

WHEN PETER SANG.

Sam Walter Foss.

When Peter sang the rafters rang,  
He made the great church reel;  
His voice it rang a clarion clang,  
Or like a cannon's peal:  
Yes, Peter made the rafters ring  
And never curbed his tongue;  
Albeit Peter could not sing,  
Yet Peter always sung.  
Ah, wide did he his wild voice fling  
Promiscuous and free;  
Despite the fact he could not sing,  
Why all the more sang he.  
With clamorous clang  
And resonant bang  
His thunders round he flung;  
He could not sing  
One single thing;  
Yet Peter always sung.

The choir sang loud and all the crowd  
Took up the holy strain;  
But Peter's bawl rose over all  
Temporarily plain.  
The organ roared and madly poured  
Its music flood around,  
But Peter drowned its anthem loud  
In cataracts of sound.  
The people hushed, the choir grew still,  
Still grew the organ's tone,  
Then Peter's voice rose loud and shrill,  
For Peter sang alone.  
His clamorous shout  
Had drowned them out  
And silenced every tongue;  
He could not sing  
One single thing;  
Yet Peter always sang.

When Peter died the people cried,  
For Peter he was good,  
Although his voice produced a noise  
Not easily understood.  
Though many cried when Peter died  
And gained his golden lyre  
They nursed a heartfelt sympathy  
For heaven's augmented choir,  
They knew where his soul might be  
Loud would his accents ring.  
He'd sing through all eternity  
The songs he could not sing.  
The heavenly choir  
He'd make perspire  
And heavenly arches ring:  
Though he can't sing  
One single thing  
Forevermore he'll sing.

A LION HUNT.

A day's journey brought us into a district rather hilly and more wooded than we expected to find. We were greeted with the news that a lion had been lately seen in the neighborhood, prowling round a native kraal. With game so plentiful it was too much to hope that he would pay us a visit, but we determined to hold ourselves in readiness to receive him. Thorn bushes were collected and bound together to form a strong fence and a large fire was lighted. The horses were tethered with more than usual care to the wagon wheels, and we thought it just as well to tie the oxen to their yokes with a new and unused set of buffalo reins. No lion came that night, nor the next, but the third brought with it the expected visitor.

We had just settled comfortably in our kartels when a slight shiver ran through the wagon. Climbing down to see what was the matter, I found my favorite horse pulling uneasily at the tether. The oxen were all standing up gazing steadily in one direction. A cloud was over the face of the moon, and though I looked closely I could see nothing; so passing down the line of cattle, I said a few words to each. Nothing soothes a frightened beast so much as the sound of a human voice. Orders were given to stir up the fire and see to the fastenings of the animals. There was not a sound to be heard but the occasional low giggle of a jackal or the screaming of a hyena. The cattle stood motionless, all facing doggedly the same way. Suddenly they began to plunge and kick, and simultaneously, out of the semi-darkness, and close by us, though where it was impossible to say, came the most awful of sounds, the rolling thunder of a lion's roar, filling heaven and earth with its terrifying music. The cattle made frantic efforts to break their yokes, and every minute we expected the wagon to topple over, or the trek to break. The dogs ran whining between the wheels, and the panic-stricken horses tugged hopelessly at their tethers. We ran about shouting at the top of our voices to stay the alarm, and my chum walked up to the fence with his rifle cocked ready to shoot at sight. Luckily the reins held good, and the marauder came no nearer.

The next morning we took up the beast's spoor, and followed it cautiously for three or four miles. It led us into a sort of thicket of haak-doorn, shrivelled mopani bushes, and giraffe acacia, a nasty place in which to encounter a lion, or indeed any other animal. Confident that we had run him to earth, Joseph, our head hunter, sent in the dogs to rout him out. We remained outside, some hundred yards apart. No sound came from the bush, and I was beginning to think the spoorers for once made a mistake, when my eye caught something moving on the outskirts of the thicket. It crept furtively along, still half screened by the trees, then stopped and raised its head, as the yelping of a dog came through the bush. That seemed to decide it, for without more ado it came out into the open, shambling quickly along, with head down, and so gave me my first glimpse of a wild lion.

The sight was immensely disappointing. There was nothing majestic about him. The skulking beast, gray-yellow in hue, almost maneless, stealing shame-facedly along like an unwieldy cat—was that the monarch of the forest? The average lion of the menagerie has twice the grandeur and three times his growth of mane, such is the effect of regular

and generous feeding. Still he was a lion, and as such deserving of being killed. It was clear he was making tracks for another thicket a quarter of a mile away. The wind was in my favor and I waited for him to give me a good shot. He stopped abruptly on catching sight of me, raised his head for a moment, but instantly lowered it again. The distance between us was some seventy-five paces of clear ground. He look at me steadily, his tail standing upright like an iron rod. I expected the two or three premonitory twitches that are said to precede a charge, and brought my rifle to my shoulder. But he turned and trotted away more stealthily, and less majestically, if possible, than before. I fired as he turned broadside, and heard with keenest delight the tell-tale thud of the bullet. It brought him to the ground with a howl of pain, and I ran thirty yards closer, loading as I went. He was up almost instantly, and I could see the vicious gleam of his yellow eyes. Up went his tail and after a curious half-reckless toss of his head he came quickly towards me, not in a series of bounds, but with that low rushing gait which is probably his natural mode of progression. I aimed for the nose, at twelve paces, hoping to penetrate to the brain, and ran swiftly to one side the moment I did so. The precaution proved unnecessary, for the bullet went home, and the beast fell in his tracks.

We found on cutting the lion open that my first bullet had only broken his leg, not by any means a creditable shot. He measured, when pegged out, just ten feet, but his skin was worn and mouldy, and his teeth were stumps. He had evidently seen his best days, and was no longer able to kill game that required catching. It was probably sheer hunger that had driven him to prey upon our cattle. His meat, such of it as there was, proved to be white, like veal, and not altogether unpalatable. Personally I did not care for it, but the natives seemed to relish it, and made night hideous with their revels.—Sidney Brooks, from Lion Hunting in Kalahari, in New York Post.

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The Most Wholesome.

In the "Ladies Home Journal," Mrs. S. T. Rorer writes at length to show that Americans eat too much meat, but says she does not want to be understood as condemning meat entirely. Individually, she uses "all (with the exception of pork and veal) in moderation, and toward the close of the day

From long experience," she says, "I have found that a heavy morning's work can best be accomplished on a breakfast composed of a well cooked cereal and fruit, with perhaps, a cup of French coffee, or cereal coffee, and a piece of well-toasted whole wheat bread. The noonday meal especially if work is to be continued in the afternoon, should be composed of a cream soup, with whole wheat bread an omelet, some of the lighter forms of nitrogenous food, in the proportion of one-third to two thirds carbonaceous food. Fruits, again, may be taken, if they agree—a baked banana, a baked apple, peaches, pears, or any of the very ripe, sub-acid fruits.

"After the day's work is over, and one can take time to rest and thoroughly digest a meal, dinner should be served. A warm beef soup stimulating rather than nitrogenous should form the beginning of the meal. This may be followed by some light entree, either of fish or vegetable, then the red meat either boiled, broiled, or roasted (never fried)

with its accompanying vegetable. With beef serve potatoes or macaroni as starchy food; with mutton or chicken, rice. A green vegetable should be added for its salts, and this may be onions or young peas, beans, cauliflower or spinach. The salad should follow, and with it a tiny bit of cheese, with a piece of whole wheat bread, a bread stick or a water biscuit. Then a simple, light, dessert may be served."

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Sectional Strife.

They were women. One was from the Northwest; the other was from New England.

"Oh," said one, with such a femininely sneering manner. "I presume you think nothing quite equals one of your Mayflower families?"

"Really," replied the other, after the manner of her kind. "I don't think we think any more of our Mayflower families than you think of your Minnesota flour families."

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