

### THE VOICE IN THE CHOIR.

Up in the music loft I heard  
A voice of wondrous tone,  
Like warbling of a happy bird  
That joyed o'er winter frown.

As singer I was never plann'd;  
So I could not aspire  
To rise to such a height as stand  
Beside her in the choir.

I loved her, and I thank my wits  
Another plan I knew;  
I tried it, and—well, now she sits  
Beside me in the pew.

Her voice sings, and my heart replies  
Rejoicing in love's crown;  
She "raised a mortal to the skies,"  
I "drew an angel down."  
—Town and Country.

### HOW JACK GOT EVEN

AT the beginning of the spring term of his junior year "Jack" Long was sent home from college in disgrace. For some months he had been on the tenth course of discipline, and when he was discovered to be the ringleader of a gang of juniors who had stolen the seniors' mortar boards and tied the President of the class of 1900 to an oak tree on the campus the faculty decided that it was time to act. They sentenced "Jack" to temporary retirement, only promising that if he did the proper amount of



"HE PROPOSED TO HER ONE MOONLIGHT NIGHT."

work out of college he might be permitted to graduate with his class.

Prof. Thomas Erskine Hope was "Jack's" class officer that year, and was held chiefly to blame for the decision to send him home. Prof. Hope, irreverently called "Skinny" in joint allusion to his middle name and to his gaunt and emaciated figure, was a young man not much older than "Jack" and his fellows of the junior class. He had worked his way through college and had taken a post-graduate course at a German university, coming back then to take the chair of botany at his alma mater. He was a young man who took everything seriously, as one might have known after looking at his little brown side whiskers and the white string tie which always encircled his neck. He had no sympathy with and no understanding of the point of view of rich and fun-loving youths like "Jack," to whom life was still a jest. But whatever the professor undertook he did thoroughly, which accounts for the rapidity with which "Jack" Long advanced through all "courses of discipline" allowed by the college rules, until finally he was rusticated on motion of "Skinny." And "Jack" and his classmates, with whom he was popular, held many a conference to discuss ways and means of getting even with "Skinny."

When "Jack" went home for the Easter vacation it was understood that he would not return until the next fall, a matter which gave that young man small concern. He looked upon it simply as a chance to enjoy himself.

In pursuance of that idea he was delighted when his mother announced that as "Jack" would not be busy in college the family would move up to their Pike Lake cottage in northern Wisconsin on June 1, a month earlier than usual.

The family consisted of "Jack," his mother, and his pretty sister, Fanny, who was just out of finishing school.

When commencement was over "Jack" had a couple of the "fellows" from college up to spend a month with him, while Miss Fanny was hostess for a bevy of pretty girls, of whom the most important, from Jack's standpoint, was Miss Helen Harvey, a black-eyed daughter of Louisiana, who was spending her first season in the North. "Jack" had met Miss Harvey at the school which she and Fanny both attended, and had so far lost his heart to her as such a thing was possible to him. Now he found himself more strongly under the spell of the old infatuation. With a quick yielding to impulse which was characteristic of him, he proposed to her one moonlight night under the oaks and was laughed at for his pains.

"Why, Jack," said the smiling Miss Helen, "you're really amusing. You've never taken anything seriously in your life, and so you mustn't expect me to listen to you. The idea of a reckless boy like you, who's just been expelled from college, talking about getting married is absurd. Besides, I don't love you. Now, let's go back to the house."

For the next month "Jack" repeated his proposal on an average of once a week. Each time he got practically the same answer. He discovered that under her light and gay manner Miss

Helen Harvey was really an extremely serious young woman. She even had "views" of life, and she told "Jack" that the man she married must be one who had "a work" to do in the world.

One good quality about "Jack" Long was the fact that he was persistent and hopeful, and he never for a minute gave up the idea of winning the girl's consent at some time. But he and the other "fellows" agreed that she was a sad flirt.

Then something providential happened. A log hotel stood on the lake shore close to the Longs' cottage. It was patronized chiefly by hunters and fishermen, who came up for a week or two at a time, and "Jack" and his college friends had found plenty of good fellows among them. One night when they dropped into the hotel "office" they were startled to see none other than Prof. Thomas Erskine Hope. The professor was sitting in a big chair with his back to them, and when they boys had made certain they were not mistaken they slipped out of the hotel without a word. Here was a heaven-sent opportunity for them to get even with "Skinny." How would they do it? They might "send him to Coventry," but that would probably suit him exactly.

"I suppose," said Fred Elliot, who, next to "Jack," was the wildest man in the class of '01, "that old 'Skinny' has come up here to study coniferous cryptograms in their native haunts. If we let him alone that'll be just what he wants. We've got to get up some other scheme to make him miserable."

It took until midnight to decide on a plan of action. When the boys went to bed they were agreed that poor old "Skinny" would soon be "up against it." They had a scheme which they were sure would result in his undoing. They could hardly wait until morning to try it on.

Now, at college Prof. Thomas Erskine Hope was noted as the most modest and retiring of men. At sight of a woman he blushed, and he almost resigned his chair when co-education was introduced into the college. The plan of the conspirators was based on their knowledge of this fact. They would go over to the hotel in the morning and welcome the "dear professor" with the "glad hand." They would insist on his coming over to the cottage, where he would be presented to Miss Fanny and her girl friends, and, by way of preparing a pleasant time for him, they would tell the girls in advance of what was on deck.

"And if he once gets his eyes on Helen Harvey," said Fred Elliot, "he'll never have another quiet moment, eh, Jack?"

Next morning the plan was carried out. It worked to perfection. The poor professor blushed and stammered when he was presented to the array of girls, and he almost had a fit when Miss Helen sat down beside him and asked about his work. The conspirators went out into the woods and almost exploded with laughter when they heard "Skinny" accept an invitation to stay to luncheon at the cottage.

That afternoon the plot thickened. The professor did not go out to study conifers until 4 o'clock. When he started out Miss Helen Harvey went with him, carrying a basket and, a



"WHEN HE STARTED MISS HARVEY WENT WITH HIM."

trowel. It was almost dinner time when they came back, and Helen appeared intensely interested. She insisted that the professor stay to dinner.

"We've found three rare varieties," she said at the table, "and Prof. Hope is going to show me how to identify them after dinner."

The professor and Miss Helen worked over their books and specimens until after 10 o'clock that night, and when the somewhat worried "Jack" went in to ask Helen to come out in the moonlight and sing he was told to run along and not bother. Next day the professor and Helen had another engagement to look for conifers, and they spent the evening again poring over their specimens.

The boys felt that their joke was rather getting away from them. "Jack" put on a playful manner and ventured to remark to Helen one morning a couple of weeks later that "she was leading old 'Skinny' a merry chase." To his astonishment the young woman flushed up rosy red and declared that if he was alluding to Prof. Hope as "Skinny" he had better mend his manners. That she found a man who had some serious purpose in life a great relief as compared with a lot of idlers. That convinced "Jack" that matters had gone quite far enough, and he determined to do something desperate.

One afternoon Helen and the professor, who by this time were inseparable, had rowed across the lake to a bank where the professor felt sure he would find something new in the line of lichens. They had pulled up the boat on the bank and had disappeared into

the woods when "Jack" and young Elliot came up.

"We'll steal the boat and hide it," said Elliot, "and then, when they've both had a good scare we'll go back and give them the laugh. They make me tired, and I think it's about time that Helen let up on poor old 'Skinny,' anyhow. She'll drive him daffy."

The professor's boat was hidden and the boys waited for the couple to reappear. When an hour had gone by and there was still no sign of them both "Jack" and Elliot began to get alarmed. "There are plenty of cats in the woods, you know," "Jack" said, "and now and then a bear. I guess we had better go and see if anything has happened to them."

Accordingly the boys got out of the boat and pressed their way into the woods. As they broke through the underbrush which cut off a little moss-covered knoll from the water a sight met their eyes which startled them both into speechless and open-eyed silence.

Helen was sitting on top of a low stump. At the foot of the stump knelt the professor, looking up at the girl and holding one of her hands tightly clasped in his.

"A-hem," said Elliot.

The professor turned and Helen climbed down from the stump and stood at his side.

"Young gentlemen," began old "Skinny" in his most formal classroom manner, "Miss Harvey has promised to be my wife. We had not intended to announce it until after I have had the honor of calling upon her father, and I am sure we can trust to your honor as gentlemen to keep our engagement a secret until you are released by a public announcement. In the meantime, Mr. Long," went on "Skinny," "I have to thank you for bringing a great happiness into my life."—Chicago Tribune.

### FIRST MINISTERS IN VIRGINIA.

All-Round Men, Who Went to Cock-Fights as Well as Prayers.

Landon Knight, the correspondent, has made a special study of the early church history of Virginia. The fruit of one of his latest journeys is a timely and patriotic article, "Where the Spirit of Independence Was Born." It appears in the Woman's Home Companion. He touches many old customs, and has the following to say of the ministers of the established church:

"If there is a striking characteristic of this early church it was the mutual devotion of pastor and flock. In this day, when the church and its members occupy so largely a merely business relation to each other, it is difficult for us to understand the regime of that time. With tender words of hope the pastor soothed and strengthened the departing soul; he married them, he settled family quarrels, and if he were not present when they came into the world he was pretty sure to be on the premises, for the rector of that day loved excitement. He occupied in nothing a position apart from his parishioners, but lived the fullness of their lives, thought with them, ate with them, and, it must be confessed, drank with them, sometimes to excess. If he did not like to miss any races, and frequently himself rode the winning horse under the wire; if sometimes he presided with great dignity and fairness as referee at aristocratic cocking mains, or put new life into the betting by offering to wager a year's titling on the winning bird, he was at all times an elegant gentleman in all that the word implies; his teachings were sound, and despite his faults his influence was decidedly good. Narrow in some things and very intolerant in others, he was nevertheless religious, and it may be said of him, as it was of poor Dick Steele, that he spent his time equally between sinning and repenting. In the ceremonials and outward forms of religion he was a martinet, and he could forgive a duel somewhat more readily than absence from church."

### Jefferson's Horse Like David Harum's

Many of Joseph Jefferson's amusing sayings are quoted by James S. Metcalf in the account in the Ladies' Home Journal of a visit paid to the veteran actor in his winter quarters at Palm Beach, Florida. He uses a tricycle for the short journeys possible about that place. Once, as he dismounted from it, he remarked: "My horse is like David Harum's; he'll stand without hitching. And he's better than a bicycle because he doesn't have to have anything to lean up against." On another occasion, when caught in a rain storm and the wind made it difficult for one rain-coat to keep both the actor and his companion dry, Mr. Jefferson said, philosophically, not complainingly, "I don't mind being wet all over, because then you don't notice any one place. But this being wet in spots kind of calls your attention to them."

### Lines on Dean Swift.

The subjoined lines on the "witty dean" were affixed on the night of his installation, in 1713, to the doors of the cathedral of Saint Patrick:

This place he got by wit and rhyme  
And other ways most odd;  
And might a bishop be—in time—  
Did he believe in God.

Look down, Saint Patrick!—look, we pray,  
On this thy church and steeple;  
Convert thy dean on this great day,  
Or else God help the people.  
—Notes and Queries.

### Doctors Scarce in Hungary.

In Hungary there are thousands of villages and hundreds of small towns without a doctor within ten miles.

Do good for good's sake and seek neither praise nor reward.

Every man knows worse of himself than he knows of others.

### CIVIL WAR HERO GONE.



GENERAL DANIEL BUTTERFIELD.

The recent death of Gen. Daniel Butterfield at his country home in New York takes from the muster rolls of the Civil War almost the last of the surviving general officers of the volunteer army. He was never a soldier of surpassing genius or achievements, but his patriotism was unquestioned, and his services to his country were important and long continued. From the time when, as Colonel of a New York regiment, he volunteered to drill the home guard organized for the defense of the national capital until the final surrender of Lee, he was almost continuously in active service, taking part in twenty-eight battles, being twice severely wounded, and three times brevetted for bravery. When the war was over Gen. Butterfield held commission as a Major General of volunteers, and also held a brevet of the same rank in the regular army. Though he retired from the army in 1869 to take up large responsibilities in civil life, he never lost his strong patriotism and his military spirit. When the Spanish-American war broke out he strongly urged upon the Secretary of War the advisability of calling out the members of the Grand Army post to which he belonged, the members of which were ready to fight again for the country they had once defended. Though not a graduate of West Point, he was by instinct and training a soldier, and his body was buried in the national cemetery on the Hudson, where sleep so many gallant soldiers.

### "THE OTHER WOMAN."

To Her Pierre Lorillard Left a Handsome Share of His Estate.

It has become the rule rather than the exception that the wills of men of great wealth are contested by the natural heirs, who are disappointed with the shares bequeathed them or indignant at the provision made for some person or persons whom they consider as having no moral or equitable right to share in the estate. Unfortunately in many instances these contests are accompanied by revelations of discreditable chapters in the lives of the testators, which during their lives have been sealed books to the general public.

The will of the late Pierre Lorillard, who died recently leaving an estate of \$4,000,000, is to be contested because of a handsome bequest to Mrs. Lillie Al-



MRS. LILLIE ALLEN.

lien, who was not a relative, but who was the friend and companion of Mr. Lorillard for several years just preceding his demise.

To his widow Mr. Lorillard bequeathed an annuity of \$50,000. To two grandsons he left \$800,000. The balance of the estate, excepting the famous Rancocas stock farm in New Jersey, is left in trust to his three children, they to have the income; the estate to go to his grandchildren on the death of their parents. The stock farm, valued at \$200,000, is bequeathed to Mrs. Allen.

It is not the mere matter of money which inclines the Lorillard heirs to contest the will. Mrs. Lorillard's son and daughters are determined that what they consider her rights shall be upheld. They object to any recognition of the other woman.

Mrs. Allen, Mr. Lorillard's friendship for whom is declared to have been a scandal at Newport by his daughter's husband, is a beautiful woman, tall, with charming figure and great brown eyes. She is about 33 years of age. In 1891, when she was Lillian Barnes, she met Mr. Lorillard and he was captivated by her beauty. Soon afterwards she went on a long cruise with him, and from that time forward they were rarely separated. She was the ruler of his yacht and presided at his table when he entertained. Protests from his family were of no avail.

Four or five years ago Lillian convinced Mr. Lorillard that she should wed. An Englishman, Lewis Allen, little known in New York, became her

husband. The ceremony that gave Lillian Barnes the name of Allen was performed in a New York church. Pierre Lorillard was present and it is said gave the bride to the husband. Some servants acted as audience and witnesses.

When the ceremony ended the bride coolly nodded adieu to her husband at the church door. She spoke to him as one who addresses an ordinary acquaintance. In truth she did not know him very well. Mrs. Allen entered Mr. Lorillard's carriage and was driven away. Allen caught a train for the West and, it is reported, he has obligingly died.

Mrs. Allen lives at No. 11 West 31st street, the home which Lorillard gave her years ago. Her father lives with her. Here Mr. Lorillard, being estranged from his wife, lodged whenever he was in the metropolis.

Mrs. Allen was abroad eight months with Lorillard when his health was failing, and she accompanied him when he came home to die. She was with him at the Fifth Avenue Hotel when he died. Mrs. Lorillard was notified that her husband was dying and wanted to see her. The family are divided in their statement as to whether Mrs. Lorillard went to the hotel. It is generally believed she answered her dying husband's summons, that she met Mrs. Allen and that a painful scene ensued.

While the stock farm is all that Mrs. Allen receives by her admirer's will, it is claimed that he had provided for her very liberally during the years they were together, presenting her with whole blocks of stocks and bonds. Her jewels are among the finest in New York.

Mrs. Allen feels no doubt that the courts will uphold her rights in the will. She has stated that she and Mr. Lorillard were merely good friends and companions, and that they never met until after Lorillard and his wife were estranged.

### Machine Threads Needles.

A little machine which threads 1,000 needles a minute is in Minneapolis. It was seen by L. S. Donaldson, of Minneapolis, in St. Gall, Switzerland, on a recent visit, and he had it sent to his place of business in Minneapolis, merely as an exhibit. The purpose of the machine is to thread needles that are placed afterward in an embroidery loom for making the Swiss or Hamburg lace. The device is almost entirely automatic. It takes the needle from a hopper, carries it along and threads, ties the knot, cuts the thread off a uniform length, then carries the needle across an open space and sticks it in a rack. The work of threading these needles was formerly done by hand, and the advance from what may be done by hand to a thousand a minute by machinery is an index of the progress of the Swiss republic.—Chicago Journal.

### Canal Tolls.

The toll on an ordinary ship passing through the Suez Canal averages about \$4,000. The distance is ninety-two miles.

Every one in the world has kin that become a problem at a time of a wedding or a party.

If there is a drunkard in a brass band, it is nearly always the bass player.

### WILD-ANIMAL LIFE.

Unwritten History of the Many Tragedies of the Woods.

One day in the fall of 1888, in the mountains of Northern Colorado, while engaged about the ranch, I saw up at the head of the meadow, a half-mile away, a bunch of a dozen antelope coming down from the hills at full speed, closely pursued by some black wolf, since an occasional one had been seen, and nothing else that I could think of could run as this was running. All who are familiar with antelope know how wonderful is their speed; there are a very, very few animals which can equal them.

When I first saw them the wolf was perhaps five or six rods behind, and during the distance I could see them (possibly eighty rods) it was gaining steadily but surely, and as they went out of sight into the hills on the other side of the meadow it was seemingly about two jumps behind, and they began to scatter as it was closing in on them.

I was so intensely interested that I was fairly riveted to the spot, and not until they had disappeared did I awaken to action. I ran to the bunk-house, got my gun, and ran up a steep, timbered hillside for a near cut to an open valley, for which they were headed, believing it would catch one within a short distance. When I got to the edge of the timber on top of the hill I saw the antelope all huddled together and standing still, just as sheep do after being scared. The antelope would have offered a good shot if it had been meat I was after, but I cared nothing for getting an antelope, but I did want a shot at the wolf.

Judging from the actions of the others, I felt certain it had caught one, but the surrounding country was composed of ridges, ravines and patches of timber, and notwithstanding my careful search, I failed to find any trace of the wolf and its prey.

As I trudged back home after my fruitless chase, I meditated, as I have often done since, on the long unwritten history of wild animal life in regions where man has not broken in upon the natural conditions; of the contests and conquests among nature's wild creatures, from the smallest up to the monarchs of the forest, all unknown and unrecorded, save on rare occasions when we by chance see for ourselves or see the evidence thereof, terminating, of course, in the "survival of the fittest."

At one time I was passing along the edge of the woods in winter when there was snow. I saw the track of a lynx, where it had been leisurely traveling along, when the tracks showed where it had stopped behind a pine bush and squatted down in the snow, then made a tremendous leap out into the open field and ran a few rods, evidently at its best pace.

There was the track of a Jack-rabbit coming down at right angles with the course the lynx was going, until directly opposite where the lynx was crouching behind the bush and about fifteen feet away, then a sudden turn, and their tracks were mixed together in the race for life or a meal; but soon the tracks showed where Jack had left his pursuer behind, and the lynx went on his way at his regular gait, but, we will suppose, not rejoicing, thus showing the "survival of the swiftest."

Had Jack failed to get out of reach and the lynx made the proposed connections there would have been a bloody trampled spot on the snow, a few patches of white fur, and only the lynx track leading thither. Written on the snow like the great white pages of a book the observer may read most interesting tales as he passes along, and learn the life and habits of nature's wild creatures.—Forest and Stream.

### Chinese Learning.

There is much to be learned after the world captures China. Many scientists believe that the nucleus of great events is imbedded amid the mysteries of that great region of country, which may not be so benighted as is generally supposed. The preservation of grapes, to make use of one illustration of Chinese industry, is one of the many things that is only known in that country. Millions have been spent in civilized countries in futile attempts to preserve this fruit. The Chinese have known the secret for many centuries and millions more have been vainly used in the effort to drag from them the recipe.

### Holman Hunt.

Holman Hunt, the celebrated artist, who painted "The Light of the World," is a subdued-looking man, well past middle age, with a snowwhite beard and small, sunken blue eyes. He resides at Putney, near London, in an old-fashioned house furnished in the most artistic style. The present Mrs. Holman Hunt is the artist's second wife. They have two children, a boy and a girl, who are prettily named Gladys and Hilary, and who both give promise of artistic abilities.

### The Same Effect.

It is observed by travelers in Siberia that the effect of constant cold is practically the same as the effect of constant heat. The people develop a disinclination to work, and become strangers to ambition of any description.

### Ancient Dictionary.

The Chinese dictionary compiled by Pa-cut-she, 1,100 years B. C., is the most ancient of any lexicon recorded in literary history.

### Eggs in France.

More eggs are produced in France than in any country in the world, the number being about 42,000,000 annually.

The only blusterer from which a brave man will take a blow is the wind.