NEW BOOKS AND MAGAZINES

Historical Novels and Tales of Adventure Take the Lead.

HOLIDAY BOOKS GREATLY IN EVIDENCE

Large Variety of Reading Matter to Suit All Kinds and Classes of Readers—New and Very Dainty Christmas Gift Books.

The popular craving for stories of romantic adventure is seen in the large number of such works that are now coming from the press. The reaction from realism is so great that the rebound promises to carry the public very far. In historical fiction and in the romance of adventure, this season has seen several notable works.

One of the novels of the season that deserves more than a passing notice and one that bids fair to attract an unusual amount of public attention, is "Parson Kelly, by A. E. W. Mason and Andrew Lang. Mr. Mason will be remembered as the author of "The Courtship of Morrice Buckler," while Andrew Lang is too well known to the reading public to require any introduction. The story deals with the fortunes of an Irish parson, without benefice, and a secret agent of the pretender in the early days of George I. The scenes are laid largely in England and the author's pictures of London society and of the varied intrigues of that stirring time are graphic and striking. A pretty love story runs through the book and adds much to the reader's satisfaction as well as to that of the parson. The novel is so full of incident, of surprises, of humor and of pathos that it deserves careful reading, as one of the best sketches of a picturesque period of English history. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. Cloth, $1.50.

Under the title of "Young April" Ederton Castle has written the story of an English lad of spirit, who has always been held in over-strict restraint and who receives the news of his succession to his title while on the continent with his tutor. He will become of age in a month and recognizes that then he must assume the responsibilities of his new rank. The intervening month he determines to have for himself and this is the story of that April of folly and frolic, love and discord, in which the duke of Rochester becomes a man. The Macmillan Company, New York. Cloth, $1.50.

The historical portion of "The Sword of Justice," by Sheppard Stevens, deals with the events treated of in Parkman's "Pioneers of France in the New World," from the destruction of the Huguenots by Menendez at Fort Caroline, Fla., to their avenging by Dominique de Gourgues. The author, however, although following history with exactitude, does not allow these events to warp the symmetry of the story. The tale of Pierre Debre, who escaped from the massacre of Fort Caroline and having been adopted as a son by the chief Satouriona, lived as an Indian and of his love for Eugenie Brisset, another Huguenot, taken captive by the Spaniards, moves with continuous interest. Striking use is made of the Indian scenes and customs. Not only is one given an accurate view of Indian life, but the author puts this to romantic purposes and throughout reaches a high imaginative level. The noble tone of the story, its varied incidents, its strength of style, original treatment and faithfulness to history will recommend the book to the reader of historical fiction. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. Cloth, $1.25.

"The Bronze Buddha," by Cora Linn Daniels, is the story of the search for a particular idol of the ancient East Indian temple, which had for centuries been worshipped by thousands of devotees, but which had become lost during an insurrection. The author has interwoven in her plot the character of an Indian prince from the far east, whose rare and strange nature has been educated to those quaint and peculiar superstitions which move the Oriental mind to singular depths of pathos and heights of exaltation, and around him and the magnificent bronze idol centers the interest of this mystical romance. Although from the nature of the plot one would suppose the reader to be plunged into the depths of India and Oriental mysticism, as a matter of fact the scene is laid in and about the city of New York and a well-known agricultural center in the west. Strange and unfamiliar as are some of the scenes of "The Bronze Buddha" their accuracy is vouched for by the data and literature received from no less personages than the highest English officials of the various departments of India. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. Cloth, $1.50.

Mr. Frank T. Bullen's new book is entitled "The Log of a Sea-Waif." The brilliant author of "The Cruise of the Cachalot" and "Idylls of the Sea" presents in this new book the continuous story of the actual experiences of his first four years at sea. In graphic and picturesque phrases he has sketched the events of voyages to the West Indies, to Bombay and the Coromandel coast, to Melbourne and Rangoon. Nothing could be of more absorbing interest than this wonderfully vivid account of folk's humanity, and the adventures and strange sights and experiences attendant upon deep-sea voyages. It is said by those who have read it that the book is likely to prove a companion volume to "Two Years Before the Mast." D. Appleton & Company, New York. Cloth, $1.50.

"The Half-Back" is a breezy story of outdoor sport that will be read with the most intense interest by every healthy boy and by many girls. Mr. Barbour's hero is introduced to the reader at a preparatory school, where the serious work and discipline are varied by golf and foot ball matches and a regatta. Later the young halfback of the school earns a place upon a 'varsity team and distinguishes himself in a great university game, which is sketched in a most brilliant and stirring chapter. Without obtruding the moral upon the reader, he shows that the acquisition of knowledge, and not athletics, is the end and aim of school and college life. D. Appleton Company, New York; $1.50.

"A Bitter Heritage," by Mr. Bloundelle-Burton, has just been issued as one of Appleton's Town and Country Library. Mr. Bloundelle-Burton is one of the most successful of the purveyors of historical romance who have started up in the wake of Stanley Weyman and Conan Doyle. He has a keen eye for the picturesque, a happy instinct for a dramatic (or more generally a melodramatic) situation, and he is apt and careful in his historic paraphernalia. He usually succeeds, therefore, in producing an effective story. "A Bitter Heritage" is fully up to Mr. Burton's high standard of excellence and will prove an entertaining book to all. D. Appleton and Company, New York. Cloth, $1.

Mr. Hamlin Garland has prepared a new and revised edition of "Main Traveled Roads," which will contain some additional stories. "Main Traveled Roads" will probably remain Hamlin Garland's best known book. It was his first appearance as the author of a bound volume, and nothing he has written since obscures it. The new edition has been revised and contains several new stories, which properly should have been included with the six original "Mississippi Valley Stories." The MacMillan Company, New York. Cloth, $1.50.

"The Bondwoman" is a new novel by Marah Ellis Ryan, who is well and favorably known, and much beloved, by a wide circle of readers. Her "Flower of France," her "Pagan of the Alleghanies," her "Told in the Hills," are rich in the blended elements of strength that appeal in power to the human heart. But good as they are, they had not quite prepared one to expect from the same pen this new romance, which can hardly fail to find favor in the admirers of the author's previous works. Within the limits of this review it is not possible to give an outline of the story—the book should be read to be appreciated. Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago. $1.25.

Volumes of Verse.

Anyone capable of constructing a scrap-book can compile a volume of selected love-poems, but only one who is himself a true poet and a scholar could do what Mr. G. Hembert Westley has in the charming collection called "For Love's Sweet Sake." The poems are presented in four divisions, respectively entitled "Love's Morning," "Love's Noontide," "Love's Evening" and "Love's Night." The contents are fitly chosen for each section and suit themselves to all moods of love and friendship. As this book is intended to be a companion to the same publisher's previous widely-known collection, "Because I Love You," care has been taken not to duplicate any selection therein. The book is a gem of the printers' and binders' art, with its rich cover, fine paper, excellent full-page illustrations and profusion of decorative designs. No one need seek farther for a tasteful gift to a friend or a lover. Lee & Shepard, Boston. Cloth, $1.50.

Under the well-chosen title "Book Lover's Verse," Mr. Ruddy has gathered the verse of those who have sung of books, from Alcuin, who wrote in the latter part of the eighth century, down to Eugene Field. One might suppose that a wealth of material were at hand from which to make a careful selection, but the editor, in his preface, assures us that such is not the case. One may read Shakespeare's sonnet which testifies to his love of books, and by its side, in quaint old English, Chaucer's tribute to "The Scholar and His Books." Cowper, Emerson, Holmes, Longfellow, Moore, Wordsworth, Swinburne and Stevenson have each written a song or two of books, but Tennyson and Browning—where are they? The larger lights of poetry seem to have had no inclination to shine in the dim, sequestered nooks where book-lovers dwell, stooping but for a moment or two, if at all. Yet the book-lover into whose hands this dainty collection falls will not, after the first two pages, miss the absent ones, for small as it is, the work is complete. The Bowen-Merrill Co., Indianapolis. Cloth, $1.25.

Recent Juveniles.

"The Return of the Fairies," by Charles J. Bellamy, is an illustrated story book by the brother of the author of "Looking Backward" that will please young people. Each of the six tales inculcates a good moral, but this moral is never obtruded. The author understands children and his book is very cleverly written. The pictures by Charles W. Reed are also very attractive. Little Folks Publishing company, Springfield, Mass.

Mr. Hamblen's railroad stories are about as characteristic and American as anything in the world of books. "We Win" brings before the boys, for whom it is primarily intended, a vivid picture of the life of a railroad man. Needless to say, however, the story is the main thing, and its adventures, interest and reality center about a young railroader who learns the business under exceptional circumstances, and who becomes, by a lucky accident, a public benefactor to his townsfolk. Doubleday & McClure Co., New York. Cloth, $1.50.

"The Beacon Prize Medals" and other stories, by Albert Bigelow Paine, are stories of everyday heroes and heroines; boys and girls in home and school. They are not called heroes by their families or friends, but very often the courage and self-denial needed in some trial of everyday life is of as high order as that of a hero in front of battle. Young people will feel that in Mr. Paine they have a friend who, by means of these stories, sets forth their trials and victories with sympathy and understanding. The Baker & Taylor Co., New York. Cloth, $1.25.

Two new volumes have been added to Appleton's Home-Reading Books under the titles, "The Story of the Fishes" and "About the Weather." The first mentioned is by James Newton Basket and the second by Mark W. Harrington. These are two of the most interesting volumes of this most valuable series of school or home-reading books for young people. Both volumes are profusely illustrated and are arranged in a manner to entertain as well as instruct young people. A number of books belonging to this series have been reviewed in these columns and all have been spoken of in the highest terms. D. Appleton & Co., New York. Per volume, 65c.

"Scientific Sewing and Garment Cutting" is the title of a little volume which owes its publication to the constant and increasing demand for information in regard to the system which it explains. This demand has been created by the unqualified success of this form of manual training in the school where it has been taught, substantially as here set forth, for the last six years. While intended for school use, it might be made very useful about the home where there are little girls to be instructed in the art of sewing. Silver Burdett & Co., Boston. Cloth, 50c.

"Two Chums," by Minerva Thorpe, is the story of a little boy and his dog. Without other friend than his faithful dog, little Pierre started for America, in accordance with the dying request of his grandmother, to search out his relatives. The book tells the story of his wanderings and adventures and it is a good, clean story, too, and one that will be found entertaining by young people. Laird & Lee, Chicago. Cloth, $1.

"Rupert's Ambition" is the title of a boy's book from the pen of Horatio Alger, jr. It is a highly entertaining tale of the kind calculated to hold the attention of the young reader. It is the story of the struggles and hardships endured by a lad of 16 who was charged with the support of a widowed mother and invalid sister. Henry T. Coates & Co., Philadelphia.

It is no easy matter to find a book that is as pleasing to the great majority of children as "Chatterbox." It has the advantage of containing such a great variety of matter that children differing widely in ages and temperaments are equally well pleased with it. It is always sure to prove an acceptable present to a child. Dana, Estes & Co., Boston.

"The St. Nicholas Christmas Book" takes its title only indirectly from the white-bearded, merry-eyed old fellow who fills the children's stockings annually on "the night before Christmas." The raison d'etre of the name is the fact that it consists of prose and verse and pictures carefully selected from the pages of St. Nicholas, in which magazine they have been printed at different times within the past five-and-twenty years. The Century Co., New York. Price, $1.50.

Two things—two very important things—Mr. Morley Roberts has done excellently in his book "A Son of Empire." In the first place, his fighting is the real, true thing. His pictures of the scrimmages in the hills may stand beside Napier's picture of the "unconquerable British infantry" saving Beresford from a court-martial at Albuera. And then there is the heroine, Madge Gretton, quite a delightful girl. J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia. Paper, 50 cents.

"The Wood Rangers," by G. Waldo Browne is a story of the struggle between the early settlers of New Hampshire and the people of Massachusetts over the possession of a certain tract of disputed territory. The story is founded on fact and much history is interwoven with the tale, but in a way to make the whole very entertaining to the youthful reader. L. C. Page & Co. Cloth, $1.00.

Amid the profusion of juveniles it is a pleasure to find such a book as "Camping on the St. Lawrence." Dr. Tomlinson's name is always a guarantee of valuable information combined with entertainment and wholesome influence and he has now more than sustained his reputation in these particulars, while working in an entirely different vein from any previous effort and we risk saying that it is his happiest yet. Lee & Shepard, Boston. Cloth, $1.50.

Books Received.

"One of Those Coincidences and ten other stories, by Julian Hawthorne and others. Funk & Wagnalls Co., New York. Cloth, $1.00.

"Reggy," by Laura E. Richards. Dana, Estes & Co., Boston.

"Salads, Sandwiches and Chafing-dish Dainties," by Janet McKenzie Hill. Little, Brown & Co., Boston.

"In Hampton Roads," by Charles Eugene Banks and George Cram Cook. Rand, McNally & Co. Cloth, $1.25.

"Santa Claus's Partner," by Thomas Nelson Page. Charles Scribner's Sons. Cloth, $1.50.

"John Selden and His Table Talk," by Robert Waters. Eaton & Mains, New York. Cloth, $1.00.

"Winter Adventures of Three Boys In the Great Lone Land," by Egerton R. Young. Eaton & Mains, New York. Cloth, $1.25.

"Iron Heart, War Chief of the Iroquois," by Edward S. Ellis. Henry T. Coats & Co., Philadelphia.

"Two Tragedies of Seneca," "Medea" and "The Daugters of Troy," rendered into English verse by Ella Isabel Harris. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

"Ulric, the Jarl," by William O. Stoddard. Eaton & Mains, New York. Cloth, $1.50.

ABOUT CROUP.

Some Reading that Will Prove Interesting to Young Mother—How to Guard Against the Disease.

Croup is a terror to young mothers and to post them concerning the cause, first symptoms and treatment is the object of this item. The origin of croup is a common cold. Children who are subject to it take cold very easily and croup is almost sure to follow. The first symptom is hoarseness; this is soon followed by a peculiar rough cough, which is easily recognized and will never be forgotten by one who has heard it. The time to act is when the child first becomes hoarse. Give Chamberlain's Cough Remedy freely and all tendency to croup will soon disappear. Even after the croupy cough has developed it will prevent the attack. There is no danger in giving this remedy for it contains nothing injurious.

Bicycle and Automobile Combine.

NEW YORK, Nov. 7.—The Times says: A $250,000,000 combination is projected. The informal meeting to perfect this great organization will be held at the Waldorf-Astoria today. It is intended to combine all of the rubber, bicycle and automobile companies into one great concern, which will control the production of every article entering into the manufacture of a bicycle or an automobile.

In the proposed company, it is said, all of the companies already formed will be participants. Messrs. Studebaker and Riker, who own numerous patents, are said to be parties to the arrangement and they are also mentioned as largely interested in the automobile company incorporated at Wilmington on Saturday.

Ludlow Reaches New York.

NEW YORK, Nov. 7.—The steamer Havana, which arrived today from Cuba, brought Major General Ludlow, civil governor of Havana; Lieutenant E. G. Carpenter, military aide to General Ludlow, and Dr. Milton Rosenau of the United States marine hospital service. The gentlemen named, with thirty-six other passengers of the Havana, were transferred to Hoffman Island for observation. They will be released at noon on Thursday.

BITS OF LIFE IN KAISERLAND

Experiences of Bachelor Girls in Emperor William's Country.

TUSSLE WITH CUSTOM HOUSE OFFICIALS

Quaint Sights and Scenes in Cologne and Strasburg and Along the Rhine—Wonders of the Great Cathedrals.

They hail from St. Louis, this quartet of globe-trotting bachelor girls, who see all that is worth seeing and give their impressions in the picquant, picturesque style of American girls. In a letter to the Globe-Democrat, the editor of the party thus relates their experience in Germany:

We have yet to experience the welcome of the custom house officials in our native land—an ordeal which we do not look forward to with hilarity—but we know something of the tricks and the manners in healthier climes, where English is not spoken. Many a time when we were questioned so keenly in a language which was as Greek to us and where our poor little modest traveling bags were poked so suspiciously by officials on the scent for "whisky or tobacco," we sighed in the words of the Psalmist, "Why do the heathen rage so furiously and the people imagine a vain thing?"

We had a more than queer experience with the powers that be on the borders of Germany. We had been warned that the officials in the land of the moustachioed emperor were far from tender with foreigners, especially Anglo-Saxons, and we were anticipating annoyance, though our consciences, like our bags, were free from whisky or tobacco. But somehow we had missed calculations as to the border line of Prussia and were in Rhineland before we knew it. The fact was announced first by strange behavior on the part of the train. The carriage which we occupied in common with a silent German gentleman, was suddenly unhitched from its moorings to the rest of the train and began a violent flight to the rear, while the rest of the carriages, with our friends, went steaming on toward the haven where we would be. Then locomotion ceased and for a few minutes we were stationary. The silent gentleman took occasion to alight, probably to ascertain what all this meant. No sooner had he left the carriage, however, than we began to move forward again, slowly. I stuck my bewildered head out of the window, to find our carriage being pushed down a sidetrack by a single man! And he pushed to such good purpose that we soon brought up with a bang against the rear of the very train from the front of which we had been detached with such care. Now, can any one solve for me the mystery of such a course of proceeding? But that was not all. The door of the carriage was opened with a bang and a pompous individual in uniform began to question us in German, which is a dead language to us. At first I was at a loss, but suddenly it dawned upon me what he meant and I violently shook my head, disclaiming all knowledge of whisky and tobacco, to find which was evidently his errand. He then pointed to the baggage of the silent German, which filled the seat opposite us. We shrugged our shoulders and signified that it was nothing to us, whereupon he fell upon the defenceless bags tooth and nail, pulled them open, clawed out the entire contents fiercely and scattered them broadcast over the plush cushions. Having found neither cigars nor spirits among the very simple dressing arrangements of the absentee, he frowningly withdrew, banging the door again, leaving us staring wildly at the disarray and confusion of the poor gentleman's bag, for he had never stopped to return the masculine garments to their seemly oblivion, but had left them sprawling over the whole carriage.

Protests of Innocence.

Amid our consternation entered the silent German. For a moment he stood in the doorway gazing horror-struck at the ruins of his packing. Then he looked reproachfully at us and back to the collars, cuffs, underwear and socks which littered the seat and the floor. We turned crimson under the evident suspicion of his gaze. "Try to explain," gasped Mrs. to me. And I tried, with my four words of German, to tell him that 'twas no deed of ours.

"Thou cans't not say I done it," I plaintively remarked, or words to that effect. He looked doubtful and I am sure understood never a word, but repacked his bags in silent despair. And our faces remained crimson until he alighted, which was at the next station.

This was our introduction to Germany, and the first of many contretemps caused by our ignorance of the language. But for the most part we found the people patient and polite, though by no means quick to grasp an idea or proficient in sign language. We were helpless at the restaurants; our mode of proceeding was to look down the bill of fare, which conveyed no meaning whatever to our minds, and picking out some guttural viand at haphazard to point to it on the card and wait in dubious suspense to learn of what our meal was to consist. And great were the surprises in store for us; for things which looked most complicated in cold print would turn out to be the most innocent of everyday vegetables in hot dishes. And we ate what was set before us.

And oh the wild joy which filled our hearts when we mustered up courage to be really wicked and Bohemian; when we found ourselves sitting in one of the cozy little sidewalk beer gardens in Strasburg, with a small portion of meat and a very large mug of beer on the table before us. We wondered what we should think at home to see two unattended ladies drinking spirits in a public street; we wondered what our gentle and scrupulous mothers would think to see us so. But no one else seemed to find it at all strange; in fact, every one was doing likewise, and the band played meanwhile.

At a Famous Shrine.

It was at Cologne that we saw the shrine of St. Ursula and the Eleven Thousand Virgins, their bones made into a neat patchwork of mosaic on the walls of the little chapel. A stout and conciliatory priest showed us about the precious chamber, all rich with gold and jewels and offerings of believers for nearly 2,000 years. He would point out the "finger bone of St. Ursula," the "right arm bone of St. Ursula," "the skull of St. Ursula's husband," cleft deep with a heathen battle ax, and as he showed us the wondrous relics, each encased in its precious case of silver, with a hole for the kiss of the pious, he would look at us with the queerest expression, as one who would say: "I wonder how much of this you really believe, how much you think that I believe?" But we wanted to believe it all—it is really much easier to believe everything than to be a skeptic in the atmosphere of so much obvious age and gorgeous faith; and the chamber was a very holy place to us. About the walls stood countless silver and glass cases, containing the precious skulls of the virgins and, in the middle of the room, was the beautiful golden shrine of St. Ursula herself, studded with precious stones and sculptured with most exquisite tracery. And, after all, whether the legend be true or no and whether these relics be but actual members of those early martyrs for the faith the sentiment which they have inspired through all these hundreds of years is a touching and beautiful thing and the floor, worn by countless pilgrims' feet, and the cold metal, kissed by so many earnest lips, have surely become sacred in their own right.

If, when we reach our native shores we are not able to build for ourselves a cathedral and a ruined castle, it will prove that we are singularly unobservant. I have seen so many of both these specimens of ancient architecture that I feel as if I could make either with both eyes shut. After climbing to the top of Cologne cathedral, the second tallest building in the world, I believe; oh, how my legs did ache! and after a glorious day on the Rhine, whisking by countless castles of every pattern and variety, to say nothing of a special visit to Heidelberg castle, with careful inspection of every dungeon and battlement, I feel that I have acquired the cathedral-castle recipe. But I won't give it away. It is too precious.

Such a glorious day as that was on the Rhine. Red-covered Baedeker had warned us that it would prove a disappointment; that our own Hudson river was quite as beautiful. And so, indeed, it is, some parts of it, more beautiful than some parts of the Rhine. But we can boast no castles, frowning and grand, the now abandoned nests of those old river birds of prey, the robber barons, who spread terror along the banks of the river and made commerce a trade of peril. Neither have we the beautiful vineyards, terraced along the sloping mountain sides, green in the sun and sweetly smelling, as the steamer passes. And as for the fair, famous Lorelei, less dangerous a siren rock than we had expected, now that the whirlpool has been diverted by prosaic, but necessary, blasting, and as for the scores of tiny islands floating in the river bed, each with its centuries-old beautiful tradition, we have none of these. And our Palisades, which surpass almost anything in the way of cliffs of which the Rhine can boast, these are fast being mined away for building of sky-scrapers in New York.

Strasburg's Wonderful Clock.

Strasburg was another cathedral—heavens! what scores of them I have seen! From toddlehood I had longed to see that wondrous living clock, and when I found myself going up the steps that led to that mystic place I felt quite a child's thrill of eager anticipation. It was an hour before noon; we came in time to hear the chimes at 11 o'clock, and already the daily crowd had begun to gather to wait for the great event of midday. It is a curious thing to see the thousands of people from all over the world, men and women, priests in cassock and hat, barefoot friars and African millionaires, all gravitating to their little chapel in a corner of the great cathedral, standing patiently against the stone walls, huddled and crowded by the doors for a tedious hour, only to see a piece of wonderful mechanism perform its daily work. It was a throng of grown-up children, gazing with open-mouthed expectancy at a huge children's toy.

A few minutes before the hour a hush fell upon the crowd and it was so quiet you could hear a pin drop anywhere in the vast building. Then, at the first stroke of the cherub on his gong, a little rustle of excitement ran around the throng. In the second tier of images are the quarter hours—infancy, youth, manhood and age, one moving into place as the cherub below strikes the corresponding quarter on his gong. Old Time, a grizzly skeleton in the midst of the quarter hours, struck the twelve strokes on his double gong and age moved into place, signaling the end of the hour. Immediately the tier above began the great event of the day, the procession of the twelve apostles, one for each consummated hour. The figure of the Saviour stands on a dais in the middle and, as each figure passes, it turns and faces him, making a low obeisance. As Peter passes, the cock, a monstrous figure on the pinnacle of the clock, crew thrice, much to the delight of the assembled multitude. And this was the end of the show. The lowest tier of figures, with its series of twelve heathen deities symbolizing the months of the year, did not change, for it was not yet the end of the month. At midnight of December 1 would see the whole mechanism in motion at its greatest glory. It was a wonderful toy and I went away much excited and elated in mind anxious to tell some other child all about the fairy work I had just seen.

Storks and Things.

Strasburg is a most quaint old town. We strayed through the narrow streets, where the houses overhang so far that the second stories seem trying to kiss one another over your head. We went down on the queer little bridges which span the river and we saw the women washing clothes there in the floating houses, swashing the linen back and forth in the dirty water, then hauling it back and pounding it in the tubs, gossiping at the top of their lungs all the while.

And we saw the storks' nests builded on the chimney pots. It was almost too unreal to believe that we were actually seeing those storks. But it was so and people had not deceived us.

Germany is a dear land of sentiment and romance. One can well see how a man born to part inheritance of the Rhine could never after quite forget his vaterland. And yet, despite the legends and the beauty, the sausages and beer and pretzels and sauerkraut, I am glad the storks did not drop me down one of these dirty little chimneys, as they might just as easily have done, when I was a baby. I have no desire to be a subject of the handsome emperor. America is good enough for me.

BUNCH OF SHORT STORIES.

An official who quite generally knows what he is talking about, says the Washington Post, was dilating the other afternoon upon the funny hopelessness for all reasonable purposes of many of the little creeks and rivers for the "improvement" of which congress was asked to appropriate money under the river and harbor bill.

"When Grant was president," said the official, "he used to alternately chuckle and fulminate against the expenditure of good government coin for the 'improvement' of measly little streams that he himself knew could never be made fit for any human purpose. There was a Virginian who, failing to get congress to stick in an appropriation for the dredging of a little stream down in his section, finally importuned Grant in the matter

"'Let's see,' said Grant, musingly, 'I believe I crossed that stream in 1864, wasn't it?'

"The Virginian, who remembered Grant's crossing of the stream pretty well, replied affirmatively.

"'Look here,' said Grant, after a pause, his face lighting up suddenly, 'why don't you macadamize it?'"

There is a very handsome young woman in Washington, rather well known in art circles, who had the misfortune to fall down stairs a few years ago, so badly fracturing one of her knees that the limb had to be amputated. The young woman, of course, walks with the aid of crutches, relates the Washington Star. She is not in the least sensitive about the matter, and doesn't mind informing properly introduced people of the nature of the accident which maimed her. She has set a little limit, however, and she was compelled to use it one afternoon last week. She got into an F street car, bound for the Hill, and found herself in the same seat with a sharp-eyed woman, who seemed to take a whole lot of interest in her and her crutches. She scrutinized the young woman's face carefully for a couple of minutes, then turned her attention to the workmanship of the crutches, which she took the liberty to handle curiously. Then she looked the young woman over again, and leaned over to her.

"D'ye mind tellin' me how you lost your leg?" she asked, raspily.

"Not in the least," responded the young woman, amiably. "I lost it in the battle of Gettysburg."

James Whitcomb Riley and Nye were a peculiar pair. They were everlastingly playing practical jokes, relates a writer in the Philadelphia Post.

I remember when we were riding together in the smoking compartment between Columbus and Cincinnati. Mr. Nye was a great smoker, and Mr. Riley did not dislike tobacco. An old farmer came over to Mr. Nye and said:

"Are you Mr. Riley? I heard you was on the train."

"No, I am not Mr. Riley. He is over there."

"I knew his father, and I would like to speak with him."

"Oh, speak with him, yes. But he is deaf, and you want to speak loud."

So the farmer went over to him and said in a loud voice:

"Is this Mr. Riley?"

"Er, what?"

"Is this Mr. Riley?"

"What did you say?"

"Is this Mr. Riley?"

"Riley, yes."

"I knew your father."

"No bother."

"I knew your father."

"What?"

"I knew your father."

"Oh, so did I."

And in a few moments the farmer heard him talking in an ordinary tone of voice.

HOW SHE ENCOURAGED HIM.

Elevated to Beauteous Heights and Tobogganed to the Bottom.

In some countries women are chosen for wives because of their capacity for work; in some for their beauty; in some for their accomplishments, and in others for all three. This story has to do with an Oregon woman, who is not beautiful—just a plain brunette, relates the Portland Oregonian.

She is willing to be a wife, but only to a man who will do all the work and hand over all the money on pay day. Her summer vacation took her this year to the farm home of a girl friend in the country. This girl has a brother, big and husky, a regular machine for work, but without prospects except such as the farm affords, and the farm is heavily mortgaged. He toiled day after day. He arose with the sun and retired when his day's work was done, no richer, no poorer than when he arose. She watched him at his work; she sympathized with him and once she turned the grindstone for him when he was trying to put an edge on a woodman's ax. The conductor, cold and inflexible as it was, was a conductor of love. He felt the warmth of the love, but she did not. If she thought of it at all, she pondered what a lovable husband he would make if he only had money.

The flight of time brought the hour of the girl's departure for the city. He thought of the many country parties to which he had taken her and of the countless times he had looked wicked-eyed at the country swains who had looked sweet-eyed at his love. She thought only of the time when she would reach home and whether mamma would have tea ready. At the train, the parting place, he took heart and proposed.

"Marry you?" said the damsel. "How could I think of marrying a man with neither money nor prospects?"

"You do not love me?" he asked sadly. "Then why did you encourage me?"

"What encouragement have I ever given you?" she asked in genuine surprise, for she did not forget she was a practical woman.

"No encouragement?" he whimpered. "Then why did you turn the grindstone for me?"

Reflections of a Bachelor.

New York Press: No woman has any beauty to brag of.

Genius is talent with its sleeves rolled 'way up.

By the time a man has learned the proper way to treat a wife he is too old to want one.

As a general thing a woman is wise enough to pretend to believe her husband when he tells her she was his first love.

It is probable that no man ever got up to light the gas in the dark to get something for his wife without bumping himself on something that wasn't there when they went to bed.

IVORY SOAP PASTE.

In fifteen minutes, with only a cake of Ivory Soap and water, you can make a better cleansing paste than you can buy.

Ivory Soap Paste will take spots from clothing; and will clean carpets, rugs, kid gloves, slippers, patent, enamel, russet leather and canvas shoes, leather belts, painted wood-work and furniture. The special value of Ivory Soap in this form arises from the fact that it can be used with a damp sponge or cloth to cleanse many articles that cannot be washed because they will not stand the free application of water.

DIRECTIONS FOR MAKING.—To one pint of boiling water add one and one-half ounces (one-quarter of the small size cake) of Ivory Soap cut into shavings, boil five minutes after the soap is thoroughly dissolved. Remove from the fire and cool in convenient dishes (not tin). It will keep well in an air-tight glass jar. COPYRIGHT 1899 BY THE PROCTER & GAMBLE CO. CINCINNATI

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The use of Van Houten's Cocoa as a daily beverage in family life is continually increasing. Why? The explanation is simple enough. Because the highest Medical Authorities recommend it more and more, and because experience teaches that Van Houten's Cocoa ought to be chosen before all other drinks. It is refreshing and strengthening, without the pernicious after-effects peculiar to Tea and Coffee. It is a good nourisher and flesh-former. In addition, Van Houten's Cocoa is not expensive, as a 1-lb. tin will furnish from 100 to 120 cups. You cannot take too much of this healthy, easily digestible drink; and, even after the fullest use, the flavor never palls on the taste, but comes both fresh and refreshing.

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