouted the captain. "Hurry up, there! It's a fishing day."

"Oh, no skipper," replied the dory man. "It's too stormy to-day for a boat to fish."

"Nonsense, man!" rejoined the skipper. "If my old grandmother from Provincetown was here to-day she'd get her dory out."

"Then skipper," said the man, "if your grandseon will come out with me now I'll haul my trawl."

It is needless to say that no dories were launched.

Not His Day For Selling.

'Does you want to see de president of de road?' queried the colored man who sat in a chair at the head of the stairs.

'Yes; he's the man I want to see,' replied the caller.

'Bout a pass or suuthin'?' 'About buying out the road for \$50,000-000. Can you attend to the business for me?'

'I 'spects I could, sah; but, dis being my second day yere an bein I ain't feelin powerful well, perhaps you'd better see de president hisself—right down de hall an second doash to de left, sah.'

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