

A MAN OF THE WORLD.

A man more kindly, in his careless way,
Than many who profess a higher creed;
Whose fickle love might change from day
To day,
And yet be faithful to a friend in need;
Whose manners covered, through life's
outs and ins,
Like charity, a multitude of sins.

A man of honor, too, as such things go;
Discreet and secret, qualities of use;
Selfish, but not self-conscious, generous,
slow

To anger, but most ready to excuse;
His wit and cleverness consisted not
So much in what he said as what he got.

His principles one might not quite com-
mend,
And they were much too simple to mis-
take;

Never to turn his back upon a friend,
Never to lie but for a woman's sake;
To take the sweets that came within his
way,
And pay the price, if there were price to
pay.

Idle, good looking, negatively wise,
Lazy in action, plausible in speech;
Favor he found in many women's eyes,
And valued most that which was hard
to reach.

Few are both true and tender, and he
grew
In time a little tenderer than true.

Knowing much evil, half-regrettingly
good,
And we regret a childish impulse lost,
Weighed with knowledge best not under-
stood.

Bored with the disenchantment that it
cost,
But in conclusion, with no feelings hid,
A gentleman, no matter what he did,
—Looking Glass.

A TRAGEDY OF FRIENDSHIP.

"This last little Indian scare reminds
me of something that happened some
twenty years ago," said the ranchman,
flicking the ashes from his cigar. "I
might call it the story of a modern
Damon and Pythias but for the de-
monium, which, I warn you, is not a
particularly joyful one, still, if you
follows don't mind the tragic, here goes:

"About twenty years ago two young
fellows, whom we'll call Tom and Jack,
started out to seek their fortunes ranch-
ing in Arizona. The ranch fever was
just then about at its height. England
and Australia as well as our own east
were sending out idiots in droves to the
West. Young fellows, many of them
well educated and of good birth and
brought up to every luxury, simply
went wild over the primitive freedom
of that adventurous life, until, with cap-
ital exhausted, downright hard work
and privation inevitable, they came to
wish—heaven knows how bitterly some
of them wished it—that they had never
exchanged the commonplace comforts
of civilization for the intoxicating un-
certainties of frontier life. These two
youngsters, having a tidy bit of capital
between them on coming of age, con-
cluded to invest it in cattle, and fixed
upon Arizona as the most favorable spot
for their financial experiment.

"In a surprisingly short time they had
conquered every difficulty and made a
good start. They built themselves a
snug little house, were joint owners of
quite a bunch of cattle, and had sev-
eral boys as helpers. They had always
been the closest of chums, these two,
born in the same town, schoolmates in
boyhood, classmates at the university—
you never knew two chaps more de-
voted.

"Tom was a big fellow, blond, with a
ruddy skin, honest blue eyes, and a
laugh—well, I tell you it did a fellow
good just to hear him roar in his hearty
way when any one got off a joke.

"Jack was a little fellow, a bit deli-
cate, not really equal to roughing it.
He used to complain that Tom did the
biggest share of the work but Tom
never would hear a word of that, and
while they smoked before the rough
stone fireplace, in their one room,
of evenings, to hear Tom defer to Jack's
judgment and consult about business
matters was to think Tom's little part-
ner one of the biggest and cleverest
business heads of the age.

"For some time there had been rum-
ors of an Indian outbreak. The
Apaches were getting restless and al-
ready several small bands had stolen
away from the reservation to hiding
places in the mountains. There was, of
course, a big scare, people leaving
homes and property, especially where
there were women and children to be
considered.

"Tom and Jack talked it over and de-
cided to stick to the ranch. To leave
was to lose everything, the hard-won re-
sult of months of toil; for, of course, if
they deserted, the boys couldn't be
expected to stay. There was a bare
chance of things blowing over, and in
any case watchfulness and systematic
defense might save them, if the worst
did come.

"So the ranch was provisioned for a
siege and fortified in every way; ad-
jacent outbuildings, which might
through nearness to the main building
become dangerous, were removed—ev-
erything, in short, which could insure
safety when the critical moment ar-
rived was anticipated and done.

"One day a cowboy from a neighbor-
ing ranch came riding in like mad, hat
gone, blood streaming down his face.

"His tale was of the worst. His ranch
had been attacked, the house burned,
and every one killed but himself. He,
although closely pursued, had succeed-
ed in eluding the Apaches, who were,
however, close behind him.

"Tom—he was naturally the leader—
at once called in all the boys; doors and
windows were barricaded, last details
of defense completed. The horses were
brought inside to a place already pre-
pared for them, so that if need be there
would be means for attempted flight
and possible escape. Every man had
his station, some at the loopholes, some

at the water casks, in readiness to put
out the fires which would inevitably be
started.

"It was not a long wait. In a very
short time the ranch was surrounded
by a large band of whooping devils,
who evidently expected to find the
house as unprotected as the one they
had just destroyed, for, without a mo-
ment's pause, they made a wild rush to-
ward it.

"They were met by a withering vol-
ley from the various loopholes and fell
back with considerable loss, which, as
a wholesome lesson, had its effect, but
yet undoubtedly roused the Indians to a
still greater pitch of frenzy.

"Three days went by, days of con-
stant vigilance and steady fighting.
The Apaches tried every dodge known
to their mode of warfare without any
success. Tom's really masterly line of
defense and the plucky co-operation of
the boys seemed to make it probable
that they would be able to hold out un-
til the arrival of the troops, who were
known to be hot on the trail of the In-
dians. The greatest danger to be feared
was fire. Already the Apaches had
made several attempts to fire the house
by hurling burning brands against it,
but the boys at the water casks had
been too quick for them, while the aim
of those at the loopholes was so deadly
that none of the Indians had succeed-
ed in getting near enough to really start
a blaze which would be dangerous.

"Still, it was an anxious time. The
days went by, the strain was beginning
to tell on them all; several of them
were wounded, and suffering had made
them lost heart; they had given up
hopes of the troops or of tiring out the
Apaches. The Indian loss, indeed, had
been so heavy that everyone knew the
price which would be exacted by savage
revenge. Still, there was nothing to
do but to hold on. The Apaches lay
hidden, but if by chance anyone showed
himself at the ranch there was an in-
stant rain of spattering bullets.

"To complicate matters, the water sup-
ply began to run alarmingly low; there
was barely enough for the horses and
men, none to spare for the lavish use
demanded in putting out even a small
blaze. The suspense was horrible. Tom
saw that something would have to be
done. That something was very sud-
denly precipitated by the Indians them-
selves.

"Creeping up as close to the house as
possible, they made a series of rushes
at the side least defended, and each
time, despite the loss of one or two more
of their number, succeeded in throwing
a lot of brush up against the house.
This was as dry as tinder and a last
well-directed brand set fire to the heap.

"Water was at once thrown on the
flames, but they were almost immedi-
ately beyond control.

"Boys," said Tom, as the heat grew
momentarily more intense, "we can't die
like rats in a hole. There's only one
chance. We must cut our way through.
The horses are here; we'll go out in a
bunch. Some of us are sure to be
dropped, but some of us may get
through. It's our only hope; if we have
to die it'll be with our boots on and our
guns in our hands."

"The men answered with a ringing
cheer. It was what they wanted—to
die, if need be, with their boots on; die
fighting.

"Jack," said Tom, as he tightened his
saddlegirths, and looked carefully at
every strap, "Jack dear old boy, you and
I go out together. We've done our best
to save the ranch, but they've downed
us at last. We'll show them what we're
made of, though. Steady, now, boys,
until I say go!"

"No one faltered, even in that oven
of crackling flame, although the ex-
citing yell outside indicated only too
plainly the welcome which awaited
them. The wounded had been fastened
to the saddles, the horses were ready—
none too soon, for the animals were
quivering with fear. The door was
thrown open, the signal given and with
the well-known wild cowboy yell they
dashed out.

"Straight as a bullet, in a solid bunch,
all yelling like demons, they rode for
the Apaches. Taken by surprise, but
only for a second, by the sight of the
horses, the Indians rushed to their own
ponies. Whoops and shots rang out,
but close together the little band rode,
Tom and Jack gallantly leading.

"To right and left they emptied their
revolvers, while many a red devil bit
the dust, and also, alas, many a saddle
was emptied, until at last they were
through—all that was left, that is.

"Hurray!" yelled Tom. "Now for a
race! They are after us, Jack. But
never mind; we'll make straight for
Seven Mile canyon. If we can only get
through safe and sound they'll never
catch us, and then it's clear thirty miles
to Dolores."

"His gaze swept the ranks. Only five
of them left, and that bloodthirsty pack
in the rear! Even his splendid, buoyant
spirit quailed for the moment.

"Then as he looked at Jack—Jack
game, but weakened by the siege, pale
from excitement, blood-stained, hardly
human in appearance—his nerve came
back. With set teeth he dashed on.
Crack! One more empty saddle—an-
other man gone. As they reached the
canyon the last man tumbled—only
Tom and Jack had survived the deadly
hailstorm of lead. But, as Tom's un-
spoken prayer of gratitude for escape
formed itself, Jack fell forward on the
neck of his horse.

"My God! You're hit!"
"Never mind; don't stop," and Jack
clung to the pommel of his saddle for
support. They were in the canyon
now, threading its rocky labyrinth with
cautious haste.

"Tom, with thankfulness, heard the
distant shouts grow fainter. How hor-
ribly livid Jack's face was in the dim
light!

"There's no use; we've got to stop,"
he said, springing from his horse.
"Here, let me fix you up." And as he
spoke he bandaged the wound, a nasty
one in the side.

"Hold on, Jack; you must hold on un-
til we get through the canyon! There
was a savage light in Tom's eyes.
"Can't you manage it?"

"I'll try," murmured Jack, faintly, and
as the sounds of pursuit again came
nearer both men grimly urged their
horses to a faster pace. Loss of blood
was telling on Jack. Tom saw with
anguish that he could barely keep his
seat on the horse. On, for a chance to
exert his strength for this weaker com-
panion, his boyhood's, manhood's trusty
comrade! To die on the field of battle
was nothing, but to die cornered,
trapped, perhaps tortured—God, it was
too much!

"The canyon was nothing more than
the bed of an old, dried-up stream, full
of boulders and loose stones. It was
dangerous work dashing through at full
speed, but there was no time to pick
their way; they could only trust to luck.
"Suddenly Tom's horse came down
with a crash. He had stepped into a
hole and broken his leg. Luckily Tom
was unhurt by the fall.

"Quick! Up behind me," gasped
Jack.

"The Indians were at the mouth of
the canyon. They soon gained rapidly
upon a weary horse carrying double,
and presently a shout announced their
discovery of the prostrated horse.

"Tom's soul sickened within him.
Safety only thirty miles away. Life,
but life for both? Impossible.

"He had rapidly reviewed the situa-
tion as they traversed the last few
hundred yards of the canyon. A jaded
horse, a double burden; one wounded
almost unto death—for Jack was al-
ready a dead weight in his arms—all the
noble, chivalrous quality of Tom's
strong nature asserted itself. Jumping
from the saddle as he reached the en-
trance to the canyon, he rapidly un-
fastened Jack's cartridge belt, threw
his rifle to the ground, and wound his
liarist with a few quick turns around
the almost unconscious man, fastened
him securely to the saddle.

"Jack, dear old chap, you go on. I'll
hold them here."

"No, no," Jack struggled feebly, his
tone was agonized. "With me, Tom—or
die—together."

"I've always been the 'boss' and
I'm so still. Ride for Dolores and send
back for me." He threw his arms once
around his friend in a tight embrace,
and with one sharp cut of the rope
started the horse off like a shot.

"Waking days afterward in Dolores
from the stupor of unconsciousness,
Jack found himself tenderly cared for
by some of the townspeople who knew
him, but unable even then to explain
what had occurred. Fever set in, and
for several weeks he hovered between
life and death, constantly raving in the
delirium of Tom, calling for him, be-
seething him not to stay behind.

"The Apaches had been driven back,
but were not completely subdued. But
as soon as Jack was able to tell his ter-
rible story a rescue party was or-
ganized and hurried to Seven Mile
Canyon with all the speed which was
prudent.

"At first no trace of Tom could be
found. Then behind a rock was dis-
covered a pile of cartridge shells, and
finally down in a little gully the skele-
ton of a man lying face downward up-
on the ground, one end of a rode tied
about the neck, the other attached to a
stake driven deep into the ground.
Alongside was a fairlike skeleton fast-
ened by a thong of rawhide to the
same stake.

"From these mute witnesses those
familiar with Apache methods were
able to imagine the awful fate which
had overtaken poor Tom.

"This is what must have happened:
Taking cover behind a rock Tom had
held the Indians in check as long as pos-
sible by pegging away every time a red-
skin gave him the opportunity to make
one of his dead shots. As the ammuni-
tion ran low they gathered closer about
him.

"To Tom—brave, heroic Tom—that
mattered little; his aim was accom-
plished. Jack was safe on the road to
Dolores.

"He must have been surprised and
overpowered at the end, for he would
certainly have reserved a last shot for
himself rather than brave Indian tor-
ture. How they took him prisoner one
does not know, but having suffered
such severe loss at the ranch and in the
canyon it is natural to suppose that the
Apaches were wild with rage. Nothing
could be too devilish a torture to inflict
upon Tom.

"They tied his hands behind him, tied
his feet, and taking him down into the
sandy gully laid him on his face upon
the ground, fastened him by a rope
around his neck to the stake.

"In this part of Arizona rattlesnakes
are more than numerous—they are
swarm. It was the work of a moment
to catch a big snake by means of a loop
of cord at the end of a pole and to tie
him by a piece of rawhide through the
tail to the same stake which imprisoned
Tom.

"The snake, thinking itself free, tried
to crawl away, found itself held by the
rawhide, and, savage with anger, struck
at the nearest thing, which was—poor
Tom's face!

"But—mark the fiendishness of the
torture—the snake could not quite reach
Tom.

"The rope was just long enough to
prevent the reptile from touching him,
not long enough but that Tom must
feel the agonizing possibility of being
bitten.

"Again and again the snake struck,
but fell short. Poor Tom! Parched with
thirst, hungry, baked by the sun, taunt-
ed by his captors, what must have been
his thoughts! Did he not feel that
friendship had cost him too dear?"
"My God! It's too awful to contem-
plate!"
"He must have been tempted to crawl
near the snake and end it all."
"Finally the shower ended upon by
the Apaches came. It refreshed both

the snake and the man, but—the effect
of moisture upon the hempen rope was
to shrink it!

"Can you understand? Can you see
poor Tom, digging his toes into the
sand, holding back with might and
main as the pressure of the rope slowly
brought him nearer and nearer to his
fate?"

"Upon the rawhide the rain had a
different effect it stretched it—length-
ened it.

"The snake, feeling invigorated by
the rain, again tried to crawl away.
Again it was held back; again, angry
and vindictive, it struck at Tom, this
time a little nearer his face—and again
closer, as Tom, despite his superhuman
effort, was being pulled toward the
stake by the shortening rope.

"At last the snake struck home.
"Can you imagine the awful agony,
the lingering death, the bones-picked
by the vultures? Brave, noble Tom,
who died to save a friend—bah! how
this snake gets into one's eyes."

It was not the snake that troubled
the ranchman's eyes—his cigar had long
since gone out.

In the dead silence which followed
his thoughts, to judge by his expression,
were far away.

"By Jove, that was a man!" ejaculat-
ed the idiot. "Did you know Tom?—
ach!" for just then the cowboy caught
him a most beautiful kick on the shin.

"I," said the ranchman, huskily, "I
was Jack."—New York Tribune.

GENUINE HOSPITALITY.

An Actor's Experience in the Wild
and Woolly West.

"Talk about hospitality," remarked a
broken-down actor, "the place to find it
is in the far West. The last time I was
out there we were playing 'Uncle
Tom's Cabin' with a real mule. We
played to fair business, and paid our
bills until we reached Red Bluff. There
the owner of the opera house had a
piano for an orchestra, and it stood just
below the stage. When the mule came
on some one in the audience got funny,
and, throwing a larlet around the neck
of the animal, pulled him off the stage.
The mule and the piano got mixed up,
which ruined the orchestra, and when
he got away from the piano the mule
kicked down one of the boxes before he
walked through one of the seats to
where the fellow with the larlet wanted
him. I had a mouth organ, with
which I went on with the orchestral ac-
companiment, and we closed the play
with the fellow that captured the mule
riding him around the opera house.

"The manager of the theater claimed
damages, captured all of the box re-
ceipts and we could not get out of town.
Of course, we expected to walk, but I'll
be blamed if the landlord didn't pack us
all with our baggage in a box car, give
us plenty of lunch and send us clear to
Virginia City without paying a cent.
The most hospitable fellow I ever saw."

Good Words for the Horse.

Col. Ed Butler is authority for the
statement that there are more horses
in St. Louis now than there ever have
been in the entire history of the city.
According to his figures, there are any-
where from 20 to 30 per cent. more now,
than there were during the palmiest
days of the horse car or before the bike
came into use.

"I am better prepared to know how
many horses there are in the city than
any other man living here. The reason
is that I catch them coming and going.
I shoe them while they are living and
haul them off when they are dead.

"I know that the average citizen be-
lieves that the advent of the trolley car
and the bicycle dispensed with the use
of horses almost entirely, but this is
not the case. The bicycle dude and the
trolley car patron never owned horses.
The only horses the trolley car knocked
out were the plugs that nobody else
would care to own, and there were not
half as many of them as is generally
supposed.

"Good horses are as hard to get now
as they ever were, and probably harder,
for the reason that not so many of
them are being bred. You can't hire a
rig at a livery stable any cheaper now
than you could ten years ago, and if
you drive out you will find more rigs on
the streets than there were ten years
ago. The trolley car has killed the mar-
ket for scrub horses, and they are
cheaper, but a scrub horse is not cheap
at any figure. I have been trying to get
a first-class team for three years, and
am willing to pay any kind of a price
for them, but I have not been able to
find what I want. I predict that within
the next five years the breeding of good
roadsters is going to become one of the
most profitable businesses in the coun-
try."—St. Louis Republic.

An Ant Fifteen Years Old.

Sir John Lubbock, the naturalist, has
been experimenting to find out how
long the common ant would live if kept
out of harm's way, says the Scientific
American. On Aug. 8, 1888, an ant
which has been thus kept and tenderly
cared for died at the age of 15 years,
which is the greatest age any species
of insects has yet been known to at-
tain. Another individual of the same
species of ant lived to the advanced age
of 13 years.

Bottles.

A new use has been found for old
glass bottles. They are now ground
up and used in place of sand for mor-
tar. There can be but little doubt that
it is a suitable material, and that a
strong mortar can be made by its use,
although it is doubtful if it is as dur-
able as pure quartzose sand. Its cost,
however, will prevent its use in any
district where sand is easily and
cheaply obtained, and the supply must
necessarily be limited.

Brown—I wonder why Paynter was
so angry when I asked him what school
of art he belonged to? Smith—What
school? That implies that he has some-
thing to learn.—Puck.

CHARGING THE HOSTILES.

A Brave Little Fellow Rides Through
a Band of Indians.

In St. Nicholas Gertrude P. Greble
has a story of frontier life called "Dan-
ny and the Major." Danny was the
7-year-old son of an army captain, and
the "Major" was a favorite horse. One
day he was riding him in company with
his friend, a Scotch corporal, when the
horses of the post were stampeded, and
the corporal was thrown and injured.
Danny started to ride for assistance,
and this was his experience:

Away to the north a cloud of dust
marked the recent passage of the herd.
On every other side swept the table-
land, empty and placid and smiling.
And beyond, to the south, stood the fort
and home. Danny took heart, settled
himself in the saddle, and put the Ma-
jor into a smart canter, holding the
reins firmly, and trying to recall the cor-
poral's instructions as he rode, think-
ing with an ever-recurring pang of his
friend's condition, happy that the dis-
tance to the necessary succor was di-
minishing so rapidly, and totally forget-
ful of the anxiety which had agitated
the veteran before the accident that
had separated them.

Suddenly, at the end of some fifteen
minutes of tranquil riding, as the Ma-
jor galloped along the edge of the tim-
ber which fringed the bluff, there was a
loud crashing in the bushes, and a
gayly decorated war-pony scrambled
through them, his rider grunting in sur-
prise; while at the same moment, from
the thicket beyond, three other half-
naked figures appeared and lined up
in the path which led to safety.

The child's heart stopped beating.
His frontier training told him that all
that had gone before, even the tragedy
which had darkened the afternoon, was
as nothing compared with this new and
awful danger. In a paroxysm of terror
he tried to stop the Major—tried with
all his small strength to turn him aside
toward the open plain, to check his
mad plunge into the very arms of the
enemy. But for the first time the horse
paid attention neither to the beloved
voice nor to the tiny hands pulling so
desperately upon the reins.

Whether it was the sight of an old
and hated foe, or whether the wise,
kind heart of the animal realized the
full extent of the peril of which the
child was as yet only half aware, it
would be hard to say. But little Dan
found himself going faster than he had
thought possible—and faster—and faster—
till the tawny, sun-burned plain,
and the pitiless smiling sky, and the
nearer, greener foliage of the willows,
and even the outlines of the dreaded
savages themselves became as so many
parts of a great rushing, whirling
whole, and all his strength was absor-
bed in the effort to retain his seat upon
the bounding horse.

And so, like some vision from their
own weird legends, straight down upon
the astonished Indians swept the great
bronze beast with its golden-haired
burden! Down upon them, and through
them, and away—till by the time they
had recovered from their amazement
there was a good fifty yards between
them and their flying prey! And that
distance, hard as they might ride, was
not easily to be overcome!

After that first wild rush the Major
settled into a steadier pace—a smooth,
even run, so easy to sit that the lad re-
laxed his clutch upon the animal's
mane and turned his eyes to the hori-
zon, where gathering swarms of sav-
ages showed like clusters of ants
against the slope of the hillside. In
his track, with shrill, singing cries, like
hounds upon a trail, came his pursu-
ers. And far to the south there was a
puff of white smoke from the walls of
the fort, and a moment later the first
heavy, echoing boom of the alarm-gun
thundered across the plains!

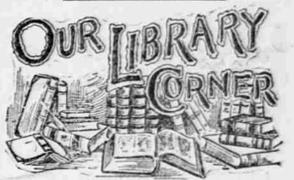
Flavored to Suit the Taste.

Thomas Hendricks, a farmer resid-
ing at Lisle, N. Y., recently sold a quan-
tity of eggs to a family in Bingham-
ton, who complained that they were
almost worthless, owing to a strong
taste of kerosene. He could not ac-
count for this, but when a bakery that
he had been supplying refused to re-
ceive any more of his goods for the
same reason he began an investiga-
tion. He found that the chickens had
eaten a quantity of corn left lying in
the vicinity of two kerosene barrels.
This gave him an idea and he began
to experiment. He confined three hens
in a coop and fed them, on corn that
had been soaked over night in water
strongly tinctured with extract of van-
illa. The result was that the eggs
could not be eaten, but when used in
cooking imparted a delicate flavor to
the cake or pastry, without the use of
other flavoring. He took some of these
eggs to the bakery, where they were
tested and pronounced superior to any-
thing in the flavoring line.

When People Catch Cold.

The "cold spots," meaning thereby
the surface areas peculiarly susceptible
to cold, are principally the nape of the
neck and the lower part of the back
of the head, the front of the abdomen,
and the shins. The acute discomfort
and the sense of impending disaster
which results from the steady play of
a current of cold air upon the neck
from behind are well known. The ne-
cessity of keeping the abdomen warm-
ly clad is also generally recognized,
though perhaps not as generally car-
ried into practice. Curiously enough,
few people are conscious of the danger
they run by exposing the usually in-
adequately protected shins to currents
of cold air. This is the usual way in
which colds are caught on omnibuses.
When driving one takes care to cover
the legs with a rug or waterproof, but
on the more democratic conveyances
rugs are not often available, and the
reckless passenger by and by awakens
to the fact that the iron has entered
his soul—in other words, that he has
"caught cold." People who wear

stockings such as Highlanders, golfers
and cyclists invariably take the pre-
caution of turning the thick woolen
material down over the shins, the bet-
ter to protect them against loss of heat,
though, incidentally, the artificial em-
bellishment of the calves may not be
altogether foreign to the manoeuvre.
This is an instance of how all things
work together for good. It does not,
of course, follow because certain areas
are peculiarly susceptible to cold, that
a chill may not be conveyed to the ner-
vous system from other points. Pro-
longed sitting on a stone, or even on
the damp grass, is well known to be a
fertile source of disease, and wet, cold
feet are also, with reason, credited
with paving the way to an early grave.
—London Medical Press.



Two books by Mr. Howells are about
to appear—a novel, "The Landlord at
Lion's Head," and a comedy, "A Pre-
vious Engagement."

Maurus Jokai's latest novel has been
translated by Mrs. Waugh and is to ap-
pear under the title, "The Green Book
or, Freedom Under the Snow." It is a
novel of Russian history.

The London Chronicle reviews Sir
Robert Peel's salacious book under the
head, "The Career of a Dull Young
Man," and calls it "a tedious, tedious
tale, unrelieved by humor, untouched
by pathos, unilluminated by the faintest
gleam of imagination."

Philippe Godet, a Swiss journalist,
has discovered at Middachte, in Hol-
land, among the archives of the Ben-
tuck family, thirty-nine unpublished
letters of Voltaire, which are being
published in the Revue de Paris. The
letters are dated from 1753 to 1777.

Many of the articles contributed by
the late Rev. Dr. Alonzo H. Quint to
the Congregationalist have been col-
lected and will appear in book form
under the title, "Common Sense Chris-
tianity." The preface will be written
by the Rev. A. E. Dunning, the editor
of the Congregationalist.

Mary E. Wilkins is engaged in writ-
ing a series of sketches of New Eng-
land neighborhood life for the Ladies'
Home Journal. They will portray a
small community's social indulgences,
sketching the old-fashioned quilting
party, the time-worn singing-school,
and the apple paring bee.

Among the books announced is Dr.
Fridtjof Nansen's "Farthest North." It
is described in the subtitle as "the nar-
rative of the voyage of the Fram,
1893-96, and the fifteen-months' sledge
expedition by Dr. Nansen and Lieut.
Johansen, with an appendix by Otto
Severdrup, an etched portrait of the
author, about 120 full-page illustra-
tions, sixteen colored plates in fac-sim-
ile from Dr. Nansen's own sketches,
and several photogravures and maps."

Wales' Good Nature.

Stephen Fiske describes the Prince
of Wales' visit to America in the La-
dies' Home Journal and relates these
interesting incidents of his tour
through Canada: " * * * The Catholics
had gained a little victory over the
stern Duke of Newcastle at Quebec,
and now the Orangemen demanded to
be allowed to present addresses to the
Prince, and to be received separately
from their Catholic fellow-citizens.
The Duke consulted with Governor
General Head and refused to permit
this distinction. At Kingston an Or-
ange demonstration was prepared, and
the royal party did not land from the
steamer. The Orangemen chartered
another steamer and pursued the
Prince to Brockton, but again he was
not allowed to go on shore. At Coburg
a party of fifty Canadian gentlemen
took the horses from his carriage and
drew him through the pretty hamlet.
At Toronto the Mayor apologized for
the display of Orange flags; the Prince
was hooded and hissed when he attend-
ed church, and serious riots were fear-
ed. All