



"Who killed cock-robin?" "I did," said the sparrow. "With my bow and arrow, I killed cock-robin."

There has existed from time immemorial the word over an almost reverent feeling for the sparrow. It is alluded to many times in Holy Scripture in both the Old and New Testaments, and yet these little feathered citizens of the air have become such a nuisance that all thought of reverent association dissolved into the past, and one wonders what can be done to disperse the little vagabonds, which in a truly piratical spirit have driven away our choirs of delightful song birds.

The English sparrow (Passer domesticus), truly named house sparrow, the name English sparrow being a misnomer, as the species is not confined to England, but is native to nearly the whole of Europe, was imported from England some years ago by a Boston gentleman, who argued strenuously in favor of domesticating them in our country as a means of eradicating the divers species which threatened destruction to our tropical vegetation and fruit trees.

It was not long until they had multiplied to such an extent that they began to emigrate, and now California has a large population of them, for which the natives paid the price of a large proportion of her lovely song birds, which are ever driven away wherever these aggressive little creatures make their homes. The fecundity of these birds is amazing. In these latitudes and southern parts of the state, a pair of birds will rear five or six broods in a season, with from four to five in a brood, and it has been estimated that in ten years the progeny of a single pair of sparrows would be 275,716,983.

Is it astonishing that we are overrun? The native birds that are fastidious about these billigrents, and have been largely driven from our parks and private gardens, are the sparrow, robin, wren, bluebird, long sparrow, chipping sparrow, California canary, oriole and phoebe. The English sparrow is not only a pest to the native birds, but to the gardener and fruit-grower as well. He is an enemy to grape culture, and in short, to everything in cultivated vegetation. There is a lovely old place in our city which I have often noticed in passing that is simply a colony in itself of these birds.

The evening of my return home was the occasion of a mixture of incidents, of which one was very amusing. As the train rolled in at a small country station, I noticed a large array of every sort of vehicle under the sun hitched to a rail fence by the side of the road a short distance from the track. Before I had time to determine whether it was a wedding or a funeral, a young woman of about 22 burst into one end of the car and rushed pell-mell through to the other end, where she alighted, followed closely by a lad of 19 or thereabouts, who peeped her at every foot as they went with showers of rice, which he had stuffed in unknown quantities in every available pocket. Hard behind him came the rest of the bridal party, consisting of an elderly white-haired gentleman and two much younger ones. The rest of us were forced to receive our share of the pelting as it fell over and over everything covering a radius of ten feet. The bride was protesting in the most vehement manner at the onslaught: "Now, you let me go away! Oh! as a handful of rice slid unceremoniously down her back.

"Oh, you horrid boy! Go away quick or I'll call the conductor and have you put off the train! Ugh!" she screamed, as a second handful took her square in the face; "you beast, I'll—" but by this time the train had gotten fairly under way and his royal highness, with evident reluctance, was forced to jump for it. I fully expected to see his remains decorating the track in all directions, but on looking out I beheld him running for dear life, so loath was he to part with his share in the day's proceedings, and the last I saw of him he was still pursuing the train at full speed, casting the remains of his store of rice after the vanishing bridal party. It was some time before I could ascertain who the bridegroom was, as the two younger men immediately repaired to the smoker, and the bride, jauntily attired in navy blue serge with "strings" to match, was left to the sole companionship of the old gentleman. They talked of silverware, jewelry en masse and furniture galore, and commented upon the donor of each gift, the bride's voice being raised to a pitch that enlightened the occupants of the car as to all the details, major and minor, of that rustic wedding, much to their amusement and entertainment.

"Which of these gentlemen is the lady's husband?" inquired a fussy little woman in the seat in front of me. "That is a matter I am still puzzling over," I replied. "Just then, after about three-quarters of an hour's absence in the smoking car, the two young men returned, and as the old gentleman immediately surrendered his place by the bride to one of them, I concluded he was the fortunate Benedict. But all through I thought it was the oldest bridal party I was ever my fortune to be thrown in with.

At a station further on there was quite a delay, while a long, narrow box

was lifted aboard and placed in the baggage car. A little investigation discovered it to be the remains of a young lad not quite 21, who had died of pneumonia and was being sent home to his mother for burial. Thus do life and death join each other in the exuberant shoulder to shoulder, oftimes unseen and unsuspected, but the shadow of one crosses and recrosses the shade of the other at every step—"Death and life contending in combat dire."

S. Prentiss Maslin has returned from the Alaska gold fields. With pockets full of gold? Oh no! I believe it proved too cold for him, and he was forced to return to milder California for his health's sake. Alaska has a climate that is apt to prove very severe in its effects on a delicate constitution.

Time was when a farmer's wife was little better than a household drudge, a mere intelligent machine, capable of grinding out a certain amount of work in a given length of time extending somewhere or anywhere between 4 a. m. to 8 p. m. Her amusements were few and far between, and hard work often made her an old woman in the very prime of her life. How matters are changed in these days! The farmer's wife of to-day enjoys many of the advantages of her city-bred sister. She has opportunities for cultivating her mind and expanding the talents which she may feel inclined to develop in any direction she chooses. While I was away I made a flying visit out of town among some country friends, that was quite a revelation to me in this line. We took one day to call upon the neighbors, which was not such a withering trial as it might at first appear, for the dwelling house on each ranch was built upon that portion of the land that brought it nearest to its neighbors, thus making it as easy to get about the little community as if it were a small village. In one house I was surprised to find a young man who had consumed by the adult portion of the family. I found Marie Correll, Rider Haggard, Ian MacLaren and many of the best and latest writers and their works as familiar as household words, while the library shelves were filled with the latest novels, and in the hands of anyone who prided himself on his intellectual attainments. In another prettily home graceful evidences of a natural refinement were scattered about everywhere. The hostess was an artist of no mean order, and the walls bore evidence of her skill bestowed on her favorite pastime, the painting of the rancher's household the son and daughter were both accomplished musicians, and a lovely cabinet grand piano of first-class manufacture held the place of honor in the nicely furnished parlor. A recent modern phaeton and spirited young horse, and an occasional conveyance to the city, where the young people were in the habit of going twice a week for musical instruction from a well-known music teacher. And so it goes. The lady in the country is quite as much a lady nowadays as every particular of her dress, and they who lived and flourished in the "good old days" will by comparison discover a world of difference in the lives of women then and now.

One of our former Sacramentoans, now a resident of San Francisco, and in business there, informed me that Miss Alice Keller, not long since one of our own Sacramento girls, whom you will remember as being possessed of a clear, pretty soprano voice, and quite gifted for one of her years in elocution (she was I believe a pupil of Mrs. Clouin in the latter study as well as DeSarte), is now a resident of the city, and in a fair way to make a name for herself in the "profession." She is engaged to do fancy song and dance work at the California, and when the Sinbad Company was in San Francisco had a part with them. I did not know her personally, as I should have tried to do, as my friend informed me she was at the time visiting relatives at the Capital. Her Sacramento friends will all wish her success, as we always feel a certain amount of pride when one of our very own rises in any honorable profession, and makes his mark in the world.

I think there are more bloomer girls to the square inch to be found in San Francisco than would fulfill the wildest dreams of a cyclist in any other part of the United States. The Park is almost a reproduction at times of the Midway Plaisance, so varied are its scenes as the panorama of human life comes before the eye. Here is the grand opportunity for the crank on physiology to improve himself in the study of human character as depicted by the features. But speaking of bloomers. Every style, cut and length, or lack of length, in diverse shades and colors, passes so briefly before the dazzled sight in rapid succession on the wide and busy by-paths at Golden Gate Park, which is a favorite meet for cyclists, as it affords such a stretch of smooth road for the wheel. Here also the beginner comes to try his or her luck, and some of the experiences are very interesting. Not to say instructive, to one who contemplates the subject in a serious and not a light manner. For instance, one young lady whom I was watching with a tremendous degree of interest, so varied were her maneuvers, and who during her lesson had acquired such an amount of confidence that she was positive she could go alone, suddenly and without any warning, however, she was away from her instructor at a rate of twenty miles an hour down a path which took a sudden and unexpected dip into an inclosure about which people were seated in groups on benches under the trees. Imagination will hardly paint the tableau that followed. Fancy, if you will, a conglomeration of bloomer, skirt and wheel against a background of flying gravel. I laughed till the tears ran down my face in perfect torrents. Oh, no, she wasn't killed; I wouldn't have laughed if she had been, you know, and nothing was broken but the machine, but she didn't ride any more that day. The last I saw of her was a dissolving view of the disordered bloomer costume, as its dispirited owner went limping away on the arm of her solicitous escort. Moral: Don't try to go it alone! till you're sure of your "hand."

POLLY OLIVER.

Horrid Thing.

"Ah—um—really, you will have to excuse me," said the young man to whom the young woman was about to sell three tickets for a mush-and-milk supper. "I have a pressing engagement."

A few minutes later and a few doors further on she saw him dive into a carriage, and proceed while-you-wait establishment.

"A pressing engagement," she mused. "I wonder," she continued, relapsing from English into chimmelfodden, "I wonder if he was joshing me?"—Indianapolis Journal.

Several species of jelly fish are provided with eye spots—that is, rudimentary eyes—which probably give no more than an impression of light.



From Harper & Brothers (New York).

We have a handsome octavo volume entitled "Mark Heffron." It is a novel by Alice Ward Bailey, the wife of a well-known Sacramento professional man. The story is told very carefully and with more than usual interest. The tale is one that is full of human concern; it is natural, without weariness, or anything of the commonplace, romantic without being unnatural, and strong in color without exaggeration. The story begins with the advent of the summer resort where the intellectual is the main purpose, and which we suspect is meant to represent Chautauqua and its assemblies, where, in a few weeks' time, it is sought to "cram" the hungry-seekers after knowledge with a varied assortment of intellectual food until they are literally stuffed. To one of these summer assemblies comes a charming maiden of strong artistic tastes, of exceeding high purposes and notable independence of character, one Eloise Gordon of Louisville. Here, too, comes Mark Heffron, a man of wonderful individuality, strong of character, inclined to the dominant, yet free, and hearty, kindly and genial. Altogether, he is rather a free thinker and much the doubter and skeptic. Toward Eloise, as also toward an old pupil of his, Mlle. Dauvray, he is much drawn, and the former feels his magnetism in a way suggestive of the exercise of hypnotic powers on his part. But Miss Gordon, the intellectual, the artist, the man, but not less amiable and sincere, and his suit is favored by her chaperone, her aunt. The maiden, not fully knowing her own mind, and decidedly divided in herself between her own feelings, is pictured as devoting herself to art studies some time later in Chicago, and the general opening of the Columbian Exposition, where herself and aunt, in the crush of the time, are driven into small quarters, and, by the exigencies of finance and space, they are jammed into a single room, which serves Miss Gordon also as a studio. Here the adventures of the high-minded and ambitious student of art and artist really begin, the affair of making the acquaintance of Mark Heffron at the lakeside assembly being no more than preface to the toils of the affections in which the pair subsequently find themselves enmeshed.

Of course, the mere love-making of the young people, and the general theme, and rarely is of extraordinary interest. But Mrs. Bailey has managed to get outside of the common in this story, and to give to her romance an interest that is far and away above and outside of the ordinary. The philosophy of the story is refreshing, and strong, and the heroine one cannot fail to admire and respect for her social criticisms, as well as those indulged in by Heffron and the other characters, are incisive, rarely of doubtful soundness and always full of suggestion. The characters in the story possess an individuality most refreshing and interesting. They are not stereotyped, they grow out of the tale and upon us imperceptibly. They command our respect for the author, because they are not over-drawn or over-colored. The diction of the novel is graceful, the style ornate, and the action, while not dramatic, is rapid, never slackens, and throughout the interest is maintained, and our concern in the parties to the social drama kept constantly alive. It is a charming story and restful good reading.

The late Henry C. Bunner, of whom a personal and biographical sketch appeared in the Record-Union a week or so since, has been the subject of two brief tributes in the same paper of May 23d. In one of these, he is considered as an editor and a story-teller, the writer being H. G. Paine of "Harper's Weekly," his former associate on "Puck." In the other he is judged as a poet, the critic being Frank Dana, Sherman of Columbia College, himself an accomplished writer of verse. Full justice is done to the rare qualities of heart and intellect that made Mr. Bunner's career a series of successes. In the same journal a very bright young woman, Miss Ellen Sherman, discourses wittily of "The New Man," who has generally been lost sight of in the excitement attending the arrival of the new woman. His chronicler certainly gives the devil his due. A portrait of Harold Frederic, the novelist; a signed review of Rochefort's memoirs, just published in Paris; and a letter from Mr. Harte, explaining the failure of his "Pony" to become an integral part of Mr. Harte's "Philistine," are other features of this number.

"Macmillan & Co. have in preparation 'The Introduction to Public Finance,' by Professor Carl C. Plick, of the University of California. It is a treatise on the public expenditure, public revenues, public indebtedness and financial administration. By far the largest part of the book is devoted to a discussion of the different forms of taxation. The treatment is historical and analytical. The author has attempted to collate the positive results reached by the extensive researches which have recently been made in these lines both in this country and in Europe. He advocates a reform of national, commonwealth and local taxation will soon be imperative if it is not so already, and there is urgent need of widespread education in the correct principles of the science of public finance. The work shows the line of development in public finance from the earliest times down to the present, and draws upon the experiences of the leading nations for illustrations. It is intended primarily as an elementary text-book for colleges and universities. In the smaller colleges where the time available for a course in public finance is limited this might be the main text-book."

"An Art Failure," by John W. Harding, a New York Journalist, is another novel on the life of the Latin quarter in Paris. As the border warfare was the novel of a few generations ago, so the Latin quarter is the scene of whose heroes and heroines are aristocrats and decadents. "An Art Failure" is full of interest and instruction. "Father Stafford," known as An-

thony Neep's best story, is a bright gem in Hope's Prismatic Library. John Oliver Hobbs, whose literary judgment is of the best, recently wrote to the publisher: "I am glad that you have 'Father Stafford.' It is quite the best thing that Hope has done so far, if I except one or two scenes from the 'Dolly Dialogues.'"

Both volumes are from the press of F. Tennyson Neely, New York.

Under the general name of the Riverside School Library, Houghton, Mifflin & Co. (Boston) announce that they will issue in attractive style and at moderate prices a series of fifty books peculiarly suited for school libraries. These books have been chosen largely from the best literature which has stood the test of the world's judgment, and yet are fresh and inviting to-day as when first published. The suggestions of more than one hundred prominent educators of this country have aided the publishers in their choice. The volumes will be edited with great care, we are assured, and will contain portraits and biographical sketches of the authors; also notes and glossaries wherever necessary. The first ten volumes, which are published June 5th, are Andersen's "Stories," Franklin's "Autobiography," Goldsmith's "Vicar of Wakefield," at fifty cents each; Fiske's "War of Independence," Holmes' "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," Lamb's "Tales of Shakespeare," Scudder's "Washington," at sixty cents each; and Cooper's "Last of the Mohicans," Scott's "Ivanhoe," and Stowe's "Uncle Tom's Cabin," at seventy cents each.

Messrs. Lovell Brothers & Co. (141 East Twenty-fifth street, New York) have in press a somewhat remarkable book by a new writer entitled "Heaven and Earth." It is a scientific treatise outlining a new and scientific form of society based on experiments which have actually been made on an extended scale. This is a work unique in the world of letters. While its doctrines will, no doubt, be voted extremely radical, yet they are based on sound, sober sense, and are handled without a trace of hyperbole. The author seems to consider them merely suggestions, but they go a great way toward supplying the framework for an entirely new system of life, without the incongruities which have marked other similar attempts.

The political situation in the United States on the eve of the Presidential nominating conventions is admirably covered by the June "Review of Reviews" (New York) in its departments of "The Progress of the World," "Current History in Caricature," and "Record of Current Events." Prospective convention-seers will be greatly interested in Dr. Shaw's sketch of "St. Louis: This Year's Convention City." Apropos of this season's rush of gold-seekers to Alaska the "Review" presents an authoritative description of the Alaskan gold-fields prepared by a member of the staff of the United States Geological Survey. There is also an interesting account of the services of that intrepid pioneer, Dr. Sheldon Jackson, by whose efforts reindeer have been introduced into Alaska, and who has done so much to establish civilization in Seward's great purchase. The coronation of the Russian Czar is a fitting occasion for the publication of a new study of the modest young ruler. The "Review" gives in this number the most complete statement ever published of the methods and results of the Government investigation into foods, commenting at length on the work of Professor Atwater of Wesleyan University. Timeliness and practical interest are the characteristic qualities of the June number.

From Clarence and J. B. Johnson, and from Willis Woodward & Co., 812 Broadway, New York, the publishers, we have sheet music entitled "Old Glory," a national song, words by J. B. Johnson and music by Clarence Johnson. It is a stirring bit of rhyme, overflowing with patriotic sentiment and love of country. The music is spirited and of the martial order.

From Thomas Gosgan & Brother, Dallas, San Antonio, Houston, Tex., music publishers, we have a new piece of sheet music, "March of the Bachelors," for the piano, by Frank Gale. So far as we are able to judge by its reading, it is a movement that commends itself to good taste, and will become popular.

The metric system, which has recently been before both Congress and the British Parliament, is discussed by Herbert Spencer in a series of letters to appear in "Appleton's Popular Science Monthly" for June. Mr. Spencer vigorously opposes the further spread of the system, and points out the advantages of one based on the number twelve.

The woman question is being debated once more in "Appleton's Popular Science Monthly." There is an article in the May number, by George F. Talbot, against woman suffrage, which will be replied to in June by Alice B. Tweedy. Continual agitation will doubtless sift out the true solution of this question in time.

"Spalding's Baseball Guide for 1896" surpasses every issue of the National League guide yet published in the number of its pages, the importance of its contents and the attractiveness of its illustrations. Prominent among the new features are the twenty-five portraits which have taken place in the league championships, together with a record of each race. Henry Chadwick, its author, treats the statistics of all the leagues as only he can, and gives the college club championship records for twenty years. Another innovation which will be highly appreciated is the new form of pitching tables included in the records of the pitching in 1895. The complete records of the two series for the Temple Cup are invaluable. An editorial explanatory appendix, revised by President N. E. Young, accompanies the new code of rules, and makes proper understanding of them easy. National Sports Publishing Company, 241 Broadway, New York.

From Charles Frederick Stayer, Salt Lake City, Utah, we have his latest composition "Barcarolle Pacific—Greetings to California." It is written for the piano on six pages. The composer says in a note on the second page, that the Opus is a hint of his appreciation of the beauty of the Pacific coast, and its scenery. It is a brilliant production, and one of marked novelty and distinguishing originality.

"Atlantic Monthly" for June (Boston) has this collection of valuable papers: "The Old Things," Henry James (serial); "The Bird of the Musical Wing," Olive T. Miller; "The Humming-bird," Ednah P. Clarke; "Letters of D. G. Rossetti, 1855," George B. Hill (serial); "In a Famous French Home," Mary A. Taylor; "Lord Howe's Commission to Pacify the Colonies," Paul L. Ford; "The Price of a Cow," Elizabeth W. Bellamy; "Orestes Brownson," George P. Lathrop; "The Oubliette," Mary H. Catherwood; "The Opera Before the Court of Reason," William F. Biddle; "The Plight of the Arrow," R. H. Stoddard; "The Whirligig of Fortune," T. R. Sullivan; "The Politician and the Public School," L. H. Jones; "Restriction of Immigration," Francis A. Walker; "Recent Studies in American History," "The Philosophy of Enjoyment of Art," and "The Contributors' Club."

The June number of the "Overland," (San Francisco) richly illustrated, is a notable one for the fame of its writers and the timeliness of its articles. W. H. Mills contributes a comprehensive treatise on the much-heralded Japanese invasion, under the caption "The Prospective Influence of Japan Upon the Industries of America." Mr. Mills' position will be combated in the July issue by John P. Young of San Francisco. "Chronicle," the second installment of the "Overland's" explorer, Theodore S. Solomons' "Unexplored Regions of the High Sierra," has to do with the sources of the King's River. Governor W. J. McConnell of Idaho continues the winter discussion which was commenced by Irving M. Scott, John J. Valentine and Colonel John P. Irish. Charles Warren Stoddard contributes a sympathetic character sketch of his friend, Joaquin Miller. It is illustrated by J. D. Strick, Rounseville Wildman has a striking sketch of Malayan jungle life, entitled, "Baboo's Tiger." "A Pioneer Bimestrial" is a character sketch of Judge C. C. Goodwin, editor Salt Lake "Tribune." In line with its policy of making itself a forum for the expression of the views of the State, the "Overland" devotes thirty pages to Oakland. This number is the best illustrated that has appeared and "As Talked in the Sanctum" is as bright and crisp. The educational department contains an article by Miss Millicent Shinn.

The June "Arena" (B. O. Flower, editor, Boston) opens its sixteenth volume, appearing in a new dress and being printed by Skinner, Bartlett & Co. It is an unusually strong number, opening with a brilliant paper by Rev. Samuel Barrows, D. D., the distinguished editor of the "Boston Herald," on "Boston, on 'The First Pagan Critic of Christian Faith and His Anticipation of Modern Thought.'" Justice Walter Clark, LL. D., of the Supreme Bench of North Carolina, contributes an instructive and delightful paper on Mexico, the interest of which is enhanced by several illustrations. The President of the Mercantile Bank of New York contributes "A Proposed Platform for the American Independents for 1896," which illustrates how strongly the silver movement is taking hold in Eastern financial circles. J. B. Cook, the veteran banker, who floated the Government bonds in 1861, at the time of our sorest need, came out boldly for free silver. Mr. St. John, who has made finance a study for more than twenty years, and who is President of a bank of over a capital of \$1,000,000, is no less pronounced on the subject. Another paper of special merit, on "Bimetallism," appears in this number by A. J. Utey, Professor Parsons of Boston University Law School, continues his papers on the "Government Control of Money." O. C. Flower, the editor of the "Arena," writes in a most captivating manner of Whittier, considering him in the aspect of a "Poet of Freedom," and giving many of Whittier's most stirring lines. A fine portrait of the Quaker poet forms the frontispiece to the number. Mr. St. John also discusses somewhat at length in his editorials the message of Whittier to men and women of to-day, and the proposed platform of Mr. St. John. Another interesting feature of this issue is Eltweed Pomeroy's illustrated paper on "The Disfranchisement Movement and its Leaders." Students of the higher metaphysical thought of our time will be deeply interested in Horatio W. Dresser's paper entitled "The Mental Cure in Its Relation to Modern Thought." Will Allen Drummond continues his paper on "The Power of the Word," and Mrs. Calvin Kryder Reifsnider's "Psychical Romance," which opened a few months since, is prefaced by a digest of the preceding chapters. It is also profusely illustrated with exceptionally fine drawings. The number is also enriched by an article of the strong attractions of this brilliant number of a progressive, reformative and liberal review.

A very full number is the June issue of "St. Nicholas" (Century Company, New York). It opens with a capital "The Master's Lesson," by Alice M. Lovett, illustrated by Birch Lieutenant John M. Elliott writes on "What the Bugle Tells on a Warship," "Grizzly Phil," by Sidford F. Hamp, is the story of a quiet schoolboy who became a hero by rescuing a companion from a bear. Arthur Hoebner, carry on "Old Tom on Young Shoulders." The first chapters are given in "The Story of Marco Polo," by Noah Brooks. No romance is more strange than the adventures of the unknown Venetian traveler in the hitherto great unknown realms of Cathay. Mrs. M. G. German bases her "General Basis of Boys and Girls About Themselves." Rev. G. Hubbard describes "A Curious Stairway." The first half of a two-part story by Tudor Jenks, "The Lost Princess," is given. This is an old-fashioned fairy tale, of the kind that is ever new. "The Red's Mascot," by Virginia Van de Water, is a story of a hotly contested foot-race. "Clarry Ann and the Flood," by L. E. Chittenden, is a tale of a little Mississippi colored girl who got the best of her landlord. The two serials, "Sinbad, Smith & Co.," by Albert Stearns, and "The Swordmaker's Son," by W. O. Stoddard, carry on with interest with generous installments. There are many poems andingles suited to readers of all ages, and the usual profusion of pictures.

"The Bookman" for June (Dodd, Mead & Co., New York) has these leading features: "Chronicle of the Month"—American, English and Miscellaneous—"The Suppliant," by John B. Tabb; "Wishes," by Philip Becker Goetz; "A Love Letter," by Herbert Miller Hopkins; "Beyond Bounds," by Dorothea Lummis; "Old Tom on Young Shoulders," by Robert H. T. Faise; by Katherine Pearson Ward; "Kate Carnegie" (a novel), by Ian MacLaren; "Mrs. Gaskell and Charles Brenton" (with nine illustrations), by Clement K. Shorter; "Living Critics" (with portrait), by Richard Garnett; "Portraits of the American Revolution—Revolutionary War" (illustrated) by W. L. Andrews; "Canadian Feeling Toward the United States," by Duncan Campbell Scott; "Stenhalp" (second paper) by Frederic Toner Cooper; "On the Buying of Books," by Annie Nathan Meyer; "Paris Letters," by Annie Nathan Meyer; "Reviews of New Books"; "A Fool by Nature"; "The Lure of Fame"; "Dadgira"; "Earth's Enigmas"; "In

the Village of Vicer"; "When Greek Meets Greek"; "The Paying Guest"; "Sleeping Fires"; "Retrospective Reviews"; "A Literary Log"; "The History of Oratory From the Age of Pericles to the Present Time"; "Art and Humanity in France"; "Three Cringes in Venezuela and Central America"; "Venezuela"; "Rare Books and their Prices"; "The Quotations of the New Testament From the Old"; "Bookman Brevities"; "Eastern Letter"; "Western Letter"; "English Letter"; "Sales of Books During the Month"; "The Month-Books Published During the Month—American, English, Continental."

"The Black Cat Magazine" for June (The Short Story Publishing Company, Boston) has these charming short stories: "The House Across the Way," by Leo Gale; "Mrs. Slovan's Curiosity," by Mabel Shippee Clarke; "The Seaweed Room," by Clarice Irene Clingham; "The Second Edition," by Gek Turner, and "The Luck of Killing Day," by McPherson Fraser. There is not a line of prose or thought in any of these. They are all crisp, bright, dramatic and thoroughly entertaining.

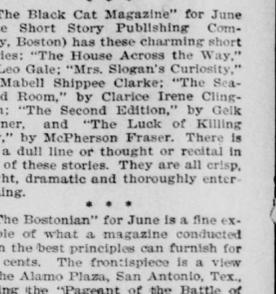
"The Bostonian" for June is a fine example of what a magazine conducted upon the best principles can furnish for ten cents. The frontispiece is a view of the Alamo Plaza, San Antonio, Tex., during the "Pageant of the Battle of Flowers." The ranking article in importance is Lieutenant James A. Frye's exposition on "Our Coast Defense," accompanied by beautiful illustrations of the largest and most powerful ships of war belonging to the United States navy. Two timely articles are "The Growth of La Flecha in California," by Mabel C. Crafts; and "San Antonio; Its Battle of Flowers and its Missions," by James D. Whelpley. Both of these are unusually readable accounts of the two largest flower festivals held each year in the West, and both of them are profusely supplemented by photographs of the events taken on the spot. Mrs. Kate Gannett Wells has an extremely interesting account of the "First Open Air Gymnasium for Women," accompanied by photographs and drawings. A new column which is to be presented regularly in the magazine commences with this issue under the head of "Living Fashion Plates." A charming description of a Southern Bohemian resort is entitled, "A Breakfast at Mme. Begue's, New Orleans," by Robert P. Skinner. Then follows "An Old Puritan Clock," by Mrs. Kate Tannatt Woods; "An Exile," a story by M. N. Thurston; and "His Mother's Clock," a sketch, by Eleanor W. Bates; "Grandmother's Cooking," by Lilla Barnard, Atherton Brownell's "Rambles in Stageland," and the regular departments. The Boston Publishing Company, 33 Newbury street, Boston.

"Cassell's Magazine" for June (The Cassell Publishing Company, New York) is rich in illustration, poetry, fiction, scientific and domestic information, music and seasonal topics. The article, "Pictures of English Child Life," is one of the best illustrated and most attractive papers ever published in this wholesome, clean, and diversified family magazine.

For the "Record-Union." THE REAPER. The ripened wheat gleamed brightly yellow. Like bread beneath the golden sun; And in the field a youthful reaper, Whose years scarce numbered twenty— With sinews strong as iron, And as he worked this song he sung: "Gather the harvest, bind up the sheaves, Winter is all before us, Harvesting comes with the falling leaves, The year for dying roses greaves; But the violet blossoms beneath the snow, And summer will come again we know. June will the roses restore us, Gather the harvest, bind up the sheaves! The wheat falls with the falling leaves." The strong young voice with the scythe kept time, And the ripened wheat with the tuneful rhyme. For life is good at twenty-one— June will the roses bring when the heart is young— Song is the bursting blossom of joy, And rest of care is his happy boy.

Oh, reaper, let thy song ring on! Full soon the harvest of life will come, And the reaper Death, with the falling leaves. Will bind and gather the ripened sheaves. —ABBIE GERISH-GENUNG. Different. Dangerous Dick—Ye got me yer father, now I find out he was hung fer horse-stealin'. Arizona Abe (indignantly)—I never said he kep' a clothin' store; I said he was in the clothes line when he died. That's what they hung him with. Understan'?'—Judge.

AN you afford to have your face and hands filled with pimples and blood blotches? If you want blotches on your face, on your body, all over yourself—if you wish great big sarsaparilla trademarks on your face—use a sarsaparilla containing iodide of potassium. If you want a clean face, a clean stomach, a clean body, use



JOY'S VEGETABLE SARSAPARILLA. Testimonial. The Edw. W. Joy Company—Sirs: I have been a sufferer from a horrible skin disease for the last five years. Have suffered untold misery, both bodily and mentally. Have used Joy's Vegetable Sarsaparilla continually, and I have derived wonderful benefits from it. I had ruined my stomach by taking mercury and potash until I became a chronic dyspeptic, unable to retain the least food on my stomach. If you writing can eat anything and digest it thoroughly without any inconvenience. When I commenced taking Joy's Vegetable Sarsaparilla I weighed 125 pounds, now I weigh 160 pounds, feel well, eat well and believe I am well, but will continue taking the remedy right along. You may publish this, as I want all sufferers to be benefited by my experience. (Signed.) MR. THOMAS Q. BROWN, Mayfield, Cal.

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