A Railway Mail Clerk.

By CY WARMAN.

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Railway mail clerks are not railway employes, although they are under the orders of the railway officials when on the road. They are, as a class, a bright lot of men. They bring more brains and acquired skill into their work than any class of government employes in proportion to the amount of money they draw. They ride the fastest trains in the country and ride ahead. On most roads their car is coupled to the locomotive and they take whatever is left when the grim reaper has finished with the engine men.

Reliable statistics show that the mortality among railway mail clerks through railroad accidents is greater than that among the troops in the civil war. These clerks are required to pass an examination at a rating of more than 90 per cent. Department employes at Washington are given thirty days' vacation each year, but the railway mail clerk is called upon to face the dangers of midnight rides twelve months in the year. The pay of these men is not what the government should give up for such work, and it is gratifying to note that while I write congress, sitting at this end of the avenue, where the poor abide, is considering a bill for the benefit of those men who, not knowing what is written here, will guard this manuscript en route and help to place it before the editors tomorrow morning.

I knew one mail clerk intimately and found him one of the most interesting characters I ever met. The story of his eventful life would be interesting at any time, and ought to be especially apropos here as an illustration of the character of the average railway mail clerk and of the dangers through which they pass.

The farms in Illinois upon which we were reared were not far apart, but "Doc," who lived with his uncle, left home before he was 21 and went west. I had been in town to get the plow sharpened, and on my way home I saw Doc climbing across a cloddy field behind a harrow, and he hailed me. When he came out he hung his chin over the top of the fence and said: "I'm goin' west."

"When?"

"Tonight."

"No!"

"Yes. Will you jine me?"

"What's it cost?" I asked.

"Forty-nine dollars, second class, from St. Louis to Denver."

"Have you got the money?"

Doc shook his head.

"Did you ever see that much money?"

"Well, not at one look, but I've got it all figured out."

"How much have you got?"

"Haven't got any, but I got a job at Whitticer's stable in Carr street, an' if you'll go I'll see that you never want. We can sleep in the haymow and board around."

"How'll we get to St. Louis?" I asked.

"Ride when we're tired o' walkin', an' walk when we can't ride," was his reply.

"I'm in the silk and you're in the tassel," he added, thoughtfully. "Life is all before us, but you can't get anywhere on a farm. Look at the jays around here. What do they know? They simply stand round on one foot like a gander till the beard breaks through the freckles, and then they push the old folks off and take the plow and in a little while get pushed off themselves. Life on a farm is one continual round of work and want. Will you jine me?"

The thought of getting up at morning and not knowing where I was going to sleep at night frightened me, and I told Doc so, and we parted.

A few years later, when the westbound train stopped at a little bleak and dreary mountain town where I, having gone west, had elected to drop anchor, I looked out from the car window and saw Doc sitting close up to the crooper of an old sorrel horse that was hitched to an express wagon.

I went over to him at once, for I was lonesome. A mountain town is not a thing one is apt to love at first sight. Desolate. That is better than four columns of agate to describe the place. The dry march winds came out of the canyon and swept the sand of the Mesa up into eddies that swished and swirled in around your collar and cut your face. The sunlight was so dazzling that it bewildered and seemed unreal, and the cold winds were constantly contradicting its warmth.

"Are you homesick, Doc?" I asked as I rode up town with him, for he was there to haul people and their baggage up to the hotel.

"Nop," he said. "It's the dry wind—it's busted my lip so that I look like I'm goin' to cry when I'm tryin' to laugh. I'm goin' back home this fall," he added after a pause, "to get my money—I'm 21 now, but I'm comin' back out here—this country is all right."

Doc, who had earned his title by doctoring his uncle's horses, had inherited a little fortune of $1,800, and when the summer had come and gone he went back home in a Pullman car, for he had saved $50 out of his salary of $60 and board every month.

Five years later, in the dawning of the morning, as I was climbing out of an upper berth at another mountain town, a man caught hold of my coattail, and I found that the "man under my bed" was Doc Pippin. He said he was living in Denver; so was I, and in a few days he came in to see me. He came often, and told the best stories I had ever heard. He was thin and pale, and I noticed that he coughed and pounded his left lung when he did so. These stories were not told to me for publication, but I know he will not care, for he is careless now.

Doc went to Chicago after receiving his money, and became acquainted with a well-known detective. I think he said it was Billy Pinkerton. It was like the Pinkertons to detect in this almost beardless boy a remarkably intelligent person.

Pippin was offered employment, he accepted it, and was sent at once to a small town in Illinois to find out a band of thieves who were stealing hogs and robbing shops.

If Doc had tried he could never have become a good dresser. Even clothes that were made for him didn't fit, and he wore his hat crosswise, like the leading man at a French funeral. His appearance upon this occasion was in his favor, and he was not long in forming the acquaintance of the toughest lot of loafers in the town. They liked Doc, as every one did who knew him, but it was a long time before they would trust him. Doc's money gave out, and he tried to borrow, and the gang gave him the laugh. "Git out an' turn a trick—work," said one of the men.

"What can I do? Show me and then watch me," said Doc.

"See that jay ridin' out o' town?" said the tough, nodding down the road where a lone horseman was going away with the sunset on his back.

"Yes."

"Well, he's goin' out to his place in the country—goes every Sat-day night an' comes back Monday—hold 'im up."

Doc knew the man, as he knew nearly every man in the place, by the description given him in Chicago, and by the middle of the following week this wealthy citizen had been notified from headquarters that he would be held up on the next Saturday night. Doc was at his post, and as the lone horseman came down the road the highwayman stepped out from the shadows of a jack oak and covered his man.

That night the gang drank up the best part of the $28.50 and voted Doc "a dead game toucher."

The verdancy of the gang he had to deal with made Doc's work comparatively easy. He invariably drank gin and water, and by a simple trick that a child ought to have detected—the trick of drinking the water and leaving the gin—he was always sober.

When the proceeds of Doc's raid had been expended, together with the $7 received for the "jay's" watch, the gang determined to rob a hardware store. The job had been undertaken once, but had failed. The time, at Doc's suggestion, was fixed upon election night. A great many farmers, he said, would be in to vote and trade, and the people being either drunk or tired, would sleep soundly when once asleep, and the gang voted that Doc was a great thinker.

The time arrived, the store was entered, and when they were all in, Doc ducked down behind the counter and reached the rear end of the store. Now a big bull's eye was turned upon the gang, who arose from their work to look down the dark barrels of a half dozen shotguns. One of the gang, seeing Doc with the sheriff's party, made a play for his pistol, but the sheriff shoved his shotgun yet nearer the robber's face and said, softly: "Be quiet," and he was calm.

The next day the father of one of the gang, who was himself a hard man, made an attempt to kill the detective, and, having done his work, Doc departed. Friends of the accused hired a lawyer, who made a beautiful picture of these innocent lads who had lived all their lives in this quiet country town, and who had never been guilty of a wrong until they were encouraged and trapped into it by the wicked young detective.

THEY SAW LARGE AND SMALL ENVELOPES SAILING OUT OF THE BURNING DEBRIS.

Alas for the criminals; one of the gang gave up to the sheriff and by the finding of stolen goods and the property of a man who had been murdered, they were all, save the one who had weakened, sent to Joliet, where they are still receiving their mail. young Pippin's success in this now celebrated case won for him the full confidence of the agency, and before he had reached Chicago other important work was mapped out for him, but to the surprise of the agency he refused to accept another assignment.

"I could not bear," he said to me, "the thought of living a whole life that was a lie—to appear always to be that which I was not—to mix and mingle constantly with the wicked of this world, in which there should be so much happiness.

"It is a great and important work which ought to be done, but it is not for me."

Returning to the west again Pippin entered the service of Uncle Sam as a railway postal clerk.

Finding a letter in the mail marked to me he took his blue pencil and wrote on the back of the envelope: "Hello, Doc.—R. M. S!" and I knew then that he was in the railway mail service.

It was some time after the receipt of this brief message that the meeting in the sleeping car, already referred to, occurred, and it was during his many visits to me at Denver that he related the detective stories herein retold.

"How is it," I asked one day, "that you are assistant superintendent of the mail service in the west, when you are under 30 and new, comparatively new, at the business?"

"Hard luck," said Doc, smiling sadly, coughing and thumping his chest.

Then it was that he began to tell me some of his experiences in the postal car, but he did not tell it all. He was as modest as he was honest, and would not tell to me, his friend, the real tales of heroism in which he was himself the hero. He told me enough, however, to interest me and cause me to find out more from a mutual friend and to verify the information by some of the records and correspondence, which I was afterward permitted to see. I found that his loyalty, bravery and devotion to duty had been warmly commended in autograph letters from the highest officials in the mail service.

"WILL YOU JINE ME?"

It was, indeed, hard luck that brought him promotion and an easy place, which he could not have gained save through the kindness of higher officials. He had been in any number of wrecks, for many of the western roads were new at that time and railroading was not as safe as it is now. Once there was a head-end collision, in which the wreck took fire. Doc was dreadfully bruised, but he had all his limbs, and as the flames crept closer and closer to his car he busied himself carrying the mail matter to a place of safety. When his work had been completed and the flames lit up the canyon they showed Doc lying upon his mail bags, apparently dead. The trainmen found him and soon restored him to consciousness, for he had only fainted from overwork and the pain of his many wounds.

It was nearly a year before he was able to take his run again, and this time his route lay over the Sante Fe system.

One night, when the train came roaring down the canyon, the engine jumped the track, the mail car went to pieces against the locomotive, the coaches piled upon the pieces, and the wreck began to burn.

When the trainmen and passengers came forward to look for "the fellows up ahead" they saw large and small envelopes sailing out of the burning debris, and they knew at once that the mail agent must be fast in the wreck. The whistle valve had been forced open, and now the wild, ceaseless cry of the wounded engine drowned all other sounds, and made it impossible for the men to hear the cries of the imprisoned postal clerk. All this he knew, and while the hungry flames were eating their way to where he lay he pulled the register bag to him, and began to shy the valuable mail out into the sage brush.

When the steam was exhausted and the cry of the engine had hushed there came no sound from the enginemen, for their voices were hushed in death. Above the sound of the crackling flames they could hear Doc calling to them from his place below the wreck, and the brave train crew worked desperately right in the very face of the fire to rescue the unfortunate.

Gradually the voice of the prisoner grew fainter and fainter and before the rescuers reached him it hushed entirely.

At last, just as they were about to give him up, as he was now apparently dead, they succeeded in dragging Doc from the wreck, and to the joy of all he soon revived. He was yet alive, but had breathed so much of the flames that his left lung was almost ruined, and he was never able to resume his place on the road.

It was this unfortunate wreck and the story of his heroism that gave him the important position of assistant clerk of the western division of the United States mail service when he was not yet 30 years old. It was the burn in his breast that made him cough and beat his left lung, that pinched his face and made his eyes look larger than they were. He went on silently—almost cheerfully—doing what he could, but we who watched krew the hidden scar that he had there was wearing his life away.

Not long ago I returned to Denver and meeting the chief clerk in the street asked him about Doc. I had been wandering over the face of the earth for nearly two years and was "behind the times," as good country folks say, and now as my friend looked at me his face took on a sadder shade and he answered slowly: "We buried Doc six months ago."

Current Literature

Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly for May has a notable article entitled "Some American Castles," by John P. Ritter. In this paper are given descriptions and pictures of many of the finest residences or "castles" of the Hudson river—the Rhine of America. Among the illustrations are "Lyndehurst," the country seat of the Gould family; "Fonthill," the Edwin Forrest home; "Herrick's Folly;" "Ophir Farm;" Whitelaw Reid's estate; "Greystone," which belonged to Samuel J. Tilden; the Rockefeller castle and "Belvoir," the Lilienthal castle. Another interesting article, illustrated by many excellent pen and ink drawings of views in Japan and Korea, is "Japan's Three Invasions of Korea," by Teiichi Yamagata, a relative of the great Japanese marquis.

To those readers of fiction who long for something out of the ordinary run, we would recommend "Jasmin Robba," a serial from the French of Henri de Noussanne, now running in the International. It is about as high a flight into the realms of fiction as one could wish. The hero, Jasmin Robba, a poor literateur, falls heir to $100,000,000 and sets out to spend an accumulated income of $10,000,000 in two years. Jasmin, being a dreamer and in love with the manners and customs of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, determines to reproduce that age, and the May installment shows us how far he and his bosom companions have worked out their scheme in the restored castle and seignlory of Pierrefonds, from which they have excluded everything pertaining to the nineteenth century.

The article of perhaps the most unique interest in the May issue of The National Magazine is "Some Personal Aspects of the Queens of Europe," by George E. Kenton. The latest photograph of each sovereign is reproduced, and a gossipy sketch of the royal lives in their more personal and domestic aspect, is dealt with. The seventh chapter of the serial, "Christ and His Time," by Dallas Lore Sharp, with illustrations from the paintings of the old masters, appears also in the May table of contents. The list of illustrated articles is completed by a sketch of the "Virginia Historical Society" of Richmond, by Sally Nelson Robins, which speaks of some of the valuable colonial antiquities in the possession of this society.

An important feature of the May number of Donahoe's Magazine is the discussion of the effect of the Dingley bill on business interests. Arguments against the bill are presented by Thomas G. Shearman of the tariff reform committee, Senator Butler and Hon. John F. Fitzgerald. The defense will be published in the June issue. Harlow Howe gives an interesting description of the method of instruction employed in St. Mary's school for deaf-mutes, Buffalo, N. Y. The article is profusely illustrated with views of the buildings and portraits of graduates.

The May number of the Humanitarian contains an article on the late John Biddulph Martin, with portrait. Grant Allen writes on "The Vice of Thrift" and Prof. Levasseur on "The American Workwoman."

The May number of the monthly Open Court is a Schopenhauer number. The editors have had the good fortune to acquire the original cast of Elisabeth Ney's famous bust of Schopenhauer, and have had it photographed as a frontispiece. Besides this, are four photographs of the great pessimistic philosopher having well known historical associations, and his signature taken from an autograph copy of his works. Dr. Paul Carus, in an article called "The Prophet of Pessimism," gives a full and well-rounded appreciation of Schopenhauer, while there are also interesting reminiscences of Elisabeth Ney.

The Chap-Book of May 15 is notable for the first installment of Mr. Benson's "The Taming of Dodo," and for a stirring scene in the experience of Mr. James' unfortunate "Maisie."

Harper's for May opens with "Cross Country Riding in America," by Caspar Whitney, illustrated by C. Dana Gibson and others. "A Few Native Orchids and their Insect Sponsors" is a study of cross-fertilization, written and illustrated by the late William Hamilton Gibson. "White Man's Black Man," the seventh of Poultney Bigelow's series entitled "White Man's Africa," is a study of the African negro as a laborer. The illustrations are by R. Caton Woodville. "Two Undescribed Portraits of Shakespere," by John Corbin, introduces what is probably the only life portrait of Shakespeare in existence.

The articles by Prof. W. Z. Ripley, the fourth installment of which appears in the May number of Appleton's Popular Science Monthly, are growing more interesting as they proceed. The present article deals with stature, tracing the influences that bear upon the physical height of man, particularly in his savage state to the relative abundance of the food supply in the region to which he is confined. Other articles are "The Bubonic Plague," by Prof. Victor C. Vaughn; "Sources of the New Psychology," by Prof. E. W. Scripture; "The Latent Vitality of Seeds," by M. C. de Candolle, and "Korean Interviews," by Prof. Edward S. Morse.

The International Studio for May contains a very instructive paper on art in Japan, written under the caption, "Mortimer Mempes' Japanese Drawings," and illustrated with eleven splendid pictorials. Other articles, all of which are admirably illustrated, are "The Work of T. Millie Dow," by Norman Garstin; "On the Choice of Simple Furniture," by A. M. Baillie Scott; "A Decorative Modeller: Alexandre Charpentier," and "Evolution of Village Architecture in England," by G. L. Morris.

NEW BOOKS.

Gertrude Atherton's story, "His Fortunate Grace," describes love among the four hundred, or rather what passes for love at the altar. The dialogue is of the "smart" order and runs in a prolonged chatter continuing to the last page. A blase duke is the central figure, around which aspiring heiresses flit like so many moths, each outbidding the other for the ducal crown; the irate American father of the highest bidder refusing to pay for the coronet; the ambitious American mother heading a mutiny and rushing abroad with the girl and threatening to sell her own houses and diamonds, that the duke may be preserved to the family, and the disgusted father yielding to the conspiracy between wife and daughter. These distinguished millionaires of Mrs. Atherton's are extraordinarily vulgar people, with their incessant talk of wealth and position, the wives win their successes through methods of low coquetry, and the author's version of family love seeming scarcely clean enough to be tolerated. D. Appleton & Co., New York. Megeath's.

"Astral Worship," by J. H. Hill, is a small volume largely drawn from the works of Robert Taylor, a man who left the English ministry about seventy years ago and who wrote and lectured against the authenticity of the scriptures and was imprisoned for two years on account of his teachings. The purpose of "Astral Worship" is to trace back the various religions of the world to the older form of religion founded in the worship of personified nature. The resemblances of Oriental beliefs and the paganism of Greece and Rome are referred back to the earliest astrological ideas of ancient philosophy, and Christianity is claimed as one of the younger descendants of the old faith. The Truth Seeker company, New York.

Under the caption, "Kings in Adversity," Edward S. Van Zile presents a couple of most fascinating tales that remind one strongly of the Zenda stories. The first of these, "The Crown Prince of Rexania," holds the reader's interest from the first page, presenting an unbroken succession of surprises. Rexania is one of those countries across the sea so romantically situated as to have escaped the notice of the modern geographer, but its location is not so obscure in the mind of the author. The crown prince of this charming country, desirous of better and more reliable information on the relative merits and demerits of the republican form of government, visits the United States, traveling incognito, and he scarcely arrives at New York before he falls into the hands of a band of conspirators, composed of exiled Rexanian revolutionists, by whom he is removed to a deserted mansion at Westchester. His first evening in the new world is spent at the mansion of Mr. Strong, a banker, with whom he had become acquainted aboard ship, and whose beautiful daughter became fascinated by the charming manners of the guest. The attraction for each other was mutual, but the abduction of the prince after leaving that night, coupled with the discovery following that the name he had assumed, "Count Szalaki," was fictitious, tended to cast a shroud of mystery over the affair. Sensational developments followed rapidly, the king of Rexania becoming ill and dying with no successor present to defend the crown, while a republic is declared, with the former prime minister as president. The prince, in the meantime, is extricated from his strange predicament, to find himself called upon by his sense of duty to return and fight for the restoration of the crown, believing monarchy to be an institution absolutely indispensable to Rexania. His love for Miss Strong is a powerful temptation to refrain, and struggling between love and honor, he places his fate in the hands of the woman he loves and honor wins. The dialogue throughout is bright and sparkling—often epigrammatic, and the characters clean cut and attractive. The second story, "A Princess on the Rhine," is extremely fantastic, bringing a Connecticut Yankee into medieval environments, with fairy-tale incidents as an extra relish. The plot is exceedingly ingenious and a pleasing tinge of humor brightens its pages like glints of sunlight breaking through the dark foliage of its ancient forests. F. Tennyson Neely, New York.

Four interesting stories are told by Margaret Deland under the title, "The Wisdom of Fools," each tale involving some distinct moral problem, rather suggested than solved or answered. In the first, "Where Ignorance is Bliss," we have a psychological problem presenting one form of difficulty arising in matrimonial alliance through union of minds whose penetrative capacity under extreme tests carries them along separate and distinct planes of vision. Reason in such instances is incapacitated as a pacifier and permanent estrangement follows. In this instance William West, a village parson and exemplary character in every respect, three days before his approaching wedding day confesses to his intended an almost forgotten sin—a forgery committed while hardly more than a boy some twenty years previous, for which he had made full reparation and repentance. His betrothed had views of heredity such as they were that forbade further procedure, and the engagement was broken the day before the wedding was to have been celebrated. The other stories are, "The House of Rimmon," "Counting the Cost" and "The Law, or the Gospel?" Houghton Mifflin & Co., Boston. Megeath's.

"How to Tell a Story, and Other Essays," by Mark Twain, consists of a number of writings by the famous humorist that have already appeared in leading magazines, but have not lost any of their charm under covers of a book. In his essay on "How to Tell a Story" Mr. Clemens claims that the humorous story is distinctively an American product. The English, he says, can write comic ones and the French those that are witty. The humorous story is dependent for success on the manner of telling it, but in comic and witty stories the matter is sufficient to make them go. There is something rather humorous in the thought of Mark Twain undertaking to tell other people how to tell a story. Talking to the general public in this vein is much as though a seagull should seriously try to instruct us in the art of flying. "Only a portion of art can be taught, and the artist needs the whole." Harper & Brothers, New York. Megeath's.

William Dean Howell's new piece of realism, "The Landlord at Lion's Head," may be styled a study in the mixed effects of education and heredity. In this case heredity triumphs. Jeff Durgin's Harvard year is most briefly described. The novelist simply tells us in a succinctly realistic manner that Jeff was not only a freshman, but a jay—a jay who remained a jay. After a most unsettled experience of adventure abroad and of flirtation at home, in which he loses his early sweetheart, he finally marries happily enough and settles down to the family pursuit of innkeeping. Perhaps the most interesting episodes of the book are those that center around this early sweetheart, Cynthia, a country girl whom Jeff, in the first flush of college greatness, finds a trifle too provincial for his new culture, but whom a young artist of keener perception discovers to be exactly the girl to be his wife. The scene in which Jeff confesses to Cynthia his serious flirtation with an unknown rival is quite delicious in its way. The lesson taught in this story is the futility of bestowing a university education on a "jay;" that the veneer acquired by foreign travel and education may make a man the worse for misleading him into the assumption that he is what the veneering represents. Harper & Brothers, New York. Megeath's.

"The Plant World," compiled by Frank Vincent, is one of a series of chapters intended chiefly for home reading by students, and containing selections relating to plants and trees in different parts of the world. These selections are made from the best authorities and are well written, entertaining and instructive. The book has an introduction by Commissioner Harris, which is in itself a recommendation. D. Appleton & Co., New York. Megeath's.

The scenes in R. Manifold Craig's "The Sacrifice of Fools" are laid in England and in India; Mrs. Rutherglen and her daughter Salome quarrel over Salome's determination to marry a man to whom her mother is opposed; the latter being unjustly incensed, vows never to leave the house until her daughter complies with her wishes; Salome being also obstinate marries the man; this mutual sacrifice is termed "the sacrifice of fools." Passages of Salome's life in India show the effects of sacrifice as practiced in the jungle by the ape worshippers. The purpose of the novel seems to be to show the folly of ill-judged sacrifice. Frederick A. Stokes company, New York. Megeath's.

A typical and terribly emotional story is told by E. J. Capes in "The Mill of Silence," which received the second prize in the Chicago Record's $50,000 author's competition in the series of "Stories of Mysteries." The narrative almost from the beginning is a continuous tale of horrors shrouded in mystery that hovers over an old mill in Hampshire, England. The narrator is the last surviving member of an accursed family, who lived at the mill. Those who like stories in which "upon horror's head horrors accumulate" will be pleased with this on the whole rather unhealthy narrative. Rand McNally & Co., Chicago. Chase's.

"Devil's Dice," a sensational story by William Le Queux, is wrapped in a thick veil of mystery now and then bordering on the gruesome. The hero, Stuart Ridgway, an Englishman, meets a lovely Englishwoman at a gay French watering place and falls violently in love with her and she reciprocates, but tells him his hopes are in vain, as she cannot marry him, and intimates that a dreadful secret tortures her heart. She suddenly disappears for some months, and then in London he receives a note from her asking to see him. At the appointed place a man meets him and says he can see the lady conditionally. So he goes in a close carriage with the man; is blindfolded and taken into the house, where he is married to a corpse in bridal attire, which he thinks is the woman he has loved. Some time after he finds her living and a terrible plot is revealed, and after a while Stuart is married to the flesh and blood Sybil and is happy. The elucidation of the mystery forms a large portion of the story. Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago. Chase's.

A good and thoroughly Scottish tale is told by S. R. Crockett in "Lad's Love." The plot is laid in Galloway, whose people are reproduced in picturesque detail. Nathan Murdoch and his loving Lizbeth, the meanness of the man, the innocence, the sincerity of the girl, are the attractive features of the story, which emphasizes the pitiable fact that women, in a majority of marriages, wed unworthy men. The girl, Nance Chrystie, is admirably portrayed, also. The title, "Lad's Love," is derived from the old name of the scented wormwood, sprays of which youths courting the girls used to wear. D. Appleton & Co., New York. Megeath's.

The reader fond of romance and adventure will be certain to derive pleasure in James Knapp Reeve's story, "The Three Richard Whelans." It is a tale of the sea in which the scene shifts from port to port with the accompanying lively episodes incident to a sailor's life. Among these, adventures with pirates, the discovery of rich treasure and the love of a princess of one of the far away islands to which the sailors drifted, contribute to the lively interest of the tale. Frederick A. Stokes company, New York. Megeath's.

MAGAZINES RECEIVED.

The Nineteenth Century, 112 Wall street, New York.

The Banker's Magazine, 78 William street, New York.

The National Review, 70 Fifth avenue, New York.

The Lotus, Kansas City, Mo.

The Great Round World, 3 and 5 West Eighteenth street, New York.

The 400, 214 Monroe street, Chicago.

Annals of the American Academy of Political and Social Science, Philadelphia.

The Westminster Review, 112 Wall street, New York.

The Railway Conductor, Cedar Rapids, Ia.

Municipality, 31 Church street, Buffalo, N. Y.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago: "The Little Lady of Lagunita's," by Richard Henry Savage; paper; 25 cents. "Prince Schamyl's Wooing," by Richard Henry Savage; paper; 25 cents.

D. Appleton & Co., New York: "Appleton's Annual Cyclopedia and Register of Important Events of the Year 1896." Third series, volume i. Cloth, $5; half Russia, $8.

American Book company, Chicago: "Carpenter's Geographical Reader; Asia," by Frank G. Carpenter. Cloth; 60 cents.

Laird & Lee, Chicago: "The Mechanical Arts Simplified," by D. B. Dixon. Silk cloth; $2.50.

American Publishers' corporation: "Mr. and Mrs. Hannibal Hawkins," by Belle C. Greene. Paper; 25 cents.

Peter Eckler, New York: "The Opposites of the Universe," part iv, by Manie Sands. Paper; 50 cents.

The Engineering Record, New York: "American Plumbing Practice." Cloth; over 500 illustrations; $3.

Published by the author: "Darts, Sparks and Fragments," by Harry Sutphen, 821 Jersey avenue, N. W., Washington, D. C. Paper; 116 pages.

AMERICANS THE BEST.

Lilian Bell Says They Excel All Others as Husbands.

"American men are the best husbands in the world," writes Lilian Bell in an article entitled "On the Subject of Husbands" in the Woman's Home Companion. "If these dissatisfied American wives could only know that an all-wise Providence had, in the American man, given us the best article in the market, and that when we rebel at our lot we are simply proving that we do not deserve our good fortune, they would never discuss the subject of having any other nationality.

"Of course in every nation there is a class of men who are as noble, as high-minded, as chivalrous as even the most captious American girl could wish. But I refer to the general run of men when I say that there is something about men born outside of America, a native selfishness amounting to a sort of callousness; a lack of perception regarding the fineness of womanhood, which, summed up in few words, might be called a mental brutality, which well-nigh unfits them for close social contact with the supersensitive American woman. And just as surely as American women persist in disregarding this subtle, yet unmistakable truth, just so surely will they lay themselves open to these sore bruises of which American men, as a race, are incapable of inflicting. I say they are incapable of inflicting them because American men, in the face of everything said and written to the contrary, are, in regard to women, the finest-grained race of men in the world. If at first you are inclined to question the truth of this statement, consider the men who have been educated abroad. How much is left of their Americanism? To be sure, they are cultured. They understand music and art, and always wear gloves, but are gloves essential to a happy home?

"Now, this is all general. I beg that the wayfaring man, though a fool, will not imagine that these strictures are true of every man who is not an American, or that all American men are perfect. I hardly think, on the whole, that I need fear that I shall be thought to consider all American men perfect. But I do wish to state clearly and frankly my admiration for American men as a race. And when an American man is a gentleman he is, to my mind, the most perfect gentleman that any race can boast, because his good manners spring from his heart, and there are a few of us old fashioned enough to plead that politeness should go deeper than skin."

Standard, reputable articles are not dear at the prices asked for them. Substitutes offered by unscrupulous and irresponsible makers are costly at any figure. Be sure that no humbug is practiced on you when you go to buy.

TWO WOMEN.

Both Wives of the Same Man Meet for the First Time.

Two women were they, and recently, in the outer corridor of the county jail, they met for the first time, says the Peoria Herald.

"Who is that lady talking to my husband?" asked the last comer of Captain Tripp, as they entered the corridor and saw a woman talking to Marion Camp through the barred porthole.

"That's his wife," said the captain.

"And who is that lady talking about my husband?" asked the other woman turning away from the bars.

"I am his wife," was the reply of the newcomer.

Thus met for the first time in their lives the two wives of Marion Camp, who was arrested at Monica on the charge of bigamy. There was no hysteria, no anger, and, in fact, no display of emotion. The original wife had her chat with her husband and then gave way for wife No. 2 to enjoy a brief conversation with him. At the conclusion thereof the ladies had a little chat by themselves and appeared to be much interested in each other. When they parted the Illinois wife informed Turnkey Wilson that the Iowa lady was a charming little woman, while the Iowa wife told Captain Tripp later that the Illinois lady was very friendly toward her and treated her with marked consideration.

The situation is full of peculiar possibilities. No doubt the three of them could get along very comfortably under one roof were it not for the protest of the law.

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A story of early mining days in California—In it Bret Harte returns to his old style—the virile, sympathetic style which made his fame.—His characters are miners, and, although the tides of varying fortunes float them out into the wider world, they come back to California in the end as managers of large enterprises.—Mixed up in the ingenious web of the story are a number of western studies.—Our old friend, Jack Hamlin, the gambler, makes a brief, but picturesque appearance.—Then there are "Whisky Dick" Hall; the villainous prospector, Steptoe, and the cunning Belgian, Paul Van Loo.—The love element of the story is furnished by the beautiful Mrs. Horncastle, and the fair but heartless, Kitty Baker.

Honoring the Soldier Dead.

Prophetic words of General Grant affirmed after long lapse of time—Death's ravages in the Grand Army of the Republic—Resting place of the martial leaders of the rebellion—Widely scattered graves of the commanders.

An Electrical Castle.

View of the private laboratory of Sir David Solomons, the British baronet, who has the most elaborately equipped workshop in existence—This English millionaire is spending his fortune in the interest of pure science—Electricity does everything in his establishment—The most elaborate private photograph gallery in the world—Automatic machines which control one another and an engine which runs without human attention—A machine for measuring the velocity of light.

To the Summit of St. Elias.

An American expedition, headed by Prof. Henry G. Bryant of the Geographical society, will this summer contest the honor of reaching the summit of Mount St. Elias, the highest point of land on the North American continent, with the European party led by Prince Luigi, duke of Abruzzi. In this article Prof. Angelo Heilprin, the famous explorer, tells of the great hardships and trials attendant upon high mountain climbing.

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