

REGINA COELI—AN EASTER ANTHEM.

BY CHARLES CURTZ HAHN.

Rejoice, O Queen of heaven, rejoice!
Alleluia!
Th' angels 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 from 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!

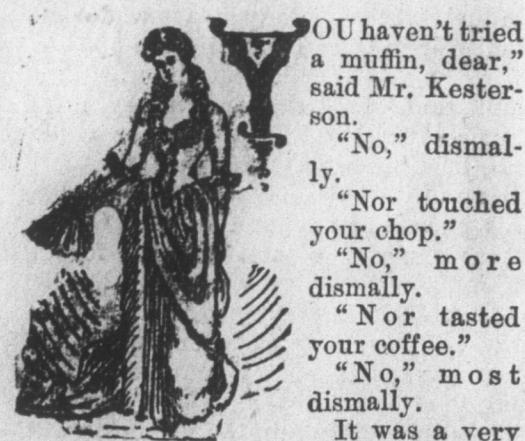
He is risen! Loud we sing;
Alleluia!
But with anthems, upward wing
Plaintive minstries cries to thee,
"Ora pro nobis," Star of the sea!
Alleluia.

AN EASTER BONNET;

OR,

Why Mrs. Philemon Kesterson Was Worried.

BY KATE M. CLEARY.



"OU 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, in which the Kestersons 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 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 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 recollects 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-

for it 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 unwathed 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

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.

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.

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