

THE SPELLBOUND SLEEPERS.

When pretty green grasses creep out of the ground
And look up to see if the sun is around,
Then old King Winter falls fast asleep.
His slumbers are long and sound and deep.
He sleeps through the springtime bright and gay.
Through winds of the March and blossoms of May,
He sleeps while the roses are nodding their heads
To little blue violets down in their beds.
Not even a dream of the birds has he
As they flutter and sing so merrily;
Nor of brooks that ripple and dance all day
Through meadows and woods where children play.

Naught knows he of the golden sheaves
Of the ripened fruit or the falling leaves
That turn from green into scarlet gay
And off on the breezes float away.
Poor Winter King! If he only knew
How summer days look with skies of blue!
O, wouldn't he have a great surprise
On a sweet June day, if he'd open his eyes!

Away to the Dreamland, calm and still,
Fair Summer flies when the days grow chill,
And little Jack Frost in a mischievous way
Throws over her train just a twinkle of spray;
So she's off for a sleep when the winds are bold
And sing of the fierce and bitter cold.
Then Winter holds reign through the starlit night,
And, waving his scepter in morning light,
He scatters about from his casket rare
His jewels to shine in the silvery air,
And smiles as they sparkle and flash and gleam
From ice-covered tree and frozen stream.

With her head at rest in a roseleaf cap
The beautiful Summer goes on with her nap,
And she'll never know how the snowflakes fall,
How sleighbells jingle and coasters call,
And children are laughing when comes the cheer
Of Merry Christmas and glad New Year.
O, wouldn't this sleeper be greatly amazed
If ever her eyes on a snowstorm gazed!

—MARY FRENCH MORTON.

The Warner Library Club will be closed on or before April 1, next. The publishers have decided to close out the stock on hand at the most liberal introductory prices ever offered. This proposition will positively not be offered after April 1 and we would advise an early response. All those of our readers who desire to purchase this the greatest work of the century, send your name and address to the Warner Library Club, 512-513 Paxton Blk., Omaha, Nebraska, and full particulars, sample pages, etc., will be sent free of charge.

OPERATION OF THE TORRENS LAW.

Since last Wednesday the Torrens law relative to registry of land titles is in practical operation. For the time being the first proceedings are taken in Recorder Simon's office, and by the present employees of the recorder's office, but it is expected that during the week the old offices on the third floor of the courthouse, originally fitted up for the Torrens force under Recorder Chase, and subsequently occupied by the jury commission, will be again in use. So far there are thirty applications for title certificates on record, a reasonably good start, when it is considered that much distrust against the new system was engendered by the relentless legal war waged by the abstract companies

against the system for over four years. Though much has been written about the present law, it may not be amiss to recall briefly its salient points:

Proceedings are brought in any court of record by the owner.

Fees for bringing property under the system aggregate \$24, or not more than the cost of an average abstract.

For each party defendant, if there are any, there is a sheriff's fee of \$1 for each person served.

From each \$1,000 of land value involved \$1 has to be paid to the indemnity fund, out of which claims are paid which arise after a certificate of title has been issued.

Title under the Torrens law is indefeasible and, the title once issued, the owner cannot be held liable for any damages.

In uncontested cases the court proceedings are so simple that it is deemed unnecessary for the owner to employ a lawyer.

A title registered under the Torrens system can be dealt with more safely, quickly and inexpensively than under the old system. Upon an ordinary sale or mortgage of registered lands the entire transaction can be closed in an hour or two without the need of any abstract of title or the aid of a lawyer, and the cost will be but \$3, thereby saving attorney's fees for examination of \$15 to \$50 and cost of continuing abstract of \$5 to \$25.

Transfers and mortgage loans can thus be safely, quickly and cheaply effected, and the land owner may secure, if he desires, shorter loans than our present mortgages, which now usually run for five years on account of the expense, delay and difficulty attendant upon the old system. In fact, a registered title can be dealt with almost as quickly and cheaply and quite as safely as shares of stock or government or other registered bonds.—Chicago Times-Herald.

THE COST OF AN EPIDEMIC.

We would be pleased to have our readers stop to consider the cost to a community, in dollars and cents, of a thorough-going pestilence. We give below a statement in this connection, concerning the epidemic which visited London in 1665.

"The charity of the rich, as well in the city and suburbs as from the country, was so great, that, in a word, a prodigious number of people, who must otherwise have perished for want as well as sickness, were supported and subsisted by it; and though I could never, nor I believe any one else, come to a full knowledge of what was so contributed, yet I do believe that as I heard one say that was a critical observer of that part, there was not only many thousand pounds contributed, but many hundred thousand pounds, to the relief of the poor of this distressed, afflicted city; nay, one man affirmed to me that he could reckon up above one hundred thousand pounds (half a million dollars) a week, which was distributed by the church-wardens at the several parish vestries, by the lord mayor and the aldermen in the several wards and pre-

cincts, and by the particular direction of the court and of the justices respectively in the parts where they resided; over and above the private charity distributed by pious hands in the manner I speak of; and this continued for many weeks together."

London contained at that time about 400,000 inhabitants, or somewhat less than the city of Baltimore at present.

THE COMPANY WE KEEP.

In a memorable address delivered by the late James Russell Lowell at the opening of the Chelsea Public Library is to be found many fine photographs, such as follows:

"There is a choice in books as in friends, and the mind sinks or rises to the level of its habitual society. Cato's advice, *cum bonis ambula*, consort with the good, is quite as true if we extend it to books, for they, too, insensibly give away their own nature to the mind that converses with them. They either becken upwards or drag down."

And again "we are apt to wonder at the scholarship of men of three centuries ago, and at a certain dignity of phrase which characterizes them. They were scholars because they did not read so many things as we. They had fewer books, but these were of the best. Their speech was noble, because they lunched with Plutarch and supped with Plato. We spend as much time over print as they did, but instead of communing with the choice thoughts of choice spirits, and unconsciously acquiring the grand manner of that supreme society, we diligently inform ourselves and cover the continent with a cobweb of telegraph wires to inform us of such inspiring facts as that a gravel bank caved in and buried Mr. Robinson alive on Friday. While we might be adding to the climbing spire of a fine soul we are willing to become mere sponges saturated from the stagnant goose-pond of village gossip. This is the kind of news we compass the globe to catch, fresh from Bung Town Centre, when we might have it fresh from heaven by the electric lines of poet or prophet."

Plutarch and Plato, poet and prophet, "the choice thoughts of choice spirits," (but not neglecting modern or living writers) comprise the very substance of Charles Dudley Warner's wonderful new Library of the World's Best Literature. The greatest work of the greatest writers of all time—from Plato and Plutarch down even to Kipling, Barrie and Howells, are here compacted into the limits of a convenient number of volumes. No library made up of single books, no, not even if it were ten times the size of Mr. Warner's magnificent collection, could give anything like the same brilliant, comprehensive and satisfying command of the world's literature.

It used to be said that with the Bible and Shakespeare a man might acquire a liberal education, but the remark is hardly true now. It is true, however, that a thorough and well-digested acquaintanceship with all that is contained in Mr. Warner's splendid library would afford such a liberal education as scholars envy, and few men in this steam-driven age attain.

Is such a knowledge worth your while? Is it not the very essence of that broadening culture to which all right-minded men and women aspire?

This paper does not hesitate to recommend this library in the highest terms to our readers.