

NEWS OF RECENT BOOKS



Anthony Fiala, the Arctic explorer, has decided to call his book "Fighting the Polar Ice." It is said to more graphically describe the struggle with Arctic ice than any other book yet published.

Upon Studals, the author of "The Jungle," says that he believes he holds the record for the number of times a manuscript has been refused. His first attempt at a book, "Prince Hagen," was rejected thirty-seven times—by fifteen magazines and twenty-two publishing houses.

Maxim Gorky is regarded by Prince Kropotkin as one of the most important writers that Russia has produced. In his recent "Russian Literature" Kropotkin devotes a large number of pages to Gorky, placing him among the "Folk-Novelists." A. Preshoff, according to Kropotkin, is Gorky's real name. "Gorky is a great artist, he is a poet," is Kropotkin's estimate of the man. And speaking of his short stories, he says: "In the literature of all nations, including the short stories of Guy de Maupassant and Bret Harte, there are few that give such a fine analysis of complicated and struggling human feelings."

It is not a very difficult task to write a poem to fit a given piece of music, but to be able to reproduce in words the exact rhythm and the essential spirit of a composer's masterpiece is a rare gift. Perhaps the most notable example in recent years of this poetic interpretation is found in Louise Morgan Hill's rendering of Grieg's "Fugitive," which is included in her volume of poems, "In Sun or Shade," under the title of "The Butterfly." Mrs. Hill has translated into words the capricious, melodious cadences in a manner to delight those who are familiar with the musician's delicate and haunting refrain. The poem was recently read by Professor Buck, of the English department at Vassar College, in her class in literature as an exquisite example of this rare branch of the poet's art.

NOW SORREL IS PRESERVED.

Customs industry of a French Agricultural Community.

A curious agricultural industry is being profitably carried on at Vandelles, near Meaux, France, says the Scientific American. It consists in the manufacture of preserved sorrel, which is put up in tin or small cans and exported to all parts of the world for use as a culinary and table accessory.

This industry was started at Vandelles in the year 1860, but it still remains practically unknown to the world at large. It requires a motive power of about eight-horse-power, while a quantity of steam (representing seven-horse-power) is also used for boiling and cooking purposes. As the water used must be extremely pure an artesian well has been sunk in the grounds of the factory and yields a supply of the necessary medium which, like the immortal Boyard, is sans reproche.

Sorrel can only be grown four years in succession upon the same land, which must then be put under other crops for about twelve years. Hence the land bought up for the purpose covers a superficial area of 120 hectares (300 acres). When picked (for which sixty women are employed) the leaves are conveyed as quickly as possible to the factory. Here they are carefully washed by mechanical means and are then well cooked in specially designed digesters or boilers.

This interesting industry, which is by no means unprofitable, would well repay consideration, as there is plenty of room for a much larger trade to be done in preserved sorrel, by no means an unpalatable table adjunct.

In Sleep.

An American who had been traveling in England died with an English friend on the eve of sailing from Liverpool. The Englishman, says a writer in the St. Louis Globe-Democrat, had been in America, and told many large stories of his adventures. Finally, after he had related a wonderful story about the mad in Washington, the American decided to return in kind.

"You make me think," he said, "of an adventure I had in London. The mad there was something worse than I had ever seen before. It got me into difficulties with an old Chinese."

"Nonsense!" said the Englishman. "None of the streets are a bit gray at this time of year, I admit. But they're not as bad as you would see in America."

"Well, here's the story," said the other. "You can judge for yourself. I was walking along the sidewalk. I had noticed that the mad was pretty deep, but I hadn't thought much about it until suddenly I saw a sick old apparently suffering from a fever."

"I was talking to him, and I tried to lead him home, but to my amazement an old gentleman looked up from beneath his coat and said:

"Hello! I'm I. You're in pretty deep."

"I'm deeper than you think," he replied. "I'm on top of an omnibus."

THE COURT OF VENICE

The tourist never forgets his first evening in Venice, for it is a lively occasion of real sightseeing. Once the traveler crosses the long bridge crossing the lagoon he is in veritable fairyland. At the quay of the Grand Canal the gondolas are drawn up in attractive array. Riding in a gondola is not a new sensation to those who visited the Columbian Exposition. These cabs of Venice can be hired for about 15 cents, with a single oar, and 8 cents each for large pieces of luggage. The gondoliers are very graceful and expert, and send the boat shooting forward with one dexterous turn of the wrist.

Venice is in truth the fair crowned queen of the Adriatic, enveloped in a mist of romance which is like a rosy cloud. There is an air of color everywhere—of fowers, of rippling water, of roofs, of clinging vines, of marble that reveals the fascinating impress of mysterious years, whose delicate and impressive line will cover over with his shadowy wing, and spite the stern historian's conscientious efforts. The Grand Canal is a picture, with its curved canals of palaces that face this ancient avenue of aristocratic Venice.

Here is the palace of Vendramina Calceati, where Richard Wagner died in 1883. Here, on the right, is the Palazzo Pesaro, ornamented with grotesque bands of stone, and beyond it the Palazzo Corner della Regina, built in the seventeenth century on the site of Catherine Cornaro's birthplace, she who was queen of Cyprus. To-day the building is used as a pawnshop, "Monte di Pietà." But beyond is the Ca Doro, the golden house, a perfect Gothic palace in the pointed style.

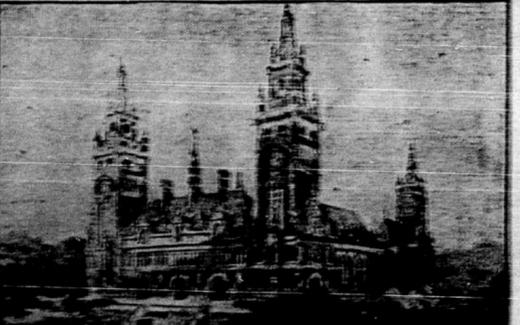
Here is the fish market, an interesting scene by morning light, and, beyond, the vegetable market, where the famous Gobbo of the Rialto stands, the column where were promulgated the laws of the republic. A little farther along is the Dogana, or custom house.

with a modern figure of a lion above its door, and then the handsome Palazzo di Camerlengo, once the residence of the chamberlains of the officers of finance.

Next is the Rialto, and the arched windows and pillared balconies of the Palazzo Rezzonico, where Robert Browning died. There is, too, the house where Desdemona lived and Othello died, the piazza of St. Mark, the Cathedral, the doge's palace and the Bridge of Sighs. This latter has no longer those famous prisons under the leaden roof, which were destroyed over a hundred years ago. The gloomy dungeons and torture chamber still remain, however. St. Mark's is wonderful—a poem—the color of glass, of transparent alabaster, of polished marble and lustre of gold.

The side streets of Venice tell a story of greatness, weakness, riches, power, victories and defeats. These and many have brought together marvels on these islands of the sea. Fugitives from the mainland strengthened the muddy islands along the coast with dikes and rows of detour piles. They dug canals, which they lined with timber and stone, and changed the course of hostile currents of the deep. Riches came slowly through hard work and close economy. The people tilled their fields contentedly and raised cattle; they fished also, and prepared salt for the market on the mainland. From the first they recognized the sea as their avenue to opportunity. It was less than 200 years after the Huns drove them upon the little archipelago that Venice had the finest fleet of vessels of any Italian seaport of the time. By the ninth century there was here a great maritime republic, and by the fifteenth century she is at the height of her power. The commerce of all Europe centered here. Her magnificence was the marvel of the nations. But her rise and fall it would take a volume thick with facts to describe.

PROPOSED PALACE OF PEACE AT THE HAGUE.



Two hundred and seventeen architects from almost every country in the world competed for Mr. Carnegie's "Palace of Peace," and no fewer than 7,028 drawings were sent in. The first prize has been awarded to E. M. Goudard of Lille, France, for the design here reproduced. The chief feature of the interior will be a magnificent Hall of Arbitration.

A FANGUS SCIENTIST.

Prof. Henry A. Ward, who Met a Fungus Death in Buffalo.

Prof. Henry A. Ward of Rochester, who was killed by an automobile recently in Buffalo, was famous in many lands as a scientist and traveler. He was born in Rochester in 1836, and educated at Harvard. He was a member of the faculty of the University of Rochester, and through his work it was placed in the front rank of scientific institutions in the United States. He was, without doubt, the greatest living authority on meteorites.

Although more than 70 years of age he completed, less than two months ago, a journey that took him hundreds of miles up the Magdalena river, in Colombia, and then more hundreds of miles over tortuous, dangerous Andean mountain trails to Santa Rosa and Bogota and back to the coast. He had made more than 25 trips to Europe, visited every continent and almost every country the sun shines upon, as well as all the important islands of the seven seas. He was known to all the other scientists of the world, and for many years professor of the earth converged at his Rochester home. At his table scores of men have set whose names are household words among lovers of nature. Prof. Ward spoke a dozen languages or more. He said that he never found but one language that he could not master, and that was Chinese. He leaves his wife and two sons.

NEW IDEAS FOR ARTISTS.

Called from Ancient Persian Treasure.

Art students of New York City have discovered a new source for fresh ideas, says the New York Tribune. Probably the oldest drawing class about town can be seen at intervals in Persian Hall of the Museum of Natural History. The interest of brush and pencil pupils in this somewhat somber department, given up to things antiquated, is due to a display of Persian fabrics rich in color and full of strange designs. These were dug up from burial places in Persia and Bolivia and are the rich remnants in looms of the celebrated Laca race, which in pre-Spanish times had attained to a high degree of civilization in the new world in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. The beautiful, complicated, intricate, beautiful, and original designs, which have recently been put on a rich loom and upon an entirely new material, are the work of the old Persians.

sands of years of ornamentation this textile work is as fresh and rich in color as when first deposited in the grave. The fabrics are decorated in fruit, animal and geometrical patterns and are woven from the wool of the llama, alpaca and vicuña. By a clever method of duplicating and combining these ornamental features the art students produce some striking designs, which later find their way into commercial use, being sold to purchasers who are on the constant lookout for novel effects. Only the other day Dr. Ruffinelli (Sergione), one of the lecturers at the Sorbonne in Paris, declared that (under the microscope) the germs, he said, retained their vitality in the tomb for ages and were as virulent as ever when exhumed. He was pretty generally laughed at by his experts, however, and—anyway, the art students of New York are evidently not frightened by his warnings.

The Queen's Gift.

There are many stories told of the Queen of Italy's acts of kindness to her poor subjects. Little tells the following, which shows, however, that not even the good intentions of queens are always fulfilled. Her Majesty one day noticed a pleasant-faced little girl play to her. There was a short conversation, and the Queen asked the child what she could do in the way of needwork. "I can knit stockings, signora," replied the girl. "Do you know who I am?" continued the Queen. "Yes, signora, you are the Queen."

"Well, then, make me a pair of stockings and send them to the palace."

A few days afterwards the articles arrived, and the Queen, in return for the gift, sent the child a beautiful pair of silk stockings, one filled with sweets, the other containing money. The next day the Queen received a letter from her little friend as follows:

"Signora, your gift has caused me many tears. My father took the money, my big brother took the sweets, and as for the stockings, mother took them for herself."

Save of Her Power.

Dumley—I'm sure if you accepted me I'd make you a good husband. Miss Brightly—That's out of the question, but I'm sure I'd make you a good husband if I accepted you.—Philadelphia Ledger.

He Had Love.

Bill de Bone—Cheer, but I got a pain in me stomach! Harry de Bone—Well, ain't you married, ain't it?—Cleveland Leader.

ASHES OF FUN

In the course of life we shake many hands—and many people—Life.

"It's queer." "What?" "The man who pays as he goes is most welcome to stay.—American Spectator.

"Why is this cheese so full of holes?" "It's all right. It needs all the fresh air it can get.—Cleveland Leader.

Year's Wife—Now can any of you children tell me of another ark? Bright Child—Ark the "Brilliant Angel Sing"—Punch.

"Has he said anything significant yet of his intentions?" "No, no, he's the most insignificant man I ever knew.—Houston Post.

Patience—She's married an optician. Patience—Well, she always said she liked a man who could look into her eyes.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Shibboleth—The population of London more dense than that of New York? Shibboleth—Sure. Did you ever try to tell an Englishman a joke?—Philadelphia Record.

"Does your Congressman do much work?" said Farmer Goodness. "We jest here him to take the blame when things don't go to suit us.—Washington Star.

"You say that your friend was attacked by pneumonia by a mere case of influenza?" "Yes, he mistook a mushroom for a mushroom.—Washington Star.

"The people in the great flat seem to be fond of the latest songs." "Yes, they don't appear to care for any that are sung earlier than 1910 p. m.—Washington Star.

"How do it happen that all the angels we see in picture books is dyin'?" "Lard, lad! Once they finds out dey got wings, an' they can't fly.—Atlanta Constitution.

Stella—Professor Lee says candy is a cure for fatigue. Stella—That's true; a man who brings me chocolates never makes me as tired as a man who doesn't.—Harper's Bazar.

"Hello! I want to see Mr. Smith at the telephone." "Mr. Smith says if you want to see him at the telephone you will have to come in his office; he hasn't time to go to yours.—Washington Star.

Mrs. Minnie O'Brien—Why, Bridget, at this rate my dishes won't last any time. Bridget—Don't be worry, ma'am; they'll last as long as I will, for I'll be having ye the marrow.—Philadelphia Press.

"Ah," sighed the hoodlum youth, "my I not hope that you will be mine forever?" "Why, yes," replied the cruel girl, with a grin, "you may hope that long if you wish.—Philadelphia Press.

Club Charter.—The Old Soldier—Yes, sir, and I can tell you that I've had six horses killed under me in war. The Motorist—Would that nothing. I've had a dozen pedestrians killed under me.—Pitt-Me-Up.

Neil—Well, their engagement is off—Bole—The ideal is was only announced yesterday. What did they quarrel about? Neil—As to which was the most unworthy of the other.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Julius—Hello, Blinky! How you had a great time getting married—elope with the girl—father and mother furious—gave chase, but they didn't catch you, did they? Blinky (sadly)—No.—New York Weekly.

She wrote: "Circumstances over which I have no control compelled me to reject your offer of marriage. Yours, etc." He wired: "What circumstances? Reply prepaid." She wired: "Yours, Coldest."—Cleveland Leader.

The Missus—Bridget, how many times have I told you never to pour coffee grounds into the sink? The Maid—Sure, ma'am, an' O'ra that lonesome tint an' afternoon call fr'm a plumber wudn't go bad.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"Durn," said the teacher of the kindergarten class, "is where the rubber comes from. What do you know about Para rubber?" A little hand went up. "You may answer, Georgiana." "I got a Para rubber shoe."—Chicago Tribune.

"Have you decided where you will spend the summer?" "No," answered Mr. Keplivins; "I'm going to let my wife decide this year. She used to wait me up in the dead of the night last summer to remind me that I picked the place out."—Detroit Tribune.

Small Edger had accompanied his mother to church and on the way home he said: "Mamma, why do they call the minister 'Severed'?" "He is called 'severed,' my dear; not 'severed,'" explained the mother. "Well," replied Edger, "if thought he would never end in—Chicago News.

The Good Beginning.—Whatever the condition of the world now, the beginning was good, and this good was to be man's permanent possession. The first scene is all happiness, all beauty; to remember it now is like a dream.—Rev. D. J. Stafford, Roman Catholic, Washington, D. C.

Culture.—Scholarship is not the chief thing; culture is more than scholarship. Colleges should give culture. They do not always do so. Some great scholars are great bores and not few are the children of culture.—he never saw on live. Mary was ignorant of books, yet distinguished by sorrow, hers is the most perfect character in history.—Rev. N. M. Waters, Congregationalist, W. Brooklyn.

Par Her to a Hero.

A provident wife is an income in herself—but a victim may be carried to extremes. "Your husband'll be all right now," said the doctor. "What your mean?" demanded the wife. "You told me he couldn't live a fortnight." "Well, I'm going to give him, after all," said the doctor; "strictly your copper wire." The woman withdrew her words. "This is in a box of an old," she said. "I'm not sure if I'm doing for his future."—New York Weekly.

Animals and Wires.

They Do Not Get Along Very Well in the Desert Africa, writes a correspondent, report a great deal of trouble with monkeys, which swing on the wires and break them with their weight. In some places the line-men have had to substitute bars of copper and heavy cables instead of the ordinary copper wires. The track layers have also been frequently interrupted by lions and other wild beasts. Mr. Williams says that in several places Buffalo, lions, rhinos, giraffes, rhinoceros, etc., are so bold that they have

EDITORIALS

Opinions of Great Papers on Important Subjects.

HEART FAILURE AND CRIME.

HEART failure is the prime cause of crime and pauperism, according to an English physician of repute. "When a man is insufficiently nourished, this savant says, the heart muscle shares with the other muscles in the general malnutrition. As the result of this the heart falls and dilates and is perhaps never again able to maintain the same blood pressure and to produce the former strength of muscle, nerve or will power. Thus the man cannot keep his normal place in the social scale and degenerates into a chronic loafer, beggar or thief."

Undoubtedly there is much in this theory, for, though great crimes require physical energy in the criminal, the petty criminal, like the beggar and the pauper, is always deficient in vitality. Whatever the cause, his heart is invariably weak. "Thus laziness of the sort that afflicts tramps is really a disease. The healthy man delights in physical labor, and the converse is no less true that the man who does not delight in physical labor, who is what we call lazy, is not a healthy man."

So far as observation in this country goes, however, the cause of this heart failure among the wrecks of life is almost always excessive indulgence in drink, and not insufficient food. Alcohol wears out the heart in a little time and the heart, once worn out, never recovers its old vigor.

In the rare instances, too, where insufficient food is the cause or one of the causes of heart failure, back of it generally lies alcohol, for the man who lets alcohol alone is able to get all the food he needs to nourish him abundantly.—Chicago Journal.

PERILS OF TRAVEL.

TRAVELING, as Mark Twain says, is much safer than staying at home, for statistics prove that most people die in their own beds. But travel has discovered unsuspected perils since the national conference of State and provincial boards of health began investigating it.

One of the principal addresses at the conference was by Dr. Baseman of the United States Marine Hospital Service. He declared that the dangers of contact with the sleeping car and its furnishings were very great, though perhaps less now than they used to be. Wash basins and drinking glasses, he thought, were particularly perilous. And unless bedding, curtains, carpets and cushions are disinfected at brief intervals, they are sources of tubercular and other infection. All this is undoubtedly true. Microbes in millions lie

ENGINEERS OF BIBLE TIMES.

Some Kind of Work as Simple Tunnel and Deep Years Ago. It.

Unmistakable evidence exists that 2,500 years ago certain Hebrew engineers (in the time of King Hezekiah) executed exactly the same kind of work which was carried out in the Simpson tunnel, though perhaps on a slightly smaller scale.

Dr. Bertholet, a professor at the University of Basel, is the gentleman who claims to have made this discovery. The Jewish records state that King Hezekiah, or Hezekiah, who reigned at Jerusalem 727 B. C., was much troubled at the bad state of the water supplied to the people of that city. He accordingly had a vast reservoir made at the gates of the city, to which water was fed from various springs lying at greater or less distances from the reservoir in question.

At first his project seemed doomed to failure, as there existed between Jerusalem and the springs from which the water was to be derived a high chain of hills, over which it would be impossible to convey the water. It was therefore determined to open a passage for the water through the solid rock. One of the Sirach MSS., dating from this period states in this connection: "Hezekiah fortified his city by bringing water thereto and he bored through the solid rock by means of bronze and he collected the water in a reservoir."

Recent explorations have enabled this Professor of the Simpson to be thoroughly identified. It is said to be the Shiloh tunnel, by means of which water was brought down from a source to the east of Jerusalem and poured into the pool of Siloh, mentioned in the Bible. This conduit is 900 yards long. The distance, as the bird flies, between the two mouths of the tunnel is only 900 yards, which proves that the work was not executed in a perfectly straight line—the doubtless in the difficulties which the engineers encountered in their task, which (for the period) was of a really marvelous nature.

That the work was commenced from both ends of the tunnel is not only proved by the inscription, but also by the fact that the marks of the boring tools, picks, etc., may still be seen, all bearing in opposite directions. The direction of the tunnel was altered several times during the construction thereof, as there are several short galleries, which were evidently abandoned as soon as it was noted that working was done out of line. The floor of the tunnel is finished with the greatest care and the workings vary from two to eight feet of a yard to one yard in width, by from three feet to nine feet in height, more or less, according to the hardness of the rock.

In the light of modern engineering science the following questions suggest themselves: How did these old-time engineers gauge their direction, recognize and remedy their errors in alignment? What tools did they use to execute a piece of work which has remained without equal for 2,500 years?—New York Tribune.

BRITISH SOLDIERS AT THE SPHINX.

When the British soldier goes to Egypt one of the first things he does is to visit the Sphinx and the Pyramids. This picture illustrates a particularly interesting visit, namely, of some of the troops sent out from Malta recently in view of the encroachments of the Sultan in Egyptian territory, among them the Lancashire Fusiliers. They were particularly interested in the Sphinx, for they wear it as their regimental badge in memory of their fight in Egypt in 1801. The great Sphinx at Gizeh is hewn out of natural rock and lies

about a quarter of a mile southeast of the Great Pyramid. It is sculptured out of a spur of the rock itself while masonry has been added in certain places to complete the slab. It is 175 feet long and 66 feet high. It is extremely old, being contemporary with the Pyramids themselves. Pictures of the Sphinx are said to make it "look much bigger than it really appears among the sand," but its colossal character is clearly seen in comparison with the size of the clambering soldiers. The base of the monument is very apt to be silted up with the sand of the desert.

historic features. Curiously enough, it is just fifty years since Daniel, the younger Cherryrie, passed away. It has been supposed that in drawing these characters Dickens relied entirely on report, but, in fact, he had made the acquaintance of the brothers Grant at Manchester two months before "Nicholas Nickleby" was written. He met them at a dinner party, and the friendship was maintained for many years. Many of the Cherryrie attributes were drawn from real life, notably the appetitive butler at the Linkwater dinner, who anticipated his master's wish for a fresh bottle of wine by holding it behind his back, with the corker already inserted.—Pall Mall Gazette.

A Good Word for Him.

Cherryrie—This man has investigation in proving to my mind that there are worse things in the world than boarding house hash.

Gotham—How so?

"Well, when you find a hairpin or shoe button in your hash you know what you're getting, but you don't know what you're getting in this cursed meat, it seems."—Yankees Stabsticker.

Worthless Sign.

His hair was long, his hat was big. He came in here to show it. Yet though he wore a tawny shaggy He never was a post.

Cleveland Plain Dealer.

in wait for the luckless traveler in all public places, particularly such confined and airless places as the sleeping car. If they can find a foothold in his system they will take it, and from that moment he is booked for a much longer journey than he meant to take, over a road where there are no sleeping cars.

However, let us not therefore condemn ourselves to stay where we are for the rest of our lives. Microbes are our enemies, but they may be circumvented. Nothing is more firmly settled than that fear of infection is by far the greatest cause of infection, greater even than the microbes themselves. Therefore take this advice down in your notebook:

Keep your digestion in order when you go traveling, drink plenty of water, the purer the better; breathe deeply and banish fear; so shall you defy the microbes and live to die at home.—Kansas City World.

THE MAN WITH THE PATCH ON HIS BREECHEE.

THIS is the day for the man with a patch on his breeches to come forward and the man-of-the-dollar to go to the rear.

That was a fine epigram President Roosevelt let fall in a private conversation. It has all the ring in it of robust democracy—the restatement of the equality of man and the denunciation of special privilege. Every citizen of the republic is, and of right ought to be, equal before the law with every other citizen—the millionaire with cloths full of breeches and the man with only one pair and a patch.

It is good to note this restatement of the theory of our government. This is not a government of the masses by the masses and for the masses, but of the masses by the masses and for the masses. The man with a patch on his breeches belongs not to the masses but to the masses. He does not enjoy special privileges because the masses have dominated the masses and taken over their government.

Therefore the President does well to say the men of the masses should come forward to claim for themselves every privilege granted to every other man. Either the man-of-the-dollar should be dispossessed of his special opportunity or the man with the patch should be given like opportunity. For it is true that this government must cease to be a government of dollars, by dollars and for dollars, or perish from the earth.

The man with the patch is coming forward. Don't mistake that. He is learning as never before about the unrighteous reign of privilege. He is amazed, angry, determined. The man with a patch on his breeches is in the majority in this country. And this is a country of majorities.—Des Moines News.

EGYPT'S GUARDIANS—ANCIENT AND MODERN.



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