

HOW THE RABBITS SAVED THEIR REPUTATION.

BY WALTER W. STORMS.

Clearly, the rabbits were in dismay. There had been a fluttering of anxiety for several days, but as Easter approached the anxiety grew intense, until it became dismay, bordering upon consternation. The case was desperate, that was plain. Something had to be done.

Why, just this: Snow had fallen so late and had lain on the ground so long that the rabbits had not been able to get an egg. In fact, the hens themselves had not yet been out to look for cooey nooks under the hedgerows and by the straw stacks where they might hide away an outdoor nest. The rabbits could never go to the barn and climb along beams and over the haymow where Katie and Alice and Ben would find eggs. They simply could not; rabbits were made to run, not to climb. Now, here it was the Wednesday before Easter and no eggs yet.

Surely, there could be no mistaking the count. "The first Sunday after the first full moon after the spring equinox"—that was the rule; not a very easy rule for a rabbit to remember. But hadn't every rabbit said it over and over and over until it almost said itself? Wasn't it full moon on the 23rd, and wouldn't that make Easter come on the 30th? And hadn't every rabbit kept his own score by nibbling notches on the bark of his favorite date tree? Besides all that, anyone could take a walk up and down the street in the town and tell by all the Master cards in the shop windows. It was cold enough and snowy enough for midwinter, but by all the signs of the calendar, it was the middle of the week before Easter.

Perhaps you may think it mattered very little to the rabbits whether they had colored eggs for the children or not. But it mattered a great deal. The

fences. The hens would soon find them, for they were as eager to get a breath of air from the fields in spring as we are. The question was if they would find them in time for Easter. The patriarch figured it out that his Easter eggs would have to be laid on Saturday at the latest, and so the new nests would have to be made not later than Friday. It was plain that this would require a special order.

The patriarch sat with his head down between his front paws, looking hard at the ground. He had gotten as far as the "special order" in his plans, and was sticking there very fast when he happened to think of an old red rooster up at the barn, almost or quite as old as himself. The patriarch had, indeed, once given him a friendly warning about a very sly fox who had his eye on his identical barnyard, and as a result of the warning, the whole chicken family had roosted high until the fox, with mingled hunger and disgust, had moved out of the neighborhood. Why should not this red rooster be willing now to do a good turn for the rabbits? He should at least have the chance.

Thursday proved even warmer than Wednesday had been. In the afternoon the patriarch was cautiously up along the south side of the hedge toward the barnyard. When he was near enough to see he sat down in the sun, hoping to catch the eye of his friend. By good luck he had long to wait. The old rooster soon perched himself on the top rail and gave a lusty crow. The patriarch thought the crowing was meant as a salute to him, but he was evidently mistaken. Not until the patriarch stood up on his hind feet and motioned with his right ear did Chanticleer seem to see him. Even then he looked carefully and cautiously, turning his head first to one side, then to the other. At last he re-

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WHY BUNNIES BRING THE EASTER EGGS.

BY LUCILLE W. NEWBERRY.

There was once a little bunny who was always being "funny." And kept that about him in a constant state of awe. His father and his mother These pranks would try to cover. To keep him out of prison and the clutches of the law.

On one morning bright and early, When the coo was getting early, He started to discover what mischief he could do. Soon he saw a blackbird's nest, And he could not eat or rest Until he'd dyed the eggs therein a lovely dark sea-blue.

He was so pleased at his joking That he said: "I'll round up joking And ask my little bunny friends to help me gather more." So they stole birds' eggs galore And put them by in store, Till all the nests were empty and the birds were threatening gore.

Then a burly bunny "copper" Said he'd quickly get a stopper To such dire deceptions as were never heard before. So, much rather than get caught, These blood robbers straightway sought A man who took the eggs to town and sold them in a store.

Now, this began an awful clatter; All their kin raised up a flutter, And said to steel such pretty eggs a great and mighty sin. But the bandits made it seem There was money in the scheme, So for wealth and sordid profit all rabbits now join in.

So all this explained the habit Why eggs are brought by rabbits And given little boys and girls on Easter every year, And the lesson seems to show, It was all a case of "dough." Yet eggs and little Bunnies white have found their proper sphere.



AN EASTER EGG HUNT.

BY LUCILLE W. NEWBERRY.

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A novel Easter entertainment for little folks is much in vogue in Germany, but so little known here that many of our readers will be much interested in a description of "An Easter Egg Hunt." A week or two before Easter invitations are sent out, written on this paper. The attractiveness of the little note may be greatly enhanced if in the upper left hand corner, or across the top of each sheet, a little water color or pen-and-ink sketch is added of rabbits in hunting costume, starting off for the chase or returning laden with the spoils of the egg hunt.

Any clever woman who enjoys thoroughly carrying out an idea, as well as seeing the children have a gloriously good time, will not object to the extra work in getting up a few of these little missives that children so love to receive. Tracing paper and some old Easter cards will help a mother whose "spirit is willing" but who has no artistic bent, and any "woman's exchange" will be glad to place an order for them when more than a dozen invitations are to be extended. On this attractive paper may be written the following:

A naughty little rabbit Has a very bad habit Of hiding his eggs away; So I want to invite you, To help me find them Monday.

This "naughty" little bunny Considers himself very funny. Puzzling us thus on the sly, So, come early, I pray you, I'm quite sure you will win. From WILLIAM JONES, 1450 Smith street. From 3 until 5, Easter Monday. An answer is requested.

The next step in preparation is to provide pretty little baskets, one for each of the little kind of Easter novelties, from the ordinary dyed, barnyard egg up to the beautiful, natural looking white bunny, filled with candy—some of these for each child. Then, besides the little downy chickens and ducks, chocolate eggs, sugar eggs, not intended to be eaten—the kind that open and are filled with little candy eggs that the children soon discover may be swallowed with impunity—all these and many other pretty little Easter gifts may be provided. In fact, this particular form of entertainment may be made most elaborate or as simple and inexpensive as the prize and inclination of the parents dictate, and the little ones enjoy themselves equally well at one as at the other.

All these gifts are hidden around the room or rooms where the children are to be allowed to roam, care being taken not to place them out of reach, or in any place where damage may be done in getting them out; for the little ones become very much excited during the hunt, and are apt to be careless in their eagerness. Arrange it in such a way that when the hunt is over every child will have at least four dyed bird bodied eggs.

In one room construct an "island" of some board resting against a table. This must not be more than three feet high, cover it first with a blanket and then with green cheese cloth, piling on full to give some idea of grass. "S" marks for the preparation; now for the entertainment.

As the little guests arrive, one of the baskets is given each one, and the

spoils of the hunt, and when all are assembled, and before the sport begins, they must be cautioned not to pull down ornaments or climb in their search, and also the territory not to be invaded must be pointed out to them. Some of the little ones will have to be assisted in their search for the hidden treasures, for a great many children—especially, I may say most youngsters under seven—can never find anything, and otherwise the older ones will have more than their share of spoils in the long run. To obviate this a dozen or more (according to the number participating)

extra eggs may be kept in reserve for those who have not sharp eyes. When all the eggs have been found the huntsmen may repair to the room where the hill has been prepared, and egg rolling will amuse them for quite a while. After this each little child may be presented with a life-size bunny filled with candies. Light refreshments, such as ice-cream, plain cake and chocolate bring to a close one of the best entertainments in existence for children, and I know from experience that the young ones get more thorough enjoyment out of an egg hunt than any other kind of a "party."



AN EASTER NOG TALE.

IZORA CHANDLER.

Away back in the time when knee breeches and bag wigs, pointed waists and petticoats of quilted satin were in fashion, there lived a crusty old king who hadn't a chick nor a child in the world except one sweet little princess granddaughter, whom he was determined to marry to the toothless old king of the next kingdom upon her sixteenth birthday.

Now, the little Princess and the King's handsome young surgeon were in love with each other. The surgeon was often tempted to put a few dark drops into the old King's medicine that would put him so fast asleep that he'd forget to waken. But you'll be glad to know that the young surgeon wasn't so wicked as to yield.

Just about this time the Queen of the Fairies gave a snowy hen and a beautiful mountain goat to the crusty old King. The snowy hen laid an egg every morning that was like a great white pearl, and the milk of the mountain goat only filled a tiny silver bucket. It was rich and creamy. The Queen of the Fairies called it nog.

She told the King that as long as he would eat the egg and drink the nog every morning he would continue to live; but that if he missed only one little day he would die.

So you can imagine that the King would permit no one but the Princess to milk the snowy hen from the goat or bring the egg and broil it for him. Every morning when the Princess went out to the royal stable she found the surgeon waiting for her, and they used to tell over a very few loving words. This all happened in an enchanted time, when eggs had long slender arms and legs outside of their shells, and when the quaint little silver bucket became alive as soon as ever the creamy nog entered it. So it was quite to be expected that while the surgeon made love to the Princess Mr. Egg should make eyes at Miss Nog in the bucket. But, alas! The egg and the nog were most cruelly torn apart every day. The nog was borne at once to the King, who

drank it quickly down, while the egg was broken and broiled. Easter morning came. The earth was very beautiful. There were birds and blossoms all about, and soft breezes from the south brought spicy odors. The Princess and surgeon forgot to count the shining mountains and stood hand-in-hand for a much longer time than usual.

When at last they parted the little Princess cried out in great fear. The Egg in an effort to kiss the snow forehead of the Nog had tumbled into the silver bucket and broken his silly crown. There was no mending it. Even the King's surgeon couldn't separate the golden heart of the Egg from the creamy heart of the Nog. He tore his hair for a minute, then fell upon his knees.

"Have no fear, beloved Princess," he said, "all shall be well." Then he cast away the pearly shell of the Egg and carried the silver bucket to the castle, where he bent the Egg and the Nog together into a golden foam. He then sifted a few grains of sugar into it and added a delicate portion of rum, of which the crusty old King was altogether too fond, decked the top with grated nutmeg, carried the potion to the King and presented it to him upon a silver salver, which the handsome young surgeon held high above his head as he knelt before the King.

"Your Majesty," he said, "I have grieved to notice that your strength has been falling of late. As one who is responsible to the court for your health, I have earnestly sought for a life-giving draught. It is not well that you should longer eat the Egg of the snowy hen and drink the Nog of the mountain goat each by itself, but together. Thus will Your Majesty gain double strength."

The old King tasted the draught very daintily at first, then drank it greedily. He was so pleased with the taste that he longed heartily for the next morning to come, when he could drink of it again. And he felt so much stronger that he at once summoned his Prime Minister and, accompanied by the Earl of the Princess to the royal Surgeon should be proclaimed. So a little later on the happy young

people were married. After the Fairy Queen had taken back the snowy hen and the mountain goat, so that the crusty old King had to die, the two young people reigned over the gay little kingdom. And every Easter morning the whole court drank of a potion that was mixed by the royal hands. And what do you think the pretty Queen called this delicate potion? Why, egg-nog, to be sure.

ANSWER TO "A CASE FOR SHERLOCK HOLMES."

The man started from 1 on foot, with the child in his arms. At 2 he mounted a bicycle and rode to 3. From 3 he wheeled the child in a wheelbarrow until near 4, the child walking the balance of the way. The journey from 4 to 5 was made in a tricycle, and from 5 half way to 6 on a unicycle. Here they met with an upset, and the balance of the journey was made on foot, the man carrying the child except for a short distance where the child walked by his side.

A GHASTLY RELIC.

On the completion of the cathedral at Westminster an interesting article is to be removed to it from the little church of St. Peter, Marlow, Bucks; where it has been venerated for very many years. This relic is supposed to be the hand of St. James the Apostle, which is preserved in a crystal casket. It was, according to tradition, brought to England from Germany in 1133 by the Emperor Matilda as a present for her father, Henry I, who greatly valued it, and the Benedictine Abbey of Reading was founded to provide for it a fitting shrine. There it remained until the reformation, and it subsequently passed to Dr. Blenkinsop, who died in 1782. Then it was placed in the museum at Reading.

Robert Chapman, one of the Plymouth Brethren, is preaching in Devonshire, Eng., at the age of 100 years. He has preached for 70 years without a break. He once was a London lawyer.



MR. RABBIT AND THE RED ROOSTER.

children expected colored eggs, and not to find them was almost as bad as missing Santa Claus at Christmas. For many years the story about rabbits had been told. It had come to be a legend. No matter how true it was, no matter if the rabbits did nothing more than just deliver the eggs and color them, the children believed the story and ought to have the eggs; so the rabbits thought. The very pictures in the store windows were a promise. Do fail now would be the loss of reputation to the rabbits, and perhaps the loss of the legend to the children. Something must be done and done at once. What should it be?

One rabbit, as it happened, was older than the rest. He was a kind of patriarch in his tribe. By his cunning and his wonderful speed he had evaded hunters and dogs and traps for several years. He knew almost everything so far as rabbit lore extends, but the present occasion demanded something more than ordinary. To him the rabbits all turned for counsel. He felt his responsibility, and thought hard, though he said nothing.

Wednesday turned out to be a warm day. If it should be equally warm Thursday there would be dry, bare spots on the sunny side of haystacks and

recognized the patriarch, and tipping his hat, he strutted down to where the venerable rabbit sat. The tale of distress was told as briefly as possible, and Chanticleer, seeing that the hedgerow was dry in places, promised to make some nests himself the very next day and see that several of his faithful biddies should find them on Saturday, sure. A great loss was lifted from the patriarch's back. After all, now, the dear children should have Easter eggs.

"How will you color them, Bunny?" asked the rooster. "Bunny's front left paw went up in despair. The dread that there would be no eggs at all had made him forget utterly about the coloring, even though that was the most interesting part of it all. There could be no fun in finding white eggs. The children could find them almost any day. But colored eggs! There was but one time in all the year for them, and that was Easter morning. The patriarch's head was in a whirl, but the rooster said something about paint."

"Paint?" stammered the patriarch, in despair. "Don't you know that a rabbit can't possibly color an egg as it should be in less than two whole days?"



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