An Afternoon at Mr. Peale's.

A Story of the Painting of the Original Portrait of Washington.

By CLINTON ROSS.

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Mr. Peale bent lovingly over his favorite subject, putting a touch here, there, and standing back to note the effect. In the shadow of the rear of the room Don Juan Mirialles, the unaccredited representative of his Spanish majesty, nodded approval; yet made the very remark of Washington Irving, a generation after, "No artist catches his best look."

"No, M. Mirialles," said Mr. Peale; "that maddens me."

"Still, I like it," said the don, wagging his head wisely. "I must have my copy in a hurry."

"This keeping pace with the original; and, indeed, is almost an original itself. There it is, against the wall, behind the screen. They are nearly alike, are they not?"

"Yes," said the don, critically. "I can hardly tell the difference, I declare."

"Wait until they may be finished," Mr. Peale interrupted irritably.

"But they appear almost so now."

"O, yes, to you; but it's the last touch that tells; I never know. Perhaps I may not be able to put on that last touch which leaves a portrait living."

Don Mirialles smiled at his exhibition of the artistic temper and asked how many times the artist had done that subject.

"Let me see; first in '73, when the three miniatures of the Curtis children were done in addition, and then that bust study was made—that in the corner. Since, the general has given sittings in '76 and again in '78. But he changes," the artist went on.

"The spirit acts on the face," said the other sympathetically.

"Yes," Mr. Peale said. "And perhaps you have to see a bit into a man's heart to paint him properly, and the heart of a man of action never beats two years alike."

"Don't forget that in my copy, monsieur. I suppose I can't cajole the council to let me have this. But I don't know that I wish it; mine will be almost as good."

"You may believe I shall do what I may," said the painter, remembering how generous a patron was this nobleman.

The visitor was sure that Mr. Peale certainly had, and would, in view of the fact that his Spanish majesty wished to look on the face of that wonderful general of whom the world was now talking.

Mr. Peale's black servant, Burton, brought in wine and cakes; when Don Mirialles' enthusiasm increased. Unfortunately he went on in the vein of explanation, he must act in America through the French minister; but that could not be always. When he returned to Madrid he would make them understand that the king of Spain should recognize the United States.

Now he rose, and bade Mr. Peale a courteous goodday. He had a round of visits to make.

Alone, the painter touched the cannon on which his subject's hand rested. Yes, more was to be done on the face; but his visitor had frightened the mood. Perhaps that last sitting would give the impression he lacked.

When Burton announced Miss Ronald, he sighed, and threw his brush down petulantly. For a moment he could see every line of Eleanor Ronald's charming figure. Her portrait had been a labor of such devotion as the artist may give to a subject appealing to his temper.

"Well—of course, show her here," he said at last.

And, rising, he pulled his coat into some shape, and ran his fingers through his hair.

"O, Mr. Peale," said a laughing voice.

Yet in some way the face did not laugh. He saw how serious this delightful person was.

"Do be seated," he began clumsily.

But she had walked across to the Washington, and was gazing at it with questioning eyes.

"What is he like?" she asked.

"O, I don't know. Everybody has an opinion."

"And there is the portrait," said she smiling.

"O, I didn't say that," said he.

"I know you didn't, you delightfully modest man, but I did."

She turned her gloves with her fingers as she faced him.

"You told me he would be here this afternoon," she said.

"Ah, I did!"

"I—I want to see him."

"I beg your pardon, but I am afraid he would not like it," he said bluntly. "You must have seen him often."

"Yes—yes—that isn't it; I wish to see him when he is not thinking of duty. He's in town but for two days. I might go to his quarters and find he was too busy to meet a girl—"

"The most charming young lady in Philadelphia," said the gallant Mr. Peale, trying to apologize for his bluntness.

"O, you need't say that," she said wearily. "I am the most miserable."

Her eyes filled with tears. Poor Mr. Peale fidgeted.

"I shall be glad, but I am fearful he will say I ought not—charming as you always are.

She looked at him fixedly. And he in some way could not resist that he saw in

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the face. Ah, had he not studied its every line. Perhaps, since her painter, he was even weaker than the others. He thought that today she looked old. As a matter of fact, he knew she was 26. No one of the admired of that town ever had more adorers. She was said to be heartless, as men and their women friends think this of women whom they admire much, and who may be rather disdainful. Suitors by the score had charged and retreated; for more than her personal attractiveness was that of her being a great heiress of Pennsylvania. But the personal quantity now was blurring Mr. Peale's judgment.

"I want just this favor of you," she went on; "to be here when he comes in. He will not think that strange."

"I don't know that he will."

At the moment Burton announced "General Washington."

The painter ran the situation over hurriedly; but another glance at his visitor left him conquered; yet he expostulated this far:

"You know he comes here as a favor to me. I only have this day. He leaves Philadelphia tomorrow."

"And this is a favor to me," she said, turning the fire of her blue eyes on him. Her reddish hair at one side had escaped from its fastening, the low broad forehead, the thin flushed face, the small mouth, the graceful figure in a fitting gown, left him no alternative.

"Well? Show his excellency—here at once," he ended to Burton, and turned to his palette, not looking again at her, until presently were heard footfalls and the beat of his excellency's spur.

"Well, Peale, I found time. You ought to thank me."

"That I do, indeed, your excellency, you may believe."

"Sitting for a portrait has become almost a second nature. I sit, and then tomorrow I shall be back to duty, endless duty."

"And perplexity," said the painter.

At the moment the general saw the young lady who was in the shadow. He stepped back embarrassed and rather angry. What did Peale mean by having somebody around? Then he remembered his manners, and bowed courteously.

"Ah," he said, "Miss Ronald, Sturvesant Ronald's daughter."

"You remember me, your excellency," said the young lady, giving her hand. "It is good of you."

"Ah, how could I forget you," said he.

"It is against Mr. Peale's request that I am here, sir," she said, bending her head.

"I don't blame Peale. I am very glad, I assure you."

"I wanted to see you so much," she said. "And there seemed to be no other opportunity."

"Ah, yes," said he, suspecting.

"Is it true that—that Captain Jermyn has

"AND I HATE YOUR EXCELLENCY."

been condemned"—her voice caught—"to die?"

He looked at her quickly.

"You are a friend of Sir Henry's captain?"

"He is—my betrothed," she said.

"Ah, I didn't know that," said he. "I didn't know it."

"It is not known," said she hoarsely. "You understand now why I wished to see you?"

"Yes, yes," said he, losing his self-control. "I know, and I am sorry—so sorry, Miss Ronald, believe me. He is a charming young gentleman."

"Yes," said she.

"But the evidence is against him, Miss Ronald. What was he doing disguised in our lines with the plans of the fort in his pocket? The court has decided, and—I can't give my influence against it. How can I? Is he better than Captain Hale?"

"Yes, he is," said she.

"O, I know, Miss Ronald. It is horribly hard for you, and I am sorry. But I must say what I said at the opening of the war when my own good friend, Colonel Webb, asked me to have him immediately exchanged. It would give me pleasure to render you any service in my power, but it is impossible for me to comply with your request, without violating the principles of justice and incurring the charge of partiality."

He wondered if she would sob. He hated to think of her tears, and again he muttered low at Peale's tactlessness. The artist stood fidgeting in the background.

But she did not sob. She only turned on him with dry, flashing eyes.

"Sir, you have spoken as I thought you would. Captain Jermyn was but doing the duty assigned him. If he and his half dozen men were in citizen's clothes it was because he had that order from his general. As for the plans of Fort Clinton, these were given him by another, whose name he will not utter."

"If he would?"

"But he won't."

"No, I wouldn't if I were in his place."

"And yet," she went on, gathering anger, "Your excellency will not turn a finger to save him, when you could."

Her voice sank to helplessness, and she caught herself in a sob. "What good does his life do you?"

"The example," said he. "Don't you see I must?"

"What is the example to me?"

"I know, poor girl. I know."

"And I hate your excellency."

She rushed past him, not sobbing then, and they heard the swish of her skirt in the hall. And all was still for a moment, till Washington said:

"Well, Peale, I am ready."

"I hope your excellency will forgive me."

"O, she's very—yes, very pretty. I have no blame for you. She almost made me say what she wanted me to."

"You are very good," said the artist.

"O, don't be bothered," said the chief, smiling. "Do go on."

Yet Mr. Peale's cunning of eyes and hand seemed to have deserted him, and that hour's sitting was altogether unsatisfactory. When his sitter had gone he decided to take a turn in the air to see if that might put this mood away.

An hour after Burton was asked by Miss Ronald if Mr. Peale were in. No. Might she not see the portrait again? Burton did not hesitate, and left her in the studio.

Did she wish to ask of that face how she might bring the original to her purpose? The figure stood firm, the hand on the cannon. The boy and the horse of the right, the line of soldiery of the background, the two officers at the left but brought out the forcefulness of that one personality. So he dominated all in this war. He appeared to Eleanor Ronald of pitiless strength. What had led her to look at it after that interview? She could not have told. She had said it was the wish to apologize to Mr. Peale. But finding him out, she had asked to see the portrait. Now, looking at it, her heart was full of despairful passion. Everything had been tried for Captain Jermyn, and last of all she had made her appeal, and had failed. The portrait seemed to take the place of the original. She hated it as fiercely as she did him; as much as she loved John Jermyn. One of those intense natures that gives all, she could be everything that is exquisite in woman, could be honest and faithful to the last, and yet, when it was the peril of one she loved, she could be a mad woman. And now it was madness for the moment.

The afternoon sunshine fell over the figure, bringing out the details. Yes, its mocking strength appalled and shocked. Not knowing what she did, she seized a brush and made a daub over the face that suddenly became leering. Turning with a low cry she hurried out through the hall to the waiting coach, and, in a tone trembling so that the man stared, gave the order.

What had she done? she asked. She knew only too well; and she had but hurt Mr. Peale. That calmly strong figure was as much out of reach as ever. Self-loathing left her ill and gasping, as the coach drew to her door. So pale and listless she reached her room. On the desk was a letter, and she started, noting the hand and the seal. Tearing it open, she read:

"Dear Nell—I got away. I will explain later. But I am unhurt and in New York. I just have reported to Sir Henry, and now hasten to apprise you of the fact. Y'r's dear, Jack Jermyn."

A few moments after, all dead in her heart save a passion of self-abasement, she ordered her coach. But one course was clear. She must go directly to Mr. Peale, whom she had hurt. Yet, when started, she knew she could not. She confessed she was weak. It was easier to go to the general, whom an hour before she had so hated. Yes, his excellency chanced to be in that moment, the orderly said at the door. Some minutes after he was free to this undeniably handsome young woman, who gazed at him with sad, staring eyes. He watched her, courteous and bowing.

"I am glad for you, Miss Ronald—and privately for myself—to tell you that Captain Jermyn is out of our jurisdiction through a most daring escape."

"I know," said she.

He started, wondering why she expressed so little elation.

"He wrote you?"

"Yes, he has written me."

"I thought that might be the case—" he began.

"Don't speak to me kindly," she broke out, almost fiercely. "I can't bear it, for I am beneath contempt. O, sir, I have been mad."

"I know," said he soothingly, "how you must have felt."

"And what did I do? I hated you. I could have killed you. I went back to Mr. Peale to apologize to him, and, not finding him, I went in—I don't know what prompted me—to look at the portrait. I wanted to study you, I think; to find how I might move you."

"Yes, said he. "I must have seemed hard."

"You did—horribly hard. Well, the sight of that face—your painted face—maddened me—and—and—I took a brush I found and daubed it."

He looked at her in astonishment.

"And you only hurt Mr. Peale."

"God forgive me. I only hurt Mr. Peale."

He walked up and down. This was worse than before Trenton. Yet, she did not seem the least hysterical. His heart stirred; for she was very pretty and in distress.

"My dear young lady," he said soothingly, "don't feel so badly. Come with me to Mr. Peale. I will explain all, and put the blame on myself."

"But you did not daub the portrait."

"Ah, yes, by proxy; I made you do it."

A smile broke through the tears that would come. "O, sir, if you would help me that much. I should go alone, and tell him, but with you—I shall be braver."

"Then I am not so bad after all?"

"Do not talk of being bad—after my example," she cried.

"But I know your provocation—your highly nervous state over Captain Jermyn. That explains the whole situation to me, and it must to Mr. Peale. Come, I will go now, and, despite matters, I will wait long enough tomorrow to give him another sitting. That ought to be enough after the number of times he has tried his hand on me."

Giving an order, he led her to her waiting coach, and staring folk on the street saw the great man driving with Miss Ronald, and guessed and gossiped.

"You are the greatest man in—in the world," she was saying.

"Next to Captain Jermyn," he said, smiling.

"Yes, after Captain Jermyn," she said. "You know that the easiest way to make a woman think you are a great man is to try to please her."

"I wish congress were a woman, then," said he.

"But, O, your excellency, how can I face Mr. Peale?"

"Don't mind," said he. "We will—together. I don't believe he can be worse than the king's men at Long Island."

At the door Burton met them, and stared suspiciously at the young lady. Of course he knew, she said to herself; and involuntarily she caught her escort's arm, and so clinging to the general she entered the studio.

Mr. Peale looked around from the canvas on the easel. If he started at first, his face fell into courteous indifference.

"Mr. Peale," she began, anticipating the general, "I did it."

Her voice, her bowed head declared self-abasement.

"What?" said he.

"Let me explain," the general interrupted. "You heard the conversation when Miss Ronald asked my favor for Captain Jermyn?"

"Yes."

"Returning here to apologize to you for having forced herself on my presence in your studio, she saw the picture, and, forgetting that it was not the original, daubed it."

She listened with beating heart, and heard Mr. Peale say easily:

"Why, the portrait is untouched. There is it."

She raised her head, and saw in wonder the full length of the general.

"And then I dreamed it?" she cried.

"Yes, think you dreamed it. And don't be bothered please," Mr. Peale went on. "I know how you were wrought up about Captain Jermyn. I understood perfectly."

"I did it, then?" she asked abjectly.

"O, it will only make me but a little trouble."

"I am so, so sorry. And yet it is there untouched," she added, staring at the picture.

"I don't see what you mean, Peale?" the general himself said. "You have fixed it up again."

"No," said Mr. Pearle, looking at her uneasily. "The fact is, I had replaced the original on the easel by a copy I was making for Don Juan Mirialles."

"You dear, dear Mr. Pearle," she cried, and stepping up to him, to his embarrassed delight, she kissed him; which Captain Jermyn forgave, when, long after, she confessed it.

Current Literature

A particularly bright and attractive number of Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly is that for February. It has a long list of good articles and capital short stories, and almost everything is illustrated. The opening paper is a sketch of "Life in Russia," by Sophie Friedland, describing a month's visit at a little Russian country house.

The February number of Outing opens with a bit of perilous adventure, "Under the Snow," by William Bleasdell Cameron. Another northern story is "'Way Beyon' de Saskatchewan," by Therese Guerin Randall, author of some excellent stories of the Habitant. Well fitting the bench show season is the first of a series by Ed W. Sandys on sportsmen's dogs—this time the setters are treated. A few among other prominent features are the conclusions of Sara Beaumont Kennedy's powerful southern story, "Redcoat and Continental" and "The Wheel in Cuba," by C. F. Sweeny.

A striking feature in the Midland Monthly for February is the first installment of a series of papers on "John Brown and His Iowa Friends," by B. F. Gue, ex-lieutenant governor of Iowa. A fac simile letter is reproduced, written by Brown to his wife in Charleston prison a few days before his execution. The number opens with an article on "Nellie Grant Sartoris and Her Children," with portraits of each.

Among the manifold subjects dealt with in the February number of Self-Culture, are: "The Commerce and Shipping of the Great Lakes," "Wages in the United States," "American Political Parties," "Reading Aloud," "Sociology and Socialism," "Studies in Literature: The Art of Novel Reading," "Some Types of Men of Self-Culture," "The Cuban Insurgent Leader, Maceo," "The New Congressional Library," "Japanese Characteristics," "Bank Clearing Houses," "The Struggle for Kansas," "Herbert Spencer, Founder of the System of Synthetic Philosophy," "The Revolt of the Netherlands," and several more.

One of the most entertaining and forcible, as well as strongly analytic articles in the February number of The Arena, is, "The Problem of the Novel," by Annie Nathan Meyer; another production of great merit in a similar vein is James A. Herne's "Art for Truth's Sake in the Drama." An interesting symposium discusses the subject of an article in a previous number on "A Court of Medicine and Surgery." Other important papers of the number are: "The New Education," by Hon. W. T. Harris, LL. D.; "Our Arid Lands," by Judge J. S. Emery; "Should Hawaii Be Annexed?" by John R. Musick and "The National Council of Woman," by Mary Lowe Dickinson.

The Trans-Mississipian is the name of a new publication, hailing from Council Bluffs. It is handsomely designed and printed on the best calendared paper, announcing its mission to portray "the present advancement and boundless possibilities of the great west; to study its life and literature." Its appearance is timely and success is assured.

The cover of the February number of Donahoe's Magazine indicates an important feature of the contents. The order of which Mme. Barat was the founder is made the subject of a very interesting article, written by Miss Virginia Tattnall Peacock, who tells of the great work of education done by the women of the Sacred Heart. Beautiful pictures of Eden Hall, Manhattanville, Elmhurst, and other houses of the order, and portraits of the graduates illuminate the text. In addition there are the usual num- of sketches, poems, stories, etc.

An urgent appeal to the democracy is made by Senator David B. Hill in the February Forum in an article on the "Future of the Democratic Organization." It is largely a repetition of the anti-dictionary statesman's utterances made during the recent campaign and will not cause much surprise. Mr. Fidel G. Pierra, chairman of the Cuban press delegation, in "The Present and Future of Cuba," presents an authoritative account of the actual condition of affairs in the island. He is confident of the ultimate success of the revolution and emphatically declares that no compromise between Spain and the revolutionists is now possible. There are now but two issues: Incessant warfare or independence. Hon. William Woodville Rockhill, assistant secretary of state, reviews the status of our consular system, and points out some evils yet to be remedied before it can reach its highest efficiency. "Ladies' Clubs in London," by Miss Alice Zimmern, describes the aims and objects, comforts and advantages of the leading London clubs for women. "The Results of Cardinal Satolli's Mission" are told in an interesting article by Rev. Dr. Edward McGlynn.

By far the most complete account of the many-sided career and public services of the late General Francis A. Walker that has appeared anywhere since his sudden death early in January is published in the February Review of Reviews. A character sketch by Joseph J. Spencer reviews General Walker's life as a student, lawyer, soldier, adjutant general on Hancock's staff, journalist, teacher, government statistician, census commissioner, writer on economics, historian, and educational administrator. Prof. Davis R. Dewey treats in more detail of General Walker's services. The articles are illustrated with portraits of General Walker at different ages. The principal topics treated editorially are the Anglo-American arbitration treaty, the Cuban situation, the prospects of the Nicaragua canal, the recent elections of United States senators in the different states, and the relation of the great corporations to political campaign funds. There is also the customary resume of the significant foreign events of the past month.

The second number of the new monthly Open Court offers a remarkable list of contents, among which Dr. Moncure D. Conway of London traces the rise of theophilanthropy, a religion in France which, after the revolution bade fair to supplant Catholicism, and relates one or two excellent ancedotes of Talleyrand and Napoleon; Prof. Packard of Brown university sketches in a lively and interesting manner the life and doctrines of Lamarck, one of the famous founders of the theory of evolution; H. Dharmapala, the famous Buddhist monk of Ceylon, now missionarising in the United States, answers certain strictures of Dr. Ellinwood of New York, in an article entitled "Is There More Than One Buddhism?" and Dr. Paul Carus essays a philosophical and scientific justification of "The Trinity Idea" in an article accompanied by many illustrations from Hindu, Buddhistic, and Christian art.

"The World Awaiting Jesus," is the subtitle under which the fourth chapter of the serial article "Christ and His Time" appears in the February number of the National Magazine. The present paper with its valuable illustrations pictures Palestine at the time Christ began his ministrations. This aspect of environment and external influences, so necessary to the proper conception of any great life, is briefly, yet interestingly, summarized. Mord especially the matter treats with the fulness of the time, the dispersion of the Jews, the preparation in Palestine and the reception of John.

NEW BOOKS.

"Tales of Soldiers and Civilians," by Ambrose Bierce, is the republication of a book whose author has since gained some reputation as a writer. The stories, which are short, are not up to the writer's present standard, yet, several are quite enjoyable. American Publishers' Corporation, New York.

"Mr. Bailey-Martin," is a satirical study by Percy White, in which the writer in a clever and amusing way furnishes the portrayal of a snob. The book is full of bright sayings and merciless sarcasm. American Publishers' Corporation, New York.

To attempt to present to the reader an idea of the contents of the Tribune Almanac for 1897 is as difficult as to enumerate all the topics of general interest the American people talked about in 1896 and are going to talk about in 1897. What is it that you may wish to know in a political or statistical way? In some shape or other you will find it in this admirable and accurate compendium of facts, politics and figures. There are certain standard tables of latest statistics and election returns which every one expects in an almanac, and, in addition, a variety of concise statements, summing up the past year's history in important matters. The Tribune association, New York.

Quite an interesting study is contained in a brochure on "Election of Senators by Direct Vote," by Hon. Willis Sweet, ex-congressman from Idaho, and well known to many Nebraska people. Both pros and cons are presented without bias and some strong points made in favor of the direct vote. It is a book worth reading by every citizen. The Standard Printing company, Ltd., Moscow, Idaho.

A novel publication recently issued by the Cedar Rapids (Ia.), Evening Gazette, is a complete directory of Cedar Rapids, Marion and Kenwood. The names were first printed in installments in The Gazette, giving opportunity for correction of errors before being put in book form, and served free to regular subscribers. The Evening Gazette, Cedar Rapids, Ia.

An interesting statistical study is presented in a pamphlet entitled "The Northward Movement of the Colored Population," by Frederick J. Brown. Cushing & Co., Baltimore, Md.

"Girls Who Answer Personals," by Dr. Arthur McDonald, is the continuation of a series of similar letters published some time ago, under the title "Abnormal Woman." The letters comprise a sociologic and scientific study of young women, and include letters of American and European girls in answer to personal advertisements. Most of the letters come from persons of far more than ordinary intelligence and the author's theory is that the writing was due to an innate longing for the "luxury" of giving expression to many of their thoughts, which could find no sympathetic ear in their immediate surroundings. The letters are exceedingly interesting and are not lacking in other valuable qualities. Dr. Arthur McDonald, Washington, D. C.

William Penn was a great and a good man and his honorable dealings with the Indians have furnished the theme for many homilies upon honesty and justice. These homilies have been addressed to youthful readers and listeners with varying success and effect. The latest is titled "The Wampum Belt; or The Fairest Page of History," and tells in plain and simple language of William Penn's treaty with the Indians. The Wampum Belt, which was delivered by the Lenape Indians on the Delaware to Penn at the great treaty of 1682, is the pivot on which the volume turns. Mr. Butterworth's previous laudable efforts to teach history by fiction founded on notable incidents in the lives of the heroes have attracted the attention of teachers and parents in no little degree, and this, the sixth volume of stories of the creators of American liberty, does not lack the least of the elements of interest which have made Hezekiah Butterworth the ever-popular and entainingly instructive writer for young people that he is. The author says in his preface: "I have sought to make the interpretation of William Penn's life, purpose and influence true to the spirit of the age in which the reformer lived, and to the people among whom he began his 'holy experiment' and produced 'the fairest page of history.'" The book is made interesting to children by numerous well executed pictures. D. Appleton & Co., New York. Megeath's.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

The Arena Publishing company, Boston: "An American Idyl," by the Countess di Brazza (Cora Slocomb). Cloth; $1.50.

Charles H. Nicoll, New York; "Monetary Systems of the World," by Maurice L. Muhleman. Cloth; stamped in gold; $2.

The Tribune association, New York: "Tribune Almanac and Political Register for 1897." Paper; 25 cents.

The Peter Paul Book company, Buffalo: "Mannie Brown, that School Girl, and Edward Kennedy, that College Boy," by Mildred Rutherford. Cloth; 148 pages.

The Scarlett Printing company, Minneapolis, Minn.: "With Maceo in Cuba," by R. E. Woodward. Paper; 25 cents.

The Macmillan company, New York: "On the Face of the Waters," by Flora Annie Steel. Cloth; $1.50.

F. Tennyson Neely, New York: "Masked in Mystery," by St. George Rathboue. Paper; 50 cents.

Peter Eckler, New York: "The Opposites of the Universe," by Manle Sands. Paper.

The Werner company, Chicago: "New American Supplement to the Latest Edition of the Encyclopaedia Britannica," edited by Day Otis Kellogg, D. D. In five volumes. Vol. I. Cloth. "A Guide to Systematic Readings in the Encyclopaedia Britannica," by James Baldwin, Ph. D. Cloth; 460 pages.

Cushing & Co., Baltimore: "The Northward Movement of the Colored Population," by Frederick J. Brown. Paper; 25 cents.

W. B. Conkey company, Chicago: "The First Battle," by William J. Bryan. Cloth; 630 pages.

MEGEATH STATIONERY CO., OMAHA.

Frederick A. Stokes company, New York: "Phroso," by Anthony Hope. Cloth; $1.75.

D. Appleton & Co., New York: "McLeod of the Camerons," by M. Hamilton. Paper; 50 cents.

G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; "In My Lady's Name," poem of love and beauty, compiled by Charles Wells Moulton. Cloth; 394 pages. "The Substance of His House," by Prosser Hall Frye. Cloth; 198 pages.

FROM CLEMENT CHASE, OMAHA.

Stone & Kimball, New York: "Urban Dialogues," by Louis Evan Shipman. Cloth; $1.25. "Lady Bramber's Ghost," by Charles Charrington. Cloth; $1.25. "A Sturdy Beggar," by Charles Charrington. Cloth; $1.25. "Boss and Other Dogs," by Marla Louise Pool. Cloth; $1.25. "At the Sign of the Sphinx," by Carolyn Wells. Cloth; $1.25. "Mademoiselle Blanche," by John D. Barry. Cloth; $1.50.

MAGAZINES RECEIVED.

Outing. The Outing Publishing company, New York.

National Magazine. The Bostonian Publishing company, Boston.

Current Thought. Continental Publishing company, New York.

The Open Court. The Open Court Publishing company, New York.

Self Culture. The Werner company, Chicago.

The Engineering Magazine. Times Building, New York.

Municipal Engineering. Municipal Engineering company, Indianapolis.

The Review of Reviews. The Review of Reviews company, New York.

Sothoron's Magazine. Sothoron's Magazine company, Philadelphia.

The Midland Monthly. Johnson Brigham, Des Moines, Ia.

The Forum. Forum Publishing company, New York.

The Arena. Arena Publishing company, Boston.

Donahoe's Magazine. Donohoe's Magazine company, Boston.

The Transmississipplan. William J. Leverett, Council Bluffs, Ia.

The American Kitchen Magazine. The Home Science Publishing company, Boston.

Meehan's Monthly. Thomas Meehan & Sons, Germantown, Philadelphia.

The Baton. Baton Publishing company, Kansas City, Mo.

The Insurance Economist. The Economist Publishing association, 309 Broadway, New York.

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