ADUZA'S DAGGER.

[Written for the RECORD-UNION—By Alice Robertson.]

It was a queer, cunningly contrived affair that dagger, nothing but a toy in size, yet, as Aduza balanced it carelessly upon his slender brown finger, he told me it contained enough poison to kill 100 men; and twice that number.

"Sahib does not believe. Behold!" pressing his thumb upon the top of the handle and holding it downward, I observed a minute dark substance, almost indiscernible to the naked eye, drop upon the thick, white note-paper lying on the table.

"Don't touch it!" He caught up the paper and thrust it quickly into the blazing fire.

"What fiend invented that infernal weapon?"

Aduza laughed, tapping his broad breast proudly, "Me, Sahib."

I was seized with a mad desire to possess the knife. It for some unaccountable reason exercised a rare fascination over me.

"Will you sell it?"

He shook his turbaned head, smiling. "No money can buy my dagger, Sahib."

"I will give you £3."

"No."

"Then five, ten, twenty."

Still the same decisive answer.

At last annoyed and vexed more than I cared to own at my failure to strike a bargain, I took my leave.

For days Aduza's dagger lingered in my mind; the thing had bewitched me. Have it I must, but how?"

Our regiment was quartered at Calcutta, when I received word from my old chum, Tom Weston, stating that he was on his return from England, where he had been on sick leave. He came, accompanied by the daintiest, sweetest little creature possible.

The evening of his arrival several of the officers stood around Traxter's talking.

"By Jove!" said Varly, blowing a volume of smoke from his lips, "looks mighty as if Weston had brought a wife out with him."

"Here he is, let him speak for himself," said another, as Tom quickly approached the group.

"Say, fellows, I want to present you to my sister; she's the only living relation I have. The poor little girl begged so hard to come I couldn't refuse her. Mrs. Lyle has kindly volunteered to take her under her wing."

The boys were all eager to accept Tom's invitation, and we very soon availed ourselves of the pleasure of making Miss Weston's acquaintance.

It was not long before she became the reigning belle.

Dorabel Weston was a lovely little creature, with the brightest of brown eyes and that peculiar shade of reddish-gold hair so uncommon. Like a small queen in her way, she ruled her adoring subjects with a rod of iron.

The sweetest, most coquettish little despot imaginable, Tom fairly idolized his fair young sister. Among the most persistent of her suitors was Extrum, a great, handsome, fierce fellow. He fell an early victim, and was the most abject slave to the small tyrant's wishes.

I never was a vain man, so did not try to compete with my many more favored rivals. I loved Dorabel with an overpowering devotion, but never in my wildest dreams did I dare hope to win her for my wife.

It was about this time I received word that my old friend Aduza was dead, and dying left to me the mysterious dagger before alluded to. The gift caused me a little surprise and no little satisfaction. I locked it up in a small, old, battered tin box, amid my most cherished keepsakes—a few letters from my dear old mother in England, one soft silver strand of her pretty hair, half a dozen yellow family photos and lastly, but not least, a tiny, crumpled glove which Dorabel had dropped and I, unperceived, had grabbed and furtively tucked inside my vest.

I don't know—how it came to pass will always remain a mystery to me—how I mustered up courage enough to propose to Dorabel. It was at one of Mrs. Lyle's charming little parties. We had strolled out to the garden. Extrum was standing on the verandah as we passed. He seemed more attentive than usual that evening; there was a masterful manner with him I did not like. I offered Dorabel my arm, which she eagerly accepted.

"Oh, Mr. Vernon, I don't like that man. Lately he fills me with a nameless terror."

"Who? Extrum?"

She nodded and pressed closer to my side.

That night she looked bewilderingly beautiful; she wore a gauzy, soft gown of a rich saffron color, through which her neck and arms gleamed dazzling white.

As she drew near me my heart gave a great jump as I continued:

"Extrum is a first-rate fellow," feeling in honor bound to speak well of an absent comrade, though I never had any great liking for the man. There were certain rumors afloat, which, if credited, reflected no luster upon his name.

Then suddenly I remembered the old story of Ellerton's young wife. And again poor pretty Polly North—no doubt in the world about the latter. She told me with her own lips, when in answer to her pitiful request I came to her bedside, dying alone, forsaken by the man who should have been her protector; dying with a day-old babe by her side in the miserable bed, in that wretched hovel of a squalid street. Ugh! I put the shuddering thoughts from me.

"Extrum is a good fellow. It must be all imagination, Miss Weston."

She looked up at me, her great dark eyes shining in the golden moonlight.

"You are good to act as his champion, Mr. Vernon. It is more than he would do for you."

"I need no champion, Miss Dorabel."

"And yet, and yet," glancing fearfully over her shoulder. "he hinted darkly, wickedly, shamefully of an escapade you had with a young woman some months ago, who died. North, I think, the name was."

"It is false as—"

"Hush, I know; my brother told me. You are noble, good."

The soft, pretty face was dangerously near the lapel of my coat. The sweet breath swept upward to my lips.

In a moment my arms were around her, pressing the frail little form cruelly hard against my breast.

"Oh, don't, Jack, you have no idea how awful strong you are, you great big bear, and I am such a little mite. Oh, oh, let me get my breath, dear."

I relaxed my clasp, still holding her firmly in my arms. It seemed so wondrous, so marvelous, that Dorabel should love me—me, great big clumsy Jack Vernon.

As I looked at my fair little wife that was to be, a silent prayer of love and thankfulness trembled upon my lips. How dearly I would guard and cherish her. I got back to my quarters that night—I don't remember how. My lips seemed to sting from the burning kisses I had pressed upon my darling's sweet mouth. How madly happy I was. I could not sleep. I felt like jumping, singing. I could shout aloud. No sleep for me that night—useless trying. I turned and twisted, longing and praying for morning, and after a slight doze, awoke with a splitting headache in consequence. We must be married immediately, that was certain. I could not wait. I would go mad, mad.

The first one I met next morning was Tom. He clasped my hand warmly.

"Dear old man, nothing could please me better. Accept my sincere congratulations."

Somehow it leaked out, and the fellows chafed me unmercifully, some trying to hide their mortification by bluffing. What did I care? The world was changed for me. Extrum passed me by without a word, a scowl disfiguring his otherwise handsome face.

"Extrum takes it hard; can't swallow his gruel. No use talking, he was desperately smitten and in fearful earnest about the little Weston."

We were married a month later and moved into our pretty little home-nest. No mortal man was so deliriously happy as I. My life was one long dream of unalloyed joy.

One day in ransacking my secretary in search of certain papers I drew forth the tin box which contained Aduza's almost-forgotten dagger. Prompted by a sudden impulse I pressed the spring and raised the lid. Dorabel, who was leaning upon my shoulder, uttered a pleased little cry.

"Oh, Jack! what a sweet little dagger," reaching out her hand to grasp it.

"Don't dear; this knife is filled with a deadly Indian poison, the slightest drop of which means death."

"How awful; why do you keep it? Give it to me."

"No, no."

But she seemed to be possessed with a sudden and determined fancy for it. Confound the thing, it seemed to affect every one the same way.

"I want it, Jack, you must give it to me, I will take it to Mrs. Lyle's ayah, she is a Voodoo woman, and have the poison extracted and some nice perfume substituted in its place; do, dear."

At last her coaxing prevailed and after explaining the secret spring and cautioning her a thousand times, I let her have it, and finding my papers hurried off.

The next morning invitations came to attend a party given by our Colonel's wife. Dorabel was delighted.

As we were preparing for the occasion I saw lying in my wife's open jewelbox the poison dagger.

"Did I not tell you, darilng, to be careful of that infernal thing? For God's sake put it out of harm's way." But she laughingly laid her fingers upon the carved handle.

"Now, don't scold, Jack. It can hurt no one here, besides I love the thing for some queer reason. Let it remain where it is."

Nothing more was said and we started off.

The entertainment was a brilliant affair, but my heart swelled with pride, for among all the beautiful women present Dorabel was the fairest. She wore a simple gown of soft, clinging, thin white stuff. No ornaments, simply a great cluster of dark crimson roses at her breast. The simplicity of her attire threw all the gorgeously dressed women in the shade.

How lovely she was, with flushed cheeks, and her dark brown eyes lit up with excitement. Her pretty hair curled in feathery clusters about her dainty head, whilst each little lock, escaping from confinement during the dance, curled up of its own sweet will.

She was standing chatting gayly with a party of young officers, when I noticed Extrum approach the group. He bowed low before her, speaking low. She seemed to hesitate a moment, then nodded, smiling. A moment later the music struck up, and Extrum whirled past me with Dorabel in his arms. I was annoyed more than I cared to own. I had never, like many husbands, forbid my wife waltzing. Yet, I would rather see her dance with anyone else in the room than him. And then, did I imagine it? But it seemed to me, he flashed a look of triumph as he swept past me. At that moment I felt like springing at his throat. But I must wait; no use in making a scene. Would the cursed music never stop? Round and round they turned, his tall head bent until his lips seemed to rest upon her forehead. I could not be mistaken; he was holding her unnecessarily tight. As I watched, my face and hands grew hot with burning, fearful anger. Murder was raging like a fury in my heart. Would the music never stop? I was just about to rush forward and tear my wife from his arms, when, with a final clash, the music ceased.

Without a word or glance at him, I drew Dorabel's arm within my own. She was trembling violently. "I am so tired, Jack. And that horrible man, dear, he would not stop." Her face had lost its pink flush and was now deathly white.

"I am afraid of him," shuddering, "terribly afraid. Please take me home, dear. I am ill."

I left her in Tom's care, while I went to bring around our trap. Extrum was standing on the steps, smoking. I passed him without speaking. Upon my return he was joined by Varly. They were laughing and chatting pleasantly. I nodded to Varly, and passing heard Extrum say:

"No; the little filly has not kicked over the traces yet, though, she is not, I am sure, like Cæsar's wife, 'above reproach.'"

The words, and laugh that followed angered me. Most certainly they had reference to some lady present.

A couple of weeks had psssed. The weather had been excessively warm for the past few days. One night I had tossed about but could not sleep. Dorabel by my side was aleeping peacefully, breathing gently and regularly. No use; I must get up and go out into the night air. I would not disturb Dorabel. No doubt she would not waken until my return. The long, narrow windows, reaching from floor to ceiling, were open, but not a breath of air entered. I drew the portieres in front of them, it was unnecessary to close them; there were no thieves around. Dorabel would be quite safe, I opened the door and locking it from the outside, placed the key in my pocket. I met a couple of the boys in my same fix, "no sleep," so we wandered about for the best part of an hour. As we lingered in front of Traxer's, Extrum hurriedly passed us; one of the fellows called to him, but no answer.

"The blooming cad has got the sulks, as usual, lately," grumbled Varly.

Finally we disbanded, each going to his separate lodgings. Reaching home, I inserted the key and stepped within, to recoil instantly, a cold terror freezing me stiff and speechless. I gazed in dumb-founded awe at Dorabel, who advanced, chattering some unintelligible words, toward me, a strange vacancy in her wide-open eyes. But, stranger than all, her hair, hanging loosely about her shoulders, was white—snow white.

She stood a moment pressing her hands against her bosom. What had happened? A nameless, fearful dread was upon me. The portieres were drawn aside, and the light breeze which had arisen stirred their heavy folds slightly. She still stood, her hands pressed against her breast.

I advanced. With a low, strange sound she drew back.

Gently and tenderly I approached her. "What is it, darling? Dorabel, tell me?" She looked at me a moment, with those fixed, vacant eyes. Then a shrill laugh burst from her lips. She held something toward me. Good God! it was the poisoned dagger. I took it quickly and saw upon its point a dark red stain, blood. In despair I stood. She had stabbed herself, and I must stand like a helpless fool and watch her die. I caught her in my arms and staggered towards the door. I will save her. She shall not, must not die. As I turned my foot touched something which rolled across the room. A man's hat—not mine. It was not the same shape nor color.

Dorabel watched me; eagerly she clutched my hands and drew me towards the curtains. Pointing behind, she laughed the same shrill, unnatural laugh, and there, lying cold and stiff, a sneering smile curling his lips, was Extrum.

For months Dorabel lay hovering between life and death. The shock of that dreadful night had laid her low with brain fever. When at last she recoverd, the past was a blank mercifully blotted from her memory.

We returned to England and the fashionable world went wild over her beautiful white hair. We were speaking of India yesterday.

"Do you know, dear, I had a strange, fearful dream while I was ill. I dreamed I was sleeping and awakened by a noise. Strange, in my sleep, I imagined you got up and dressed, and went out, locking the door after you. Then I was dropping off to sleep again, when I heard, or fancied I heard, a slight noise, and in my half sleep thought it was you returning, when again I heard the noise louder this time, and was positive I saw the portiere move. In silent terror I leaned from the bed; soon the curtains parted, then a man stood within the room. Jack, the man was Extrum. I arose in an instant. He, without a word, caught me in his arms. I could not scream; terror paralyzed my voice." She drew near me. I folded my arms about her as she continued. "He spoke the words, he said, and the meaning they implied, although it was but a dream, makes my face burn with shame. I escaped from his grasp, and quickly seized the dagger which had been lying in my open dressing-case. Again he held me in his powerful arms I was helpless but for the dagger; I plunged it into his heart. He staggered backward, reeled and fell against the curtains, which closed over him. That is all I remember, Jack, dearest. I pray to God every night, thanking Him that it was only a dream." She draws still closer, leaning her head against my shoulder. Thus we sit in silence, whilst the twilight creeps around us, wrapping its dusky mantle over all. And I, clasping her near and nearer, do thank our loving Father, whose tender wisdom knoweth all things best, and has given my Dorabel forgetfulness.

GOLD AND SILVER.

The Most Serious Menace to Our Financial System.

It will be remembered that the Act of 1890 which increased the monthly purchases of silver by the Government also made a change in the character of the notes issued against such purchases. Under the Act of 1878 certificates were issued which stated on their face that a certain number of silver dollars had been deposited in the treasury which would be paid over to the holders of the certificates upon presentation. The Act of 1890, however, directs the issue of treasury notes which are redeemable in gold and silver, and the Secretary of the Treasury is required to maintain gold and silver at a parity. This requirement practically makes the new silver notes redeemable in gold whenever the holders of the notes request gold in exchange. The refusal to pay gold for them would at once excite distrust and put gold at a premium. It is this very feature of the new law which carries the most serious menace to our financial system, and the fact has been taken due notice of in Europe.

This very point is seriously and intelligently discussed by the London *Economist* in a recent issue as follows:

"Of the dangers in prospect the gravest is due to the fact that while the United States Treasury is issuing notes representing its purchases of silver it holds itself bound to redeem those notes in gold if required. And the condition of things to which that is leading may be gathered from the statement, which shows the amount of gold owned by the treasury at recent dates, and the proportion which that has borne to the Government currency, for which it is bound to pay gold on demand. Since 1890 the stock of gold owned by the treasury has been diminished by nearly £14,000,000, while the outstanding volume of Government paper for which gold can be demanded is increased by £18,000,000, with the result that while on June 30, 1890, the proportion of gold to notes was 56.8 per cent., it had fallen at the end of February last to 28.6 per cent. And both the reduction in the stock of gold and the increase in the volume of Government paper currency were the result of the Act of 1890. The forcing out each month of £900,000 of new notes by the purchase of silver not only swells the gold liabilities of the Government, but tends to drive gold out of the country, because the gold is the only part of the currency that has as high a value abroad as at home, and when the channels of circulation become gorged by the continuous addition of fresh paper money, irrespective altogether of current requirements, the natural result is the displacement and export of gold. The process, too, is not unlikely to go on still more rapidly in the future. It will be seen that the changes that have taken place in the composition of the active circulation, that between 1880 and 1891 there was a very rapid reduction in the circulation of national bank notes, the issue of which had to be curtailed, as the Government bonds upon which they were based were paid off. Thus a void was created which the paper issued against the treasury purchases went to fill. Now, however, the contraction of national bank issues has ceased, and as the treasury notes have to make room for themselves their tendency to expel gold may be expected to become more decided. And in these circumstances, if the treasury is to go on adding at the rate of £11,000,000 a year to the volume of its notes, payable in gold, the question comes to be, how long will it be able to maintain gold payments. If once any serious doubt arose as to its ability to pay gold if and when required, its gold stock would be very speedily drained away, as there would be a scramble among the holders of the notes to get paid before the gold was exhausted.

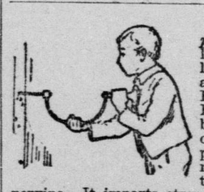
"For our part, we do not believe matters will be suffered to go so far as that. The good sense of the American people will lead them to recognize the danger and to take measures to avert it before it is too late. But the fact remains that it is as dangerous for the United States Treasury to go on pouring out million of notes which, although representing purchases of silver, it construes as promises to pay gold not only without increasing its stock of gold, but with the inevitable result of diminishing its stock of the metal, as it would for, say, the Bank of England to act in that way. The policy which in less than two years has reduced the proportion of gold to notes from 56.8 per cent. to 28.6 per cent. must, if persisted in, land the treasury in serious embarrassments, and the sooner it is abandoned the better."—Dickerson's Guide.

The Foolish Pomp of Burial.

What a multitude of people envy Alfred Tennyson, even in his death. It is not so much the longing to die illustrious, for that is hopeless. The ambition of most is humbler and perhaps more easily achieved—the ambition to be independent of Mrs. Grundy and boldly introduce seemly simplicity at funerals. Lord Tennyson was so great that his loved ones could do for him what ours could scarcely dare do for us; a rude cart bore his coffin from his door to the railway, and another jolted with it through the busy streets of London to the grave in the abbey. There was nothing, in all that ceremony, of the dismal ostentation which ordinarily marks the Christian funeral; that unutterable gloom which seems so paradoxical, if there is anything in the Christian faith.

We bury our honored dead, not as if they were victors in the battle of life, but vanquished. It is not strange that a pagan, who visited us several years ago, with a dim idea of the prevailing belief among us, should have observed on seeing a funeral in one of our great cities, that he supposed the deceased was a bad man and had gone to the place called hell, people were sorrowing so for him. The only thing in the way of reforming the practice now in vogue is the fear of our neighbors. Nobody would wish to be thought stingy in the last offices to his dead. But who of any intelligence or true sentiment ever mistook pomp for reverence or fine ornaments for affection? The fact is, funerals have become a means of preying upon the rich. Let us hope for the day when we may be borne to our graves as simply as the great poet was borne to his place among the famous dead of England.

It is estimated that no fewer than 70,000,000 Europeans wear wooden shoes. Bass wood is ordinarily used for the sabots, but willow is the best material. Poplar, beech, walnut and birch are also used.



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NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The January number of the "Annals of the American Academy of Political and Social Science" is a distinctively political economy number. It should be read by all who are in any way interested in that science, as it contains three papers written from the standpoint of the new school of economists. They are Professor S. N. Patten's paper on "Cost and Utility;" Professor Lester F. Ward's paper on the "Psycologic Basis of Social Economics," and L. S. Merriam's paper on the "Theory of Final Utility in Relation to the Standard of Deferred Payments." The other leading articles are "Local Government of Country Communities in Prussia," by Professor Conrad Bornhak, of the University of Berlin; "The Alcohol Question in Switzerland," by Hon. W. Millett of Berne, and the "Shifting and Incidence of Taxation," by Professor E. A. Ross. This number also contains the minutes of the proceedings of the academy, personal notes and book reviews. A translation of the "Constitution of the Republic of Colombia," with an historical introduction by Professor Bernard Moses of the University of California, is sent as a supplement with this number.

The January "Arena" (Boston) is a remarkable number. We doubt if Mr. Flower has ever got out a better one. The leading papers are: Helen Campbell, portrait; "Alexander Salvini" (illustrated), Mildred Aldrich; "Does Bi-Chloride of Gold Cure Inebriety?" Henry Wood; "Women Wage-earners of America and Europe," Helen Campbell; "In the Tribunal of Literary Criticism—A Defense of Shakespeare," Professor W. J. Rolfe; "From Human Sacrifice to the Golden Rule," Rev. J. T. Sunderland; "Why the World's Fair Should be Opened on Sunday," Rev. O. P. Gifford; "Are We a Prosperous People?" B. O. Flower; "The Nationalization of Railroads," Rabbi Solomon Schindler; "The New Religion," Edwin Dwight Walker; "Astrology in London," Edgar Lee; "Growth Comes from Within," Eveleen L. Mason; "The Creed to Be," Ella Wheeler Wilcox; "A Day in Asia (a character sketch), Will Allen Dromgoole; editorial, present day tendencies, "Interesting Psychical Phenomena," "Character-Building the Next Step in Educational Progress."

The "American Agriculturist" for January (Orange Judd Company, New York) has these papers. The illustrated articles are: "Dehorning Cattle," Leslie H. Adams; "Lima Bean Culture," S. E. A. Higgins; "Manufacture of Beet Sugar," Dice McLaren; "The Neighborhood Ice Harvest," Theron L. Hiles; "A Broncho Bazar," L. F. Cagwin; "Forestry on the Sands of Denmark," J. P. Bjergaard; "The Brilliant Grape," E. Williams; "Petrified Forests," Thomas Holmes; "Farming by Irrigation," J. L. Townsend; "Joseph Harris," editorial. Other features are: "Some Newer Vegetables," W. P. Massey; "Fertilizers for Vineyards," J. S. Woodward; "Employing Farm Workmen," M. S. Quimby; "Near and Far," Farming in Foreign Lands; "Our Basket, Answers to Correspondents; "Science in Farming," Experiment Station Doings; "Topics of the Times," Herbert Myrick; "Latest from the Census," C. R. Buckland; "Our Library Corner," Book Reviews; "Our Sugar Industry," editorial.

Emile Zola's dramatic story of the Franco-Prussian war, "The Storming of the Mill," is published complete, with illustrations, in the February number of "Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly" (New York). The leading article of the number is an historical paper upon "The Continental Congress," by Richard B. Kimball, LL. D. The main artistic feature of the number is the superbly illustrated article on "Corsica," by Frank Barrett, and the literary papers are A. Oakey Hall's "Romance of St. John's Gate, London" and Henry Tyrrell's sketch of Renan. Cecil Charles writes interestingly of "The Evolution of a Dictatorship" in Costa Rica; Frances M. Smith of "Famous Old Violins," and Ernest Ingersoll of "Big Game in Europe." Daniel Dane's serial story of "The Great Chantry Diamonds" is brought to a dramatic conclusion.

The "Californian Illustrated Magazine" (San Francisco) for February has, with fine illustrations in plenty, these leading papers: "Tennyson," John Vance Cheney; "On the Columbia," Laura B. Starr; "Men of Letters," James Realf, Jr.; "An Apricot Orchard in January," Estelle Thompson; "Through Death Valley," John R. Spears; "A Pre-Columbian Goldsmith," J. J. Peatfield; "Is Labor in Danger?" Richard H. McDonald, Jr.; "Two Valentines," Nellie Blessing Eyster; "Social and Political Conditions of Utah," G. L. Browne; "The Romance of Claudius Alonzo," M. L. Feusier; "To the Venus de Milo," Cora E. Chase; "Marvels of Plant Life," Charles Frederick Holder; "The Land of the Moon," DeWitt C. Lockwood; "San Diego," J. Austin Hall; "Personal Reminiscences of Blaine," ex-Governor Lionel A. Sheldon.

The "Engineering Magazine" for January (New York) has these valuable articles, many of them illustrated: "Do We Need a State Bank Currency?" Edward Atkinson; "Our Outlook for Foreign Markets," Albert D. Pentz; "Industrial Development of the South," Richard H. Edmonds; "The Choice of an Architect," Bernard McEvoy; "Geology and the Mississippi Problem," a Southern engineer; "The Anthracite Coal Industry," H. M. Chance; "Fire Losses and the Age of Clay," Harvey B. Chess; "The True Cause of Labor Troubles," a reply to Charles J. Harrah, John Gordon Gray; "The Pan-American Railway Surveys," J. D. Garrison; "Liquid Fuel in Steam-making," F. R. Hutton.

"Godey's Magazine" for February, 1893, has these papers: "A Round Unvarnished Tale," complete novel by Edgar Fawcett, illustrated; "My Heart Was a Nun's Heart," poem, by Dora Read Goodale; "The Home," by Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher; "The Chautauqua Idea," by George E. Vincent; "Compensation," poem, by Marie Frances Upton, illustrated; "Mont Saint Michel—Brittany," by Eleanor E. Greatorex, illustrated; "The Wee Jap'nese," poem, by Sewall Read, illustrated; "Flower Tales," by Laury MacHenry; "Society Leaders," by Mattie Sheridan; "All the Books," reviewed by John Habberton; "The Search Light"; "Sense and Nonsense," by W. J. Lampton; "The Fashions," illustrated.

"Harper's Bazar" for January 7th was a noticeable number for its fine examples of wood engraving. One, "Nurse and Child," is from the picture of Franz Hals in the Berlin Museum; another is "Bonjour Pierrot," from the painting by Ethel Wright in the Royal Academy for 1892. Still another that of a recumbent half figure entitled "Planning Love's Campaign." The number is rich in half-tone pictures also, and fashion cuts and patterns. The editorial remains, as heretofore, high-minded, cultivated thought; indeed, the Bazar has always been edited upon a plane far above that upon which the mere fashion journal moves.

The "School Review" for January (published by Cornell University, Utica, New York) has these papers; "Editorial Note," the editor; "The Teacher as a Professional Expert," Professor A. B. Hart; "First Year English in the High School," Principal J. G. Wight; "Regents' Diplomas in English;" Professor J. M. Hart; "Book Department," conducted by Principal C. H. Thurber; "Current Educational Literature," conducted by Principal J. E. Russell; The review is a journal of secondary education, and one of the most direct, vigorous and practical educational journals ever published.

The "Kindergarten Magazine" for January (Woman's Temple, Chicago) has these papers besides the regular departments and editorials: Frontispiece, "Madonna and Child," after Lucca della Robbia; "Carl Reinecke and Children's Music, Mrs. Crosby Adams; "How Some Parents Are Schooled"; "The Principles of the Kindergarten the Foundation for Art Education in the Public Schools," Mary Dana Hicks; "Water Crystals," Edward G. Howe; "Bare Walls Versus Art Walls," Ellen Gates Starr; "Harmony—A Poem," Helena Thompson.

The "Book-Buyer" for January (Chas. Scribner's Sons, New York) is notable for a new feature—the autographic statement of prominent literary lights of the day, of their preferences in authorship, poetry, painting, books, plays, heroes and heroines in fiction and in real life, and so on. These personal preferences are very wittily expressed and make very entertaining reading. A fine portrait of Robert Grant accompanies the number. The English notes, and the chapter on authors with portraits, are very entertaining.

The "Music Review" for January (Clayton F. Summy, Chicago) has a variety of matter of special interest to musicians and lovers of music. Among the papers is one by J. S. Van Clive on "Franz, the German Poet"; Benjamin Ivers Gilman on "Tests of Musical Expressiveness," F. A. Von Winterfield writes of "Goethe on Music" and Calvin B. Cady gives a study in Grade IV. of the thermatic manual for pianoforte teachers. There is a lesson on the scene and "Aria From Der Freisceuetz" and other interesting matter.

The "Social Economist" for January (College of Social Economics, 34 Union Square, East, New York) has these papers, besides the editorials and reviews: "Our New Industrial Policy," by George Gunton, the editor; "The Religious Sentiment in Russia," translated by Cecile Bronn; "The Southern Social Problem," by Kemper Bocock; "The Individual and the State," by William E. Hart; "Economics for the Young," by J. S. Kelsey; "The Corner-Stone of Social Strife," by Theodore Cox.

The mother's nursery guide, "Babyhood" (Babyhood Publishing Company, New York) has for January, beside the wardrobe, kindergarten, mothers' parliament, and nursery problems departments, these papers: "Some Common Speech Defects in Children," by Joseph Collins, M. D.; "The Care of the Child's Scalp and Hair," by George Thomas Jackson, M. D.; "Can We Forecast the Mental and Bodily Faculties of a Child?" by Elizabeth Stow Brown, M. D.

The January number of the "Traveler and Shippers' Directory for the Pacific Coast" is at hand from the publishers, the Denborn Company, 320 Sansome street, San Francisco. We have but to repeat what we have heretofore said of this monthly, that as a directory and vade mecum of information it has no equal in the United States. We believe it to be about as nearly perfect as such publications can be brought.

"Two Tales" for January 14th (6 Beacon street, Boston) has George Edgar Montgomery's "Mr. Blake and American Institutions," and L. Clarkson's "A Bit of Delft." "Two Tales" is a charming Saturday publication presenting weekly two complete original stories by writers of established reputation. For clean fiction of excellence we know none better of current publication than that given its readers by "Two Tales."

"Toilettes" for February (126 West Twenty-third street, New York) is, as have been all preceding numbers, complete and exhaustive of fashion novelties for the season.

"The Child-Garden" (Chicago) for January is prettily illustrated and full of story, song and play for little ones,

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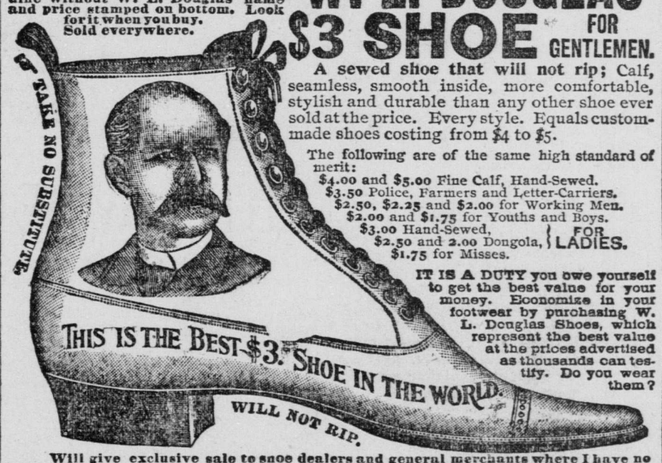

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