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The Holly-Sprig Spoon. The Singular Loss and Recovery of a Precious Heirloom. By Edwin C. Martin.

(Copyright, 1987, by the S. S. McClure Co.) , and raised his instrument for the master Winter, when it fell at Osceola, fell with stroke through the flank. The guests dipped forward a little farther. The knife de-scended, pierced-then stopped abruptly. amplitude. If you stood on the upper bridge-a high, open bridge-you saw the Wampler's face grew red like a burn. Mrs. Wampler's grew red, too, out of sympathy. canal stretching far up and down, a level trench of snow, its whiteness emphasized "You must have struck a tough turkey, mother," he said. here and there by a patch of brown earth "It's a young turkey," protosted Mrs. Wampler, "and it seemed very tender when I was dressing it."

showing from some underwash in the banks. Wampler, Southward, at the center of the town, a file of low-decked boats lay soldered to Wampler. their wharves by snow-covered ice. In the

near fields to the north the white ridges Mrs. Wampler. piked with last year's cornstalks, suggested to boys and dogs rich possibilities in rabbits. The like possibilities, though in lesser bits. The like possibilities, though in lesser degree, were suggested by the poarer com-mon, thickly bestrewn as its white surface was with black-flanked logs, lying there each under its long, narrow napkin of snow until the iron-toothed gourmand, whom one could hear wheezing at his feast from over on the river bank, should be ready to have the means to him, and the rows of foot could hear wheezing at his feast from over on the river bank, should be ready to have them served to him, and the rows of foot tracks, juvenile and canine, running all

Bours after school, cleared of snow the scant ways they traversed. In one corner of this mail pond on the morrow, if the morrow chanced to be a Sunday, in a pool relieved of ice for the occasion and hedged about by a throng of spectators, they would bap-tize the latest converts of the winter re-vivals. ... wivals. Hither and thither, about and all through

the town, wound the deep-trodden fost paths, so narrow that when two people met one must needs step out into the full depth of must needs step out into the full depth of the snow, for no provision of ordinance or custom exacted of householders any contri-bution in this sort to the public convenience. and except in small patches at gateways and before the doors of stores the snow was left lying until sun and travel dissolved it. And since in Osceola the rubber boot was as yet unknown and the rubber shoe was dis-dained of men as a wear beneath their man-hood, one rarely failed to find in the houses dained of men aw a word bind in the houses hood, one rarely failed to find in the houses and the stores a man sitting with his feet flattened against the hot stove, sizzling off

the snow taps from his boot heels. In milder seasons the prevailing form of social entertainment was evening teas, but social entertainment was evening teas, out now there was apt to be a round of rather stately dinner parties. The ladies came in carefully treasured black slik gowns, of the richest and stiffest material, with wide col-lars of white lace and lace-edged white there only white social lawn under sleeves. The men wore coats of black broadcloth, no less carefully kept and no less excellent in quality, and high, stiff collars, swathed in black silk or satin neckerchiefs. The dinner, cooked mainly by the hostess' own hand, was served in two courses, but out of its abundance might easily have furnished forth twelve or fifteen, of the daintiness which courses acquire when they are made a particular point of. Turkey

were seated conversation rather lagged. First there fell a sharp, expectant slience until the minister, if present, as he usually was, had invoked a blessing. Then as the convinced of their honesty; and if they of-fered no explanation, it was simply be-cause they had none to give; the appear-ance of the spoon in their house was as inexplicable to them as to others. He would not say that they had always borne themeelves as frankly and forgivingly as Christians should; but there had been, he fifterence that had grown up had been a great grief to him. As a pastor and as a friend he heal employed all of his persua-tions to heal it. He believed that in time it would only intensify and deepen and the day of its removal be put farther off. There was moleture in his eyes and a half seb in his voice as he concluded with "Lei

Wampler's face grew red like a burn, Mrs. Wampler's grew red, too, out of sympathy. "You must have struck a tough turkey," protosted Mrs mother," ho said. "It's a young turkey," protosted Mrs wampler, "and it seemed vory tender when I was dressing it." "Then you didn't cook it enough," urged Wampler. "I had it in the oven four hours," said Urs. Wampler,

to keep the congregation in harmony. The other ladies averted that, if your oven was right, four hours was long enough. By pushing and sawing like an amateur with a dull blade. Wampler finally cut

could hear wheezing at his feast from over on the river bank, should be ready to have them served to him, and the rows of foot tracka, juvenile and canine, running all about, binted of efforts to realize on some euch possibilities here. A wider, whiter common on the east, with the clumps of white houses, smoking chimneys and black cowsheds on its edge, and the steel blue sky drooping down beyond, was a very picture of the season. Over a large mill pond on the west glided the skaters, boys and girls, who had themselves, with shovel mul prond on the morrow, if the morrow ways they traversed. In one corner of this mill pond on the morrow, if the morrow chanced to be a Sunday, in a pool relieved of ice for the occasion and hedged about



they are made a particular point of. Turkey and oysters, four or five vegetables, a like number of cooked fruits, pickles sour and pickles sweet, coffee and hot rolls, with a densert of two kinds of ple, a rich preserve served in cream, and a cake that was thu chef d'oeuvre of the feast-these were the guest was expected not to elect between them, but to eat somewhat of all. The company came to table for these din-ners with a certain hesitation and awkread crumbs for your stuffing," drew forth | the congregation fiercely urging the session on, the poor minister would gladly have yielded up his charge and fled away. Bu this, it seemed to him, would be moral weak ness, a clear violation of his duty to the larger fraction who devoutly besought him to stay. So he refused to comply with the session's request. Appeals followed to higher

bodies, and a tedious, complex exhausting contest, ending in defeat for the opposing

ners with a certain hesitation and awk-wardness, and for a little while after they were seated conversation rather lagged. First there fell a sharp, expectant silence "I remember the design and it's not like the church in a body and organized a new will be church in a body and organized a new society. And this is the origin of what is since "It must be yours," said Mrs, wampler, "I remember the design, and it's not like any of mine. I never saw it, unless at your house, until this moment, and the turkey is descent and the turkey is turkey is the tur and put into the rugg prosper only after Rev.

only for a minute, and the spoon such an onhandy shape. But, somehow, satan let me succeed—as he always lets us. if only we try hard enough—and little I thought of all the trouble it would make! But, may-

be, it's done some good, too. On account of it, we might say, there's two churches now where there was only one before. So, per-haps, it'll be somewise forgiven me The ice in the mill pond was thicker last winter than it had been for years, but it cracked again under the weight of the crowd

that gathered next Sunday to see Gypsy Ann baptized.

HISTORIC ST. JOHN'S.

Old Church Wherein Patrick Henry's Famous Speech Was Made."

Old St. John's church in Richmond, Va., where Patrick Henry stirred the world with his eloquence, still stands today. Stirring and inspiring were the times the building saw, recounts the Brooklyn Eagle, and many a phrase rang out within its walls that will exist through all the country's history. But no orator holds a higher place in the hearts of Americans than that wonderful one which made the tory tremble and the patriot's blood move faster-"Give me liberty or give

Patrick Henry had won his laurels in his fight against the clergy in 1763, when, as a youth he won a case that immediately stamped him as a genius. Then, in the house of burgenses, to which he had been elected on the strength of his victory in the parsons on the strength of his victory in the parsons cause, the young orator again electrified his hearers with his power of debate. He was elected to the house about two years after, and just at a time when the coionies were up in arms against the passage of the stamp act. While the house was in consternation over the passage of the obnoxious law there over the passage of the obnoxious law there seemed to be no particular disposition to oppose it until the young patriot appeared and convinced the younger memoers of the danger to their liberties in submission to the measure. He wrote out a set of resolutions against the act arguing that it was against the magna charter for freedom to be taxed save by their own consent, and that conseutently the act of Parliament was void. It was during this debate, described by an old writer as a most bloody one, that Pat-rick Henry startled the house and really began the strife which ended in the birth of the nation by his famous exclamation: "Caesar had his Brutus, Charles I his Cromwell and George III ----." "Treason!" roared the horrified speaker of the house "Treason! Treason!" came from all sides. But the orator never paused. Lifting himself to his full height and fixing the chair-man with his piercing eyes, he added, with meaning emphasis: "----may profit by their example! If this be treason, make the most

The resolutions were carried and the re-ports of the debates and their result spread throughout the colonies. Massachusetts catching the contagious fever of patriotism was the first to break out in public disturbances, and sons of liberty organizations started up throughout all America. The act was repeated, but the English king soor began again his persecutions through Par lament and orce more Virginia was among the leaders in opposition.

Having won so remarkable a battle over such able and venerable leaders as were in the assembly of his colony, Patrick Henry naturally became the first among Vir ginians. Troops had been sent to Boston where open rebellion had broken out, and commerce with the colonies had ceased. This was in 1774 and companies of patriots were

It was on March 20, 1775, that the mem orable convention met in St. John's church, Richmond, Va., when the great speech of Patrick Henry thundered from its pulpit and rang throughout the world with its call to arms. The continental congress had been called, its protest to the king had been forwarded, Massachusetts' open proposition had een commended and the Virginia delegates Patrick Henry foremost among them, returned. The congress had demanded rep resentation, or at least home government and had devised a plan which was submitted to the crown. The convention in Virginia knew nothing of the extreme course taken by Parliament and had only heard of a gracious reception of the petition of the con inental congress by the king. Consequently heir first motion was one hopeful of urn to "those haleyon days when we lived s free and happy people." Patrick Henr ould see no hope of this and only saw th Patrick Henry mmediate necessity of arming for the strife which he knew to be inevitable. He nce offered as an amendment a resolution idvising the formation of a militia for the protection of the colonies. It was in defense

Next Sunday The Bee will issue a profusely illustrated Bicycle Edition, with a complete forecast of the great bicycle show, to be given in the building at the southwest corner of 15th and Howard. The edition will contain a number of pages devoted solely to bicycle news and will be very interesting to wheel people. Orders for extra copies should be handed in to the counting room as early as possible. The edition will be especially attractive to advertisers, who will be accommodated with space if orders are received before Saturday noon. Telephone 238 and one of our advertising men will call.

THE OMAHA DAILY BEE: SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 27, 1897.

Megeath's.

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her own or of her husband. It is of highly and a longer effort, but he has only emotional order and of course rewards the good in the end and does not forget to pun-without assertive and analytic strength ceeded in producing an interesting tale-not ish those who have been wicked. American Publishers' corporation, New York. American Publishers' corporation, New York.

Two splendid color plates, "A Bunch of Roadside," the latter after the water color painting by Clara Goodycar, are given free

host took carving knife and fork in hand [] dr and rose from his chair with a certain con- own hand." fidence, every eye and all attention fixed Even with the precious spoon restored to charge. He is a natural pulpit orator, a intentity on him, and remained so fixed while her possession, and her ownership of it thus with a single sturdy stab he planted the fully acknowledged by Mrs. Wampler, Mrs. He began by prefacing his serfork immovably astride the knob of the Gears did not wholly recover herself. Un-mons with familiar talk of the turkey and with his keen til the company broke up her manner rebreastbone of the turkey and with his keen the the company broke up her mannet to topics, and every three months knife defty unjointed wings and legs, cut away the white breast meat in thin, wide look rather hard and suspicious. The other slices, and by a bold stroke through the bones and tissue of either flank and a nice, guick turn on the handle of the fork, trturn on the handle of the fork, trumphantly cleared away the breastbone and exposed to appetizing view a steaming, odoriferous mound of gray stuffing. With this the company drew an audible breath and when a mid-air acrobat concludes his feat thout breaking his neck; and shortly the talk began to show something like fluency. But until the carving was well achieved, beyond a staple compliment or two to the carver-usually tipped with jest to save it from any suspicion of sentiment or fulsome ness-and perhaps a query to the hostess regarding her method of dressing and cook-



ing turkeys, little or nothing was said. It was almost a violence on custom, there-fore-occasioning subsequently under this aspect surmises of a prompting scarcely less than fiendish or providential-when at a dinner given by Mrs. Hamlin Wampler, Mrs. Luther Gears began, in the very height of the carving, to tell quite a story of the loss of a spoon. She told it in a plaintive, marof a spoon. Encode the second second

ing-one of her holly-sprig spoons. Nobody attended much, for Wampler was really doing a very neal job. None of the men of the circle were bad carvers, and they would have deemed it a shame beyond words to have been; but Wampler had rather the to have been; but Wampler had rather the deftest and surest hand of them all. In rivalry with him Mrs. Gears was but a begging performer. At the conclusion of her recital two or three women murmurod a per-functory "that was too bad," and Dr. Dud-ley asked in his blunt way, "What is a holly sprig speen?" But he gave no outward sign of listening to Mrs. Gears' explanation that holly-surig was the design, and that the that holly-sprig was the design, and that the loss was especially grievous, because it occasloned the first break in a set given her at her marriage by her mother, who had brought it at an early day out from New Jersey, sewn up for safety in her petticoat, a gift to her up for safety in her petitional, a gift to her ston, and some plain speaking and strong Gears' grandmother, and to the latter previ-ously at her marriage from her mother, Mrs. Gears' great-grandmother, for whem it had been expressly made by a London sliversmith; and some plain speaking and strong teiling. At the vote the lay members di-vided evenly, and it devolved on the pas-vided evenly, and it devolved on the pas-tor, Rev. Cornelius Holt, to decide. He was a man of rare humility, but of a ready

make a joke or two upon it, then dropped it from the talk and were studious not to recur to it. One and all departed, however, with it still sufficiently in mind, and more than made themselves amends ultimately for any self-denial they may have suffered regarding it in the presence of their host and hostess. soon the whole town knew the Thus very soon the whole town knew the story, and Mrs. Gears' hollysprig spoon became celebrated.

came celebrated. Never did a dinner party leave the giv-ers of it with heavier spirits than theirs left Mr. and Mrs. Wampler, Wampler would Mr. and Mrs. Wampler, Wampler would it he New church. Poor Mr. Holt, after the New church began to come up so conspicuously, suf-fered a certain decline in the regard of members were have been not a little disturbed simply at a misadventure in his carving, and Mrs.

Wampler at one in her cocking. But to these occasions of discomfort the affair of hollysprig spoon added, or at least seemed to them to add, the possibility of putting in question their honesty; and the schee of this moved them finally to find of-fense in the behavior of Mrs. Gears. The more they thought it over-and the habit of people in Osceola was to think over things people in Oscella was to think over things a good deal-the more offense they found; so that the feeling of both soon came to be as expressed by Mrs. Wampler: "She might as well have said I stole her spoon in so many words.

point of fact, no such thought had at that time entered Mrs. Gears' mind. For ten days she had fretted continually, suffering in her appetite and in her sleep, over the loss the take, and but a slight moisture under foot deters the ablest-bodied men from go-ing abroad without their rubber shoes. Even the revivals are not what they her appetite and in her sleep, over the loss of the spoon, and the consequent break in the set. When the spoon reappeared so strangely, the sight of it threw her into a kind of frenzy, and she felt that she must clap hands on it at once or it would dis-appear again. And when she got it in her hand here feeling was as if some cruel prank appear again. And when she got it in her hands her feeling was as if some cruel prank had been played on her and she must look sharp or it would be repeated. How the speen came to be where it was found, which was the question of first interest to the rest of the company, did not occur to her until later; and when it did occur it at first later; and when it did occur it at inst started, no doubt, in her of the honesty of the Wamplers. But the crazy, dull sense of having somehow been victimized continued to harry her, and for that she began imerceptibly to hold the Wamplers answer-

Under a fortnight's pricking by these fantastic grievances, the next time Mra. Gears and Mr. and Mrs. Wampler met, they tarely knew each other; and the next time after that, they knew each other not at all. Then it became impossible to invite them to Then it became impossible to invite them to the same companies, and through the circle of their common acquisitiance there began to steal, like a line of spilt oil across a floor, a separation out of sympathy. By the time the separation became fully defined, Mrs. Gears' umbrage at the Wamplers had never to positive strongly. She did not scruple to think, and to freely say: "We have no direct proof; but it's very singular that the spoon should have been found in their possession; and they've never offered

any explanation." The Wamplers, too, had by this time taken an open stand. On all convenient occasions, and on some not convenient, they declared and on some not convenient, they declared hat they preferred not to have the friend-hip of people who thought them capable if stealing a spoon. Thus the difference grew into an open

feud. Finally it was carried into the church. A document was laid before the session, urging it to summon Mr. and Mrs. Wambiging it to automote all, and alles wath-pler to an explanation. Their conduct, the document set forth, in thus far refusing an explanation, was neither brotherly nor Christian; it savored, if not of guilt, at least were allke excited; and at the next meeting of self-righteousness and pride; and in either case they were amenable to the session. There was prolonged argument in the sesthe church.

sion, and some plain speaking and strong feeling. At the vote the lay members di-vided evenly, and it devolved on the pasbeen expressly made by a London silveramith; the only set of its design ever seen or heard of. At the words "grandmother" and great-grandmother." the doctor's head nodded slightly, but his eye, like all other eyes at the table, even Mrs. Gears', was on Wam-pler's knife. Wampler shaved away the last bit of breast,

Mr. Holliwell tool egan by prefacing his with familiar talk on cur months new church congregation is much the larg-est and wealthicat in the town. Then An-drew Jarboe, a rich old bachelor farmer, died and left the church \$10,000, and that was a great help to it. In life Andrew had not been a notable supporter of churches, but Mr. Holt had once rebuked him sharply for failing to supply a due weight of butter, and it is supposed that this had something to with determining his surprising bequest t the New church

his congregation. The members were still free in expressions of devotion to him; but it became evident that in their feelings they had a little cooled, and Mr. Holt finally sought another charge. And his departure is not the least im-portant item in a general change which has now made Osceola into a wholly dif-ferent town from what it was at the time when Hamlin Wampler disinterred Mrs. Luther Gears' holly-sprig spoon from the turkey stuffing. Winter at its visita tions is still profuse; but the householder and shopkeeper now sweep and shovel the snow from their walks down almost to the last flake, and but a slight moisture unde

comes the best known reprobates of the town are brought under tumultuous convic-tion. But when come the spring thaws. little by little their new virtue relaxes, and as the year advances and all nature grows jocund and voluptuous, they slip back, for the most part, into their old wild ways. Thus one winter opens with no less occasion than another for a stentorian evangelist. Last winter, however, among the converts of this hardened type appeared one noted character who had never been brought to the peni tent's posture before, for however brief a season.

This was a woman known as Gypsy Ann a keen-eyed, disheveled, shrill-voiced, half-mad creature, held, as her name betokened in a certain suspicion and fear, and often a word in the mouths of inert mothers to intimidate willful children. She dwelt alone in a remote, ramshackle cabin, living mainly on charity, but earning a little money now and then by helping in the rough work of the kitchens. She had always some special patrons. They changed, however, from time to time, for in her moods she was apt to quartel with her benefactors. Among the most devoted of them had once been Mrs. Wampler and Mrs. Gears; but on some fancied provocation both were abruptly dis-missed from her regard, as a number of others had been dismissed, and neither had had aught to do with her now for many years. Of all her dislikes the bitterest hitherto had been of the churches. At the name of any particularly honored member, her wont was to cry out, with a wild gesture: "My hand's a fily beside his black heart." When, therefore, word went abroad that Gypsy Ann had presented herself at the the swift runners after sensations thronged

The object and hope of these intruders were of the vaguest, but the entertainment they sought they found. In the confidence that a new life had begun for her, Ann seized the occasion to renounce the past, item by item, in the presence of the con-

f this amendment that his thrilling peror tion was delivered. The church was crowded. In the opposi ion to the impassioned Henry was the elo-quent and charming speaker, Richard Henry see, who won by grace, while his opponen gained by strength. There were other giants n opposition, too, but Henry was triumph ant. He went over the whole field and re viewed the situation from every point, ye could see no end but war. And then, with framatic power and an intensity that car-ried all before him he ended his speech in

he following undying words: "There is no retreat but in submissio and slavery! Our chains are forged, their clanking may be heard on the plains of Boston! The war is inevitable-and let it come!! I repeat it, sir, let it come!!! It is in vain, sir, to extenuate the matter. Gentlemen may cry peace, yeace-but there is no peace. The war is actually begun. The next gale that sweeps from the north will bring to our ear the clash of resounding arms! Our brethren are already in the field! Why stand we here idle? What is it that the gentlemen wish? What would they have? Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, almighty God! I know not what course others may take, but as for me—" here Patrick Henry extended his arms aloft and with his face lighted up by the purpose of his soul, he cried: " 'Give me librty or give me death?' ' That peroration rank like a war cry and

today it is re-echoed in every land. The old church now overlooks Richmond from the hill and from its place it has seen the revoution successful. It has stood in the cen-er of the rebellion that tried to break asunthe bonds it saw forged a century and more ago, and still stands, visited by thou-sands of travelers. Having seen the birth of a nation it exists today when that nation has grown to be a power among the powers of the world.

The Senator's Striped Underwear.

A western senator, who has always been addicted to the habit of wearing striped underwear, had a narrow escape recently on that very account. The striped underwear worn by the distinguished senator, relates the Washington Post, looked for all the world like a prisoner's garb, but of course that aspect of the case did not suggest itself to the senator. While en route to Washington last month, after he had been re-elected for another six years, the fact came to him in a striking way. It was on a sleeping car at night. The car pliched and threw him ut of the lower berth onto the floor, clad The lurch of the car startled other folks.

too, and two women on the opposite side of the car from the senator stuck their heads out to see what the commotion was all about. When they saw the senator crawling under cover, in his striped garb, thinking he was an escaped convict, they screamed and pan-demonium reigned. The porter was summoned, whereupon the women commanded him to remove the "convict." It took all the "senatorial courtesy" the

senator could rake up to prove an allbi, and he was finally able to demonstrate who he was; but he has since abandoned the idea this, it proceeded quite prosaically, and would have yielded no particular relish to the curious, but that toward the end she disclosed—altorether incidentally and as a

painting by Clara Goodyear, are given free stduio have some excellent full-page copies paintings.

A fine portrait of Walt Whitman serves as faurier's successor on Punch, is very in-cresting, interspersed with sample pictures light-bodied animal, Maurier's successor on Punch, is very in-

W, S. Rainford writes of camping and hunting in the Shoshone; Frederick Wilson on the "Early Days of the Amer-ican Postoffice," and appears in the Youth's Companion of February 18. This is a start of the Shoshone in the Shoshone in the Shoshone in the Shoshone is a start of the Shoshone is companion of February 18. This is one of York. series of practical articles by Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, Speaker Thomas B. Reed, Secretary H. A. Herbert, and others, bert Spencer ends the great work of writing

a complete synthetic philosophy, which he began thirty-six years ago. The complete ppearing in the companion. Some very pertinent remarks are found in the opening paper of Gunton's Magazine set of the synthetic philosophy is printed in for February on "Practical Versus Meta-physical Economists," which is followed by ten volumes and is one of the greatest of lit erary achievements. The ten large volume represent the labors of a number of abla assistants, who alded in collecting the nec nother article in a similar vein on the "Deline of Cobdenism." Other topics treated n this number are: "Walker's Contribution essary data and in verifying the statement. " deconomics," "Indictment of Organized Charities," "American Standard of Living," The work is not exactly as planned and promised, but while some parts have been The Indianapolis Monetary Convention mitted this philosophical library has "The Convict Labor Problem," an 'Anglo-American Arbitration Treaty." and the made more complete in ways not promised and the author considers that the promis-The Expositor, a new magazine devoted to heology, begins its February number with

critical article on Dr. Watson's book, "The Mind of the Master." Among other papers are: "Christ's Attitude to His Own Death," "Christian Perfection," "Notes on Obscure Passages from the Prophets," "John's View f the Sabbath Rest," and the "Priest of enitence."

enitence." To the portrait and clipping collector the the third part on industrial institutions is February issue of Ev'ry Month will be especially attractive, as there are several prominent people pictured therein, whose pictures are seldom found in the public prints. Among the excellent half-tone porraits are those of Samuel Gompers, The Duchess, Robert Ingersoll and a new pic-ture of Maud Adams. Other exceedingly interesting things are a new song by Paul bresser, a lively two-step, and an appre-ciative article telling of the life and char-

acter of the late Joseph H. McCullagh. The current number of Cosmopolis opens with a story by Anthony Hope, entitled "The Necessary Resources." Walter Ral-eigh contributes a paper on "The Battle of the Books:" H. O. Arnold-Forster, M. P. discusses "The New French Naval Pro gram;" Helen Zimmern and Alberto Manz Manzi write on "Italian Literature of the Day; R. Nisbet Bain contributes a paper or "Maurus Jokal as a Novelist," and Henry Norman writes on British affairs under the caption "The Globe and the Island." Among the French and German contributors ar Anatole France, George Sand, Edouard Rod, Lou Andreas-Salome and Felix Poppenberg.

NEW BOOKS.

"A Manual for China Painters," by Mrs. N. Di R. Monachesi, is a most thorough and complete treatise adapted for china painters, containing practical directions for every step and offering such instruction and suggestion in the use of mineral colors as will enable amateurs to pursue this beautiful art by themselves. Abundant information is given in reference to materials, which ors, brushes, mediums, etc., and how t use them. Valuable suggestions are furnishe as to the requirements of decorative art, and useful hints follow on the correct designs for table ware. The author says, in her intro duction, the book contains such information as she sorely needed herself while learning to paint on china. Lee & Shepard, Boston

opinions upon all subjects. His brogue and songs have the genuine Irish ring. The Truth Seeker company, New York. "Nor Wife Nor Maid." by Mrs. Hungerford (The Duchess), whose death has recently been chronicled, depicts the sorrows that come to a gentle Englishwoman through no fault of

in Scribner's magazine. The men who "it is safe to presume that even the inquisiwith the February number of the Art Am-ateur. Wood carvers, pyrographers and china painters will find many valuable prac-tical designs in it, and the gallery and scribes the extinction of the buffalo. One the solemn faith with which the writer un-curious point he brings out, and that is the folds its mysteries and his sly remarks and folds its mysteries and his sly remarks change in the physical traits of the buffalo, quaint phrases contribute to give the book rontisplece to the February number of the Book Buyer, and a paper on Phil May, Du a fat, heavy animal with short legs it Brothers, New York. Megeath Harper & Brothers, New York. Megeath's, A great want will be filled when the fifteen years to a long-legged, animal, formed for running.

Werner company completes the new American supplement to the Encyclopedia Britannica, the first volume of which, including letters from A to B, has been issued and commends itself to the libraries of great and small readers everywhere. Its principal point of advance over the original Britannica edition With the giving to the public of his third olume of the "Principles of Sociology" Heris its inclusion of the blographies of emment living men, and its articles upon the new

branches of science which have arisen since he close of the Britannica. Such late scienlific subjects as Argon, the Roentgen rays, and kineto-photography are covered by cialists in those lines. The Werner company, Chicago.

GREAT VOICES OF CONGRESSMEN.

Many Representatives Possessed of Large Lung Power.

There is always some one member of the iouse who possesses a voice far superior in of the prospectus has been fully redeemed. The important part omitted was to have denth and volume to that of any of the other members, which in itself serves to treated of progress-linguistic, intellectual, moral, esthetic. But these topics were give the member possessing it a certain reputation. In the present house, says the too extensive and complex for an invalid of 76 to handle adequately. The first two parts of this volume, on ecan Washington Post, this voice is possessed by Marriott Brosius of the Tenth Pennsylvadesignatical institutions and professional in- nin district. Mr. Brosius has a faculty of talking so loud at times that the peop the third part on industrial institutions is here first given to the public. It discusses twenty-four subjects in the author's usual clear manner, and while invaluable as em-tron" Kelley, commonly known as "Pig fron" Kelley in his day he held the voice H the galleries cannot distinguish what he says. Another Pennsylvanian who possessed "Pig clusions arrived at are sadly defective, be-traying a wholly superficial view of the economic side of the social problem. In fact, Mr. Smenger is one of that school of material and the social problem. scene. His voice was even greater than that of Mr. Kelley. Back in the old days the great-Mr. Spencer is one of that school of econo-Mr. Spencer is one of that school of econo-mists who deny the existence of economic science by their perpetual outery against all interference with the operations of com-merce, the latter being considered self-nega-tive, and all economics, therefore, beginning and ending with commerce. To them eco-nomic science is merely a defense of com-negative defense of com-n Ohio. The day after he was gore Allen was lamenting the fact that he had taken his denerce as it is. To them the study of conomics begins with the acceptance of the Infallibility of commerce, and how can it end otherwise than as it begins? Mr. Spencer's weakness as an economist is best displayed in his strictures against socialism when he finds it necessary to take his opponents at their very worst and strain his objections to the utmost limits, picturing the outcome to the parture so soon, as he wanted to consult him about some measure which had taken his de-parture so soon, as he wanted to consult him about some measure which had come parture so soon, as he wanted to consult him about some measure which had taken his de-parture so soon, as he wanted to consult him about some measure which had taken his de-parture so soon, as he wanted to consult him about some measure which had taken his de-parture so soon, as he wanted to consult him about some measure which had taken his de-parture so soon, as he wanted to consult him about some measure which had taken his de-parture so soon, as he wanted to consult to suddenly. "That needn't trouble you, Allen," said s fellow-member, "He has not out on the balcony and call him back."

the utmost limits, picturing the outcome as a new form of slavery—a conclusion that puts him in a ridiculous attitude as a philosopher and man of cool judgment. Again he be-rates labor leaders for asserting the need for "organization of labor." when the fine division of labor already implies an intense de-gree of co-operation and organization of la-bor, failing to see that "the fine division of labor" also carries with it an awful division in the ranks of laboring men and therefore labor" also carries with it an awful division in the ranks of laboring men and therefore condition. Mr. Spencer's failure to distin-rganization of laboring men is only one among many instances characterizing Mr. Spencer's lack of acumen in dealing with the problem of industrial society. D. Appleton & Co., New York. Megeath's. There is a class of feditious literature bearing a title suggestive of or purporting to de-terthe

There is a class of readers ever attracted by that form of fictitious literature bearing a title suggestive of or purporting to de-scribe the ever-busy, and to the masses slightly mysterious, members of the repor-torial and editorial forces of a news sheet. of various agnostics and atheists. Renan, Huxley and the German leaders of the higher criticism are among the authorities quoted. The Truth Seeker company, New York. "A Peculiar Irishman," by One Jones, is a crude story of an Irish free thinker with opinions upon all subjects. His brogue and songs have the genuine Irish ring. The Truth Seeker company, New York. "New Wife Nor Maid," by Mrs. Hungerland The Duchess) whose do the the substitued to the action, than there do a story. liverton. Over at Oroville, twenty miles listant, the democrats were holding a meetthem. 'Ladies and gentlemen,' he said, 'do not be alarmed. There is a republican meeting over at Eliverton, and George Symis is addressing it. He has just come to that portion of his speech where he de-nounces the Mills tariff bill, and the noise you hear is the indistinct rumbling of his voice.'"