

THE CHOIR.

At W—, in the annexed district, the choir of one of the leading churches practices every Saturday night. This is generally a very orderly proceeding. After it is over, the tenor escorts the soprano to her home and the bass performs the same pleasant duty for the alto. The organist, who is a married man, walks part of the way with whichever couple is the less forbidding.

One Saturday evening, however, choir practice did not pursue the even tenor, or rather, quartet, of its way. The singers were trying over the hymns first, in order to limber up their voices. Between times the bass was ho-ho-hoing up and down the scale, the soprano was setting off occasional vocal skyrockets, the tenor was giving vent to impassioned "ahs" of high pitch, and the alto was keeping still, after the choir practice habit of altos. The organist had just given out the numbers of the evening hymns, and the leaves fluttered noisily in the echoing church as the singers found the place. The organ boomed.

Suddenly, however, the boom died into an asthmatic wheeze, for the side door opened and an indistinct figure appeared among the shadows. The choir members strained their eyes in that direction.

"Must be Mr. Toogood," said the organist, referring to the minister.

"That you, Mr. Toogood?" called the bass, hospitably.

There was no reply but the figure advanced toward the middle aisle, advanced with evident difficulty, placing alternate reliance on the pew backs and the wall.

"It's a drunken man," gasped the soprano, under her breath.

Nobody else said a word, and in silence the intruder steered a zigzag course half way down the middle aisle where he made harbor and sank into the corner of the seat.

"Just go right on," remarked the bass to the organist. "He'll get tired and go home after a while."

So the organ boomed again, and the quartet struck up the first verse of "Lead, Kindly Light." At about the fourth line, however, the stranger struggled to his feet, and, picking up a hymn book, banked loudly on the seat in front of him.

"Stop that! Stop that!" he roared.

The organ crashed, and there was a mingling of dying, wailing notes as the organist spun around on his seat.

"That's worse ever heard," announced the visitor, shaking his head. "Won't sthand thing like that. Give you one more staart. Now—one, two, lettergo."

There was consternation in the choir. The soprano was trembling, and the alto was trying to look as if she wasn't filled with thankfulness because the bass was there.

"My friend, you'd better get out of here and go home," called that brave personage, the bass. "You'll feel better in the open air. Just try it."

The eyes of the intruder gleamed and he stiffened himself.

"You shut your mouth when you're not singing," he said slowly and carefully. "I'll tell you when to open it. Open it when I say lettergo, an' the rest of you do the same or I'll make seives out of your old organ pipes up there, an' don't you forget it. Now then—one, two, lettergo."

The choir started, but uttered not a sound. The stranger's eye gleamed more fiercely, and he steered a straight course half a dozen seats down the aisle, producing at the same time a revolver, which caused a sudden ducking of heads in the organ loft.

"Get up there!" roared the stranger

as the organist was trying to get under the keyboard. "All of you get up unere an' sing pretty an' I won't do a thing to you. Give you my word I won't. But if you don't!"—There was an ominous click.

"Stand up!"

The quartet straightened up slowly. "Give him his head for awhile," muttered the bass and the organist. "We'll jolly him around."

Once more the organ boomed; rather uncertainly, to be sure, for the organist kept his eyes principally on the mirror in which he dimly saw the reflection of the dictator. Once more the choir attacked the first verse of "Lead, Kindly Light," through there was an unnecessary tremulo in the soprano's tones. The fourth line came again, and again the stranger pounded the back of the seat, this time with his revolver, and called up on the choir to stop.

"Never'l do, never'l do," he called out. "Have to try something else."

"Take the second hymn," whispered the bass. "We must humor him."

The organist gave them the number and the leaves fluttered noisily. Then the choir began "Safely Through Another Weew." The stranger nodded approvingly over the little duet between the soprano and the alto and called for more. When all the stanzas had been sung and the bass announced that there were no more, the stranger pleasantly said to begin at the beginning again, which was done. At the end of the second round he appeared satisfied with that hymn and asked for another one.

"Try him with 'Onward, Christian Soldiers!'" suggested the bass with a brilliant inspiration. "Maybe he's just out of camp."

The stranger was mightily pleased with the swing of the hymn and beat time energetically with his revolver on the back of the seat.

"There's a good one," he announced with satisfaction. "Now for 'Marchin' Through Georgy.'"

"Make a stand there," whispered the bass. Then out loud "The organst says he can't play it."

"Can't play it," echoed the stranger. "He needs light in his head so he can find that tune, that's all. Stand aside, the rest of you, till I make a window in his head."

There was a crash as the organist slipped off the stool and landed on the pedals. The bass hauled him up with the injunction to play whatever he was asked for.

"The more the merrier," said the bass. "If he makes us too obstreperous somebody'll come in and create a diversion."

So the choir sang "Marching Through Georgia."

"Bully!" declared the stranger. "Now give the other fellow a show and play 'Dixie.'"

The organist thought he would never accomplish "Dixie," on the pipe organ, and the soprano and alto were decidedly shy on the words. But the stranger joined in to such an extent that all such deficiencies were lost on him.

"Now 'Yankee Doodle," shouted the stranger, and the organist breathed hard, but made a valiant effort.

"Now," said the stranger, panting from his exertions, "let's see what we'll have next. 'The Wabash,' I guess." So they had "The Wabash."

"Hoopla!" shouted the musically inclined stranger. "I never had so much fun in my life. I knew I could run this choir. Now, then, old butterfingers, give us 'A Hot Time,'" which the organist made haste to do.

"I say, my friend," called the bass after this effort. "I think the ladies are tired. We've done our best to entertain you, but I think you're too

ETHEL AND ALICE DOVEY.

The fairy like little girls, Ethel and Alice Dovey of Plattsmouth whose pictures adorn the Medley's pages, began their musical education at Joliet, Ill., under Miss Lillian Delan Terry, when they were but nine and seven years of age, respectively. They studied with her four years. In 1894 they went to England with Madame Cellini and Miss Terry, where the latter continued with Miss Terry. During their stay in England they were favorably received by many critics, who predicted a bright future for

cessful concert under the patronage of Mrs. Hay, the wife of Minister Hay, who, with her husband, have been warm friends of the girls. They have sung at several very select "at homes" during their stay and were selected this year out of fifty to sing at the American banquet at the Hotel Cecil on July 4th. When the girls were through singing, the gentlemen gave three cheers for Nebraska.

They expect to give a concert in London some time during the next month at which some notable persons will be patrons. They will return to this country in December and have



them should they continue to study. Among the warm friends of the little girls were Mr. and Mrs. John Morgan Richards, the parents of the, writer John Oliver Hobbs (Mrs. Craigie). Through the influence of the noted author, the girls sang before members of the royalty and other noted people, making a most favorable impression. They were home for a year in 1895. In 1896 they returned to England and began to study with Madame Cellini for the culture of the voice, and took up the study of the drama in Gartside and Neville's dramatic school. They gave a very suc-

cessful concert at New York on their way home. They will also sing in Chicago and Joliet and will perhaps sing in concert in Nebraska before returning to study with Madame Cellini and finishing with Madame Marchesi in Paris. They are now spending their vacation in Douglas, the Isle of Man, with their great grandfather, William Kerruish. They visited the graves of their ancestors for two centuries back. Sir James Gill took a fancy to the girls and has driven them about in his carriage to the places of interest. Miss Ethel has taken for her professional name Marie Louise Nebraska, and Miss Alice will be known as Lillian Nebraska. —The Medley.

ACROSS THE SEA.

My love a soldier brave would be
So far from me!
He dwells upon a sunny isle
Where soft skies smile.
Ye waters cold and deep and vast
O bring him safe to me at last,
But bear him now the love so true
And warm, that I entrust to you;
Each ripple weave with loving strands
Of heart-thoughts bent to distant
lands,
And bridge the depths 'twixt him and
me

Across the sea.

My love hath sailed away from me—
So far from me!
The battle raged about his head—
If he be dead!
O billows heap to foaming brim
With love I only feel for him,
And haste in mighty ebb away
To give him all without delay!
Ye winds! help ocean without fail
And breathe my love in murmured
wail
That fills the space 'twixt him and
me

Across the sea.

ANNIE L. MILLER.

good a fellow to want to impose on ladies. What do you say? Don't you think you owe the ladies a vote of thanks and a rest?"

"Yes," he said. "You've played square, and I ain't goin' to be severe on a woman. You thought you could fire men, but I guess you found out who was a runnin' this establishment. I guess I'm satisfied now, and I'm much obliged to you. He got out into the aisle and backed out toward the door. "Just stay where you are for a while," he called, with a final wave of his gun. There was a bang which made them all jump, but it was only the slam of the door resounding through the church. Evidently the exhilaration of running the choir lent wings to the stranger's feet, for he made good his escape and has not been heard of since. But the choir has adopted the custom of rehearsing behind locked doors. Queen things happen in the annexed district.—The Sun.

This week the Nebraska Library association published a preliminary list of the libraries of Nebraska, together with the library law of 1877. This is issued in a neat pamphlet of twelve pages.

Juvenis—What do you think of the idea of having a woman in the cabinet? Senex—I think that we have too many old women in the cabinet already.

HEART DISEASE

And nervous ailments are as curable as other diseases. I treat nothing else.

J. S. Leonhardt, M.D.
OFFICE 1427 O ST., LINCOLN, NEBR.