## THE OMAHA DAILY BEE: THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 3, 1896.



Romer Resulted in St. Louis Republic PART L- ELIZABETH'S LOCKET. "On a leave in these meeting times?" "Yin, sir to be married "When do you want to get away?"

12

"If the regular coach is on time and not crowded, in the morning, sin'

Colonel Gaitcamp leaned back in his chair and looked at the youngster in front of him. "Se you're going to be untried? Isn't your country bride enough for you nowwith an enemy across the frontier and on the star!

"I love my country, sir," the young soldier returned.

older man laughed.

"Say so, if you will, sir; but I feel that I can love twice and silli love well."

tarly on the shoulder and strode from the a the shoulder and stroke from the His new manner was so warm and cor-He liked Sartain, but he could not dial that little Elizabeth turned in smiles. help repreting that the youngster thought, "It was not a word I wished to send," she so little of his calling as to hold for a said. "It was this." to little of his calling as to hok for a . In her silken mitt she held a small locket, leave at such a trying moment, even to fastened to a long chain of gold. "It has my marry. Reports had come that the English picture in it," she would on, with a blush, were pixing as trouble on the seas and "and he would like it." lakes, and there was a fear that northern "And he shall get it. Miss Elizabeth." New York might somehow be invaded. It Merrick returned, taking the bauble in his New York might somehow be invaded. It was a hold soldier who asked for absence let does." and a luckier one that got it.

Sartain sat in the room aiche. He hardly the Elizabeth's over filled with tears and liked the position he occupied at that mumeat. On the one hand he had only joyful | math to the woods

routenulation of the purpose of his leave: on the other, he feared that he would be condemned by officers and men because of his centre at such a fine. He reasoned a fittle skirmishing had relieved the monot-Then, in orra, the doubt was depended by the vision of a clear, round face, disculated

billity of an early marriage. "I am a soldier," he would say, "and who knows when I shall be called yonder?"

Then Elizabeth choldered. "Thank you, sir, yes; the uncasiness that "Would you not rather be Mrs. George had upset my atomach is less manifest now Sartain, young and handsome yet, and a that my would is not so painful," wildow, than Elizabeth Gerster, betrothed "I feel that your misfortune belongs to and bereaved?

Again dil Elizabeth shudder. Sartain put his arms around the trim figure of the have caught that rascal's blade. traders daughter and drew her close to

"Say 'yes,' little worran," he murnares, "say that tomorrow will do. Then six weeks away, with never a built to dodge weeks away, with never a built to dodge hand in his and said goodnight. Sartain held his chief's hand tightly. "Don't say hand to buse for marching orders. It 'Say 'yes,' little worxan," he murmured; won't be cowardly; there'll be no one to think of it when I come back and go into the field to win my spurs. I'll win them, too, little Elizabeth, and you'll be proud of burned and covered with region between the sur-burned and covered with region between the sur-burned and covered with region between the sur-burne as i come, without a scratch all sur-burned and covered with region between the surburned and covered with praise, back to "Ah, if you would, my soldier?" Elizabeth

"Ah, if you would, my soldier." Elizabeth murmured. "And you will, won't you?" She placed her yellow erown on his broad shoulder and dropped a tear of very joy Once more did the young lieutenant press the trader's daughter to his breast. Rais-ing her gently in his brawny arms, he kissed her twice full on the would, and not her her twice, full on the mouth, and put her down again.

"Tomorrow, then!" he cried. "Tomorrow Goodbye!

All of this came to Sartain as he thought All of this came to sartain as ne thought it over. He looked for warmer words from Colonel Gaiteauap, who had been a watchful friend to him. The superior was not harsh, to be sure, but he was not cordial. Indeed, Sartain's colonel's ha Sartain was doubtful of the wisdom of the plan. While he sat alone in his chair the

cold wind that suddenly blew in upon him. "Hullo." Sartain?" the newcomer said, a little louder than the rest and apparently He looked up. rather cheerily.

Sartain, "he said. "He's gone forward." The gold month and putted her cloak over 'tione!" she exclaimed. "To the battle

lo vou think, sh "Likely enough." "And I have not seen him to say goodby!

Merrick stepped more closely to the girl Send a birs by me," he laughed, banter You are not Leftenant Sartain's friend

sir. I am Elizabeth Gerster, his betrothed and he will resent an insult to me an

She slapped Metrick across the face with her mittened hand. The officer flushed "I have my country, sir," the yound not-been returned. "But your affections are divided." The Dowel and turned away. Little Elizabeth pushed open the door and started within. She had have two steps when Merrick faced about

"Come, Miss Elizabeth, forgive me and "Eay so, if you will, sir; but I feel that a an love (wice and still love well," "Be it so, and goed luck to you, lottenant. The calculat sharped the young man familt.

hand--"if I get to him before a redcoat bul-

He laughed hearsely and unnaturally. Lit

it out in a dozen ways, always entrong with ony of the cross-country tranp of the ence. a clear conceience for himself, into which soldiers. Two of the men who had camped "A hermatly followed the specter of doubt, the night before were out of the ranks for desir the right before were out of the ranks for-ever. Half a dozen had wounds more or less troublesome. Leftenant Sartain Then, in turn, the usual ways date, illumined less troublesome. Leftenant Sartain "He has a private word for Leftenant with blue eyes and crowned with as golden through the line of small fires artain, sir." "Sh" whispered the officer. "Not so that were concealed from the distant view holder." an aureale as ever the chaminan he was to had seen-the face of the woman he was to wed. He had talked it over with Eliza-beth, arguing gently with her as the soft brow contracted doubtfully over the advisa-tion weather was free to be moved about at will. officer "You are feeling better, I trust," said Colonel Gaitcamp. "Thank you, sir, yes; the uncasiness that

me, Sartain." the colonel said. "But for your interposed sword arm my heart would

Sartain smiled grimly. "He's beyond thrusting now, sir," h

goodnight, colonel-not yet. I want to talk to you. I want to speak of Elizabet

"For no good reason, I'm sure," I have not had a word from the lass in the three weeks we have been away from quarters, sir.

"But you have been campaigning, and there has been no mail." there has been no mail. "True, but the Gerster trappers are thick in these woods. Elizabeth would have made one of them reach me if she..." "Don't say it, boy. Little Elizabeth is true to you...as true as your award was to

you today. She's got the Gorster steel in her small frame, my word for it. Get to sleep and you'll awake with a different mind. If all women were but as good as

Sartain's face was aglow. He grasped his colonel's hand flercely. "I'll sleep well for that, sir," he said; and he turned back through the line of low

have noticed it at all, but for the gust of earth. Colonel Gaitcamp moved along, alone. He

and staring wildly at the white curtain that shut out the night on the other side. "Be calm, sir!" again commanded the

"Betrayed!" sobbed the young leftenant. burying his face in his bands. "Have you any enemy in the camp?" Colonel Galtcamp asked sternly.

"Ad enemy!" Leftenant Sartain seemed hase)f. His eyes gave out a new light as hands clutched pervously at the chain and locker within them. "An enemy-yes; yet not such an enemy as this. For a long Merrick and I have not been on terms,

ommander.

"What was the difficulty?" "Only a triffe. We had a discussion one day in which we quarreled. Then he spoke harshly to me on the day before—before we came away. I collared him for it—for someing he said about-about her. That was

Why have I not heard of this?" "It was only a trifle, sir." "But you haven't had reason--" You don't think that Merrick-God! if 1

night 'Enough, sir! I command silence!" The "Enough, sir! I command silence! The silvery headed soldier paced up and down in his tent. Neither man spoke for a time. Then Sartain begged to be allowed to go. "You will remain here." "Pleare, colonel-my friend," the officer pleaded pitcously, "I would like to walk." "Then walk here."

Then walk here Sartain's only roply was to turn his face ito the rough bed and sob. "No soldier would do that," gruffly spoke 'I am weak only in this, sir," the young

man answered. "But there will be no more "Good."

"I will forget her." "Don't. She has not forgotten you." "Do you know anything that you have not

marted to me, Colonel Galtcamp?" Sartain inuited

"Nothing, sir." No other word was spoken. The younget efficer was stretched out on the cot and the older one paced the ground in silence. For a long time there was no sound. Then a crunch of a heavy foot in the snow outside took the commander to the Eap of the tent. The guard had challenged the newcomer, who made the responses. An instant later who made the responses. An instant late a soldier was in Colonel Gaitcamp's pres

"An unknown man with a message, who desires to get into the lines, sir." 'What is his message?

The soldier saluted and stood in rigid

'Send the man to me, with a guard." The soldier was gone. Sartain was lying a the cot, showing no sign of conscious-Colonel Galicamp stepped to his side and looked into the youth's face. The lef-tenant was fast asleep.

'The rest will be good for him," thought he commander. Again the guard without spoke out a

sharp challenge. In a moment a soldier followed a fur-clad trapper's man into the tent.

"You are not Leftenant Sartain, sir," the stranger said, saluting.

"I am his commanding officer, Colone! Galtenmp. What is your message?" "It is for Leftenant Sartain. sir." "But I am his superior and demand to

mow. "You are not my superior, sir." "Is the word from little Elizabeth ""

Colonel Gaitcamp's tones were softer now out one of his words had magic in it for the cars of the sleeping man on the cot behind. Leftenant Sartain opened his eyes.

"The word is from Miss Elizabeth," the man said "Then deliver it to me. I am Leftenant Sartain's friend and superior officer. Yo are speaking to him when you speak to me. You Sartain restrained bimself. He wanted o rush upon the trapper and tear his words from him, but a better judgment prevailed. "Miss Elizabeth sends word to Leftenant

Sartain that she will come with two of her father's men as a visitor to camp if Leftenant Sartain can get the commander's per mission. She also sends her proture and the good news that she is well. She has longed for a message from the leftenant ince she sent her locket to him, nearly one moon ago. "A locket-how?" Colonel Gaitcamp

whispered, huskily.

"I don't know, sir, although my memory tells me she rambled on something about giving it to one of the young leftenant's friends."

## Current Literature

NOT THE OUT OF THE THE THE THE THE THE THE THE The leading story of the New Bohemian for August is called "Two in a Garden," and is from the pen of Leonora Beck. It is a striking story of the weakness of human nature and the strength of human love. R. G. Robinson tells. In a semi-humorous vein, of "The Backsliding of a Backwoods Christian," and Incidentally gives some clever portrayats of eracker life and char-

acter in South Florela. The Book Buyer for August contains among other attractions, a full-page por trait of the faurous dramatic critic, William Winter, accompanied with a brief sketch of his career.

A paper that will attract considerable at tention on this side of the Atlantic is General Francia Walker's contribution, "The Monetary Question in the United States," appearing in the current issue of the National Review.

A surprising feature in the August number of The Humanitarian is Andrew Reid's paper, "The Curse of Cobdenism," which, coming fr. an English source, is a remarkably powerful arraignment of il British free trade doctrine. Mr. Reid b lieves the great phenomena of national economy are about to be examined in a new manner, and predicts that if the United States were to offer a colossal demonstra-tion of protection by a total prohibition of imports and exports she would soon con

vert Great Britain and the nationa to new science of economy NEW BOOKS.

"A Blatory of Greek Art." by F. B. Tarbell, is a delightful study of the ancient carvings and architecture of Greece and is imensely enhanced by an accompaniment of early 200 photogravures copied from the lainal works. While confining himself to e historical method of treatment the author presents the chiracteristic speci-mens of the finest Greek work that has seen presserved to us. An entire chapter is devoted to art in Expt and Mesopotamia, and another to prehistoric art in Greece, thus tracing it to what is the very dawn ts existence. Flood & Vincent, Mead

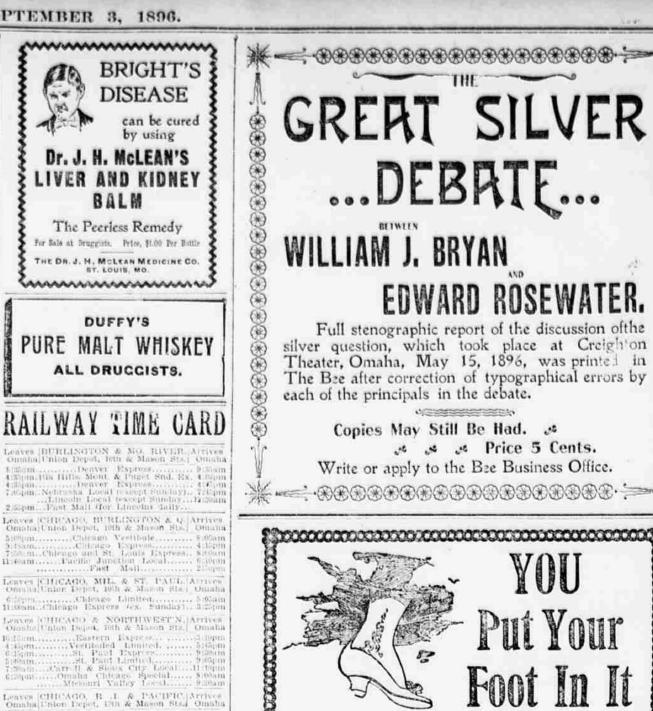
ville, Pa "An Introduction to the Study of Ameri-

can Literature" by Prof. Brander Matthews h a work admirably designed to guide, to upplement and to stimulate the reading of American authors, and is hence just what is wanted for a text-book of literature in the school room. The plan of the book is strik-ingly original, for most of the space is devoted to comprehensive little biographies of the fifteen greatest and most representative American writers. The work is rounded however, by four general chapters which take up other prominent authors and discuss the history and condition of our literature as a whole; and there is at the end of the book a complete chronology the best American literature from the begin ning down to 1896. At the end of each chap-ter are reading references and a few sug-

gestive questions for school use. American Book Company, Chicago, "French Traits" is an essay in compara-tive criticism by W. C. Brownell in the

Chautauqua Reading Circle Literature series. In "The Social Instinct" Mr. Brownell shows that it is the social in-stinct of the French people which makes us differ from them as individuals, in that they have little personal life and count manners more than character. told the truth about the French character when he said: "There are no questions but social questions.") In the chapter on 'Morality" Mr. Brownell contends the French have a high standard of morality, differing, however, fundamentally, from our own. It is as systematic as ours. Further on in the volume Mr. Brownell dis-cusses "Intelligence," a very excellent paper; "Sense and Sentiment," "Manners," "Women," "The Art Instinct," "The Pro-vincial Spirit" and "Democracy," with a delightful bit of sketching entitled, "New York After Paris." The book will be found full of stimulus and wit and wisdom in proper proportions. No more attractive volume of essays has appeared in recent

years. Flood & Vincent, Meadville, Pa, "The Growth of the French Nation" is a valuable contribution to the Chautauqua Reading Circle literature series, by Prof George Buston Adams of Valo unit There are few really interesting general his forles of France, while there are several intensely interesting histories of separate periods in French history, some of them recent, as Breck Perkins' valuable work on the regency and the period of Richelieu and



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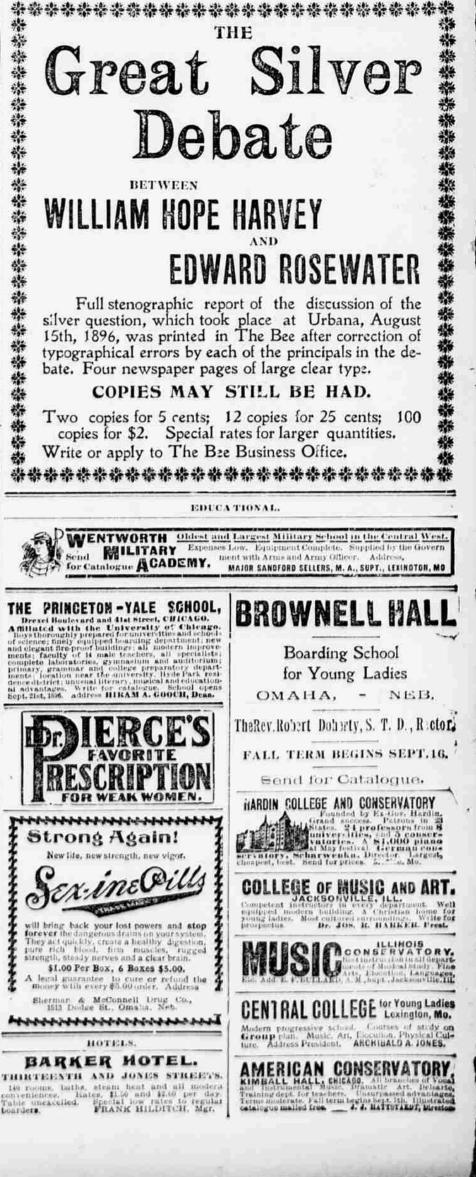
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rather cheerily. There was no answer. The young man who was closing the door looked over in the direction of his brother officer. "Hullo, I said." he repeated. This time his tone was not pleasant. He looked darkly from his gray, steady eyes. "How are you, Merrick?" Sartain re-turned at length. "Wom're merity sour today for a man who's

"You're pretty sour today for a man who's

going to shake us," Leftenant Merrick re-sponded, with a sort of leer at his companion Who told you of my leave, sir?" Sartain

demanded, rising.

demanded, rising. "I heard it over at the quarters, if it's any good to you to know. It's well known." "D-n meddlers!" Sartain muttered, turn-

ing on his heel. Merrick did not hear clearly. He knew that Sartain has said something that was

not conventional. "Repeat that," he demanded.

"It's of no consequence, Merrick," Sar-tain returned. "Very well, sir, as you like, but I for

one am glad that no friend of mine is going on your junket."

"What do you mean, sir?" "You're running off to get married?" "I'm to be married tomorrow to Miss

Gerster.

'The old trader's girl, I presume?"

"Trader Gerster's only daughter, if you please.

"Humph!" Merrick ejaculated. Sartain was at his side in an instant "What do you mean by such a slighting suggestion. Leftenant Merrick?" he ex-claimed, in a voice that filled the little

room and echoed back and forth within it. "Mean!" Merrick retorted, "I mean only the common talk of the post and the village. You are wise in marrying a rich man's child and he is glad of a good riddance.

That's what Idid not finish the sentence when Sar tain's hand was at his throat.

"Take it back-every word, or I'll-" The door flew open and a soldier rushed

saluting. A bugle call rang through the crisp, wintry air. Both circumstances caused Sartain to loosen his grasp upon Merrick's throat and the two men glared at each other

'What is it?" Sartain exclaimed to the soldier.

"An alarm, sir. I don't know what it all means, but it's to quarters." The orderly rushed from the room

Sartain followed, but a curse from Merrick stopped him.

'You have insulted me, leftenant," he said, "and now you are running away." "I'm going to my duty." Sartain re-sponded. "My country first, my sweet-

heart next, and then, demme, you, sir, 'It will be sooner than you think," Mer rick muttered as Sartain closed the door. The dishevelied officer readjusted his neck dress and leisurely prepared to respond to the alarm. There was a clatter of horses' hoofs upon the frozen ground without, a blare of bugles and the rattling of drums Merrick looked out of the window. was hurrying across the snow toward the horses and the men were going in little flocks toward quarters. While Merrick looked he saw another figure far to the left. He wondered what a woman could be doing on the reservation at that moment. He forgot the importance of the occasion as he watched her, tripping hurriedly along the path that led through the bit of woods to the settlement.

he thought. "I know of no Funny."

"Funny," he thought. "I know of no woman like that hereabouts." Merrick started for the outer door. He dreaded these alarms and somehow he dreaded this one more than commonly for it meant a fight by the side of a man he did not like. He stood for a moment within the door, irresolute. Then he threw it open. Institutively, he jerked his hat from his head and howed. A woman—a young and head and bowed. A woman-a young and beautiful woman with golden locks astray and her cheeks aglow with the wintry tingle

stood on the step. "Has Leftenant Sariain gone out, I beg she murmured.

Merrick's expression changed. "I do not know Loftenant Sartain." the officer added. "Aro you not mistaken in the name?" "Mistaken! When I am to marry with him tomorrow! Indeed not, air." Lefterant Merrick could not he grain. He

Lefterant Merrick could not lie sgain. He

inspired by an intoxicant. Another voice much lower, broke into the other's some "Whose name was-?" The what excited speech. It was an unusual thing-this late confusion in a camp that needed rest, and Colonel Gaitcamp went slowly, even curiously, forward. When ten

feet away from the tent in which the noisy soldier was talking with the quieter one the officer stopped. "I'll show it to him, trust me for that, eftenant," the drunken man said. With hat he staggered out and turned about the

corner of the tent. "Who goes there?" called Colonel Gait camp. In the faltering glow of the dying fire the officer thought that he recognized at insubordinate private, Mulligan by name, a worthless recruit who gave more trouble

than his services, in ordinary times, were worth. There was no answer to the colonel's

summons. He hurried forward and threw up the flap of the tent to catch the owner of the quieter voice. The place was empty. "An odd circumstance." Colonel Gaitcamp murmured. "It is worth remembering." Slowly the officer walked to the end of the line, turning back again for his own quarters. He passed the tent of the mysterious con-versation, noted its location, looked about it carefully and went on. He reached the

spot where he had said goodnight to Sartain. He thought of the young fellow's deferred marriage, of his gallantry at the front, of

marriage, of his galantity at the front, of his loyality in the face of disappointment, and lastly he thought of the fair Elizabeth. He dreamed again of his own youth and mur-mured over the name of a woman who had long passed out of his life forever. Sartain should have his leave when opportunity

the shadow of the enemy. His thoughts were away from the secies about him-even the incident of the tented conversation had

men forgotten. "Who goes there?" called out a dark figure in front.

Colonel Gaitcamp gave the responses and spoke to the sentry. "Is it you, sir? I am glad."

"Your nerves are not on edge this black ght. Perkins?" Colonel Gaitcamp denight, manded.

"Indeed, yes," the soldier responded. 'Rattling leaves affright me. I do believe.' "Few leaves hereabout in the snow, Perkins. It must be in your mind." Perkins stopped. His brow contracted "It sounded like someone in dry leaves-" "Or dry snow?" the colonel added. Perkins looked about nervously and nod

Colonel Gaitcamp passed on. As he turned to his own tent he again heard the familiar drunken voice. It seemed about three rods to the right. The officer quickened his steps. In another instant a voice rang clear above the gentler noises of the camp.

the gentler noises of the camp. "You lie, you hound! Every word is a lie!" It was Sartain's voice. "Yer an officer, leftenant," the drunken voice responded. "An' I'm Mulligan, with nary man t' youch fer me honesty. But it is I say-little 'Lizboth give it t' me." The sound of rushing feet did net drown the groan that escaped Sartain's lips, nor did force commands destroy the clear voice the groan that escaped sartains tips, nor did fierce commands destroy the clear voice of the leftenant as he called upon his God to support him. There was no other word. The only sound that came from the two men was a short, dull report. The young leftenant's great fist had shot out and when Colonel Gaitcamp reached his protege's side. Mulligan the drunkard law deed at Sar-

Mulligan, the drunkard, lay dead at Sar-tain's feet, his neck broken. In his hand he held a tiny locket, whose long, slender

chain marked a fine line in the snow

PART III. MY SOLDIER!" ELIZABETH MURMURED Colonel Gaitcamp did not order Leftenant Sartain under arrest. He took the young officer with him to his tent. Sartain walked as a man in a dream, the chain of Elizabeth's locket caught to one of his fingers, whill the bauble itself dragged in the snow, H He fell on a cot in the superior officer's quartera

and there he moaned like a hurt child. "Come, sir!" Colonel Gaitcamp com-manded, "be a man, sir, and speak to me." "Betrayed!" shouted Sartain, sitting up

trapper's brows knitted. "I don't remember, sir." 'Was it Herrick?' "No, sir It was-it was Merrick." "Bear a message to Miss Elizabeth Gerster that the commander bids her welcome to Mazariu.

our camp for one day. Eay to her that ve shall soon return to our post." Colonel Gaitcamp turned to look at Sartain. The leftenant had closed his eyes again, fearful lest his commander should know of his sudden knowledge of the truth. "It is well that he sleeps." murmured the officer. "Murder would follow such a mes sage as that."

In the broad glare of a sunlit winter day two strong men half carried a frail, lithe girl into the friendly camp of American The men gave rousing oldiers. cheers and Sartain grasped the golden-haired Eliza-both and held her close, while tears rained down his stern features. Colonel Galt mp looked at the two and walked away, "Send Leftenant Merrick to my quarters," he commanded an orderly. When he strode away, Sartain, and Elizabeth walked between the tents, his arm about the slenter, coated waist and her hand on the piece

of white muslin that marked a sword thrust n her lover's wrist. "You are earning your spurs for me, my soldier!" she murmured. "So long have I

waited, and so wearily, for your coming-or your message. Sartin did not respond. Little Elizabeth

looked up into his face. "You are quiet for one so blessed as you. offered, thought the warrior. His devotion to two causes was of the unswerving kind that deserved recognition. Thus did Colonel Your Elizabeth and your glory have come Galicamp allow his mind to wander free while he walked along that night path in Sartain was about to force a reply as he pressed the girl closer to his side, but his words were checked by the appearance of

Lieutenant Merrick from behind the first tent ahead. "Oh, it is you!" cried Elizabeth, running forward, "the leftenant who brought my locket to my soldier for me."

'Elizabeth!" Sartsin's voice rang hard and clear. The girl stopped and looked, affrighted, about

Merrick lifted his hat "You are mistaken, madame, neither you nor your locket." Sartain grasped his sword, while with his wounded left arm he drew Elizabeth to his

Draw, sir!" "But the woman-"

"Draw, sir!"

Sartain moved quickly upon his brother officer. Merrick, forced to the side of the snow path, drew his sword and took position. Sartain, holding the trembling girl to his side, pushed forward like a giant. He caught Merrick's sword near the hilt and nearly disarmed him. There was a thrust, a parry, a thrust. Merrick was on the defensive. Sartain never for an instant re-leased the precious charge at his side, but carried her with him as lightly as he carried the glittering steel in his right The battle lasted but a moment. Merrick was on bad ground. His sword flew up and Sartain's point went into his heart.

'For you, Elizabeth !" Sartain exclaimed, when Merrick fell upon the snow. 'My soldier!" Elizabeth murmared.

Gene Field's Daughter.

Miss Mary French Field is the gifted daughter of the late Eugene Field. Miss Field is the eldest of the children of the deceased poet, and a sincere student and admirer of her father's writings. It is Miss Field's purpose to pay tribute to the work of her lamented father by appearing on the platform during the coming season, reading the poems that her father's genius has given to an admiring world. Miss Field has given to an admiring world. Analy plot has a fine figure, is tall and shapely, with a wealth of blonde hair, and a happy, engag-ing manner. This bright young woman is sure to meet with approbation. Everybody sure to meet with approbation. Everybody will want to see her and hear her for her father's sake, and again for her own.

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Prof. Adams has written the best general history extant, better than Victor Duruy's excellent book and more satisfactory to English readers. He very carefully and interestingly describes the growth of the Rench nation out of the rulns of the old Roman Empire and shows that the Celtic

influence over the nation was shift the Certic influence over the nation was slight, as the Celtic language and literature disappeared in the mixture of the subsequent races. The influence of the German conquest in the fifth century and notably of the Frank conquest, which introduced to the world the beginnings of the French nation, is well detailed. The traditional history of France begins with Louis VI., the first of the Cape tians, and thence the steps toward absolutism were distinctly marked, the importance of the monarchy increasing with the reign of Louis XI., when France began to be a European power, so strengly to be felt under Henry IV. Louis XIII, and Louis XIV. The preacnt history is brought up to the present time and throughout is interesting and admirably adapted to the use of students. Flood & Vincent, Meadville, Pa. "White Jacket; or Life in a Man-Of-War" is by many considered to be Herman

Mellville's best book. His pictures of life in the forecastle, and his description of what takes place in the various sections of

a man-of-war are not only instructive, but are as captivating as they are true. As one would expect, withal the discipline and essential routine of zervice, the book teems with startling incidents and accidents, built over with fun, and presents facts for philosophers, "pointers" for ethnologists, and faseluating reading for everybody. American Publishers' Corporation, New York, Readers of Eleanor Merron's "As the Wind Blows," will not fail to be impressed with the account it gives of the lives of several young women of exemplary character, also that of others of the reverse. The male characters of the book, and there are sevral, are alike conspicuous for their vicissitudinous experiences, and it is both inter-esting and educating to watch them closely. The lesson it teaches is that while we can-not always have things to please us, "it's

an ill wind that blows no one any good," also that if, indeed, everything is not for the best, it certainly is not for the worst. The book is suggestive and thought-inspir-ing and the interest of the story is powerful American Publishers' Corporaand strong. tion, New York

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