

We will send you the above board express prepaid for \$4.00.

Game Boards

We have the largest assortment in the state. If you are not coming to Omaha, write us for circulars.



NEBRASKA

A GRAIN STEPHEN'S

Prolific Drouth Withstanding Corn. Mammoth crop good years; big crop dry years. Yielded 50 bushels to the acre on high ground with three cultivations this year, and adjoining corn, with five cultivations, yielded ten bush-

Send 25 cents for 25 grains-enough for a start and examination.

Stephen's Prolific Corn Co. 3743 Euclid Ave., - Kansas City, Mo.

Please mention this paper.

of them all. The one real chance of a lifetime; nothing to sell except the plan, which will be sent free, if you send 25c for a year's subscription to the "Eclipse." The Eclipse Magazine, Elberon, Ia.



The holes permit the batter to pass through, making stirring easier, mixing more complete, and cake lighter-a good draining spoon. Sample spoon and catalogue of 40 useful and quick | 000 music teachers are alleged to be selling articles mailed upon receipt of incompetent, the coming reichstag will and packing. Address U. S. Novelty & Specialty Co., U. S. Not'l Bank Bldg., Omaha, Neb.

Please mention this paper.

CURED Absolutely 1 Cured Never To Return.

A boon to sufferers. Acts like magic. In reach of everybody. A home treat-ment that can be handled to perfection in the most humble home. Why suffer so long when you can find out how to be cured at home by addressing Loudon Pile Cure Co., Cordova, 12th & Penn, Kansas City .Mo.

Please mention this paper.



DR. McGREW SPECIALIST Diseases and Disorders of Men Only.

26 years experince 15 years in Omaha Charges low. Cures guaranteed cases cured of nervous OVER 20,000 cases cured of hervous debility, loss of vitality

and all unnatural weaknesses of men.
Kidney and Blader Disease and all Blood
Diseases cured for life. VARICUCELE cured in less than 10 days.

Treatment by mail. P. O. Box 766. Office over 215 South 14th St., between Farnam and Douglas Ste., OMAHA, NEB.

When writing, mention this paper.

FOR MEN ONLY. Free Book! We will send our elegant 80 page book to any one who is afflicted and in need on request of information. Our book is the finest book of the kind ever published and is of great value to any one what has in need of medical treatment or not whether in need of medical treatment or not.

We send the book in plain envelope sealed. Write for it today—by postal card or letter— Address DRS. FELLOWS & PELLOWS, 32I W. Walnut St., Des Moines, la. Please mention this paper.



KIMBALL BROS. CO., Mfgs. 1051 9th St. - - - Council Bluffs, Ia. Omaha Office, - - - 1010 11th St. When writing, mention this paper.

It is fitting that Senator Cullom should introduce in congress the bill for a Lincoln memorial at the capital, areas of good land in the northern. for he comes from Lincoln's state, their lives have had much in common, and the senator has long been known as the man "who looks like Lincoln."

New York World: A Newburg, N. J. church now furnishes pipes and tobacco after its prayer meetings. Quite a change from the times of the rigid theology which devoted itself solely to warnings against a smoking hereafter.

Addition is too much for the lazy schoolboy, because there's usually something to carry.

It is said that the Negus of Abyssinia is running Kaiser Wilhelm close in the variety of his accomplishments. Menelik has personally designed the dis Ababa. When the first sewing of his installation as rector of old St. machine arrived in Abyssinia out of Paul's Protestant Episcopal church. order Menelik looked it over, found out what the matter was, and repaired it.

The Amalgamated Association of church. Iron and Steel Workers spent, in round numbers, \$95,000 during the great

CONSUMPTION

FACTS FROM EVERYWHERE.

The fortune teller can't read all the florist's palms. The reading public should be able to

read the signs of the times. Perhaps a ship is called "she" be-

cause it so aften gets into a squall. The best refrain from some popular sons is to refrain from singing them. Before you get through with a cheap trip to Europe, you may be sick of your bargain.

You'll find that lawyer's brief is anything but that if you measure it by

The NewZealand government is raising the wages of its railway employes to the extent of \$100,000.

The side slits in the pen are generally made by a hand-lever machine, which slits the steel at the proper place, and thus insures greater flexi-

bility in the pens. An indelible ink very commonly used in the Middle Ages was made with a basis of terchloride of gold applied to a cloth dampened with a solution of chloride of tin.

As early as 1534 an English convention decreed that the higher clergy during the solemn ceremonials of the church should wear silken gowns.

The establishment in Rome of an American library has been ordered by royal decree. It will contain all publications relating to the new world since its discovery.

The ocean used to be considered as MONEY! MONEY! We can put you lext to about as deep at its deepest as the the best money-getter highest mountains are high. It has now been proved to be half as deep again-that is, 46,236 feet.

F .A. Sampson of Sedalia, Mo., has given to the Missouri Historical socion Missouri history, which he has been collecting for thirty-three years.

The Italian authorities have ordered the confiscation of Francia's painting, The Madonna," which was sold to an American for 300,000 francs. The sellers of the picture were not fined.

Because two-thirds of Germany's 120, 10 cents in stamps to cover postage be asked to pass a law compelling the but to speak of somewhat else. Now,

> The steel vessels built on the great lakes are assured a year of great activity. The contracts for 1902 aggregate a carrying capacity of 3,000,000 tons. This will be an addition of 10 per cent to present lake tonnage.

> The cable steamer Faraday has finished laying a cable between the Azore islands and Ireland for the Commercial Cable company, completing the fourth line of cable of that company between the United States and England.

It is said that in prehistoric times the Incas of Peru built roads that extended from the tropically heated valleys up the mountains to the regions of perpetual frost, using the natural asphalt rock, and these roads are in Treats all forms of good condition today.

> There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven catarrh to be a constitutional disease, and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in dises of from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address,

F. J. CHENEY CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

The "heavy swell" viewed from an intellectual standpoint, is decidedly a ightweight.

Hamlin's Wizard Oil will cure a larger number of painful ailments than anything which you can find.

"There's a good time coming," but

let's try and have a good time while we're waiting for it. A bottle of Hamlin's Wizard Oil is a

Medicine Chest in itself; it cures pain n every form. 50c at druggists.

NEBRASKA FARMING PAYS.

To the farmer and stock raiser Neoraska affords unlimited opportunities. Statistics prove that in the more settled sections diversified farming is a success and consequently farm land values are high, but there are vast central and western portions of the state that can be purchased at reasonable prices.

You are looking for a home. We have reliable rea lestate men on our list who will gladly place their best propositions before you if we send

We sell homeseekers' ticket agents of connecting lines sell for us. Perhaps you want grazing lands. We have the same facilities for plac-

ing the best before you. Write pamphlets, map folders and further information. J. R. Buchanan, General Passenger Agent F., E. & M. V. R. R., Omaha, Neb. J. H. Gable, Traveling Passenger Agent, F., E. & M V. R. R., Denison, Ia.

Rev. Dr. J. S. B. Hodges, widely known as a composer of sacred music. including a published volume of sixty hymn tunes, celebrated, on Sunday, in plans for the new royal palace at Ad- Baltimore, the thirty-first anniversary

the world the world is overcoming the

Hygiene is not holiness, but holiness dark uncertainty, not blackness deep or ing a boat, which presently neared us. outlay. will include hygiene.

CHAPTER I.

We were prisoners of war at a place called Quimper, on the coast of Brittany, in France, and in the prison we ought to have been at home enjoying the winter months. the title that truly belonged to him, of Earl fo Mountbrendon, but a villainous cousin of his now held it in his place, giving out that this Francis Caryl was dead, and so prankt it finely in borrowed, nay stolen, feath-

We were sitting together one morning, David, my lord (as we called him), and I, captives all, in which condition we had been a long twelve months, and sunning ourselves against the wall in the courtyard, when up comes a young man, a fellow prisoner, one Thomas Dart, by name, with a basket to show us that he had woven out of straw taken from his bed. He came from Dunstable, and had

learnt straw-plaiting in his boyhood. He, too, had been on board the Amazon, and, like us, thrown into prison He was a good land, kind-hearted and generous, and when we saw him lounging across the courtyard we wel comed him and made room for him or our bench, and, after we had admired his handiwork and fixed the number of sous which we thought he should ask for it, we begged him to read to us out of his book, for Tom Dart was the happy possessor of a book which by good fortune he had brought ashore in his pocket, and which he loved for its own sake as well as for the mother who gave it him.

It was the "Pilgrim's Progress," which I have always counted one of ety his library of 7,000 titles bearing the finest works of man's genius, tho' now it be no overmuch in fashion.

He took out his book and began to read, for he was always ready to do that, though he loved not much to lend his treasure out of his hand. He read for a while, and then, though with his eyes on the book, as if he still read, he spoke thus:

"Friends all! I came across not so much to shew my work or read to you, teachers to undergo a state examina- do not start or look us as if I was saying something strange which might cause remark, but I think I see a way of escape, and I want to know if you will join me. Next Tuesday is, as, perhaps, you have forgotten, Shrove Tuesday. Well, fast or feast, there will be high jinks here. Even the captain and his family will be absent, Marie saith, and we all know that when the cat's away the mice will play."

"But whither shall we fly?" said my lord. "We have no wings to fly home." "From my window," replied Tom, which is at the south wing of this old place. I can see a bit of the shore of the river or estuary that cometh up to the town."

"Is it large enough to get throughthe window, I mean?" asked Tom. "I think I could squeeze out, if I

can but see clear enough." "I guess mine is next behind yours," said Tom thoughtfully, "perchance l could work on Marie's compassion to grant me the key so as to aid you. And you, comrades, are not you and David

"It is so," I replied, "and we are at the back on the farther side. And below are the roofs of some outhouses on which I doubt not we can climb. But what lies between us and this shore, for of that we have no view?"

"Waste an open pasture, and heath and sand," said Tom, "with a group of ragged poplars near-the only trees within any distance. Those must be our rendezvous, and now, 'Hurrah for Shrove Tuesday!"

At last the day came, and, to our contentment, we were sent to our night quarters earlier than usual and so locked and bolted up, which made us the more sure that our conjectures were true, and that our gaolers meant

to go off and enjoy themselves. Once sent to our room, David and I began operations. Fortunately, we were alone, for few prisoners remained here, and no one had been sent to occupy the places of those who had been drafted on to Brest.

We stowed our pockets with such few objects as we wished to carry away with us. They were not many, for

our belongings were few indeed. "Now, for the window," said David 'but I wonder how goes the time."

The words were scarce past his lips when we heard a distant clock begin to strike, and we stood silent to listen and count the strokes-one-two-three -four-five-six-seven!

"That is well," he said, "we shall not have too much time to reach our rendezvous." For we had settled to try to meet at 8 o'clock, guessing that from that time to 10 or 11 the fun would be fastest in the town.

So to our window we went. It was a casement and had been roughly nailed together, so that it would scarce open, but long ago we had loosened the necessary nails so as to let in air, though we always replaced them of a morning lest their condition should be noticed. and the fastenings more securely dealt with.

Now these rusty nails were withdrawn, for even in the dark we were acquainted with their position, and a rush of damp, mist-laden air poured into the room.

When the church is not overcoming a lower window caught the edge of one wait for us. We redoubled our efforts, or two of the ridge tiles and defined but still we were too weak to make the position.

manner manner definite, but gray spread of shadow into which the eye plunged and found

nothing. Meanwhile David had been busy with had encountered a fellow countryman our blankets, for we had been given one Captain Caryl-who in truth one each to roll ourselves in during

"Now, George," he said, "'tis your turn first. Let yourself down on the roof and creep along to the gable end, and there wait for me."

In a minute I was swinging clear of the window, letting myself down hand over hand by our impromptu rope, till at last I felt the tiles under my bare feet. Then I threw loose the rope, and crept away, as noiseless as a cat, over the ridge.

Now he fixed it again to the little chimney of the outhouse, and, indeed, it was useful enough, for the wall was twelve or fifteen feet high, and it would have been an awkward drop, not knowing what we were to land on at the bottom.

What we did land on was wet grass and a fine growth of young nettles, vhich stung our feet heartily enough. We searched about, hoping to find our friends awaiting us; but no, we vere the first, so we lay down on the round at a spot from whence we ould dimly see our late prison, a dark nass against the grayness of the sky. "They should be here by now," I

whispered, and then, even as I spoke, I saw two dark figures hand-in-hand coming quickly toward us. "Well met," said .Tom, as after a moment of hesitation he recognized

me. "But now for the shore." So off we set, guiding our feet more by the sound of the flowing water than by sight, till we could at length distinguish two or three boats drawn

up on the shore. It was more by feeling than by sight that we chose one of these, light nough for use to lift easily to the shore and set afloat. We made sure of oars, and a spur to be rigged as a mast, and a coil of cordage, while Tom this strange nature dours, that tho' got a keg and filled it with water at in the abstract, men of differing naa little stream which we heard gurg- tionalities think they hate each other, ling and trickling near us. It was yet if they are thrown into contact tween General Harrison and Tecumseh. lighter now by reason that the moon on peaceful terms so that they grow The period is in 1811. Ross Douglas, was rising and showing a little thro' a rift in the hurrying clouds.

got into the boat, and, with hearts friends, with but a little laugh now beating fast, pushed out into the dark

flowing river. So slowly and cautiously we rowed with muffled oars down the dark stream of water, passing one or two small vessels coming up with the tide, but which, save for a greeting shout, which we answered in Breton fashion, we encountered no hindrance, save the frothing and tossing at the bar, where the waves broke in irregular and tumultous fashion. Then the cold breathing of the sea met us, and the hollow dark of vastness and the moaning of the surge, but our hearts were lifted up with a solemn joy, for we were beyond the land of our captivity and free, floating on that open sea, which by long inheritance an Englishman feels his special sphere and country.

CHAPTER II.

How long we floated hither and thither in that boat, I doubt if any o. as exactly remember. It must have been days, and during all that time, till that last evening, we never saw sail or mast. True, the weather was misty and thick and our boat low on the water, so perchance many vessels may have passed us unseen, or in the darkness of night, but otherwise that sea might have been as one forsaken and never plowed by ship's keel.

But at last a morning broke when we ooked blankly into one another's faces, and asked, more by our eyes than by speech, "What are we to do?"

For nearly all the water in the keg was gone, and our crusts had been consumed a full twenty-four hours.

All that day we sailed, tacking to the north, and never a sail we saw but out own tawny rag of blanket. To ward evening the breeze fell, and a great calm succeeded, so that the water lay spread out in shining sweeps of silver, and our little craft rocked on the under swell, scarce making any

But as we lay thus, rocking gently in the middle of that shining circle of white and blue, David Bossum stood suddenly up, and with a sort of incoherent cry, pointed eastward, and following with our eyes the direction of his pointing finger, we, springing to our feet, saw something-something that was neither sea, nor sky, nor wandering sea bird-smoething that had glided into that charmed and solitary circle.

"A sail! A sail!" I do not know who said the words

first, but it was true. She was coming slowly toward us. That was our best hope, for the darkness of night was so night, that unless we attracted her attention very speedily, our chance was small indeed. If night fell before they saw us, they would be far away and we left alone again on that desolate and deserted ocean to perish of thirst.

strength into our rowing, weak and marm was living in a very pleasant exhausted as we were, and every now and again David sent forth a long. eerie, far-traveling cry, wailing across the shining stretch of water.

It was heard, oh God be thanked, or else they saw our signal, and by the Some ten or twelve feet below us was shifting of the sails we recognized the roof of an outhouse, a light from that they saw us, that they meant to her quarters are not yet sufficiently the progress we should have done, and own will be more elaborate when the Beyond it was nothing but a lake of presently we guessed they were lower-

"Who are you?" shouted a voice in French. "Are you shipwrecked?"

"We are starving," I replied in the same language. "We have been drifting about for days and have no food left, and we don't know where we are. Will you take us on board?"

For answer came the whistle of a coll of rope. "Fasten it on and we will help you," they shouted again. "There is no time to be lost."

We did as we were bid, and soon they towed us alongside the vessel. Tom whispered in my ear.

"What sorry luck-a Frenchman!" Yes, a Frenchman, but no privateer or war frigate as it might have been, only a peacable merchant vessel bound for the West Indies, and having quitted her convoy only a few hours before we caught sight of her. Once on deck the skipper, a dark little man, Octave Semoulin by name, looked us all over, and then glanced at our boat. "Sapristi," he said, speaking French

Havre. "You-are you shipwrecked." Then as we did not answer for a moment, not knowing exactly what to say he glanced again at the boat and went

with a strong accent, for he came from

"You are not French. You are English, but the boat is French. Heinhow is it?"

It was no use trying to disguise the truth, so my lord, who spoke French like a native, told his briefly our story, and then we stood helpless and silent, wondering what he would do; hang us or feed us.

For the time I believe he hardly knew how to act, but the man had a kind and generous heart, and our forlorn and suffering looks appealed to his

'Eh! bien," he said at last, "I ought to send you back, but it is impossible. Regardez, we are short of men-will you work, and when we reach our port you shall go free. You are sail-

ors, I presume?" Now, on board that vessel, L'Etoile de l'Oeust, we were kindly treated indeed, and soon grew friends with the crew, among whom were as many Swedes and Hollanders as French. Captain Semoulin entertained my lord in his cabin, and we messed with the crew. I have noticed, among many other curious things connected with acquainted with each other's dispositions, that fancied hatred meits all At last all was ready and we four away and they become the best of Indian, Bright Wing. The white man and then at the difference of ideas.

(To be continued.)

-:- FRILLS OF FASHION.

Chinchilla has been employed this fall as a trimming for white cloth cos-

For dress garnitures squares of passementerie are taking the place so long occupied by medallions. Ermine sets for children are very fashionable and look particularly well

with the black velvet coats, which so many little folks are wearing. In the jewelry line, the most beautiful corsage ornaments are in floral design. An exquisite example is a rose spray, with leaves of diamonds set in platinum, and centers of pink coral. For the dining room art serge or linen plush make exceedingly effective curtains. The material is hung straight from the pole without any at-

A handsome belt that is costly nough to keep it entirely out of reach by the bargain hunter is made of black ilk elastic, studded with small steel beads and fastened with a buckle, showing an iridescent background and penwork design of finest steel beads. A simple and inexpensive way naking a work or card basket is to

ake an old straw sailor hat and line t with pongee silk. Form handles of ribbon, wire covered with silk and put a siik friil around the brim. Trim with ace and ribbon, and if intended for a work basket ad da tiny pincusnion and Chatelaine bags worth \$1,000 each!

low many of them have you ever seen dorning the persons of local shoppers? yet many of the gold chatelaines of hat value are made and are worn in New York; \$200 to \$400 chatelaines are ery common. One style of coin purse as proved popular this season. It is a simple affair, no jeweling, the mountng being of inconspicuous, fine handhased work, and the purse proper of the familiar meshed chain. It is just right for small change (car fare) and the front door key. It is of gold and inexpensive—only \$90.

A retired schoolmarn of San Francisco lives in a sort of Swiss charet made of old street cars arranged according to a plan of her own. She had cottage in the suburbs, and was about to move in when she happened to see eight old street cars, which were about to be broken up for firewood. She bought the lot and in a day or two had workmen engaged in hauling them to the rear of her lot. There they were arranged according to a plan she had The thought of this put fevered adopted and in a few weeks the school home. Hardwood floors were laid over the street car planking, and the inside of each conveyance has been decorated simply but tastefully, the whole forming a novel and most attractive residence. The owner contemplates the purchase of one or two more cars, as commodious. The home which she had purchased is meanwhile rented and her exchequer will permit of the necessary

"Maude Adams," published by F. A. Stokes of New York, is a sketch of the career of that dainty actress from the pen of Acton Davies. Beginning with her first appearance on the stage at nine months old in the farce, "The Lost Child," at which time she was presented to the public on an oldfashioned china meat platter, Mr. Davies delineates her stage life to the present time. The book is well illustrated with pictures as she appeared in the digerent plays.

"Rescued by a Prince," by Clement Eldridge, perhaps better known by his nom de plume of "Captain Nautilus," s a sea story for boys in which the crew and passengers of a ship owe their rescue to the alleged son of Napoleon III by an American wife whom he recently married in New York.

A book which will be of interest especially in Nebraska is a volume of verse, handsomely flustrated, which Blakely has been issued from the press, and is published by Joy Morton, 808 Great Northern building, Chicago. It is by a Nebraska poet, Mary French Morton, and is a collection of verse under the name of "Leaves from Arbor Lodge." Saying that it will be interesting especially to Nebraskans does not imply that it will not meet with favor elsewhere. The author has written with such a true insight into nature and with such an ability to describe the scenes which surrounded her, that these poems will doubtless receive a deserved welcome from a larger audience than that bounded by the antelope state. There are pictures of Nebraska scenery all through the book from "The Ghost Dance," where The chill November winds make

And fair Nebraska's prairies lie A trusting place where spirits cry,' to a ride in the old street cars of Nebraska City. A very poetic and delicate thought is expressed in "The Backlogs of Summer."

'All the carols of the summer Murmur from the forest's sheen Where the backlog learned its singing Swaying with the boughs of green. There it heard the songs of heaven, Heard the southwind whisper low

Midst the scenes that seem to linger Sunflecked in the embers' glow. There is true poetry in every line of the book, which is so bandsomely gotten up that it will prove a very excellent present for the Christmas season. It contains forty-eight poems with ten beautiful photogravures of Nebraska

"The Sign of the Prophet," by James Ball Naylor, published by the Saalfield Publishing Co., New York, is one of the most interesting stories we have received this season, and one which cannot help but please our readers. It is a romance of the contest bewho has been in part brought up by the Wyandots, is about to join the Americans and has for companion the

conspicuous, part in the action of the Douglas is in love with Amy Larkin and the young lady's father is opposed

is followed to the war by his blood

hound, Duke, and the dog plays a

to the marriage. It is not known whom Douglas' father was. There are traitors and Douglas is captured. In the Indian camp he finds a beautiful girl, the reputed daughter of the Prophet Tenskwawata. Curiously enough, the girl is white. She is called La Viollette. and is so engaging that Ross care for her more than for Amy. Finaly the mysteries of the story are cleared up. The legitimacy of Ross is shown and the origin of Violette made evident, and Douglas married Violette, whose real name is Violet Brownlee.

Among the many biographies of Mc-Kinley now in the book stalls this 'Life Work of William McKinley," by Edward T. Roe, LL.B., who was one of Mr. McKinley's classmates at the Albany Law School, should have a prominent place. The aim of the work has been to impress upon the youth of our country the grand and noble lessons contained in the late president's gracious kindliness, high moral courage and exalted patriotism. To this end the life of McKinley is traced in deempt at draping or tying back and is tail, considerable space being given to the events of the Spanish war and to dged with ball fringe of the same McKinley's various speeches. The occurrences of the fatal day are carefully sketched and a large number of editorials on the event are quoted, as well as several memorial addresses. The work is prettily illustrated and handsomely bound. Laird & Lee, Chi-

> "Junk: A Book to Stagger Sorrow." makes a too-rashly confident claim, for a reading of the doggerel which composes the printed matter is conducive to a gentle melancholy. The author, Leon Lempert, jr., who calls himself "the instigator," has no literary qualities to recommend him beyond high spirits, and, if we may trust the sub-title, a too-ample faith in the efficacy of his own wit. It would be quite safe, however, to recommend the book to people who have a taste for the comic illustrations on the humorous page of a Sunday paper, for both the fingles and the numerous illustrations bear every sign of having first burst into being in that spot sacred to humorous mediocrity. Published by C. M. Clark, Boston Price, \$1.50.

Poultney Bigelow, is a cleverly written story of a London society woman, whose husband is a naval officer stationed on the west coast of South Africa. It is told in a series of letters between the wife, Mary March, and her cousin, Lord Darraway, who is living on his estate in Ireland. Mary March, who is "hungry for love,' tries to console herself for her husband's absence an indifference by flirting desperately with different men of the 'smart set" in which she moves. She seems to be frivolous, but not bad, declaring that no one has ever kissed her but her husband and "Cousin Bill" saved enough money to buy a pretty once long ago; but she is very fond of going about London in "two-wheelers" from dinners and theaters, and we are not surprised when she decides to elope with her latest flame. Fortunately for her, this is prevented by her husband's timely death, and she and her devoted cousin later marry, and it is presumed settle down to middle-aged happiness. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; 75 cents.

"While Charley Was Away," by Mrs.

There are few readers who cannot find thorough enjoyment in a good detective story. And none will deny that in the forefront of that division of literature stand the writings of Anna Katharine Green, whose latest work, "One of My Sons," is just at hand. As welcome, therefore, as the announcement that Sherlock Holmes is again ferreting out crime was the word that Miss Green had again enlisted the services of Mr. Gryce and his able assistant, Mr. Sweetwater, in following out the intricacies of a plot that certainly bears evidence of the author's latest ingenuity. "One of My Sons" is believed by its author to be her best work. "