

REGINA CELI—AN EASTER ANTHEM.

BY CHARLES CURTIS HAHN.

Rejoice, O Queen of heaven, rejoice!
Alleluia!
Th' angelic host let thy sweet voice
Lead in triumphant hymns of praise
For this most glorious day of days.
Alleluia!

For He whom thou in purity bore,
Alleluia!
Is risen; and the tomb no more
Can hold the faithful who will rise
With songs of triumph to the skies.
Alleluia!

He is risen! He is risen!
Alleluia!
Broken is the dark stone prison;
Angels stand before the tomb;
Easter light dispels its gloom.
Alleluia!

He is risen. Loud we sing;
Alleluia!
But with anthems, upward wing
Plaintive minor cries to thee,
"Ora pro nobis," Star of the sea!
Alleluia.

AN EASTER BONNET;

OR,

Why Mrs. Philemon Kesterson
Was Worried.

BY KATE M. CLEARY.



YOU haven't tried a muffin, dear," said Mr. Kesterson.
"No," dismally.
"Nor touched your chop."
"No," more dismally.
"Nor tasted your coffee."
"No," most dismally.
It was a very pretty room, that in which the Kester- sons sat at breakfast. A big Persian rug partly covered the polished floor; there were sash curtains of China silk on the windows; the table was a miracle of snowiness, sparkle, and tempting viands; a bowl of violets stood on the low, tiled mantel, and over on a broad lounge in the baywindow kicked a little dimpled, rosy baby, Philemon Kesterson, Jr.

"My love, what is the matter?"
"Oh, nothing!"
"You are ill, Augusta, or you are worried. Which is it?"

Mrs. Kesterson rolled between her slim white fingers one of the ribbons of her old-rose morning gown.

"I'm w-worried," she replied, with quite a pathetic tremble in her voice.

"Well?" queried her lord.

"I haven't any money!" broke out Mrs. Kesterson.

Philemon stared.

"Why, my dear Augusta, it is only five days since you drew \$50."

"I—I know, darling; but I saw such lovely faille selling at an absurdly low price. I thought it would be swindling you not to buy it. You'd have to pay so much more, if I should happen to need some in the future. Don't you see, love?"

Mr. Kesterson put his hands in his pockets and leaned back in his chair. He had not been married long enough to make him either callous or irritable regarding requests for money.

"Well, no, my dear; I can't exactly say I do. What is it you need?"

"A new hat to wear Easter Sunday."

Mr. Kesterson laughed. "Now, why in the world do women always want a new bonnet for Easter? I don't buy a new hat because Lent is over. Well, well, how much will the bonnet cost?"

"I don't want a bonnet," corrected Mrs. Kesterson. "I want a hat. A bonnet makes one look so old."

Philemon smiled benignantly on the dimpled wild-rose face across the table, and thought it would be a peculiar head-dress which could impart to its curves and color an appearance of age.

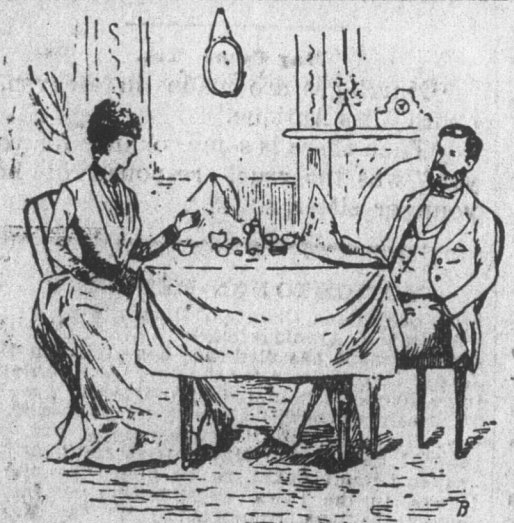
"Well, a hat, then. How much?"

"I don't know, but I did see just the very one I want. It was in Palmer's window—the loveliest hat, all sage-green velvet and surah, and the cunningest little curly tips."

Mr. Kesterson smiled more broadly. He rose. He kissed his wife.

"Money is very scarce, my dear, but I'll see—I'll see!" And he shrugged himself into his light spring overcoat and betook himself down-town.

If not exactly an old man's darling,



"YOU HAVEN'T TOUCHED YOUR CHOP, DEAR," HE SAID.

Mrs. Kesterson was the adored wife of a man considerably older than herself. But than she was barely 20.

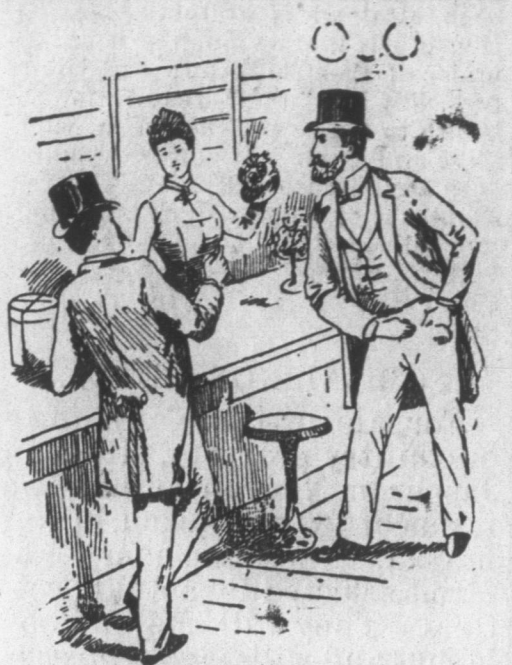
It was quite a chilly morning, and the draught circled through the car on which Mr. Kesterson rode to his place of business at a positively rheumatic rate; but Philemon was oblivious of such small discomforts. The consciousness of a kind deed contemplated seemed to keep his feet as well as his heart warm.

"Wonder if she thought me indiffer-

ent to her request. She'll know better this evening. Won't she be delighted, though?" And he rubbed his bearded chin in an ecstasy of anticipation. Arrived at State street he turned in the direction of Palmer's millinery store. Within half a block of his destination he was startled by a slap on the shoulder.

"Hallo, Kesterson! Where are you bound for?"

A reddish glow, the very parody of a



BUYING THE BONNET.

blush, passed over Philemon's honest face. Then he recollected that Charley Kent was probably as indulgent a husband as himself, because a much more recent one.

"To tell you the truth, Kent, I'm going to buy my wife a bonnet—no, a hat."

Charley first laughed and looked quizzical, then grew suddenly serious as the possibility of his Dora being at that moment sighing for suitable head covering occurred to him.

"Women always do want new bonnets for Easter, don't they?"

From the standpoint of a longer mat-

ter and given the address he and Kesterson walked out and over to Kinsley's, where on the strength of their good deeds they treated themselves to a very choice luncheon. Meanwhile the intelligent and discriminating saleslady boxed and forwarded Mrs. Philemon Kesterson's terra-cotta bonnet to that lady, but inclosed Mrs. Philemon Kesterson's card with Mrs. Charley Kent's green velvet hat.

"Not at home?"
"No, ma'am, but she will be soon. Won't you step in and wait?"

Mrs. Kesterson hesitated. She was fatigued. The parlor beyond with its ruby portieres, its sparkling little fire, its general air of comfort and cosiness, was most inviting. So she went in.

"Mrs. Kent said she would be back by four," said the servant, and then she drew the portieres and went away. Mrs. Kesterson, seated by the piano, pretty as a picture, in her moire street suit, looked critically around the room, as women have a trick of doing when alone. Her glance fell on a peculiar-shaped parcel on the sofa. "A new bonnet!" She got up and walked toward it. "From Palmer's. How I should love to see it! I believe I shall take a peep. Dora and I are so intimate she won't mind." So, accordingly, two small gloved hands snapped the cord, removed the paper, took off the cover, and unwrapped from its tissue-paper wrappings a green velvet hat all trimmed with surah and curly tips.

"Oh!" she cried, "my hat!" For in imagination it had already been hers. She stooped to pick up the card which had fallen on the rug. In blank astonishment she read the line thereon. In wild suspicion she re-read it. In an agony of doubt, bewilderment, misery, she perused it again. Her husband had sent Dora the very hat she had described to him! Hadn't she heard rumors of his having been attentive to Dora long ago? But now! that was

And Mrs. Kent wore her new hat. She to come! And wear it! The insolence of it made Mrs. Kesterson grow white as death. But what was that Charley Kent was saying in that rollicking voice of his?

"Look here, Kesterson, the card you wrote your wife to-day when we bankrupted ourselves on Easter bonnets, they sent home in Dora's box."

"Eh?" cried Philemon.

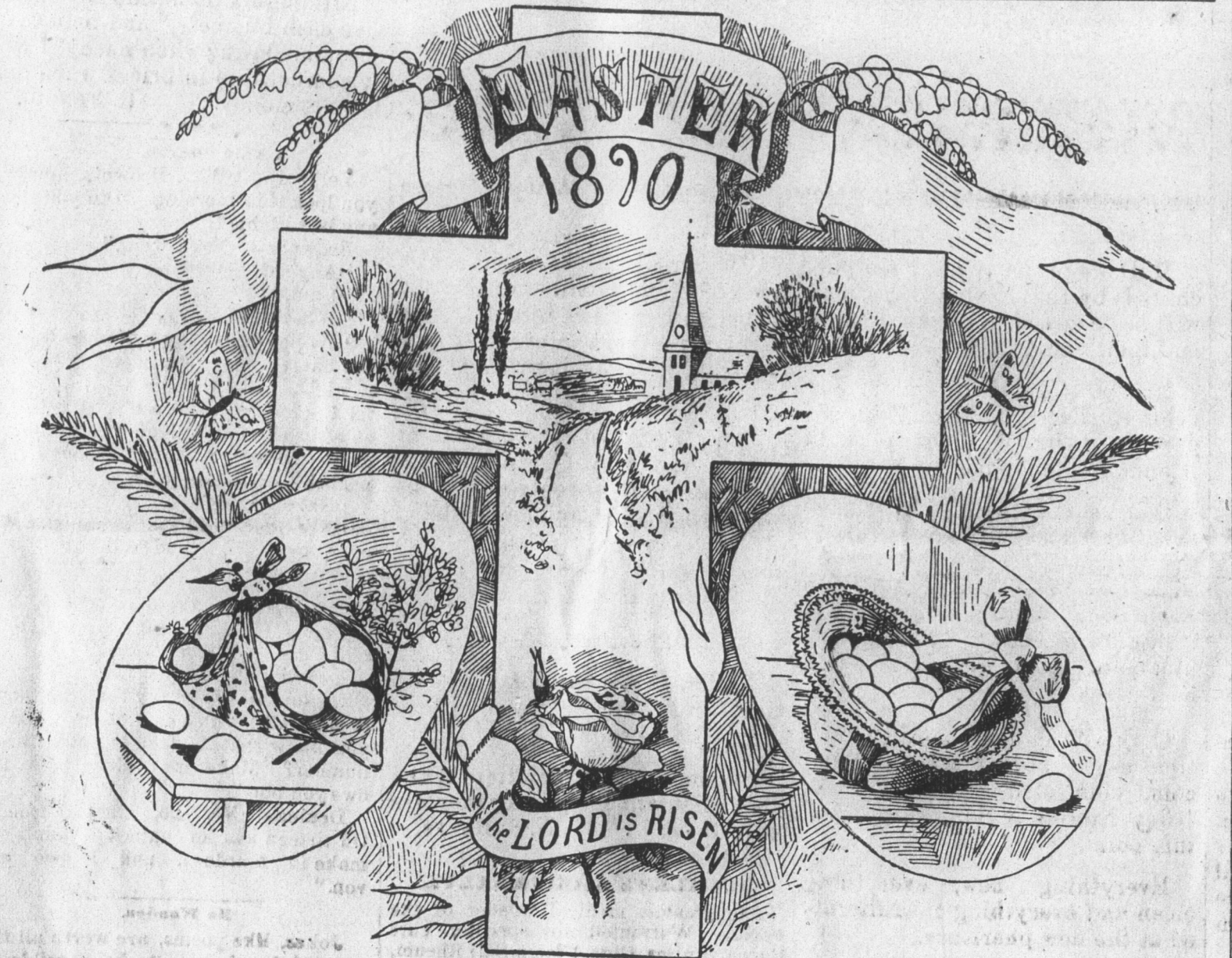
Mrs. Kesterson gasped. The blood



IT EXPLAINED EVERYTHING.

came back from her heart with a rush. She went up to Dora and began talking to her rapidly, cordially, affectionately. She could hear the gentlemen jesting over the mistake, their purchases, and her husband saying how he had bought the wrong hat after all. The evening passed delightfully. Philemon looked at his wife in surprise. She was so full of vivacity, of mirth. When the guests were gone she went up to her husband, and leaning over the back of the chair wherein he sat bent and kissed him several times.

"You dear old Phil! I was cross to-night—wasn't I? And I didn't thank you for that beautiful bonnet!"
"But—" stammered Kesterson.



rimonial experience, Philemon, with decision, answered, "Yes."

"Funny, ain't it?"

"Very."

"Guess I'll go with you. How do you know you'll get what your wife will like?"

"That's as easy as rolling off a log. She told me."

"Oh! Not a surprise, then?"

"No."

When the two gentlemen entered Palmer's, Mr. Kesterson explained to the saleslady who waited upon them the particular features of the particular chapeau his wife desired. At least, he endeavored to describe them.

"The color had two names," he said, "and, though I can't exactly remember them, I know I would if I were to hear them again."

"Crushed strawberry?" she suggested.

"No."

"Harrison blue?"

"No-o."

"Terra cotta?"

Mr. Kesterson wiped his forehead. He feared his friend was laughing at him, and he was becoming desperate. "Yes," he murmured, "I think that's it—terra cotta."

"Oh, then, this must be it," and she brought from the showcase a trim little bonnet.

"Has it tips? She said the one she preferred had tips."

"Dear me, yes," replied the saleslady, as she smilingly revolved the bonnet before his ignorant eyes.

"All right, then. Give me a couple of cards."

On one he wrote the address and on the other, "With my dear love. Philemon."

"How much?"

"Twenty-five dollars."

Kesterson gasped, but he went heroically down in his pocket and counted out the sum.

"Think I'll take that one for Dora," said Kent, indicating an æsthetic hat in the window. And when he had paid

his writing—and his name! with his dear love—oh! But Dora would be returning soon! In a feverish hurry Mrs. Kesterson restored the hat and card to their places in the box and tied up the latter. Then she drew down her veil, let herself softly out of the house, and hurried home. There she found awaiting her the terra-cotta bonnet. "He didn't inclose any card to me!" she commented, bitterly! "Oh, no! Just sent me this ugly old thing."

When Philemon, radiant at the prospect of his reception, entered his home that night he was confronted by a red-



"MY HAT!" SHE EXCLAIMED.

eyed, irresponsible, and resentful little lady.

"W—what is it, dearest? Didn't you get the—the hat?"

"No, I didn't get the hat," retorted his wife, with a stinging emphasis on the pronoun, which was quite lost on her innocent spouse. "I got a hideous little bonnet."

"Wasn't it the one you described?" queried Philemon, agast.

A look of crushing scorn was the only answer he received. That very evening, as mute and miserable they sat in the parlor, who should be ushered in but Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kent.

"It is exactly the shade of the faille, and I'll have my dress of that made up right away. It is a charming bonnet! You darling boy!"

Beamingly Mr. Kesterson received his delayed caresses. But he made up his mind at that moment that one never could understand a woman, and that it was no use trying to do so.

EASTER THOUGHTS.

Kneeling beside her 'mid a kneeling throng,
In the dim twilight of the temple, where
The Easter buds, scent laden, filled the air
With sweet aroma, and the solemn song,
Low chanted, floated through the holy place,
I watched the curtain of her melting eyes,
Veil their soft radiance, and o'er that fair face
Stole reverent stillness, as with gentle sighs
Sins from her sinless lips were soon confessed.
(Ah, fairest saint, were all sins but as thine!)

Then lifting her white forehead from its pillow
Tearing her sad sweet visage, pure with thought
divine,
She murmured, bending toward me as I sat,
"Charles, Mrs. Smith yet wears her winter hat!"

An Ancient Custom.

It is difficult to ascertain the precise origin of the graceful custom so universal in France and Germany and more or less prevalent throughout the world of offering eggs at the festival of Easter. The Persians give each other eggs at the new year, the Russians and the Finns at the festival of Easter. Among the Romans the year opened at Easter, as it did among the Franks under the Capets. Mutual presents were bestowed; and as the egg is the emblem of the beginning of all things, nothing better could be found as an offering. The symbolic meaning is striking; eggs are the germs of fecundity and abundance, and we wish our friends all the blessings contained within the slender shell when we offer this gift, whose fragility represents that of happiness here below. The Romans commenced their repast with an egg, hence the proverbial phrase, "Ab ovo usque ad mala," and we still say, to express going back to the commencement—beginning—ab ovo.

AN AWFUL EXPLOSION.

A CHICAGO STARCH-HOUSE BLOWN TO RUINS.

The Disaster Believed to Have Been Caused by an Explosion of Dust in the Air—Three to Nine Lives Lost and Nearly a Score of People Injured.

Chicago dispatch: An explosion in the starch-house of the Chicago Sugar Refinery company at Taylor and Beach streets resulted in the loss of from three to nine lives and the wounding of seventeen others. The dead who have been recovered are:

FRANK GRAF of South Union street.

TIEDEMAN of 194 DeKoven street.

Unknown man, not yet identified.

The wounded are:

DR. ARNO BEHR, the superintendent, 5501 Cornell avenue; burned about head and arms.

MARTIN STORK, 134 DeKoven street; badly burned.

BERNARD DITTHELM, 57 Kramer street; burned about face and hands.

PETER GERALD, 268 West Taylor street; burned about the head and neck.

JOHN GILLIGAN, 635 Union street; very badly burned.

JOHN HOBALD, foreman, 188 Eighteenth street; burned on head, face, arms, and hands.

FRITZ GRAF, Union street; leg fractured and burned about face.

WILLIAM ISEKINGHAUS, 67 Kramer street, burned and bruised on head.

OSCAR SCHUTZ, 433 South Canal street, badly burned on face, arms, and chest.

WILLIAM HOLLISS, 192 DeKoven street burned on face, arms, chest, and hands.

JOSEPH OSMOND, West Twentieth street, slightly injured and burned.

FRANK BAPTISTE, 457 South Union street, badly burned about face, hands, and arms, and left leg fractured—will probably die.

HERMANN STORPE, 495 West Erie street.

Unknown man, badly burned, taken to 297 Leavitt street.

ALBERT POPP, hurt internally, taken to county hospital.

THOMAS HOLMES, watchman, Beach and Taylor streets.

FRED SWATEK, slightly injured, taken to friend's house.

The missing are:

ALBERT HESS.

FRANK HALLISH, 70 Clayton street.

MICHAEL HAUSER, Union streets, between Barber and Wright streets.

Several days before Franz Schlador and John Freese, two of the men employed in the drying-room of the starch-house, thought they smelled what seemed to them the odor of burning crust. As fire is the most dangerous element in a starch-mill the two men instantly reported their suspicions to the superintendent, Dr. Baer, who immediately caused a thorough investigation to be made.

It was soon discovered that a small blaze had originated in the dry-steam coils which surrounded the drying-room. These coils, twenty to thirty in number, are laid horizontally one above the other clear around the room, and are incased for greater precaution against fire or even superheating in a sheet-iron box made perfectly air tight.

The only opening is at one end, where a door has been left, but which is usually kept tightly closed. When Dr. Baer came he opened that door and discovered the fire. It was only smouldering, and a few bucketfuls of water extinguished the incipient blaze.

On the day of the explosion this odor, somewhat stronger and more penetrating than before, manifested itself in the drying-room. Schlador and Freese again went after Supt. Baer. When he came he proceeded at once to what he rightly judged to be the seat of danger. The door opening into the steam coils, incorrectly called by the employees of the refinery "the furnace door," was thrown open by the doctor. Almost instantly a tremendous explosion followed.

It seemed as if the starch-house had been lifted bodily into the air. The next moment it settled, a crumbling mass of broken timbers and flying bricks. It is supposed the first fire had not been entirely extinguished, and that when Dr. Baer opened the gate of the sheet-iron casing the superheated atmosphere coming into contact with the powder-filled air of the starch-room instantly fired up the millions of particles that filled the room.

Certain it is that not one of the sixteen or eighteen men in the two rooms at the time remember anything about the occurrence. They heard the explosion, that is all. When they recovered consciousness they were in the laboratory of the refinery, where they had been carried after being rescued from the ruins.

In less than a minute after the explosion took place the 500 or more employees in the refinery were rushing frantically down the stairways. It is a great wonder nobody was hurt in that mad rush. The building is practically devoid of easy modes of exits, the stairways being rickety wooden affairs, dark and narrow, and less than four feet wide. A stream of humanity poured out of the building for fifteen minutes after the explosion. It was fortunate that no women were in the building.

It was still daylight when the accident occurred, and it attracted many people. The starch house juts almost to the water's edge on the south branch of the river. The opposite bank was crowded with people. It was really the only available spot from which to view the ruins. Another big crowd also assembled in front of the office, and another crowd stood on the tracks to the north of the starch house. There was little fire among the ruins, but plenty of smoke, which at times was blinding.

The two fire boats arrived early on the scene and did excellent work. It was a hard blaze to get at, partly owing to the inequalities of the ground and partly to the high easterly wind which was then blowing. Most of the dead bodies were not recovered until after dark.

TOM LLEWELLYN, aged twenty-two of Brazil, Ind., has been sentenced to two years in the penitentiary for purjury. He had assaulted a woman and on the witness stand swore that another person struck the blow.

A COMMITTEE appointed to investigate the accounts of Justice John Mars, o. Ashland, Wis., reports a shortage of several thousand dollars.