

## CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

The Owl and the Katydid.

Still was the night, and the woods were still.  
Sing heigh! sing ho! my honey!  
When the Owl and the Katydid chatted away.  
In a fashion quaint and funny;  
Sing heigh! sing ho! my honey!

Said the Owl, "I called on the Moon this eve."  
Sing heigh! sing ho! my honey!  
But a voice from below chirped, Katy, did, too.  
Now that was exceedingly funny;  
Sing heigh! sing ho! my honey!

"I sung to the Moon," said the Owl, in glee;  
Sing heigh! sing ho! my honey!  
But the other said, "Katy did, Katy did, too."  
Sing heigh! sing ho! my honey!  
Sing heigh! sing ho! my honey!

Then all again in the woods was still,  
Sing heigh! sing ho! my honey!  
And the Moon peeped over the eastern hill.  
Now isn't my story funny?  
Sing heigh! sing ho! my honey!

### Trapped by His Hate.

A writer in Cassell's Little Folks tells an interesting story of a runaway hippopotamus. In the days when Mr. A. B. Bartlett was king of the London zoo the hippopotamus once managed to break out of its house. It employed its freedom very properly to make a call upon Mr. Bartlett. The latter, however, was not quite pleased to see his huge charge out of bounds, and sent for one of the elephant keepers to preach peace and sweet reasonableness to the creature. To this man the "hippo" had an extreme dislike, and when he shouted to it it turned round and chased him. Away flew the keeper at the top of his speed toward the "hippo's" den, the big beast in hot pursuit. The keeper darted through the gate and up the stairs to the platform over the "hippo's" tank. Here he was safe. Meanwhile Mr. Bartlett, who had been following the runaways, had securely fastened the gate, and the "hippo" was, of course, again doomed to languish in prison.

### Kite Day in Far-Away China.

There is one time of the year when every boy would not object to becoming a subject of the Chinese emperor for just one day. This time is the ninth day of the ninth month, according to the Chinese calendar. On this day a kite-flying festival is held. Then every Chinaman who has any regard for his spiritual and physical welfare and can afford a kite—and there are few, indeed, who cannot afford such an inexpensive trifle—goes to a hill and flies his kite the whole day long. This custom prevails, more generally, of course, in the rural districts, for were the inhabitants of a great city like Canton or Peking each to send up a kite the strings would become entangled and the very heavens would be darkened with such a collection of paper and string as never was seen. The custom was originated by a man who had a strangely realistic dream, in which it was revealed to him that some calamity would befall his house on a certain day. Wishing to avoid this unknown but inevitable disaster, he took his family to a neighboring hill top and amused the children by flying a kite. When he returned home that night he found that his house had literally fallen to the ground, thus killing all the dogs and pigs that had been left at home to keep house. That set the fashion and since then whenever the anniversary of that day comes round other families, remembering the providential escape of their countrymen, fly their kites from the hills in the belief that as the paper toys ascend they will carry off the evil spirits that might otherwise demolish their own houses and bury them in the ruins should they stay at home.

### Legend of the Crocuses and Snowdrops.

A very long time ago snowdrops and crocuses grew only in one beautiful garden, and all the crocuses and all the snowdrops in all the world are sprung from those first ancestors.

In the earliest days, instead of drooping their heads, the snowdrops grew straight up. Indeed, they were part little flowers, and excessively proud of the delicate green markings that relieved their whiteness.

Crocuses, too, in those days were not as now. They were smaller and pure white, without a touch of color. Even the little stamens and pistils were all white.

One morning, in the wonderful garden, where would be many, many flowers later in the year, crocuses and snowdrops were blooming together.

"You poor things!" said a tall little snowdrop, swaying back and forth on her slender stem above the crocuses. "How cold you look! It is you should be named for the snow instead of I. It really makes me shiver to look at you, you are so white! Now I, you see, have beautiful green embroidery on my frock, green as the grass and trees will be by and by. Every one who sees me cries, 'Oh, spring is coming! Here is a snowdrop!' But you—I don't wonder they hardly look at you."

"I'm sure we all have green things growing up around us," ventured one newly opened crocus, bolder than the rest.

"Pooh! Those are only leaves. Every one has leaves," said snowdrop, tossing her head.

"Grass blades are leaves, too," murmured the crocuses. Yet they could not forget the words of the snowdrop, and they became very sorrowful, for they wanted every one to love them. And next morning, when the angel of the flowers came, there was a frozen tear in each little pale cap. It was very cold that morning, but the crocuses did not mind the cold.

### "Why do you weep, children?"

asked the flower angel.

"Because snowdrop has been telling us we don't belong to spring, but are only a bit of winter that's left over, and people will be glad when we are gone."

"Snowdrop is very vain of her green markings," said the angel. "But be patient children, and we shall see."

It was still dark, for it was very early. Just a faint glow showed in the east, where the morning star shone brightly, and below the star, as if swung from it like a pale, golden censer, hung the slender crescent of the old moon. High up Arcturus flashed, and northward, clear among the lesser constellations, gleamed the dipper; while, still further north, following the "pointers," the eye came to the great white star that never sets.

The angel flew straight east until she found the sun, whose messenger she was, and told her story.

"Great king," she ended. "They are very sad—the poor, white crocuses. I would some new gift might be granted to cheer them."

"And because they are sad," asked the king, "do they droop and fade, refusing to live the life I have ordained?"

"They lift their heads quite bravely," said the angel, "and await your coming. Only the frozen tear lies at the heart of each."

"It is well," said the king. "Go southward now, for the peach trees bloom and the magnolia begins to bud. They need your care."

The angel bowed and went.

Then sunrise came to the great garden. In the east the sky grew brighter. Now it was soft rose, blending to gold toward the horizon. In the midst of the rose glow still hung the moon and planet, tinged with faintest golden green. Southward violet clouds were turning gold and saffron at their edges.

As the color grew in the sky, what was happening to the sad little crocuses? They were surely growing taller and more exquisite in shape, and—was it a reflection from the white clouds that tinted some of them? But it stayed when the clouds burst into flame.

Then the sunbeams came, and, as they touched each cup-shaped flower, they dropped jewels of gold within. Even those that had stayed white received the jewels, and those that had caught the tinge of violet deepened, while one whole family, where the sunbeams came last and stayed the longest, turned to gold all over.

What a show they made, the gold and the violet, and the white streaked with violet, and the pure white, with gold at the heart of them. And how they shouted and sang!

"The sunbeams, the sunbeams are painting us! Oh, shall we be always thus?"

"Yes," whispered the sunbeams, "it is because you were humble and obedient."

When the pert snowdrop heard that she hung her head, ashamed to look the great sun father in the face. And, as she gazed at the glowing crocuses, she grew very meek and said, "I was wrong; and, oh, you are more beautiful than I can ever hope to be."

"Nay, not so," cried the generous crocuses. "Never before were you half so lovely as now, with your sweet, bended head."

And the little sunbeams caressed the snowdrop gently, bidding her be of good cheer, for the kind sun father loved to forgive his children. But snowdrop never raised her pretty head. All the other snowdrops hung their heads, too; for had they not applauded their sister?

And, by and by, as the years went on, people grew to love the snowdrops for their meek and lowly spirit, as much as the crocuses for their gay colors; and always the two flower tribes dwell close together, in most perfect harmony.—Christian Register.

### Red Peppers and Buzzards.

"Down in my section of the United States there is much to interest an observing man," said Alfred J. Smith of Nogales, Ariz., "but there are two things which you don't have here which play an important part in the every-day life of a portion of the inhabitants, and for the sake of a brief description I will designate them as buzzards and tamales.

"The Mexicans are inordinately fond of red peppers. They grow to enormous size compared to those you see here, and in the houses and to the eaves of the porches of every Mexican habitation, be it ever so humble, in Mexico, Arizona and California, one will observe strings of this brilliant red condiment hanging with the ends of the stalk twisted into braids.

"The Mexican mixes the red peppers with his food with a lavishness indicating his extreme fondness for its hot, burning flavor, and in a manner that is unacceptable to the American palate. It enters into the composition of all his dishes.

"Now for the buzzards. These justly named scavengers of the air are very numerous in the section I have named. The association between Mexicans and buzzards lies in this: The former's flesh is so saturated with red peppers that when he is overtaken by death on the plains or desert buzzards will not eat the body. At least, this is the common understanding in the section I hail from."—Washington Star.

### Mercy and Paper Currency.

Counterfeiting was once punishable by death in England, a fact which led a judge, in passing sentence on a man convicted of the crime, to say: "I can hold out to you no hope of mercy here, and I must urge you to make preparation for another world, where I hope you may obtain the mercy which a due regard for the credit of our paper currency forbids you to hope for now."

## ABOUT SENATOR VEST

### LAST OF A FAMOUS GROUP OF STATESMEN.

They Were James G. Blaine, Roscoe Conkling, David Davis, Dan Voorhees, Hannibal Hamlin, Justin S. Morrill, Allan G. Thurman and a Few Others.

There is considerable national interest in the announcement made recently by Senator George Graham Vest that he will retire from public life at the end of his present senatorial term. The senator is almost the last of the famous group that was for years the chief part of American official life. They were Conkling, Blaine, Bayard, Thurman, Voorhees, Beck, Cockrell, Vance, Hamlin, Morrill, Ingalls and David Davis—all giants representing a variety of ideas, many sections, and millions of people. Senator Vest has long been rated as one of the famous senatorial debaters of all American history. His sharp and ready tongue, brilliant in repartee, terrible in invective, and classic in certain phases of its humor, has been a delight to his friends and a plague to his enemies.

A story told about Senator Vest and a boy is somewhat illustrative of the senator's methods in getting close to the people. The time was not more than ten years ago, when his senatorial seat was not in danger. The boy was an 18-year-old reporter on the Kansas City Times. The youngster had neither vote nor influence. One

Mr. Vest was educated at Center College, Danville, Ky., an institution that has graduated forty-four college professors, twenty-six congressmen, four United States senators, seven governors, two vice-presidents of the United States, one justice of the Supreme court, forty-nine editors and thirty-nine circuit judges.

In the early fifties Mr. Vest married Miss Sallie Sneed of Kentucky. The two set out for California, with never a thought of becoming residents of the Mississippi Valley. The lumbering vehicle was not in good trim. A breakdown occurred at a small village—one of the quaint, ugly, irregular antebellum settlements of the new south-west. The place was Georgetown, and there it was that young Mr. and Mrs. Vest found themselves at the mercy of a broken wheel.

While the stage passengers were thus awkwardly waiting, an old negro approached the young lawyer and asked his assistance. The black man explained that he had a son who was accused of murder. Feeling against the boy was very strong and the father pleaded with the traveling attorney to stop and lend his assistance. Mr. Vest concluded to allow the stage to proceed while he undertook the task of helping the negro and his boy. When the trial was over the boy was acquitted. A mob was speedily formed, the young man was taken from the jail, and in a little while he was dead.

Because of his connection with this case Vest was not particularly popular; and for this reason, as much as for any other, he concluded to become



SENATOR VEST.

day when Senator Vest was in the office somebody introduced the two. The youngster, unused to greatness, was so much awed by Mr. Vest that he could not find words. The senator took the young man by the arm.

"Come," he said, starting for the elevator, "are you going out?"

The young man was not, so far as he knew, but the senator's persuasion and gentleness changed his mind. "Let me see," the big, little man went on, "don't I know your father? I think I met him last year when I was making a speech up the country."

As the elevator went down the youth regained some of his composure. He managed to answer the senator's question. At the bottom the two stopped. There the senator, tilting his hat over his eyes and putting his hands in his pockets, leaned his roly-poly form against the wall, and began to ask questions:

"Have you been in this town long? Do you like the newspaper business? Where did you go to school? Do you know about your country's history? Do you expect to become a great man?" In the course of ten minutes the young man felt that he amounted to something.

Senator Vest has never been closely allied to a church, writes a Washington correspondent. In Missouri the senator's great following has not regarded him in a religious relation; yet, with all his apparent indifference, the senator has long been a student of the Bible and a most tolerant observer of religious faith and form in others. Two years ago, Col. John Carroll, solicitor for the Burlington railroad system, while in Washington on business, called on the senator at his home. Mr. Vest sent word to have Col. Carroll come up to his room. When the caller entered he found the senator lying in an easy chair with a Bible on his knees. He had been reading the Twenty-third Psalm.

"That's a beautiful thing, John," he said; "and let me tell you—that's a mighty fine book."

"I'd like to get a picture of you just now," said Col. Carroll, "to show to the folks in Missouri."

The senator smiled. "It might surprise 'em," he said; "but I have never cared to talk much about my religious ideas."

a Missourian and stand his ground. He at once began to secure a following, and in a remarkable short time he was rated as one of the important lawyers of the section in which he lived. In sunshine and storm his sense of humor has always been one of his excellent qualities. As a candidate before the people his speeches brimmed with quaint story and allusion. In Wayne county, Missouri, in the early seventies, when Vest was a candidate in opposition to a wealthy citizen, he summed up his claims in a few words in one of his brilliant speeches. "The gentleman who opposes me," he said, "is a man of wealth and position. I am only a poor, ragged, ex-Confederate soldier. I ask for your support."

"One afternoon, driving along a Washington street, he compared his state of health to that of a certain ancient negro.

"See here, Sam," asked the negro's friend, "what's the matter with you?"

"Don't know, boss," said the old dandy, "but I think dat I am a-sufferin' wif anno domino."

But to Fruit Men.

"I got a letter from a friend today," said an American who was born in England, but who has been in this country a good many years. "She spent several weeks over here, and when she was ready to sail for her home in England again I saw her off. On my way to the pier I bought a big basket of fruit, such as you can get on any of the good class street fruit stands. There were some apples, some pears and a few things like that. That was about three weeks ago. Well, in her letter to-day she tells me she took most of the basket to her home in London and the family had a great treat. The fruit was all sound and splendid. Then she laments and she says that her family and friends who enjoyed the basket all lament their inability to get such fruit in the London market. Now, that is inexcusable, you know. Where the fruit can be had in such quantities here and so cheaply, there is no reason on earth why the same thing can't be had in the English market. Undoubtedly there is demand there for it, and it seems to me that some of our fruit merchants in the fruit exporting business would do well to look more sharply after the business."



## THE EDICTS OF FASHION.

New York City (Special).—The display of dainty, expensive things for the neck is so irresistible this season that they seem to be a positive necessity



DAINTY THINGS FOR THE NECK.

as an accessory of every well regulated outfit. Added to all the smaller fancies in neckwear are the fichus, berthas of expensive lace, the little pelerines with long ends and the most charming silk scarfs with applique lace

and sketch, with heavy white insertion trimming the bodice. This is also a very smart gown, its trimmed and fitted bodice making it rather dressier than the other one, although their styles do not conflict with one another, as they are designed for different occasions. While the jacket suit may, with perfect propriety, be worn for any occasion where a wash gown is permissible, yet, as has been said, the design of the other makes it more dressy and gives it rather less of general utility style than the jacket model.

### Elegant Petticoats.

The woman who drives need not give up her petticoats, and, let fashion take what whim she will, nothing can rival the soft "frou frou" of a satin or silk undershirt, or the delightful daintiness of white cambric and Valenciennes. When we wear a petticoat now it is of the most elaborate order, and here brocade is really requisite. The most fantastic old Watteau brocades, and even satin grounds with floral designs outlined with panno, are utilized for the undershirt, with bright flounces trimmed with beautiful lace, caught up with ribbons or held in place with dainty beadings and gofferings.

### Blue Enamel Bracelet.

A pretty bracelet is made of sky-blue enamel, with here and there a touch of gold, sometimes a mere line of gold appearing. These are most becoming to a fair arm. But there is little doubt that a white arm looks its whitest when a black velvet band is worn at the wrist. This seems to emphasize the fairness of the pretty arm and hand.

### A Pretty Bodice.

A pretty bodice to a gown is made Eton effect in black lace insertion and ribbon, the jacket stopping about



MODELS OF WASH TAILOR GOWNS SELECTED FROM A RECENT IMPORTATION.

on the ends. The pretty fichu, shown in the illustration, which is reproduced, from the New York Sun, is made of cream mousseline de sole, trimmed with black Chantilly lace alternated with groups of tucks. Another fichu, very stylish, is made of chiffon in gathered frills separated by rows of lace insertion run with bebe ribbon. This is made on a shaped foundation of the chiffon fitting the shoulders carefully. There are cape collars of Venetian and Renaissance lace; all sorts of jabots, made of lace and chiffon; dainty collars of lawn, trimmed with lace; pretty, inexpensive stocks of duck with narrow white lawn ties; ties of wash net finished with lace-edged ruffles, and little turn-down collars of India muslin, finished with a narrow insertion.

### Useful Clothing For Summer.

Having a friend at court enabled us to get an advance peep at the very first importation of wash tailor gowns, just received by one of our most exclusive shops. The only trouble was among so many beauties which to choose to show you, says the Philadelphia Record. The two sketches here, however, embody several of the newest and most desirable of the features of these gowns for this season. The first is made of khaki, the smartest and most exclusive of cotton stuffs for this summer's tailor-mades. The round, dip front, Eton jacket, with very plain sleeve, is the very proper spring jacket model. The revers are covered with an applique of heavy white embroidery, and a band to match heads the circular ruffle on the skirt. These circular ruffles are still in mode on tailor gowns of either wool or cotton, but only run across the sides and back, finishing at each side of the box plait. Then, too, they do not flare nearly so much as last season, being cut plainer, with a scarcely perceptible flare. The combination of the tannish yellow of the khaki and the heavy white embroidery is stylish in the extreme.

A white pique, cut with one of the new skirted skirts, is shown in the sec-

three inches above the waist, the insertion being carried down to the waist line like straps over the plaited chiffon bodice of white worn underneath. This style bodice has been worn this winter, and is very pretty.

### The Indispensable Cravat.

A waist without a cravat this summer is like the play of "Hamlet" with Hamlet left out. One of the very latest designs for a summer silk shirt-waist and its cravat is here reproduced. It is of white foulard, tucked both back and front and slightly blousing in front over a narrow girdle. Much of the style of this waist is obtained from its exceedingly stylish double collar finished with rows of machine stitching.

The indispensable cravat is of white foulard, with navy blue polka dots, and is tied in a four-in-hand knot just



NEW SUMMER WAIST.

at the bust. Its very sharply pointed ends add much to its effect. A good feature of this attractive waist is that its shield and stock may be made adjustable and much variety obtained by having several of different tints and designs.