

SONGS I USED TO KNOW



KINDER like the old songs,
The songs I used to know
In the dear old country
village.
Of the dear old long ago,
I kinder like the music of
Ben Bolt, and other tunes
They sang among the
cedars
In the scented, amorous
Junes
When the corn began to
tassel;
When the lazy summer
breeze
Shook the perfume from
the flowers
As it filtered through the trees,
With the sunlight of the season
Glinting where the grasses spread,
Where the roses fell in clusters,
Blushing sweetly, deeply red—
Ah, yes, I like the old songs,
The kind they used to sing
When life was like a primrose
Just bursting in the spring.

Somehow I like the old songs—
Yes, The Maple on the Hill,
Some Twenty Years Ago, Tom,
And dear old Whippoorwill;
And Starry Night for Rumble,
And Coming Through the Rye,
And other dear old melodies
They sung to you and I—
Ah, yes, I like the old songs,
The kind they used to sing
When life was like a primrose
Just bursting in the spring.

Oh, how I love the old songs
I heard at mother's knee,
The sweet, entrancing melodies
She used to sing to me!
The dear old funny Frog song—
Miss Mousie by his side—
And the song of Old Aunt Nancy,
The old gray goose that died,
And the songs about the foxes,
And the things the foxes stole—
Oh, the mellowing cadences!
How they sting a fellow's soul!
Ah, yes, I like the old songs,
The kind they used to sing
When life was like a primrose
Just bursting in the spring.
—New Orleans Times-Democrat.



Her Johnnie Morgan.

BY WILLIAM WENDHAM.
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His name was not Johnnie Morgan; it was Antonio Pansado. But from that day almost a year ago when she first heard and saw him, a very dirty and very picturesque Italian violinist, fiddling his way through the tightened purse strings and into the hearts of all who heard him, she had christened him and to herself had called him "Johnnie Morgan." Almost a year it was and to her the shortest year she had ever lived, for it seemed as if this Antonio had brought with him into her life the blue sky and the sunshine of his own Italy.

Miss Anna Gilbert was the teacher of drawing and painting in the Girls' College at Madisonville, and was more beloved than any teacher of the college had ever been before. The title which the girls had given her, "Saint Anna," was truly deserved, for so thickly did she sow the seeds of goodness about her that had her harvest of thanks from poor struggling students been wheat at the right time of the market it would have given her a princess' income.

During her youth, for it must be confessed her youth was mostly behind her, she had worked and sacrificed for her parents until their death, and then she struggled for the education of her younger brother and sister.

One gray October morning on her way to work she had been struck by



A picturesque Italian violinist, the evident genius of the young Italian, who was playing his violin on the street. Always attracted by music she stopped to listen and was struck by the combination of poverty and genius in the handsome young fellow.

He certainly was unusually handsome and he looked even younger than he was for his face possessed a great sincerity and ingenuousness of expression. The soft dark eyes and olive skin were enhanced by the exceeding thinness of the face and by the hungry look in the eyes—a hunger for spiritual and mental as well as physical food, which, shining from those dark eyes appealed directly and powerfully to this warm-hearted woman. Knowing of an opening in the college she quietly put the man and the opportunity together, with the result that the Italian, within a month, was giving lessons to a class. And the class grew immediately from three to thirteen.

To his patroness he owed all, and never did he cease to pour out to her his gratitude. He treated her with the greatest reverence and when walking home with her or meeting her coming to her duties he would hold open the gate or raise his hat as if she were a princess. Then she got into the habit of asking him to come in when he walked home with her and of making a cup of tea in her little bachelor room, which always seemed cosy and pleasant to them both, and had made his thanks overflow to "Mees Anna." She discovered that he was saving almost all his earnings toward a sum which would enable him to bring over his old father and mother.

He poured out his music to Miss Gilbert, as he did his troubles, with those "foolish girls who will not work at ze lesson." And to all his plans and troubles she listened with sympathy, as she always had done to any of the students in whom she was taking a special interest. But sympathy and friendliness in a woman's heart toward a man, when the man is young, handsome and manly, is going to grow into love as surely as the acorn which Dame Nature also planted is going to grow into an oak.

One June day after he had walked home with her she sat in her room and with many blushes faced it—faced this fact that she loved the violinist. The song was all true: She loved her "Johnnie Morgan." And why not? she asked herself. Had she not worked hard for others all her life and been faithful in all things? Was it not right that the sunshine of love and happiness should come into her life. She dreamed that night of a cottage filled with the music of a violin; and never had she looked so radiant and so young as she did the next day.

"I had a letter this morning from my little sister," she said to Antonio the next evening as he walked home with her. "She is coming next week to spend her vacation with me."
"Ah, the little sister. I shall love

the little child for the sake of Saint Anna," exclaimed Antonio.
Saint Anna laughed.
"Oh, she's not so small as all that," she replied. Saldie is eighteen and a great tall girl, but I call her my little sister because she always has been my baby. She has been at Normal school and next season she will begin to teach."

Saldie came, and a rosebud of rare perfection she was—a perfect type of blonde beauty, with a warm heart and a vivacity which charmed all who met her. To her physical charms she added a character built on strongest foundations, for to this baby sister had Miss Anna given all the loving care and earnestness of thought, all the building up of ideals that she had missed in her own girlhood and acquired in her hard battles with the world.

The next time Antonio walked home with his "St. Anna" she insisted that he come in and see the "little sister." He came and they had a cup of tea, and Antonio, who was prepared to make himself agreeable for the sake of his patroness and friend, soon forgot all about her in the presence of the sparkling youth and beauty of Saldie. He came more often than ever after that and sat in undisguised rapture and adoration at the feet of the younger girl. Nor was she less attracted by the dark faced foreigner with the soft black eyes.

As Miss Anna watched them it all came to her and she saw, not as through a glass darkly, but as in the glare of the morning light, how it all was and would be. She had built up these two, had given them sustenance from her own nature, had fed their souls and warmed their hearts, for this very thing. And what could be better, she thought, than that these two young things, full of life and love and the sunshine of the present and promise of the future, should love each other. Nothing, she told herself, nothing could be better. It was natural. It was right.

As she stood in front of her glass she looked closely at herself, scanning her features critically.

"You thought you could be young again?" she said, "but you had more than ten years against you."

She looked closely at her heavy brown hair and noting the few gray hairs about the temples she smiled a little sadly to herself. She looked lovingly at Saldie, asleep on the bed, and said softly:

"He is her Johnnie Morgan," and then with a weary sigh, "Oh, how glad I am that Wellesley needs another drawing teacher next year."

If Saldie had been awake instead of asleep she might have seen above the head of St. Anna, the ring of white light which crowned the head of this



"He is her Johnnie Morgan," saint in this her supreme hour of sacrifice.

Clever London Cabby.
A London "cabby" says that once two distinguished strangers hailed him at Westminster palace and bade him drive at top speed to Marlborough house. After a moment of recollection he recognized the Prince of Wales and his friend the King of Belgium. An awkward attempt at an obeisance from the box was promptly rebuked, and the cabby settled down to his business of driving his royal guests as fast as a hansom may go in London streets: They stopped at Marlborough house and it was time to pay. "Well driven, cabby," said the prince; "what do I owe you?" "Please, sir, I've already 'ad a sovereign and a 'arf in the 'ansome," replied cabby, bowing to the price and the king of Belgium. "Here's for the king of Belgium, then," said the prince, handing the driver a sovereign; "I don't count, you know."

London on the Wane.
London is rapidly losing its position as a port, for the absurd people controlling its docks are pitifully behind the times. Grimsby and Hull are seizing all our trade. Liverpool and Southampton are fast beating London; and Rotterdam, Havre, Bordeaux, Bremen and Hamburg are also benefitting. London is no more the warehouse of the world.—Rotterdam Nieuwe Courant.

Blackburn Family

Romances in History of Notable Kentuckians.

When he was a boy of 20 years, just fresh from the college halls of old Center, Joe Blackburn married the beautiful Theresa Graham. Now a man of 63, with long years of public life behind him and a third term in the United States senate opening before him, the authorized announcement of Mr. Blackburn's second marriage is made. Senator Blackburn has chosen the widow of his cousin, Judge H. H. Blackburn of West Virginia, to take the place left vacant by the death of his first wife. Mrs. Mary A. Blackburn has been a widow for more than three years. After the death of her husband she received a clerkship in the quartermaster general's office, which she continued to fill until last week. She is a woman of strong personal magnetism, of fine presence and gracious manners, and by her marriage will become the latest addition to the senatorial brides. For a number of years the former Mrs. Blackburn, together with Mrs. Carlisle, gave added distinction to the reputation of Kentucky's hostesses. All three of her daughters made their debut in Washington. There is something of a romance connected with the first marriage of Senator Blackburn. At 19 he was graduated from Center college. Before the day of graduation came he met and had fallen deeply in love with Theresa Graham, the 16-year-old daughter of Dr. Christopher C. Graham, who for over half a century lived at Harrodsburg. He died at last in Louisville at the age of 100 years. When young Blackburn left Center college he went to Chicago for the practice of law. Returning to his own state in a brief time, he became a volunteer elector for John C. Breckinridge. Before the campaign opened he was married to Miss Graham, and from that time until her death, two years ago, their married life was one of happiness, broken only by the civil war, through which young Blackburn, and several of his brothers, of whom he had eight, served with gallantry. Throughout the whole of his public life Mrs. Blackburn was his staunchest supporter and wisest adviser. Their home in Washington was one of the centers of the social life of that city. Of his three daughters two have married, and in the lives of both romance has played a part. Senator Blackburn's eldest daughter is the wife of Colonel Herman A. Hall, who is a member of the staff of General Chaffee. Years ago she was married and was widowed in two weeks, her husband dying of rapid consumption near Los Angeles, Cal. In her bereavement Lieutenant Hall was ready in his sympathy. A year later the young lieutenant was ordered to Washington, pro-

posed and was accepted, the marriage following soon after. A Washington dispatch says that after the debut of Miss Lucile Blackburn a young attaché of the Spanish embassy, whose wife has since died, became her avowed and ardent worshiper. She married Mr. Lane, however, whose tragic death made her a widow some time ago. Romances in the Blackburn family have not alone been confined to the present generation. Senator Blackburn's father, Dr. E. M. Blackburn, was the owner of a famous bluegrass farm, on which were foaled horses known to every turfman the world over. He was the father of nine stalwart sons and three daughters. His friends and neighbors were the Steels and the Bufords. But, as has been recorded of friends and neighbors since Bible times, differences arose. In one of them Dr. Blackburn lost an eye as a route to the superior fistic skill of old Abe Buford in a debate over division fences. The other dispute was more deadly in its nature, his third son falling before the pistol of young Captain Steel in a duel brought about by the heat of a political campaign. He left a widow, to whom many paid court, but the successful suitor of them all was his younger brother, James. Of the three sisters two were married to the same man—General Thomas Flournoy of Arkansas. The elder sister died shortly after his marriage to her, and then General Flournoy pleaded his suit with the equal success with the younger. The third sister married Judge Morris of Chicago, who was known during the civil war as a "cop, perhead," and was imprisoned for his outspoken sympathy with the Southern cause and for aiding prisoners to escape. All the brothers married, and several of them set the example which Senator Blackburn is now following—that of marrying the second time. The people in the mountains near Rockcastle tell the story of a Blackburn who came among them to pursue his pet study of geology. He found there a mountain maid who taught him the lesson that he had never learned before. His eyes told him that she was beautiful, his heart that she was good. He argued that in everything but the place of her birth she was the superior of all other women, lacking but a part of their advantages to outshine them all. He married her, intending to take her back with him to his own world, but her influence proved the stronger. He settled down to the life among her own people, and until the day of his death, years later, was one of them in dress, action, and thought, lost to ambition, and content to live within the narrow horizon shut in by the mountains.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Her Fame Waning...

Kentucky's Historic Idols Slowly Falling.

One by one the idols of Kentucky are slowly falling. First, the great battleship named after the state was christened with plain, cold water instead of with the red and fiery liquid for which the commonwealth of Kentucky is so celebrated in song and story. This baptizing of the battleship Kentucky with water instead of whisky, and which is generally referred to in Kentucky as the "crime of the 19th century," was the first great prop of tradition knocked from under old Kaintuck. But now comes another, and if anything, a harder blow. Col. Henry Watterson, the guardian angel of the only original star-eyed goddess of reform, declared in an interview at Saratoga Springs recently that he had not seen a horse race in fifteen years.

An old Kentuckian on hearing of this statement relapsed into the following soliloquy: Shades of the old Kentucky home, whither are we drifting? In every one of the three great geographical divisions of Kentucky—viz., the blue grass, the bar grass, and the penn'yal—there has always been a feverish idolatry of the trinity of Kentucky—good whisky, fast horses and pretty women. But whisky was scorned, suh, yes, suh, scorned, when the battleship Kaintucky, suh, was christened with water, suh, instead of good old licker, suh. And now, suh, Henry Watterson, our Henry, suh, the greatest man, suh, since Thomas Jefferson, suh, and fast horses at that, suh, by bragging, suh, that he has never attended a horse race in fifteen years, suh,

The next thing and somebody will stand up and declare that the beauties of Kentucky squint and that they have big feet. Then what will there be left of the commonwealth of Kentucky? It is rumored that Henry Watterson, upon his return to his native land, will be called before a court-martial and tried for heresy. If

nothing else will take him to a racetrack he should be bound and gagged and carried out to one and made to lose all his money on the long shots. —Exchange.

Number of Dogs in Europe.
The European dog census has been completed and shows France, with 2,864,000 dogs holding the European record. Not only are there more dogs in France than in any other country in Europe, but there are more per thousand inhabitants than in any other European country. France has 75 dogs to every thousand of its inhabitants. Then follow Ireland with 73, England with 38, Germany with 31, and Sweden with 11. There are 2,200,000 dogs in Germany, 1,500,000 in Russia and 350,000 in Turkey, though tourists who have resided in Constantinople aver that this number falls short of the actual total, which they think to be larger in Turkey than elsewhere. In France there is a dog tax and every dog is registered, a condition which makes the computation comparatively easy in that country. The number of dogs in the United States is estimated at from 1,000,000 to 1,500,000.

Caterpillars as Food.
In many parts of Africa and in portions of Central and South America the caterpillar is regarded as a delicacy. Travelers who have been prevailed upon to taste them pronounce them palatable. In Australia the larvae of the longicornes or horned caterpillar are much sought after as food. They are found in the interior of decaying trees. The larvae from each different species of tree have their own distinctive flavor. Many natives eat them raw, but certain civilized tribes prefer them fried.

The Griffon, the first sailing vessel on the great lakes, passed through Detroit river in 1679.