

# EASTER DAWN

Now, as once, by budding leaf  
And flower unfolding  
And bright and brief,  
We mark our Easter day's return,  
While white the still-  
venerable burn,  
And chanting choirs  
In full accord  
Salute the reigning,  
risen Lord!

For going on, our life grows gray  
In shadow of the passed away;  
The things we had, and have not, seem  
The fading vision of a dream.  
Dear voices hushed, dear hands ungrasped,  
Dear household broken, links unclasped,  
That late were binding kith and kin;  
Such winds of sorrow have swept in  
That wide, waste spaces everywhere  
Leave empty silence, bleak and bare.  
Not now with starry lilies light  
We greet the Easter's morning light.

Our lilies bloom beyond the tide,  
Sweet fields are on that other side,  
Here meet we pain and fret and loss,  
And heavy weight of rough-hewn cross.  
When Easter breaks, thank God, we say,  
For strength still equal to our day,  
For hopes that span the road before  
And love that climbs to Heaven's door.  
Too much, if but, serene and still,  
We can accept the Father's will,  
And comforted, uplift our psalm,  
And feel, through tears, the Easter balm.

And now, by every lowly grave,  
One tender thought our fond hearts crave,  
That He whose outward grave-cloths lay  
Folded and fair on Easter day  
May come so much our own to be  
That eye His blessed company  
May light like sunshine all our gloom,  
And make our Easter lilies bloom  
In hearts that join with full accord  
The anthems to the risen Lord.  
—Margaret E. Sangster, in Chicago Interior.

## WON BY HER VOICE

An Easter Day Story

VICTOR BRADNOR, capitalist, traveler, eritic, man of the world and cynic, heard the ringing of the bell of the quaint colonial church, and it recalled tender memories of the days of his youth.

Following its sound he reached the edifice, which stood in the midst of a neglected graveyard full of gravestones, many of which were fallen or broken in pieces. Tangles of bush and briar were on every hand.

Entering the house of worship, which he found to be already filled, he modestly took a seat near the door and under the gallery of the choir.

The day was Easter, and the plain oaken altar bore large vases of sweet flowers, whose fragrance had stolen all over the audience room and made the air of the April morning grateful with its presence.

Soon the little organ sent forth a peal announcing a prelude, and the young man looked bored. But in a moment he assumed an attentive, rapt attitude, and ripples of glad sunshine played over his features.

A voice of marvelous sweetness rang out within the narrow walls of the sanctuary. It was full, rich, clear, divine almost, in its expression.

Bradnor thought of the angel song on the plain of Bethlehem, and closed his eyes, as though to shut out all sight lest the glorious harmonies be lost to him.

He did not think of the singer, whether old or young, nor of the triumphant words of the hymn she sang. It was her voice, so intense in its earnestness, so fute-like in its softness, yet so human, withal, that had entered his soul.

Thenceforth he had no heart for the prayers, nor the words that were read, nor the sermon that was spoken. He sat as one in a deep sleep, from which he only roused when the ineffable voice rang out in its rich cadences. Others mingled with it, but these he did not hear.

When the services were ended he slowly made his way to the village inn, where he had been stopping during the past week. There he inquired of the landlord concerning the owner of the voice.

Boonface was a fat, wheezy fellow, whose thoughts came slow and whose speech was slower. Bradnor found it necessary to repeat the question.

"She's Mrs. Kitty Travis," slowly came the reply, "wife of Tim Travis, who—"

"O, the deuce!" ejaculated the young man, as he turned disappointedly away.

The landlord stared at him with his great goggle eyes in astonishment and attempted a movement to call him back, but Bradnor had disappeared from the room. Several times during the afternoon and evening the host essayed speech with his guest, but was

so halting in purpose that he never succeeded.

Bradnor took an early morning train for his home in Baltimore, and when the sun rose the hills around the little Virginia village were far behind him. But he took with him a memory of that place, fresher and sweeter and purer than the white lilies that grew in luxuriance upon either side of the roadway. It was the voice of a woman in the ivy-mantled village church.

"Confound it," he muttered, "and the owner of it is married! Yes, and doubtless gray and old and wrinkled. What have you to do with the voice of a married woman, or anything else that belongs to her, Victor Bradnor?"

Still, though he sneered and reproved himself, the voice quickened and sent out repeated melodies in the great chamber of his thoughts.

White Sulphur Springs was filled with people from all over the country and among the throngs was Victor Bradnor, who had gone thither not so much for his health as to get away from the heat of the city and the ennui that at times oppressed him.

The evening was a delightful one in August, and Bradnor was seated upon the veranda of his hotel, holding high converse with an old acquaintance he had first met at Florence, and, later, at London.

This friend was languidly telling of a misadventure he had on a gondola at Venice, in which a fair Venetian maid figured, punctuated by an involuntary bath in the blue waters, when, suddenly, Bradnor leaned his head to one side, like a dog when attentively regarding his master.

He no longer heard his friend. The firing of a cannon would not have diverted him from the object of his interest.

Again the tender chords of memory were touched and his big chest heaved like a huge bellows pumped by a smith.

The voice of the village church poured out its richness in a stream of glory, overwhelming yet inspiring him with its refreshing. The woman was singing the "Last Rose of Summer." A touch of sadness pervaded her voice, which now and then nearly quivered with emotion as she declared the solitariness of the flower and the death of

ness after some moments and when a careful examination had been made the medical man declared that no bones were broken, but that a badly-sprained ankle would confine Bradnor to his bed for many days.

The young, stalwart fellow, with his six feet of height and broad shoulders, chafed under the latter sentence. He did not feel ill, although the pain was intense in his ankle. But the doctor was obdurate, declaring that most serious results would be likely to follow any attempt upon his part to arise from his bed for a week, at least.

With a groan the man turned his face away and presently fell asleep, from the effects of an opiate that had been administered in his arm.

The following morning he dozed fitfully, the effects of the drug not having worn away, but with the afternoon his intelligence returned to him. His eyes ranging over the room he saw upon his dressing case a great cluster of red roses, and for a moment he wondered who had given them to him; but the thought was an evanescent one. Perhaps he thought it was an act of Jerlyn's, who had spent the greater part of the day in his room.

Day after day, however, he observed that fresh ones were supplied to replace the others. When a week had passed, he turned suddenly upon Jerlyn and thanked him for his care and the gift of the flowers.

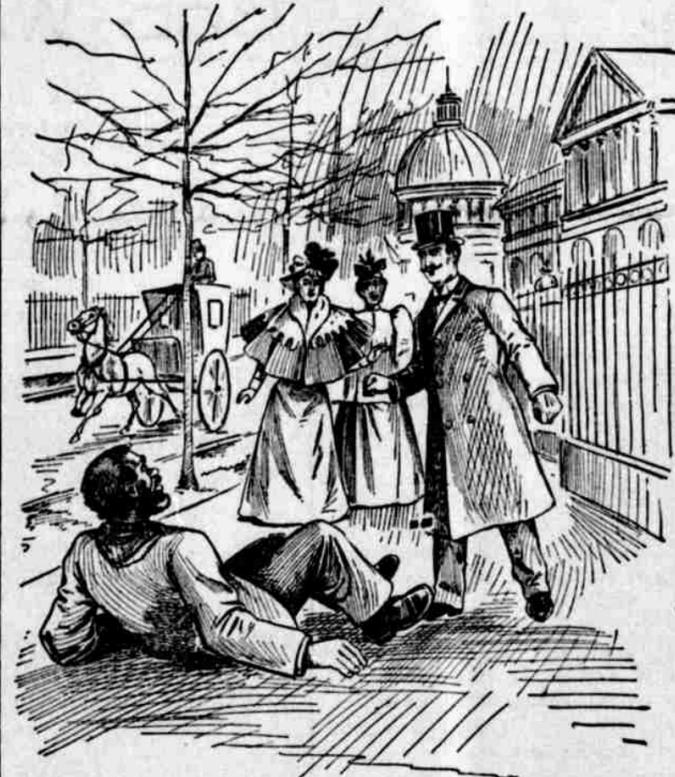
"Flowers, what flowers?" demanded Jerlyn, nervously. He was a little, nervous man, who spoke rapidly. "Didn't know you cared for 'em. I don't. Cabbages are much more to my taste, especially when boiled with bacon or beef."

Bradnor did not pursue the subject, but he brooded over it all the more. He had no acquaintance or friend at the Springs save Jerlyn, and he was sure the landlord had not provided them.

He was now able to sit in an easy chair and the doctor had promised that within a day or two he might, with the aid of crutches, leave his room and mingle with the guests of the hotel.

The following morning he was awake when Bridget, the chambermaid, entered his room and was surprised to see her bearing a cluster of fresh roses in her hands.

"Bridget," he said, with firmness, "come here."



THREW HIM TO THE GROUND.

its fellows. She was singing in the great hall and the liquid tones poured through the open windows.

When she had done he sighed heavily, arose and strode abruptly away from his friend, who, with mild surprise upon his countenance, likewise stood upon his feet and slowly followed after Bradnor.

The latter proceeded on his way until he reached the end of the long piazza, when he faced about and paused, upon the very brink of the broad flight of steps.

His friend drew near and was about to address him, when a party of ladies approached from within and both gentlemen moved as if to permit them to have greater freedom in passing. Bradnor, in his abstraction, stepped backward instead of forward, with the result that he lost his footing, slipped and fell heavily, rolling over until he reached the ground.

Instantly everything was in confusion. The friend, whose name was Jerlyn, ran rapidly down the steps and hastily leaned over the prostrate man, while the ladies looked anxiously on from the piazza. Other guests were quickly attracted to the spot.

"My God!" cried Jerlyn, looking upward towards the ladies, after he had touched the forehead and the wrist of Bradnor, "I am afraid the dear old fellow is dreadfully hurt."

A physician was hastily summoned, but meantime the injured man had been tenderly borne by strong arms to his bed chamber. He recovered conscious-

The girl, somewhat trepidant, approached his bedside, still holding the flowers.

"So it is you who have been filling that vase every morning, is it?"

"Shure, sor, an' so it wor," she replied, with a courtesy.

"Yes, Bridget, now hand me that pocketbook on the table there. That is well. Now I want you to tell me who gave you the roses to bring in to me."

"Howly mither, sor, an' that I will never be after doin'." Mrs. Travis, the leddy, sor, thriftened me I don't know what av I sid a wurred about her, sor—"

"That will do, my girl," he said, gently, as he placed a bill in her hands. "Leave the roses here by my side and go out of the room for a little while."

"Tin dollars," cried Bridget, after reaching the hall, "an' all because I wor after refusin' the tillin' av him who sint them! Shure the kind gentleman's gone cians deft."

Bradnor seized the cluster eagerly and let his nostrils drink in their grateful odor. While he did so the memory of the heavenly voice freshened, and he seemed to hear it sing over and over again the hymns of the Easter day service. Then he listened for the dear words of the flower song: "Tis the Last Rose of Summer." In a deep reverie he closed his eyes for several moments, after which he opened them again, laid the roses down with a profound sigh and then said, aloud:

"Victor Bradnor, you wretch, you are deeply, desperately and foolishly in love with a human voice, and that voice

is the property of a married woman. Shame upon you!"

When he was permitted to go downstairs he inquired for Mrs. Travis. It would be but an act of propriety and courtesy to thank her in person for her kindness to a sick man.

She had gone away the evening before with her mother.

"The deuce take it!" he said, regretfully, "am I never to see her face?"

When next Easter day came Victor Bradnor was in Rome and with thousands of others attended the magnificent services at St. Peter's, where all the pomp and circumstances of stately robes, grand processions and artistic music combined to give emphasis to this day of days in the calendar. Bradnor listened pensively to the glory-strains of organ and the rich-toned voices of the men and boys of the choir. His thoughts were far out and away in the ivy-covered Virginia church, and he felt that the music of her voice was sweeter than that of all the harmonies which echoed in St. Peter's. While the organ pealed and voices blended with it in happy acclaim of Resurrection day, he thought he could hear her divine vocalization above them all, soft and gentle withal as the zephyr at eventide.

He was glad when the services were ended, because their suggestions brought too freshly before him the recollections of the Easter day of the previous year. He felt he must go through life haunted by a voice, the owner of which he durst not look upon even should he chance to meet her, because she was the wife of another.

Passing into the outer air, he walked along aimlessly pursued by the object of his love, the voice that continued to haunt him. He was aroused out of his abstraction by a sudden scream and then another.

Just ahead of him a great burly fellow, a thievish beggar, it would seem, had seized a woman, an elegantly dressed lady, by the arm, while her companion, a young and exquisitely beautiful female, regarded the man with looks of horror upon her refined face.

Striding rapidly forward, Bradnor reached out and grasped the knave, who had not observed his approach, by the throat and threw him heavily to the ground. The rascal lay stunned for a moment, and, then reviving, gathered himself quickly together, and hurried away, muttering imprecations as he staggered along.

"We had given him money, sir," said the older of the ladies, "but he demanded more, all we had, in fact, and and—" she was greatly excited and was so overcome that she broke fairly down.

"Many of the Roman beggars are very bold," he said, reassuringly, "but you will hear no more from him. But—here is my card," he said, drawing out his case and handing one to each. "You are Americans and I am an American also. Permit me to see you to your carriage."

"Mamma, that is Mrs. Trenton, wished us to take one, but the distance is so short and the day so lovely, hendstrong, I decided we had better walk. I am Mrs. Travis, both of Ingleside, Virginia."

The owner of the divine voice! The charm of it was as sweet in conversation as in song. Bradnor, as they proceeded on their way, regarded her furtively from time to time.

Mrs. Trenton knew of the Bradnors, of Baltimore, and invited Victor to call upon them. This he readily agreed to do.

One day he thanked Mrs. Travis for the roses she had sent him. Then she blushed crimson.

"Why, Mr. Bradnor, what must you have thought of my boldness? I did not know your name and really thought you were the old gentleman—your friend so spoke of you when you lay upon the ground."

Bradnor laughed heartily. He and the owner of the voice had become much better acquainted by this time.

More than this, he had learned from her mother that she was a bride of an hour only, her husband having been killed in a railroad accident within less than the time named, after the marriage ceremony had been performed. The girl-wife escaped uninjured and returned with his dead body from what had been intended to be a happy and extended tour. This was four years ago, and Kitty was now 22.

"The deuce take it!" murmured Bradnor, when the mother told him, "that was what that confounded landlord was trying to tell me."

They remained at Rome two months, and Bradnor was almost continually with them. He met them at Paris, and at London. The grace and charm of the young woman were equal to the melody of her voice, and—well, when the next Easter rolled around Kitty Bradnor sat by the side of her husband in the little ivy-covered church, where, as he afterward declared, she sang more divinely than ever.

### WILLIAM ROSSER COBBE.

His Easter Offering.  
I dare not offer her a hat.  
On things mundane I may not feast her,  
And so I have decided that  
I'll offer her myself at Easter.  
—Detroit Free Press.

### Sure Enough.

What would life be without the Easter hat at this season?—Boston Globe.

### WILL REVOKE THE ORDER.

President McKinley Does Not Favor the Consolidation of Pension Agencies.  
WASHINGTON, April 10.—It is practically settled that the consolidation of the pension agencies as proposed by the last administration will not go into effect. It is learned that, in all probability, the order will soon be revoked by President McKinley. This information comes direct from H. Clay Evans, commissioner of pensions, who, by instruction of the president, has been making a close investigation into the economic features of the case and claims to have discovered it is cheaper to conduct the agencies as they now exist than to consolidate them.

Representative Curtis spent some time yesterday with the new commissioner of pensions discussing matters relating to Kansas pension boards. According to the information developed, the only pension boards in the classified service in Kansas are the following: Topeka, Kansas City, both boards at Leavenworth and the one at Winfield. None of the other boards are classified, which will give the delegation a great many more places than was generally supposed, and will enable those who were undecided about these matters to send in their papers for appointment.

### NOTED DIVORCE SUIT.

Mrs. Herard, Wife of the "Cattle King" of the Indian Territory, Asks for \$300,000 Alimony.

PEBBY, Ok., April 10.—Mrs. M. Pauline Herard, wife of J. Virgil Herard, filed suit here to set aside her husband's decree of divorce which was issued six months ago. She alleges fraud and asks for \$300,000 alimony. Herard is called "The Cattle King" of the Indian territory and is worth \$1,000,000. He is a Frenchman and lived in New York and Chicago until 17, when he joined the Sioux Indians and lived many years with Sitting Bull. When 30 years old he took up his abode in Kansas City, Mo., and later married an Osage Indian girl, who died. Then he married Mrs. M. P. Martin, in Portsmouth, O. She was of a noted family. Herard has ten cattle ranches in Osage Indian nation and at one time was connected with Fisk, Keek & Co., Kansas City. He obtained a divorce from his wife last October on the ground of abandonment, and now his wife asks to have the decree set aside on the ground that her husband promised her \$25,000 if she would not appear against him when he obtained his decree, which she now claims he refuses to pay.

### A MILITIA LAW.

Women Made Eligible to Join the National Guards in Colorado.

DENVER, Col., April 10.—The new militia law, introduced by Rhode, and passed by the house and senate, introduces one of the most startling revolutions in modern warfare that has yet been adopted by any civilized nation, for under its provisions the Colorado national guard may in future be composed of both men and women. Colorado, always foremost in adopting advanced ideas, has capped the climax, after permitting women to vote, abolishing capital punishment and allowing women to serve on juries, by passing a law which will enable them in the future to participate in actual warfare, side by side with man, her natural protector. The bill has not yet been signed by the governor, but there is little doubt that it will be signed, and the period of man's tyranny in Colorado will be at an end. Should women, however, enlist under the new law a change in the style of uniform that have heretofore been furnished the national guard in Colorado will be necessary, but this is a problem which can easily be solved.

### A GIRL'S BODY FOUND.

Miss Pauline Bauer, of St. Louis, Who Disappeared Last November, Taken from the River.

ST. LOUIS, April 10.—The body found in the Mississippi, Thursday, has been identified as that of Pauline Bauer, who disappeared last November. Miss Bauer was a telegraph operator. Just before her disappearance she complained of continued annoyance from an unknown man. When, five months ago, her hat and jacket were found upon the river bank, the murder theory was suggested and worked upon, but no clues were found. The body is too much decomposed to permit the establishment of ante-mortem injuries. The only definable wound—on the skull—might have been caused by a propeller blade. Miss Bauer was guardian for her younger brothers and sisters. Her unexplained disappearance has prevented the administration of the estate.

### ANOTHER "JACK THE RIPPER."

The Trial of Fred Hartman, at Paxton, Ill., Commenced.

PAXTON, Ill., April 10.—The trial of Fred Hartman for the murder of Mrs. Weibke Geddes opened in Ford county circuit court here yesterday. The case excites the greatest interest. Hartman is regarded as a veritable "Jack the Ripper" in this section of the state. His supposed victims were all married women and number three, although it is suspected that time will reveal others who have met the same horrible fate as did these three. The similarity of the circumstances attending all of the murders, each victim having been strangled to death and suspended from a door knob, is considered strong evidence of Hartman's guilt, together with other evidence of a cumulative character.