most sympathetic admiration of the best novelists of his time. Miss Ferrier, Miss Edgeworth and Miss Austen wrote so simply and so well as to delight their chief, and from the moment when he and they wrote Mrs. Radcliffe and Mrs. Behn were forgotten, with all the others who were like them.

Magazines had come in nearly a hundred years before. But with the New Wave, Blackwood in Scotland, the New Monthly and Fraser in London the magazines assumed more and more authority and eventually wider sway. They took the place, first, of travelers' couriers in advance, next of couriers who accompany the party, as they have taken more and more charge of the authors and authorship of the world. London was a literary center, and in face of the traditions and decorums of Oxford and Cambridge, there grew up in London a company of men and women who could write so that people read what they wrote, although they did not rank as bachelors of arts.

WRITERS AND CRITICS.

It is a little curious to note a sort of condescension which marks some of the early criticisms on Leigh Hunt and Charles Lamb and Charles Dickens. I do not know that anyone had called these men "The London School," but that in their time they were. The contempt in which the grandee critics held them appeared as early as the bitter attack of Blackwood on Keats's first volume as belonging to the "Cockney School."

It is said of a Boston lady that when she met one of the most charming women in the world, who had not had the good fortune of going to a Boston school, with a certain surprise she cried out, "Why, the creature can speak!" as if she had been addressing a statue of Galatea. There is a little of this tone in the way in which Oxford men and Cambridge men in London spoke of Lamb and Dickens at first. And here it should be said that the year 1840, or thereabouts, marks the period when the language of all England and of America takes the place in our literature of a certain genteel language only used among certain peacock feather mandarins of the classics. I mean that people now begin to call a spade a spade; that they talk of a linch-pin or gib-key. A man speaks of a doll in the pulpit. This change, which has given great additional range to the language employed in literature, may be said to have been first indicated in what I have called the group or school of London authors.

It is said that the Italian opera uses but 650 words. The Italian opera certainly represents the lowest possible expression of what may be called by courtesy human thought. The reader of these lines uses about 2,500 words in his familiar conversation. Shakspeare uses 5,000, which means that Shakspeare has twice the power of expression which I have familiarly, or you, dear reader. Now, without their knowing it, perhaps, the range of the modern school of novelists has extended just so far the range of instruments which they use. If you call these instruments mowers or reapers, you might say that the swathe which they cut is ten times as broad as that which was cut by the mower of the "mown land" described by King David.

REALISM IN LITERATURE.

The convenient word "realism" is used to represent the gradual change which has been thus wrought in literature as it has been wrought in art. In art people ascribe it, in part, to photography. It appears as well in history. The historical work of Motley and Parkman in America and that of John Richard Green and Mrs. Green in England, even that of Macaulay, is of very different character from such work as was done by Hume, more than a hundred years ago, or by Mrs. Macaulay. In general it would be fair to say that there is less distinction now between the language of the man of letters and the man of the world than there was in the days of Addison or in the earlier days of Chaucer's "Pilgrimage." The language of the workshop, of the traveler and of the laboratory finds its way into literature, and the charm of attractive style is expected in the work of the physicist or the mathematician and the traveler.

I have made no effort to discriminate between literary work in America and that of England. Students of each continent have drunk at the same fountains, they have read the same books. Realism appears distinctly in the best work of the American poets, philosophers, preachers, historians and novelists. The pulpit in America has had the great advantage that it does not speak for a class, as it does in England. The English preacher is a magistrate, who looks down with a certain condescension upon the plebs which he sees before him. The American preacher is one of his own people; and if he should speak as a superior he would be said to be taking airs on himself. Perhaps something of the same sort may be said of the American novelist. Mr. Howells is one of the people and is glad to be one of the people; he believes in the people. And as you read one of his books you feel that all this is so. He is not approaching the working classes with kid gloves. And what he says, therefore, is vital. This is more than you can say of Lord Beaconsfield's "Sybil," or even of the best of Charles Kingsley's novels, though they rest on the life of the modern workman.

There is no more interesting variation, as the botanists would call it, of the species of the "modern novel" than that larger range of writing in which workingmen and workingwomen play prominent parts. Mrs. Gaskell may be said to have been the first eminent writer who brought the trials of factory life into vivid exposure.

RESULTS OF CARLYLE'S WORK.

Carlyle made himself known by articles in the magazines as early as 1820. Some American schoolboys knew his work before they knew him, for he assisted Brewster in his translation of Legendre's geometry—a version which was for many years used as a schoolbook. His work was never more serious than in those early magazine articles. But year after year he took a wider and wider range. He is to be rated not simply as one of the first moral philosophers of the century, but at the same time, one of its great historians.

Every English or American writer of the least sense between that time and this shows more or less the result of Carlyle's work. On this side of the water his friend, his adviser—more than once his protector—is Emerson, one of the great philosophers of all time. It is well said that Emerson preaches to-day in every pulpit of English-speaking Christendom. To both these leaders, to their contempt for forms, consistency and conventionalism, one must refer in large measure the triumph of simplicity and reality in our literature.

In such limited space as ours, I had better illustrate this by what we see in the development of the novel, to which I have referred, and to its place in any estimate of literature, a place so different from anything it had a hundred years ago. On this side of the water, in the year 1850 and 1851, Mrs. Stowe wrote and published "Uncle Tom's Cabin," the novel which shares with "Robinson Crusoe" the honor of having been read by more people than any other novels. Its power in political history cannot be over estimated. And while it fulfills all the conditions of romantic fiction, it is realistic from end to end. In England, at the same time, Dickens was opening up to literature fields which, since De Foe died, the great authors had neglected.

The custom was renewed of publishing the great novels as serials. "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was published thus, and more than a year passed between its first and last chapter. The "Pickwick Papers" and all Dickens's large novels, all perhaps of Thackeray's novels, of George Eliot's, of Mrs. Gaskell's, Anthony Trollope's Mr. Howells's, Mr. James's, Stockton's and Besant's have been published in the same way.

I have spoken of Mrs. Gaskell as the first great novelist who introduced the factory operative and the giants of machinery into fiction. Miss Yonge is not to be forgotten in the decorum and virtuousness of her well-trained heroes and heroines; no, nor on our side, the sisters Wetherell. Mrs. Lewes's stories are so many chapters in what, in old times, we called moral philosophy. And Mr. Howells may say what he chooses about the artistic failure of books which have a purpose, all the same the reader of his books is led, and knows that he is led, by a master who means to make him believe that all must live for each, and each for all.

THE LIST IS CREDITABLE.

To the surprise of critics and of other readers who know much more than critics do Robert Louis Stevenson and Rudyard Kipling stepped forward, when still young, and took that front rank among story-tellers which they hold to-day. Stevenson's career before the public covers hardly fifteen years, Mr. Kipling's not so many. It must be confessed that the reign of the novel is as mighty, as wide and as imperious as ever. Granting that poetry has had to abdicate the highest seat in our Pantheon—granting that the novel has taken that seat—the nations have no need to be ashamed which can name Scott, Jane Austen, Dickens, Thackeray, Mrs. Stowe, George Eliot, Mrs. Gaskell, Miss Bronte, Trollope, Besant, Hardy, Howells, James, Blackmore and George Meredith among its novelists.

Poetry has, for the present, taken the second seat. But there is no such disgrace to the poetry of England and America as in the last half of the eighteenth century, when the genteel poetry was intolerable, and Burns and Cowper held up their heads in an ocean of conventional dullness.

The first half of the century records among its poets the great names with which we began. For the last half the circle of American and English poets contains such names as Tennyson, Browning, Kipling; and in America, Bryant, Emerson, Longfellow and Lowell. We remember gratefully Edgar Poe, Walt Whitman, Dobson, Jean Ingelow, Lang, Holmes, William and Louis Morris, Patmore and Sterling, Matthew Arnold and Edwin Arnold (how queer that they should have the same name) and Swinburne among others. In all the half century, no, there is no such name as Homer, Dante, Shakspeare or Milton; but we need not despair. He who shall bear that fifth name is, perhaps, already born.

EDWARD EVERETT HALE.

Roxbury, Mass.

MEDICAL NOTES.

(Prepared for the Sunday Journal by an Old Practitioner.)

Certain actions or postures usually indicate probable disease, as smoke indicates fire, and Dr. Lewis has called attention to a number of these.

When a person evinces a tendency to sleep with the hands tightly clasped over the head, he probably suffers from some form of dyspepsia.

When a person has one eyelid drooping over the eye and cannot voluntarily raise it, he is probably in danger of an apoplectic seizure, unless it follows an injury or disease causing paralysis of the nerve controlling the eyelid.

When a person has a small, movable, pea-like body in the lobe of the ear, it probably consists of urate of soda, and he may sooner or later be attacked by some form of gout.

When a person has a persistent bad taste on rising in the morning, independent or derangement of the stomach, he probably has or is threatened with heart trouble.

When the ends of the fingers become club-shaped the person may have phthisis or heart disease.

When a person commences to "drag" one leg after its fellow, without raising it from the ground, although the limb itself is sound, he is probably developing some disease of the spine.

When a person cannot stand steadily with his eyes closed, or is nervous when descending stairs, or raises one leg unnecessarily high when wanting to cross it over the other, or hesitates in rising from a chair when bidden, he is probably threatened with locomotor ataxia.

When a person suffers from continuous headache, which is either deeply seated or referred to the whole cranium, and never yields even temporarily to any treatment, he probably has organic disease of the brain or its membranes.

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At this season of the year, when colds are common, the value of codeine should be more popularly known. Codeine is a principle derived from opium, but, unlike many others, has few injurious qualities. Morphine, also derived from opium, has hitherto been one of the sovereign ingredients of most cough remedies, but it has certain undesirable actions upon the system. Codeine acts more pleasantly than morphine, does not constipate, does not as a rule, disturb the stomach or digestion, leaves no disagreeable after effect, is really an expectorant, and thus aids the cure of a cold by natural means, and, best of all, as it can be taken for months without the necessity of increasing the dose, it does not lead to a drug habit. It is especially valuable in relieving pain, irritation and cough, in affections of the respiratory system, either in children or adults, both in acute and chronic cases, and is a valuable substitute for other prepartions or derivatives of opium in subduing pain in chronic inoperable and incurable diseases, especially in the latter, on account of requiring no increase in dose, no matter how long a period it is used.

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Considerable misunderstanding exists about ptomaines, even among professional men. Ptomaines are not bacteria. Ptomaines are not destroyed by the heat of ordinary cooking. If they were destroyed by cooking cases of food poisoning by ptomaines would be unheard of. If there be death in the pot, generally speaking, no amount of boiling will prevent its work. Neither will continued boiling soak out or distill out the poison or dilute it to such an extent as to become harmless. It is a strange fact, too, that the poison may be localized in certain limited spots, and one who eats this particular piece of food will be poisoned, while others, who eat of other portions of the same food, may go free. A box of sardines, for example, may contain one or more tainted fish, while the others are innocuous, and this is a good example, because, while the sardines are "little fishes boiled in oil," this boiling does not make those infected with ptomaines any the less dangerous. Neither does it follow that because one person eats of certain food and is not injured that the food is wholesome; the only safe way to do with suspected meat or fish is to throw it away, for even the cat is not a good expert in such cases.

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In this connection the subject of canned goods in general is interesting. Many cases of poisoning are reported from the eating of canned goods, and a great ado is made about the danger of canned goods. As a fact many of these cases of reputed poisoning are due to the carelessness of those who use the goods and not to the negligence or criminality of those who prepare them. As soon as a can of food is opened the contents should be at once emptied into an earthen dish and placed in a cool place. Any "left overs" should be treated in the same way. The contents should never be left in the cans longer than is required to open and empty them. Canned food, which is, almost without any exception, good when opened, spoils very quickly after opening, more especially if left in the can and not kept cool. If this simple precaution is looked to canned food will seldom cause trouble.

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The time when medicine is given has much to do with its efficacy. Alkaline remedies should be given before eating. Acids, as a rule, should be given between meals, as the stomach is then in good condition to diffuse them through the blood, but if given to check acidity of the stomach they should be given before meals. Irritating and dangerous drugs, such as salts of iron, zinc, arsenic and copper, should be given directly after food is taken. Metallic salts, such as corrosive sublimate, as well as tannin, and pure alcohol, impair digestion and should therefore be given with or directly after food, so that they may enter the blood with the digested food.

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For persons who are afflicted with "fits" Dr. Peterson's method of preventing or alleviating their severity may be a blessing. He advises that when the person feels an attack coming on he inhale the vapor of nitrite of amyl. This drug may be obtained in glass "pearls," one of which is to be crushed in a folded handkerchief when needed, the vapor being inhaled from the handkerchief. It is also valuable in attacks of angina pectoris.

Prescriptions.

For the treatment of night sweats Kohnstamm recommends the following: Balsam of Peru, 1 part; formic acid, 5 parts; hydrate of chloral, 5 parts; trichloracetic acid, 1 part; absolute alcohol, 100 parts. This is to be used as a lotion the body and limbs being rubbed down with a sponge or cloth wet in the liquid.

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For the treatment of shingles Bleuler recommends: Hydrochlorate of cocaine, 1 part; lanoline, 50 parts; cosmoline, 50 parts. This ointment is spread upon linen and applied over the affected parts. It relieves the pain and itching and speedily terminates the disease.

L. N., M. D.

Worry.

Detroit Journal.

Hereupon we spoke of evolution.

"After all," I observed sagely, "worry has been the mainspring of human progress."

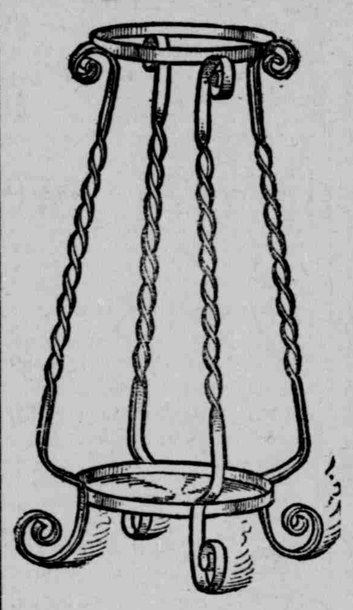
My new acquaintance agreed with me perfectly.

"The monkey and the man," said he "started even. The monkey kept his hair on while the man did not. Yes."

This, it struck me, was a notable instance of the vernacular lending itself to the expression of scientic truth.

Our store continues to be crowded like a 6-o'clock street car. We are handling a world of business. Great values are offered at prices that make it expensive for you to buy elsewhere. We provide the best at less cost than others ask for the cheap. Our goods are unequaled in point of pricing, in style and quality. Six floors crowded with the best and prettiest from American and foreign manufacturers. . . . . .

"IF IT COMES FROM D. SOMMERS & CO. IT WILL WEAR."

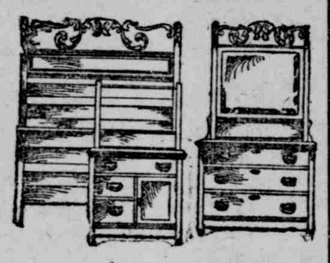


Iron Umbrella Stand (Like Cut)

240 only, made of black wrought iron; stands 2 feet high; worth $1.50; Our Price

69cts

Cash or Credit



Bedroom Suite

(LIKE CUT)

A good substantially made Bedroom Suite, beveled mirror, daintily carved, large mirror. This is a suite that contains years of service, worth $20.00.

Our October Sale Price **$13.75**

Velvet Rug

(Like Cut)

300 only; size 26x60 in., twelve beautiful designs; worth $2.25; Our Price

98cts

Cash or Credit

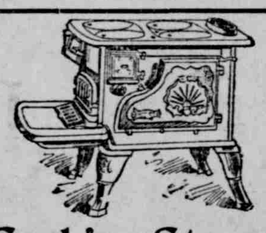
Rockers.

Rocker (like cut), wide arms, opera seat, golden oak, worth $5.00; our October Sale Price..... **$2.48**

Rocker, mahogany or oak, highly polished; worth $7.50; our October Sale Price..... **$4.00**

Rocker, hand-carved, quartered oak or mahogany; worth $10.00; our October Sale Price..... **$5.75**

Rocker, inlaid with pearl, a perfect rocker; worth $15.00; our October Sale Price..... **$10.00**



Cooking Stoves.

(LIKE CUT)

This is the best stove of its class ever offered for the money. It is neat and attractive in appearance and perfect in operation; nicely nickeled; worth $9.50; our October Sale Price..... **$5.90**

Sideboards.

Sideboard (like cut), golden oak, large mirror; worth $12.50; our October Sale Price..... **$7.95**

Sideboard, swelled drawers, extra large mirror; worth $17.00; our October Sale Price..... **$11.75**

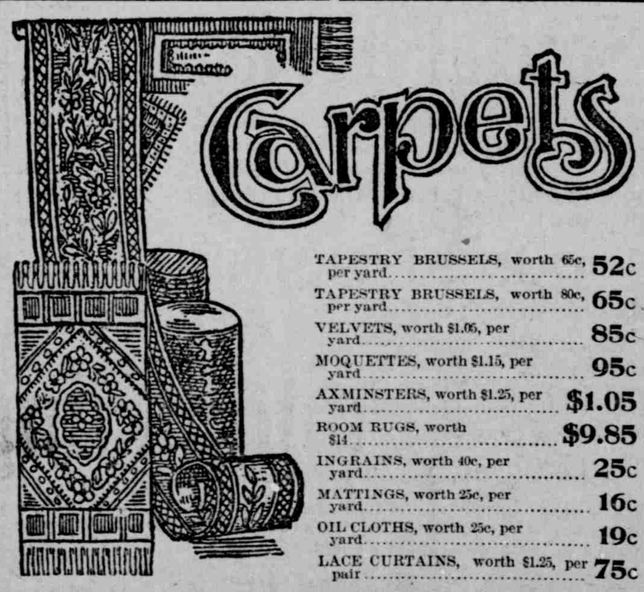
Sideboard, quartered golden oak, highly polished; worth $26.00; our October Sale Price..... **$18.50**

Sideboard, high grade throughout; worth $36.00; our October Sale Price..... **$26.00**

Heating Stoves

(LIKE CUT)

A very popular heater; has steel drum and ribbed firepot, air-tight damper and feed door. It is beautifully nickeled and ornamented; a good, durable, low-priced heating stove, worth $6; our October Sale Price ... **$3.98**



Carpets

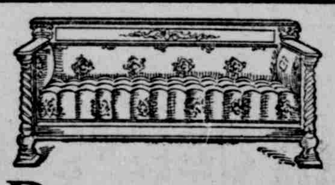
TAPESTRY BRUSSELS, worth 65c, per yard	52c
TAPESTRY BRUSSELS, worth 80c, per yard	65c
VELVETS, worth $1.05, per yard	85c
MOQUETTES, worth $1.15, per yard	95c
AXMINSTERS, worth $1.25, per yard	$1.05
ROOM RUGS, worth $14	$9.85
INGRAINS, worth 40c, per yard	25c
MATTINGS, worth 25c, per yard	16c
OIL CLOTHS, worth 25c, per yard	19c
LACE CURTAINS, worth $1.25, per pair	75c

Cane Seat Chair

(LIKE CUT)

A pretty, well-made chair; has high back, turned spindles, embossed panel, extra heavy base, woven cane seat; worth $1.00,

Our October Sale Price... **65cts**



Davenport.

Very choice; the frame is made of quartered golden oak and mahoganized feather-flaked birch; the upholstering is in a variety of figured or plain imported materials; worth $30; our October Sale Price..... **$20.00**

Box Couch

(LIKE CUT)

This Couch opens and has a full length box for wardrobe use. It will hold a skirt without folding; it is strongly made; covers are in fancy cretonne and denims, worth $6.50; our October Sale Price..... **$4.25**

Goods Purchased At this Sale will be Stored Free of Charge Until the Time the Delivery Is Desired.

D. SOMMERS & Co

11 and 13 E. Washington St.--Next to Stevenson Building.

We Make a Specialty of Furnishing Complete Homes for Beginners In Housekeeping.