ROMANCE OF THE HOLY LAND

Cupid's Darts Pierce a Syrian Maid at the Well of Jehosaphat.

LOVE EPISODE ENDS WITH A TRAGEDY

Strong Coucasian Arm Saves the Fascinating Oriental and Starts Heart Hopes that Come to Naught.

(Copyright, 1897, by Cy Warman,) Down in the gulch of Johosaphat (it can't be called a valley), across from Solomon's stables, over against the Mount of Olives, not far from the garden of Gethsemane and hard by the tomb of Absalom there is an unwalled well whose waters are clear and cool. If we save the well of the Virgin, a little below, and the pool of Siloam, still farther down the canyon, near the wretched hovel where the lepers live, this is the only water worth mentioning in the entire gulch. To this well the natives fare if it makes a man like that." with water pots, p.ils and pigskins, in which they bear away the water for drinking and cooking purposes. These natives seldom bathe.

About this well young tourists like to linger and look upon the lithe Mahometan maidens, who give shy, sidelong glances from their big brown eyes and spill water over their naked feet.

From this well, the Arabs say, demons, or genil, slaves of King S lomon's seal, used to carry water for Solomon's hundreds of wives and horses, who flirted ing in this stony field. "Stones," said the and fretted on the hill above. But these farmer, and from that day, whatever seed

younger and handsomer members of our party, but I have not forgotten the little that I did see.

The first time we saw her a fresh young the chin. Instantly her whole mien changed. The big eyes contracted, the brow lowered about to strike. It was as if a dark cloud had come between us and the sun. It was not a pretty ploture, if a Frenchman did

Three or four officers of her majesty's navy, who had come up from the Mediter-ranean squadron to see the sights, the Frenchman referred to, and the writer, made up the party that had gone down the

The outraged woman seemed to take in whole company at one sweep of her beautiful eves

SMITTEN ON SIGHT. Lieutenant Blank, a fine young Englishman, six feet, and handsome, happened to be stand

ing near the well, and when she had glanced over the party, manifestly to see if they were all alike, her eyes rested apparently

upon the young officer's face.
Of course she did not keep them there long enough to meit the blue in his, but she certainly slowed down, and stopped just for the faintest infinitesimal fraction of second, and then pulled out again. I thought I saw the faintest flush suffuse the ruddy, cold bath cheek of the lieutenant.

As the girl started to leave her feet slipped from the wet rock upon which she had been standing, the water jar toppled as though about to tumble from her head, and, as she made an effort to save the jar, she lost her balance and swayed toward the well. No doubt the excitement through which one of these Orientals, when not excited, can almost do a handspring with a water jur on her head without spilling enough water

As the woman felt herself going she put out a foot, quickly, instinctively, to save her-self, but the well was just where she was falling, and she put her foot in it.
With wonderful agility the English office:

wound a long, strong arm about the woman's waist and pulled her away from the well. He did not appear to take advantage of her He did not appear to take advantage of her interesting the misfortune, but the woman, being between him and the danger, he very naturally had to draw her toward him. For an instant the girl's face went white, and then, as the from time to time, but I was aware that from time to time, but I was aware that ome officer strained her to his breast (mind the well was on the other side of her) for the smallest fraction of a moment, the hot blood leaped to her cheek, seeing which the gallant Mr. Blank put her from him gently, bowing, and blushing also.

Immediately his fellow officers gave him hands, as heartly as if he had been an American prize fighter starring in a new drama; the Frenchman shrugged; while Mozen, the thin-nosed dragoman, beat his bloomers with his dirty fez and roared with laughter. In the excitement incident to the woman's

slip and rescue nearly all of the water had been spilled. The maiden looked at the water pot, stooped to pick it up, paused and pressed a hand to her forehead as though she were dizzy. The Englishman took up the pot, filled it and gave it to the girl, Again those soulful eyes wandered to his, rested a moment and turned away. TOUCHING THE GUIDE.

Now the guide, having left off laughing, began talking loud and earnestly to the girl, and it was plain to us that he was talking about the rescue. She glanced from the speaker to the officer, stepped forward and gave him her hand, but with her eyes on the ground.

He took it in both his hands, pressed it, and she withdrew it and started away. Now the guide roared in Arabic, gesticula-ted in French and the woman stopped. She were a troubled look as she faced the young and held it out to the man who had saved "Did you tell her to give it to me?" de-manded the officer.

"Oui misseur! Yesh! I tell it to her that she shall pay you for her life an' she say it is all she have, an' give it. It is worth something," he added, not being able to understand how a man could bring himself to refuse good balisheesh.

refuse good baksheesh.

Two or three long strides brought the Heutemant within reach of the Arab and the

against the tomb of Absalom, for the nglishman had knocked him down. Walking back to the bewildered woman.

When she got them back again she set them on the road that wound away up be-bind the stables. On the brow of Moriah she

down into the gulch of Jeshosaphat.

No doubt this maiden was much disturbed loves the girl, and I can't say that I biame him."

Over her romantic encounter with the young him."

"It is not that he loves the girl, but he will be a since the little unpleasantness at over her romantic encounter with the young officer. She had probably never been so mear to a living, moving being who wore trousers. These orientals pine for European the well."

"No doubt he is grieving over the bakting of the property o husbands, as our heiresses pant for counts and things, though their pining is rarely ever appeared. She had heard a strong-minded, short-haired missionary woman say

My English friend and I were pacing the strong that the light should be should b that Englishmen allowed their wives to cat at the same train in which their husbands rode, though not in the same carriage, of course. The few men who married in France were even more considerate of their mot statt. Looking from the window we saw wives. In the German or Austrian empire, a women heavily veiled coming across from France were even more considerate of their not start. Looking from the window we saw wives. In the German or Austrian empire a woman heavily veiled, coming across from the might be asked to harness herself up the Bethlehem road, manifestly racing for

It was a little early, December, when this come took place and the few hearders at the hotel sat at a single long table. The lieutenant and I had lingered after the others had gone, discussing the contents of a small bottle of native wine, that was not very good. Our places at the table made him my vis a vis. Beyond the Englishman I looked upon a dead wall, while he gazed over my shoulder at an open window.

"I say," said the lieutenant, leaning to-

ward me, "that was a stupping girl—I mean at the well this morning."

"Yes," I replied, "I thought that was the girl you had reference to. But I should They very generously offered to take me say, rather, that she was a magnificent

"Aye, she was stunning, too."
"Well, you ought to "Well you ought to be a competent judge, lieutenant; you've been close to the

The lieutenant smiled as he made the glasses full and the bettle empty. Then we talked on of the battleship that had parted her cable at Jaha and had gone to sea. leaving six of her officers and a number of bluejackets ashore.

"I say, did you notice her heel and the curve of her ankle that showed through the slit in her dress?" asked the lieutenant. 'Did you see her eyes?" said I.
'Did I? By jove, it was worth a year

at see to hold her, even by accident, for one brief moment, to feel her hot breath, like the wind from Africa, upon your face, and big eyes burning into your very soul. 'Don't say 'your,' Heutenant,' said L was not my face she was breathing nor my soul that was being burned." The Englishman leaned back and began laugh, but stopped short, staring at the

'I say!" he ga ped, "she's there!" Where?" "At the window. Drink away your wine 'No." said I, "not another drop for me

indow behind me

The next day we all went up to Bethle-hem. The wind had gone down to the east during the night, and now it began to rain. Across the Moab mountains and up from

the Dead sea the wind came crying, cold and AMONG THE BEGGARS.

I recall now how the raindrops trembles on the olive trees and glistened on the cheay ankles of an African, who was driving a burro across the field of Peas.

"What art thou rowing?" the Savior is still to have asked of a man who was plantare no demons who came to the well for they saw, the field yields only peas of stone, water today. They are real, live maidens. The wind tore away the frail curtains of unveiled, but modest.

There was one among them, a willowy woman of 18 or 20 summers, whose soulful eyes were almost irresisible. I only caught pilgrims were hiding from the storm. To glimpses of them as they were flashed up n sloped down to the canyon, and now, a little further on, we could see, as through a veil, the church of the Nativity, whose dome had been pitched with sheet lead by Edward IV Frenchman had the nerve to walk up to The Turks, however, soon stripped off the her, beam on her, offer to shake hands, lead, made bullets of it, and fired them at and when she refused he jollied her under the Christians. Now we went into the church end stood

for a space by the sacred stone that is supthe full lips paried, and through her posed to mark the spot where the Christ clenched teeth she hissed like a sarpent was cradied. was craffied.

Beside the wall, lying face down, a young

negro was weeping bitterly. One of the Turkish soldiers who patrol the place to keep Christians from killing each other kicked the prostrate boy, who rose and went weepout into the rain. As we passed out by a back door into

As we passed out by a back door into a sort of alley the way was almost blocked by merchants, guides and other beggars. "Baksheekh!" cried the beggars. "Take me," said the guides. "Buy oof me." pleided a merchant, "I am a Keristan." "Come to my shop." "I been to Chicago," said another, and they would lay hold of ourselves as that we must beat them off. They folo that we must beat them off. They fol lowed us to the very door of the milk grotto and some of them even came down the long flight of stone steps to tug at our coats, as we stood at the end of a circle of black cowned girls, who were worshipping there with a couple of velled nuns.

It was still raining when we came out, and were dogged through the narrow lanes by the beggars, guides and pearl merchants. Some of our party were lured into a shop y a lace vendor, while the lieutenant and entered the carriage, cold and wet, ompanion fished up a half-pint bottle brandy and the moment it came into light an Arab merchant poked his head in and asked, excitedly; "Which 'at? Whisk? Gimme whisk; I been Chicog."

WAS IT THE BRANDY? It seemed to me that all the people of Palcetine had been to the World's fair, just a had parsed had rattled her nerves, for as all the burro boys at the pyramids had so of these Orientals, when not excited, can seen Mark Twain and had served him in

"six-seven," as they say,
When the officer had not given the bottle o the beggar he began suddenly to hunch by knee. "I say," said he, gazing out through the little glass at the back of the irriage, "there she is. I saw her, too, as she drew back under

"Put it away, lieutenant," said I. "Put the bottle away, and if I were in your place

the young woman was desperately in love with him. She had stolen to his hotel in the night to look upon his handsome face. and had followed our carriage in a driving rain from Jerusalem to Bethlehem and

in Old Jerusalem, and when we had finished our dinner we went out for a walk. The rain had ceased. A few white, ragged clouds hurried up from the Mediterranean, crossed the Dead sea and lost themselves in the mountains of Moab. A negro in a night shirt was hurrying past. A hammel, under four bushes of Egyptian wheat, was toiling up the road. As we passed on we saw some lepers lurking in the shadow of the wall.

A long string of camels, laden with freight, came swinging up over the hill filling the evening air with the soft music of their tinkling bells. Presently we saw Mozen, the thin nosed guide, with a bundle under his arm, coming through the Damascus gate. This was the first time we had seen him since the lieutenant chastised him

at the tomb of Absalom.

When he had come out of the shadow the arch the Arab stopped, pulled at the top of his fez and said, "Bon soir." Your Arabian linguist likes to talk French o an Englishman and English to a French man, and so avoid criticism,

"Will messeaur take the beautiful haram (wife) away wi h him?" the Arab asked, peering into the Englishman's face.
"What the devil do you mean?" demanded the lieutenant, glaring at the grinning

"Ah, she know," said the Arab. Messeaur have a beautiful ship on the sea-a great white ship, with a lamp that shine from Jaffa to the Pyramids and gui-that roar like thunder. Hu-ha-h, Messeaus (he was backing away now), "the will b there. When Messeaur steps aboard his big white ship his beautiful haram will holout her hands to him. Take me, Messeaur, she will say, and what will Messeaur do next moment that illustrious liar was fub-bling the back of his head that had whacked stolen her heart from Mozen, the dragoman? who has made love to a poor Syrian girl, and

The lieutenant made a rush for the Arai and smiling, the young officer clapsed the necklesse about her throat. Up went the eyes instantly, for the third time within ten sminutes, and it seemed to me that they lingured longer than they had done before.

The fluctuality made a fush for the Ardo, who had by this time put some ten or fifteen feet between the Englishman and himself, and who now darted into a narrow passing the property of the property of

"I don't want to excite you, lieutenant," said I, when we were walking back to the

paused, turned about, and with her hands paused, turned about, and with her hands upon her hips, Trilby like, smiled sweetly down into the guich of Jeshosaphat.

"Poor devil," said Blank. "I suppose he will and I can't say that I blame

My English friend and I were pacing the platform of the dirty little station the next

They very generously offered to take me with them and "put me down" at Malta, but I would go to Egypt, and so was forced to decline the tempting invitation and tarry yet awhile longer in this desolate land, where, when the sea is high, the ships go by, and when the sea is low there are no

A half dozen strokes of the pars carried the strong boat so far from the shore that it was lost in the leaping waves.

Of a sudden I felt myself jostled, and a woman, veiled heavily, rushed past me. It

was the same woman I had seen entering the third-class carriage at Jerusalem. Standing foaming into the sea again, she tore the veil from her face and gazed out over the troubled waste. It was the same woman I had seen at the well in the guich of Jehoss-As the boat rode the top of a rolling sea

a last adieu. A moment later the beat seemed poised on end, and then, plunging down, was lost to view behind the rock of Andromeda.

The woman lifted her hands high above her head, let them fall heavily at her side, and turned from the sea as sad a face as I have ever looked upon. And now as she turned to go she saw before her the grinning guide who had so cruelly deceived her; carrying love messages to her that the Englishman had not sent.

Instantly her face was white with rage. With a swift movement she drew a dagger rom her dress, drove it to the Arab's heart. and as he reeled and fell, she hurried away up the narrow street. Two or three men turned and looked after her, but no one followed her.

I don't know what they did with her. the killing had been done by a man the brother of the victim might go and slay the slayer with impunity; but, being a woman, she will probably be suffered to go her way.

There are others—but none "just as good" by Dr. Davis' Anti-Headache.

THE PRINCE OF SWINDLERS.

Remarkable Career of Crime of Rev. "Cranby" Howard. By the escape of the Rev. G. F. B. Howard from the Columbus penltentiary last week, says the Philadelphia Times, the slickest swindler of the present age slipped through the fingers of justice, and he is liable to give the authorities a long chase before he s retaken. Howard was also known as William Lord Moore, Edward Ross, Joseph Ledger and a chain of other names too numerous to mention. He was the most famous convict confined behind the walls Ohio prison since the incarceration

the Morgan raiders in 1863, and made his escape from the institution some time between midnight and daylight. How, where and at what hour he went are questions the officials are trying to solve.

Howard's arrest and conviction cost the nited States government \$75,000.

detectives chised him all over this country and England, and for three years he suc-cessfully outwitted them at every point. No noner did they arrest him than the wily swindler would secure his release through some technicality of the law. He argued his wn case and the majority of times carried Under the aliases of E. Ross and Joseph Ledger in New York, William Lord Moore is Liverpool and G. F. B. Howard in Jackson

Liverpool and G. F. B. Howard in Jackson. Tenn., this during criminal conducted three of the greatest swindling operations ever operated in this country, collecting several thousand dollars from people in all parts of the United States, promising them apough the United States, promising them enough wealth to bankrupt England. The governnent authorities came near getting him in 1893, and he was run out of England in Feb-ruary, 1892, when Minister Robert T. Lin-coln sent Mr. Hodson of the American legacoln sent Mr. Hodson of the American legation and Inspector Forest of Scotland Yard to his place of business at No. 5 Ingersoil road. There he signed the agreement as William Lord Moore to quit the business. Howard then went to Jackson, Tenn., and began to send out letters to his former victims, and when money began to come in freely he went to Chicago to attend the World's fair, and was there arrested on a telegram from Postoffice Inspector Little, who entered Howard's office and discovered two or three bushels of old correspondence of called "The Workers," and Helen W. Moody two or three bushels of old correspondence of called "The Workers," and Helen W. Moody two or three bushels of old correspondence of called "The Workers," and Helen W. Moody two or three bushels of old correspondence of continues to discourse of "The Unquiet Sex." ore, Ross and Ledger, Eight bills of I dictment were found, charging him with using the mails for the purpose of defrauding the public. The trial lasted nearly a

jury standing ten for conviction and two for During this trial some very sensational evidence was brought out, the government he claim agency business in London he name of William Lord Moore and put aspector Frank C. Forest of Scotland Yard on the stand, who swore that Howard and ore were one and the same man. Fros roduced the agreement to "quit the claims ' The government charges that after Moore was forced to close in London be did the same class of business in New York under the names of Joseph Ledger and thers from that city who identified him as both Ledger and Ross. As a result of a econd trial Howard was given nine years in

month and resulted in a disagreement, the

he Ohio ponitentiary.

Howard has the courtly bearing and man ers of a Chesterfield, and upon his arrival it the penitentiary had no trouble in winning favor with the officials. He was made editor of the Penitentiary News, the prison paper, and with this came many privileges, among them being permits to sleep in the printing office and to go to the front of the

prison whenever he chose to do so.

Many months Howard spent in planning an escape. His opportunity came when guards were scarce and he quietly dropped out of sight. Nothing has been heard from him since and it is believed that he had his plans carefully laid for a successful escape and that he had assistance on the outside. Howard was born in Edmonton England, and his mother, who he claimed was a begum of India, died when he was a year old. From her he claims to inherit the title of Prince of Pragaya and his wonderful hypnotic power. His father is a retired London policeman. He became a saltor and landed in New York in 1873. Under the name of Frederick Howlett he enlisted in the United States navy. He deserted and next turned up in South Carolina, where he taught a negro school. In quick succession he was justice of the peace, lawyer and sec tion hand and finally was admitted to the house of Alexander Stevens. Here he re-sumed the practice of law under the name of Howlett, and a Mrs. Brown, a widow, came

pelled to leave town.

Under the name of Frederick Howard he practiced law in Georgia, taught school and inally married a sister of Congressman Cabbiness. At Atlanta he got into the min-istry. He took a high rank and was called the pulpit of the First Baptist church Jackson, Tenn., under the name of George Frederick Burgoyne Howard. The chair star of Howard was in the ascendancy. University of Alabama conferred the degree of D. D. upon him. He established a paper. the True Baptist, and was an aggressive editor. He sued the editor of the Jackson Blade for \$50,000 damages for defimation of character and got 1 cent damages.

caught in his big swindle.

Whether charlatan or familie. Dr. Howard is a most remarkable person. Strange tales have been told of him, and stranger ones yet of the power he has secured over those who have adopted his creed. But through them all there is the clink of gold, and it was this

to Europe, came back again and was finally

Masons of Virginia, on the Potomac. Dr. Howard claims to have taken with a fog and haul a milk wagon over the Bohemian hills, but the men there were good providers, whereas, if she married an Arab, she would be his slave, simplement.

THE MELTING EYES AGAIN.

The conductor waited for her, and when she came up she entered the third-class carriage, next to the engine.

After an hour of jerking and joiting, starting for the train. Canada and the United States, as well as a score of other degrees of Masonry in Great Britain, Canada and the United States, as well as a score of other degrees of Masonry in Great Britain, Canada and the United States, as well as a score of other degrees of Masonry in Great Britain, Canada and the United States, as well as a score of other degrees in India. He says, too, that he was in the suite of the prince of Wales when he visited this country, and until he lost his fortune in Maximilian's Mexican venture owned a big estate in Northumbers. lost his fortune in Maximilian's Mexican venture owned a big estate in Northumber-

OCTOBER MAGAZINES.

foriy years of existence, the Atlantic Monthly devotes a modest few pages of its October issue, which completes that period, to a retrospect of its remarkable history. Beginning in 1857, with a number containing notable contributions by Motley, Emerson Whittier, Longfellow, Lowell, Charles Eliot Norupon the edge of the wall, with the water leaping as high as her head and falling tier, Longfellow, Lowell, Charles Eliot Norton, Harriet Beecher Stowe and J. T. Trowbridge, and having had Lowell, Fields, Howells, Aldrich and Soudder for editors, the Atlantic has for more than a generation endeavored with completous success "to hold literature above all other human interests."

Nethersole, Sadle Martinot, Madel Love, Truly Shattuck, Maud Adams in "The Little Minister," Sothern and Miss Harned, Yvette Guilbert, Julia Marlowe, Roland Reed and Miss Rush and many others. deavored with compleuous success "to hold literature above all other human interests, and to offer no confusion in its ideals.' Its readers and lovers are unanimous in wish ng this sterling magazine a continued life

which shall give pleasure and profit to gen-

erations to cor criticism entitled, "Two Principles in Amer-lcan Fiction." M. Brunetiere, the editor of the Revue des Deux Mondes, discusses "The French Mastery of Style," Henry M. Stanbreaks a silence of cosiderable length with a paper on the progress of equatorial structive number. Africa during the last quarter of a cen e and Henry B. Fulled, than whom none is better qualified, offers a study of the higher life of Chicago, F. Hopkinson Smith's new serial, "Caleb West," opens entertainingly, there is a short story by Sarah Orne Jewett, and T. B. Aldrich and E. C. Stedman have poems. tury, and George Kennan traces the develop-

"Campaigning with Grant" is drawing to a close, the chapters in the current number by Charles G. D. Roberts. lescribing the events around Appointtox. Mary Blake Morse has collected some entertaining and hitherto unpublished "Letters of Dr. Holmes to a Classmate." Sir Joshua Reynolds is the subject of an appreciative essay in the "Old English Masters" series. Joseph Pennell discusses "The Art of Charles Keene," and Anna L. Bicknell has an important paper on "Marie Antolnette

In Harper's for October, Dr. Henry Smith Williams continues his notable series of lustrated by Mr. Frost. A valuable paper is that of Captain A. T. Mahan on "A Strategle Study of the Caribbean Sea," and William Libbey describes entertainingly "Kilauea, the Home of Pele." There is the usual offering distribution of Pele." There is the usual offering distribution of Pele." f excellent fiction and verse

Perhaps the most important feature in the attractive table of contents of the October Scribner's is Henry Norman's "The Wreck of Greece," which, by reason of its timelines and the intimate familiarity of the author under the title of "Women's Clubs."

Hawthorne continues his report of conditions in the plague-tricken regions of India, as he found them, and takes a particularly dark view of the future of that much afflicted land. Grant Allen contributes a strong paper to the series on "Modern College Education." In which he advocates the discarding entirely of Greek, Latin, French and German from the college curriculum. If Mr. Allen may be believed, the generally accepted ideas of college teaching are wholly mediaeval. There is a posthumous paper by Hjamar Hjorth Boyesen, on "A Glacier Excursion in Nory." Murat Halstead has a historical arti. The American Journal of Palmistr on Lafayette and Monroe, and Edgar Kindergarten Review, The Gray Goos Heaton contributes a paper on the women

A place of honor in the October number of McClure's should be given to the paper by B. T. Grenfell, descriptive of the discov ery by himself, in the course of exploration in Egypt, of paperi believed to contain the earliest known record of Christ's life or earth and to date back to the second century Ida A. Tarbill tells of Charles A. Dana's services to the government during the civil war in a manner preparatory to a series of articles on the subset by Mr. Dana himself, publication or which will shortly begin in this magazine. "An Elephant Round Up in Siam" is described by T. Cockroft and George B. Waldron makes some instructive parisons between the Greater New York and the United States in general in point of greatness and commercial importance. The recent discovery of the long lost life masks and others, the work of the sculptor Browere in 1825, is the subset of an article by Charles Henry Hart, illustrated from photographs of the masks themselves. A new story by Stephen Crane, presumably inspired by his memorable voyage to Cuba, is begun in this number. There is a short story by Octave

Thanet, and Stevenson's "St. Ives" is drawing to a close. Home Journal, besides the usual opuler pecial departments and the bracking als of Mr. Bok, there are articles by liam G. Jordan on "The Wonders of the World's Waste," showing the possibilities of broken glass, refuse molasses, coal tar, cork and other unlovely substances, by Nathaniel P. Babcock, on "When Moody and Sankey Stirred the Nation," and by Edward H. Brown, on "Inside of a Hundred Homes," ductions of many charming interiors.

number of Frank Leslie's popular monthly ara "The Hawaiian Islands," by George H. Johnson; "Landmarks and Memoirs of the Hackensack Valley" by J. P. Ritter; "Breton Folk," by George W. Bardwell; "The Leland Stanford, Jr. University," by O. L. Elliott, and "The Isle of Marken," by Emile Ver-

Godey's for October has "Four Months in Godey's for October has Four Montas in Paradise." by John R. Musick; "The Abbey of Valle Crucis." by Helen M. North; "A Day With the Marsh Princess," by Nancy M. Waddle; "The Evolution of Woman in the South," by Walter Gregory, and "Nantucket in Bygone Days and Now," by Thomas M. Prentice.

That dainty and necessary little publica-tion, "What to Eaf," has for its October issue a gruesome and forbidding outside, but holds in its interior quite the usual and expected quantity of hints and instructions for good living. The discussion of the whole-someness or bane of the apple as an article of food, if much further protracted, is likely to cause more slukness than even an overindulgence in uncooked fruit, but it is probable that the two chief disputants will sconer or later carry their warfare to a more suitable arena than the pages of this magazine, which should above all things strive to promote that peace of mind among

Effic Shannon in "A Coat of Many Colors," Kate Dale in "The Good Mr. Best," Olga Nethersole, Sadie Martinot, Mabel Love,

The always welcome International, which is doing much to familiarize the reading pubwith the best foreign literature, contains in its October issue an interesting article by Frations to come.

James Lane Allen contributes to the current number a brilliant piece of analysis and criticism entitled, "Two Principles in American Fiction." M. Brunetiere, the editor of "The Transformation of Russia." from the French of Anatole Leroy-Beaulieu, and much good fiction from various continental languages, makes up an interesting and in-

Herman Grimm is the subject of the

ong T. B. Aldrich and E. C. Stedman have poems.

The October Century leads off with an interesting article on "The Roll of Honor of the New York Police," for which the excellent illustrations are furnished by Jay the New York Police," for which the excellent illustrations are furnished by Jay Hambridge. F. G. Ferris has a spirited description of the Corbin game preserve at Newport, N. H., with a strong plea for the systematic preservation of the fast vanishing big game of America. General Porton's "The Rise and Police "The Rise and Police and Allan Allan and Allan "The Rise and Police and Tricks and Tribulations," Frances Albert Dougherty depicts "The Under Side of New Orleans" and Frances and Tribulations," Frances Albert Dougherty depicts "The Under Side of New Orleans" and Frances and Tribulations, "Frances Albert Dougherty depicts "The Under Side of New Orleans" and Frances and Tribulations, "Frances Albert Dougherty depicts "The Under Side of New Orleans" and Frances Albert Dougherty depicts "The Under Side of New Orleans" and Frances Albert Dougherty depicts "The Under Side of New Orleans" and Frances Albert Dougherty depicts "The Under Side of New Orleans" and Frederick M. Bird is properly served depicts "The Under Side of New Orleans" and Frederick M. Bird is properly served depicts "The Under Side of New Orleans" and Frederick M. Bird is properly served depicts "The Under Side of New Orleans" and Frederick M. Bird is properly served depicts "The Under Side of New Orleans" and Frederick M. Bird is properly served depicts "The Under Side of New Orleans" and Frederick M. Bird is properly served depicts "The Under Side of New Orleans" and Frederick M. Bird is properly served depicts "The Under Side of New Orleans" and Frederick M. Bird is properly served depicts "The Under Side of New Orleans" and Frederick M. Bird is properly served depicts "The Under Side of New Orleans" and Frederick M. Bird is properly served depicts "The Under Side of New Orleans" and Frederick M. Bird is properly served depicts and Frederick M. Bird vere upon "Bad Story Telling," Theodore F.
Wolfe tells of "Some Literary Shrines of
Manhattan" and Agnes Carr Sage traces
"The Rise and Fall of Athletic Pastimes."
There is short fiction by W. T. Nichols and by Charles G. D. Roberts,

In the October Arena is still waged the battle against all existing and imaginary lils. Chairman Towne of the silver republi-can national committee stigmatizes the "plutocratic" interference with teachers in col eges and universities as "The New Ostra-ism." Mr Towne has been recently heard from the stump in Omaha and is nothing if not clamorous for every known reform. Mr. Taubeneck of Illinois contributes the second of his papers on "The Concentration of Wealth" and Editor Ridpath runs amuck papers on "The Century's Progress in Science," under the title of "The Century's Progress in Chemistry," W. A. Crane contitues an instructive artile on "The Future of The Dead Hand in the Church" and Railway Investments." Caspar Whitney Charles B. Newcomb asks and answers appropriate the continuous continuo has a long and breezy description of "The Golfer's Conquest of America," admirably illustrated by Mr. Frost. A valuable paper is esting and really useful article is "Hypno-

The Art Amateur for October is one of the best numbers ever issued by that magazine. There is a charming colored plate of a little of girl with cherries, and eight supplement pages of working designs. In the body of with recent events in that unfortunate kingdom, is calculated to throw light on many places hitherto unfillumined. Prof. Bliest Perry centributes a bright essay on "The Technic of Puvis de Chavannes," by Montague Marks, "The Revival of Lithography," with fac similes of drawings on Stone, by George Morland and Theodore Gericallt, "The Drawing of Children" and "China Painting." A special feature has been the magazine are, among others, articles on "China Painting." A special feature has been added this mouth in "The Children's Page." containing simple lessons in drawing for the help of beginners.

Cassell's for October contains its customary quota of stirring fiction, besides a number of more serious articles. There is ing school, and a curious paper on "Costume and Character" by H. A. Arnold Foster, H. G. Archer has a readable articles on "Some Famous and Historical Trees," a F. U. Holmes, in "Night on the It Road," describes the nocturnal duties drivers, stokers and guards on an English railway. There is another good ghost story in the "Master of Mysteries" series, and thrilling chapters in the serial "By a Hair" Breadth." besides a short story by Bret

Globe Quarterly, The Home Magazine, The Open Court, The American Klitchen Magazine The American Journal of Palmistry, Fawaett treats of Aaron Burr under the title Stories, The Black Cat. Theosophy Planets of "A Remantic Wrong Doer." D. C. Wor- and People, The Bankers' Magazine, The cester and F. S. Bourns show the results of Woman's Home Companion, The American 'Stanish Rule in the Philippines," and Eliza Queen, The Engineering Magazine, Munici pal Engineering, Sunbeams, The New Life, The Yellow Book, Money, Municipal Affairs, The Harvard Graduates' Magazine, Popular

> The Book Buyer for October contains an appreciative criticism of Dr. Weir Mitchell he was the typical Texan. Above six feet and his work, by Sidney George Fisher which is particularly timely in view of the recent appearance of Dr. Mitchell's greatest novel. A portrait of Dr. Mitchell serves as frontispiece. The second part of "Abraham Lincoln in Caricature" is as entertaining as the first, and many old cartoons from Harper's Weekly and Frank Leslie's are reproduced.

The October Book News has a notable story entitled, "Jim's Victory," by Sarah Barnwell Elliott, the author of "Jerry.

The editorial department of the October Current Literature is especially interesting comprising five pages of comment and criticism on a variety of subjects. The selected matter, prose and verse, comprises much of the best that has been published during the month. Extracts are given from Hall Caine's "The Christian." Mrs. Barr's "Pris-oners of Conscience," Zola's "His Excel-lency" and S. Leavitt Yeats "Chevaller d'Auriac." There is much timely Klondike matter and selections on the subjects of travel and history from Mrs. Clapham Pennington's "A Key to the Orient" and C. G. D. Roberts "History of Canada." Maurice mpson is the subject of an appreciation The October Forum contains much of ap-

cial and timely interest. Thomas Gibson Bowies, M. P., the founder of "Vanity Fair," contributes an important paper on "England, Turkey and India." Senator Justin S. Mor-rill, under the title "Notable Letters from rill, under the title Notable 1.

My Political Friends," has collected interesting communications from Henry Winter
County Joshua R. Gid-Davis, Thaddeus Stevens, Joshua R. Gid-dings, George Bancroft and Henry C. Carey which make up the first instalment of what is sure to be a noteworthy series. Hon, W. Harris, the United States commissione of Education, discusses "Statistics Versus Socialism," and Hon. Eugene T. Chamberlain, United States commissioner of Naviga-tion, points out "Our Need of Merchant Ves-Other papers of special moment are "Tae Heredily of Acquired Characteristics," by Prof. Cessre Lombrosc: "Universities and the Higher Education of Women," by Oscar Br whing of Cambridge university; "Naval Warfare," by Fred T. Jane, a well known war correspondent, and "Paul Verlaine," by S. C. de Soissons. In addition to these Edward Tuck and Hon. W. Morton Grinnell discuss the subject of "International Bi-metallism."

frontispiece an excellent reproduction of painting by G. A. Hessi, entitled "Don't." The illustrations throughout this publication players and their adversaries, and a pro-fusely illustrated article on "Wilton House" its readers which conduces to good digestion.

The October Metropolitan attracts with a brilliant filuminated cover, and is as usual thor's notes. Mr. Tyrrell's series of papers A NEW SERIAL STORY

Omaha Sunday Bee ANTHONY HOPE

AUTHOR OF

"THE PRISONER OF ZENDA"

Has completed a New Story of Love, Intrigue, and Devoted Gallantry, entitled

"SIMON DALE"

A ROMANCE OF THE STIRRING TIMES OF CHARLES II.

For serial publication in Fifteen Installments, in the Omaha Sunday Bee, commencing October 17.

THE STORY.

Anthony Hope's mastery of witty and in-imitably graceful dialogue, as well as his wonderful skill in the weaving of a dramatic tale, is admirably displayed in this new story of ingenious construction and sustained interest. Few stories, even of Mr. Hope's, are more replete with incident, more rapid in movement, or deal more picturesquely with a group of historical characters than this of "Simon Dale."

The period is one peculiarly suited to the author's genius. The hero moves in the romantic days of Charles II. and his fortunes are entangled with those of the dissolute Stuart, and of Louis XIV of France. A witch's prophecy at his birth has foretold that "he will love what the King loves, know what the King hides, and drink from the King's cup." How Simon is bewitched with saucy Nell Gwyn, but is at heart faithful to his first love; how he bears himself like an honest gentleman through all the court intrigues; how he defends his lady with a wit and with a sword point equally keen, to win her to himself at last, Mr. Hope tells in a brilliant series of vividly picturesque scenes.

READ IT IN

The Bee

on "Lee of Virginia" draws to a close with floor and soon was fast asleep. After a time

cover of the October number of Outing does episode to her companien, who gave vent to not belie the timeliness of its excellent con- peal after peal of laughter. There were the "Four Days on the Prairie," by Ed | W. Sandys, is a stirring description of an excursion among the game fewl of Manitolal. At the beginning of the foot ball sea-son Walter Camp, whose words on the subson Walter Camp, whose words on the subject carry the utmost weight, reviews in this number the season of '96. His forecast his gun. Before they recovered from their astonishment "Buck" roared out: "Madame, astonishment "Buck" roared out: "Madame, astonishment "Buck" roared buck home, and as ber. Fox hunting wheeling mountain climbing, shark fishing, termis, yachting,

avoid it and cure every other form of th oat or lung trouble by the use of One Minute

STORIES ABOUT "BUCK" KILGORE The Woman Who Got the Best of Him

but Kep it Secret.

There are men in every quarter of the union, says the Louisville Courier-Journal, who will regret to hear of the death of Judge Constantine B. Kilgore, at Ardmore, I. T. For eight years "Buck" Kilgore was a nota ble man at the national capital. In person to go into the lobby, the messenger shut the to go into the lobby. He raised his foot, clothed in an enormous cowhide boot and kicked the door down and went his way. The notoriety that attached to him on account of the act was always distasteful to

there was no more democratic looking man in congress. The boys on the avenue called him "Buck," and after be kicked the door down every gamin in Washington was am bitious to shine his boots. Many of them boasted of the honor. Kilgore did not have his boots shined every day. When he first landed he took rooms on C street, not far from the capitol. After breakfast he went out for a stroll. A colored boy proposed a shine. "Whit's your name?" asked "Buck." shine. "Whit's your name?" asked "Back." an honor I did not expect." rejoined Kilgore; "you can pitch right in." During the whole squares to give that boy the job of shining his boots.

During the war he was a contract by proposed a line that didn't have snarks in it. Then he asked: "What is there about it that puzzles you? If she has a contract it ought to be a very simple."

"Oh, she has the contract all right enough," interrupted the judge's daughter.

and very weary. He called at a house by the roadside and there he found a woman just taking from the spit a pricely brolled chicken. The savor of the fowl made him ravenous. He had a Mexican dollar in his porket, which he had carried for years and to which he was much attached, but he was bound to have, that chicken, and he pulled out the dollar and proposed a trade—the coin for the fowl. The lady said the chicken was for a sick friend and that she could not sell it. "But," she continued, "Fil jump you for

"I mean that we will see which can jump farthest from this doorslil out into the yard. and the one of us that beats shall have both

chicken and dollar,"
"All right; that suits me exactly," said Buck. The dollar was placed on the dish beside the chicken and his gun was leaned against the wall by the door, and Buck slung his arms and made a tremendous leap of over twelve feet. He facovered with difficulty, and when he turned to the door there was the lady with his cocked gun in her hands, with the but against lever shoulder.

dimunition of interest. There are several he was awakened by vicies down below. Ho good short stories in this number. The autumnal coloring of the illuminated | a female voice, and a moment later he realized that she was relating the "jumping" chicken and his dollar which he could see an by the light of the tallow dip. Peering about he saw his gun also. There was a big hole in the floor of the loft and just as the man took hold of the dish to eat the chicken "Buck" plunged through that hole and selzed you just flirt the gravel back home, and as for this gentleman, he and I will flirt gravel

canoeing and athletics are represented with to the office of the provost marshal. He is the deserter I have been after for a week." There was shoot in "Buck's" eye now. The woman left. "Buck" recovered his dollar, ate the chicken and before midnight surrendered his prisoner to the provost marshal. It was worth a journey across the continent to hear "Buck" tell the story.

> Most Excellent. Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is a pleas-ant expectorant syrup. It is intended es-pecially for acute throat and lung diseases, such as coughs, colds, croup and whooping cough, and is a most excellent medicine for the relief and cure of these diseases.

THE JUDGE'S DAUGHTER.

She Manages to Make Her Father Wish She Were Married.

The judge's daughter was in one of her thoughtful moods, and the judge was naturally nervous, relates the Chicago Post. He knew what those moods portended, for had he not been tripped up as a result of them on previous occasions? "Papa," she said at last, "I wish you

would enlighten me in regard to a little legal problem that has been bothering me for some time."

The judge sighed and out down his paper. He knew that there was no use battling against fate. He was in for trouble, and he would have to make the best of it.

"What is it?" he naked.

"It's the case of this Mies Tillinghast, the artist, who undertook to put some stained glass angels in a memorial window, and who has had to sue for the contract price of the work." explained the judge's daughfor some time."

of the work," explained the judge's daugh-"It's a straight case of law," said the

judge to himself with some jubilation, for he could answer about anything in the legal

squares to give that boy the job of shining but I am not quite sure about the interpretation of it. That's why I have come to assist in gathering up some descriters. One evening about dusk he was out in the country in quest of a descriter who had been off the "layout" for a year. He was very hungry and very weary. He called at a house by the roadside and there is to know about low, and what is so blind and confusing to me will be a more trifle to you. You see the contract there is to know about low, and what is so blind and confucing to me will be a more trifle to you.] You see the contract called for an angel, but the figure Miss Tillinghast put in the window has no wings, and it was for that reason that payment has been refused. Naturally, the whole question hinges on whether the law recognizes angels with or with ut wings. Is a wingless angel is with or with ut wings. less angel lawful or does the suprem recognize only the winged variety? possible to croduce any authentic record of an angel without wings? Would one have any standing in court? And, on the other hand, have we any evidence that a real angel has wings? Of course that is the supcosition, but would you as a presiding judge in a case of this sort feel that you were justified in accepting wings as established be-yond a reasonable doubt?"

The judge's daughter paused and looked

at the judge inquiringly. The judge puffed his cigar with unnecessary energy and his cigar with unnectooked at his daughter.

are by far the best furnished in the list of English magazines. They include this month a spirited drawing by Arthur Jule and finger on the trigger.

"Card Playing," by Louisa Parr, will be found interesting and instructive to card ball" in the gun. So "Buck" "firted the wife month of the control of thought. "I am of the cointon that the evidence in this case shows that you are going to make things mighty interesting for some young man at some future time."

There was shoot in her ever and "buck and ball" in the gun. So "Buck" "firted the wife that he didn't care how soon their dangling man at some future time." "Now, you just flirt the gravel down that road, young man," she ordered.

There was shoot in her evel and "buck and ball" in the gun. So "Buck" "flirted the gravel," his bosom swollen with impotent daughter married

Stevenson's profanity.

By this time it was dark. Over in a field may be avoided by using De Witt's Witch Hazel Salve, the great remody for piles and the of papers.