

AT THE BUTTE THEATERS

ATTRACTIONS NEXT WEEK.

Sutton's New Grand.
 Sunday and Wednesday Nights—The Frawley company.
 Tuesday Night—"Old Jed Prouty," by Richard Golden.
 Friday Night—"Peg Woffington," by Eugenie Blair.

Maguire's Grand Opera House.
 Sunday Night—"What Happened to Jones."
 Thursday Night—"Iolanthe."
 Friday and Saturday Nights—"The Gentlemen from Ireland."

Margaret Theater, Anaconda.
 Sunday and Monday Evenings—"Old Jed Prouty," by Richard Golden and company.
 Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday Evenings, with Wednesday Matinee—"Peg Woffington," by Eugenie Blair and company.
 Friday and Saturday Evenings, with Saturday Matinee—Creator's Royal Italian Band.

WHEREVER Richard Golden's "Old Jed Prouty's" name is mentioned now there is a strain awakened like the far-off bells of New England. He brought the smell of the sweet clover into our native drama and set up there the New England home with all its precious memories. He might have ransacked the world and he could not have got a theme that would touch so many American hearts as "Old Jed Prouty."

And if New England is the land of homesteads, the cradle of commonwealths, the schoolhouse of patriots, the academy of statesmen, it was after all our Websters, our Adams, our Everetts and our Longfellow who got their earliest inspiration and imbibed the principles that made them known to the world. That old tavern stands there yet, on the stony hills and in the shady valleys, just as it stood when "Bunker Hill was fit." It has sent out generation after generation of brave men and women who have made the valleys of the Ohio and Mississippi to blossom like the rose. They fought the battle of life with a hymn book in one hand and a musket in the other.

They drove the savage before them, and wherever they swung the axe they set up the meeting house and the district school. They overran Ohio, they converted the prairies of Illinois into measureless gardens that fed the world, and their sons and daughters today are types of the hardihood and indomitable pluck that snatched states from barbarism all along the great domain of the West.

These men and women came from New England. They had sterling piety, simple honesty and unconquerable thrift. With them shiftness was a crime. They were made of granite and sunshine, and they went over this continent with the keenness of the winter's blast and something of the nourishing gentleness of the summer's rain. Of course, it is the home that makes men and women. Somebody has said, "the hand that rocks the cradle is the hand that rules the world," and the New England home, with its rugged simplicity, its quaintness and sternness, is the home that Richard Golden puts before our eyes with its living, breathing New England people.

No one, even of the third or fourth generation, will fail to see and feel its charm and recognize its idyllic truth if he has one drop of New England blood in him. All that is sweetest and kindest in the boyhood past come back with the suggestions of this play of "Old Jed Prouty."

Mr. Golden will be seen in his famous play at Sutton's New Grand for two nights, Sunday and Monday.

"Music is the universal language of mankind," says Longfellow, and in his words there is much of truth. Music of all kinds has more or less sweetness to it. Whether it be the work of a master like Beethoven or Guonod, or the lighter efforts of the writers of the popular ditties of today, there is something entrancing about it all.

There is another music which is not in the flats and sharps of concerted effort; it is the music of a laugh, and certainly no music is sweeter or more interesting and the producer of music of this sort, is entitled to the fondest consideration of all mankind.

Perhaps it is because he has inspired more music of this sort than the average writer that George H. Broadhurst's comedy, "What Happened to Jones," has always been on the high tide of public favor.

This season this delightful work is to be seen under the personal direction of Thomas W. Broadhurst and a perfect production is assured by reason of the combination of a Broadhurst play under the management of Broadhurst. "What Happened to Jones" will be seen at Maguire's opera house, Sunday matinee and evening.

In the daily mail of the average theatrical manager there are many curious letters, most of which come from stage-struck girls, but Mr. Henri Grassitt, who is directing the tour of Eugenie Blair in "Peg Woffington," recently received an epistle with an inclosure which will probably hold the record for this season and many more to come. The writer after modestly devoting four pages to the story of his early life and exceptional educational advantages, finally comes to the point and asks for a position as press agent.

tate saw Miss Blair play 'Camille' and he was so affected by her presentation of the role of the young Dumas heroine, that he insisted that she accept the costly jewel.

"Miss Blair did not wish to receive the precious bauble, but seeing that her refusal would cause the emperor much displeasure, she finally consented, though with great reluctance, as she has always made it a point never to accept gifts from strangers, no matter how high their station in life.

"However, Miss Blair had the royal gem set solitaire and wore the ring on the middle finger of her left hand. It was a beautiful piece of jewelry and Miss Blair prized it highly—as well she might, considering the donor.

"But three years ago, while playing in San Francisco, she lost the gem from its setting, and although she offered the



EUGENIE BLAIR IN "PEG WOFFINGTON."

most liberal rewards, every effort proved futile. Her grief over her loss was exquisitely intense and she finally became resigned, thinking she would never see her much prized diamond again. But after three years it did come to light, and in three most remarkable and curious manner.

"At the close of last season, which was a long and arduous one, Miss Blair was suddenly taken ill. The best of the medical profession was called into consultation, and the result of a diagnosis was that the actress had a well-developed case of appendicitis. An operation was deemed necessary and it was successfully performed. Imagine, then, the amazement of the surgeon when upon the removal of the vermiform appendix, the long-lost diamond was found. Miss Blair's surprise was as great as that of the surgeon, whom she bountifully reimbursed for his skill.

"Miss Blair was puzzled for a long time to learn how the gem could have possibly met such a peculiar fate; but she remembered that while troubled with a slight nervous affection some time ago, she contracted the habit of nibbling at the settings of her rings. It was while doing this that she unconsciously swallowed the highly-prized jewel."

Miss Blair will be seen in "Peg Woffington" at Sutton's new theater three nights and Wednesday matinee, opening Tuesday evening.



Richard Golden in "Old Jed Prouty."

People who were fortunate enough to attend the Alhambra theater last evening enjoyed a musical treat, the occasion being the first concert given by the Royal Italian band, says the San Francisco Post, of Creator's Royal Italian band which will be seen and heard at Sutton's new theater for two nights and Saturday matinee, beginning Friday.

Music such as rendered by this aggregation of artists has rarely been heard in this city, and Creator, the leader will be the talk of the town before many nights have passed.

Last year he was the trombone player in the Italian band that appeared at the California theater, and his solos attracted much favorable attention.

which he conducts the organization is alone worth the price of admission.

He enters into his work with perfect abandon to his surroundings, his sole desire being to obtain effect from the artists about him.

The program last evening was an excellent one. It opened with a "Royal Purple," a highly-pleasing march composed by Creator. The overture from "Tannhauser" was rendered in perfect style. The sextette from "Lucia," "La Giordana" numbers and Chopin's "Funeral March" were other features.

The selections given as encores were mostly of the light order and very pleasing.

Mme. Barill sang "Robert, Toi Que J'aime," sweetly, and rendered "Annie Laurie" as a encore. Miss Heintzen's harp solos were well received.

"The Irish Pawnbrokers," a farce comedy of considerable merit, will hold the boards at the Family theater Sunday, Monday and Tuesday nights beginning next week.

The wonderful success attending the production of "Quo Vadis" has made it



PRINCE RUPERT, THE BUCCANEER.

"Prince Rupert, the Buccaneer" is, as the name implies, a story of pirates, and a good one it is, too, as the writer breaks away from conventional lines, and gives us something new, avoiding to a marked degree the stereotyped descriptions to be found in so many novels dealing with the robbers who live upon the high seas.

This book, now in its second edition, purports to be a recital of the adventures of Prince Rupert, "set to paper by Mary Laughan, a maid, who, through affection, followed him to the West Indies and the Spanish main, acting as his secretary, he deeming her a male, though timid.

Prince Rupert had been sent out by King Charles II to secure for him money with which to maintain his kingdom, after the murder of King Charles I, and while so engaged he calls upon the governor of Tortuga—an ill-conditioned fellow, who has violated his oath to the king of France and seized upon the island, far from the home government, where he sets up a little monarchy of his own, and becomes the leader of a band of pirates whose main business is to prey upon Spanish ships.

From Monsieur D'Ogeron—for such is the governor's name—Rupert is unable to secure the release of several men who once fought with him and are now held as slaves by the governor of Tortuga; he pawns his fleet for six months to the ruler of the island. This done, he gradually becomes a pirate himself, and has many strange and exciting adventures. Maid Laughan finally falls in love with Rupert, after seeing his great bravery, and under the name of Master Stephen, becomes his secretary.

She accompanies the prince from place to place, shares hardships and dangers with him and upon several occasions saves his life. One cannot understand in reading the book why the prince does not penetrate her disguise and fall in love with her, but for some reason he does not. The pair participate in many battles with other pirates, and upon one or two occasions capture hosts of fighting men by strategy. They naturally escape torture at the inquisition because they refuse to renounce their religion, but finally escape and have more wonderful adventures.

At the end of the six months Prince Rupert, accompanied by Master Stephen, returns to Tortuga, takes his fleet out of pawn and then, by a clever bit of strategy and bluff, in which he is master, really aided by the secretary, forces the swinish governor to pay him a large sum—which he is pleased to call a testimonial from the governor to the king. The story ends with Rupert carrying the money back to his king and on the same day, after a bitter quarrel with Master Stephen, whom he still thinks a man, poor Stephen goes away, rather than reveal her sex, and the reader lays down the book with a sigh, feeling that the poor girl, who served faithfully and well the man she loved, deserved a better fate.

Sylvia: THE STORY OF AN AMERICAN COUNTESS—By Evelyn Emerson. Published by Small, Maynard & Co., Boston. Cloth \$1.50.

Sylvia is remarkable in many ways, principally, however, for the drawings by many famous artists illustrating the ideas of the character, which appear in the front of the book.

The story is the first by a young author, and might be a good one if touched by a master hand; still, it is worthy as a first attempt, and no doubt used as an entering wedge will bring us better things from the same source in time.

The story is of an American born countess, very beautiful; so beautiful that every man who meets her falls hopelessly in love. She loves only one, but she is deceived into believing that he loves another, and so she finally consents to become the wife of another of her admirers. On the same day she is married the man she loves returns, and she finds that he loves her and that she loves him, and it is right here that we get a peculiar ending, for fate steps in the way of a severe electric storm and a bolt of lightning kills her husband.

The author ends her story right here, and falls to tell us whether Sylvia and her lover are married and live happily ever after, but we presume they do.

IN THE LITERARY WORLD

THE SECRET ORCHARD—By Agnes and Egerton Castle. Published by Frederick Stokes Company, New York. Cloth \$1.50. For sale by The Montana Book Company.

This very interesting and dramatic story was first published as a serial in the Cosmopolitan magazine. The scene is laid in a chateau in France, and the principal characters are the Duc de Clary, a descendant of the royal Stuarts; his wife, Helen, an American girl of an aristocratic Southern family; and Joy, a young girl whom the duchess wished to adopt and whose life is strangely interwoven with theirs.

The story is strong and contains all the elements of tragedy, and yet is enlivened by a bit of comedy in the sayings of the duchess's two faithful friends, the canon of Marley and Dr. Lebel. Helen wins your affection from the first and gradually you are turned to admire the Duc also; though he inherits all the traits of the Stuarts, among which unfaithfulness is one he still has the courage to face the results of his wrong doing, however, and you weep with Helen, when he is finally fatally shot in a duel. Joy, who is girlish and pretty, and the cause of all the trouble, is gradually molded over into a very womanly little creature.

The book is admirable in many respects. Egerton Castle and his wife have done much, and there is not a moment when the readers' interest flags. We cannot but regret the sad ending of a charming story.

PRINCE RUPERT, THE BUCCANEER—By Cutcliffe Hyme. Published by Frederick A. Stokes company, New York. Cloth, \$1.50. For sale by Montana Book company.

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Little, Brown & Company have published this fall a new library edition of "Parkman's Life," a new and enlarged edition of Drake's "New England Legends," a new edition of Hamerton's "French Painters and Paintings," and a new edition of the celebrated historical romance entitled "Cinq Mars."

Beautiful indeed is the Christmas number of Success, just issued. It is handsomely illustrated, with a three-color supplement, and is filled with a choice assortment of interesting articles touching upon success in life.

Mary Sifton Pepper appears in the role of a female Parkman in her book entitled "Maids and Matrons of New France," which has been received with great favor, filling as it does a niche in Canadian history heretofore unoccupied. In this book she portrays the eventful lives of the pioneer women settlers of Canada. Miss Pepper has made a thorough study of the subject, having translated "The Jesuit Relations." The book has been prepared with excellent taste by Little, Brown & Company.

Both in text and illustrations, "Our Houseboat on the Nile," by Mrs. Lee Bacon bears the flavor of Egypt. It tells of a journey between the first and second cataracts of the Nile in a houseboat, and of all the adventures, mishaps, surprises, accidents and delights of the trip. Lost in the Desert, "Mutiny at Korosko," "Robber Stronghold" and "The Road to the Gold Mines" are among the many attractive headings of the narrative. The interesting description is supplemented by twelve full page illustrations of great attraction and of the high artistic quality to be expected of an artist of Henry Bacon's reputation. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

Admirers of Alphonse Daudet will find the new illustrated edition of his "Little Masterpieces," comprising "Letters from My Will," translated by Katharine Prescott Wormeley, and "Monday Tales," translated by Marian McIntyre, published by Little, Brown & Co., exquisite gems from the writings of the author of the wonderful Tartarin.

Every boy or girl who reads "The First Capture" will gain correct impressions of Paul Revere's ride, the Battle of Lexington, the Boston Tea Party, the Government of the Colonies, the Minute Men, etc.

ness of the Valley of the Mississippi for a great history, the author tells of the coming into it of the Spaniards, the French and the English, and describes in a masterly manner the conflicts and changes in control until the Americans were masters. Coming to the present day Mr. Hosmer tells of conditions as they are, the greatness of the railroads, the industries and the political conditions as they are to be found.

The book is embellished with portraits of such men as Lincoln, La Salle, Daniel Boone and other history makers. For a brief history it contains a great deal, indeed; nothing seems to be omitted.

OLD JED PROUTY—By Richard C. Golden and Mary C. Francis. Published by G. W. Dillingham & Co., N. Y. Cloth \$1.50. Courtesy of William H. Rudolph, manager for Richard Golden.

The interesting and charming story of "Old Jed Prouty, a Tale of the Penobscot," has been constructed from the old and eminently successful play of that name, which will be seen in Butte, at Sutton's new theater, and from additional material gathered in and about the historic town of Bucksport, Me., on the Penobscot river. We have had plenty of plays dramatized from novels, but this is, it is believed, the first case on record where a book has been written from a play. The book is said by many to be superior to "David Harum" and other novels of that order, which deal with life as it is among the "down easter's."

The principal characters and most of the incidents and anecdotes mentioned in "Old Jed Prouty" are real, and although Old Jed passed away years ago the famous tavern which figures so conspicuously in the story still stands, a landmark of the valley. A dainty love thread runs all through the story, which holds the attention of the reader from the time the cover is opened until the book is finished.

A MARYLAND MANOR—By Frederic Emory, with a frontispiece by B. West Clinton. Published by Frederick A. Stokes & Co., New York. Price, \$1.50. For sale by B. E. Calkins.

This interesting novel, which deals in a new and attractive way with the South before and during the war of the rebellion, and presents in a touching manner the lovable traits of the old-time Southern people, is now in the fourth thousand, and the demand for it seems to be growing.

The story deals with the attempts of some "white trash," rich, but of lowly birth, to enter the charmed circle of the people to the manor born. The scheming of the wealthy lawyer, who has a son of whom he is proud, to secure for him a place alongside of the real aristocracy is depicted in an admirable manner, and the reader cannot help feel sorry for the old man, who sees his fondest hopes blasted through the machinations of the cold, calculating brother of the old colonel, one of the heroes of the book, who, while he has been extravagant and wild, dearly loves the old home and its associations.

His brother, who is debarred by reason of his general wickedness, from participating in the estate, makes things unpleasant for a lot of people, and is finally killed by the rightful young heir to the estate, who, in order to accomplish his ends, is forced to do with the villain of the novel, who has endeavored to do so many wicked things that it is almost a relief to see him disappear from public view. The colonel's affairs are finally taken in hand by Basil Kent, a young planter, who had loved a woman whose life had been wrecked by the villain of the novel, and who, upon her dropping out of his life, determines to devote the rest of his days to doing good among his fellow men.

There is not a dull line in the book, which is excellently written and sure to please those who like to read of life in the South as it was before reconstruction days.

Brief Mention.

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are stories of all kinds, stories for young and old. H. G. Wells' story, "The Sea Lady," is included in this number, and there is another one of these entertaining and spicy stories by Max Pemberton of the doing of Lady Zoe, this one is called "Leo, the Roman." "The Art of the Age" is discussed at length. This article is handsomely illustrated by reproductions of the work of famous artists. "Snow Mushrooms," by Vaughan Cornish, F. R. G. S., which is illustrated, is an excellent article, and timely;

"The Keeper of Britain's Honor," by Athol Maude, tells of the king's champion, and how it is his duty to challenge any man to give up the right of the heir to the imperial crown of the United Kingdom. "Armed on Skt," by Marcus Woodward, with illustrations, shows soldiers of the Austrian, Norwegian and Swedish armies manœuvring on Skt. The eighth paper on "The Story of the States," by Earl Mayor, tells of Texas.

"A Little Spasm at the Home of Wolfgang Mozart," being a sketch printed from what is (supposedly) the original manuscript of "The Little Journey to Mozart," as written (and lost) by Elbert Hubbard, has been received from Clifford, Richmond, Easthampton, Mass. The "Spasm," made up as it is of a number of peculiar little conceits, and handsomely illustrated, is really an interesting publication, and is quite amusing. Lovers of the peculiar will find in Mr. Clifford's publications—the prints a number of them—much food for thought.

Charles A. Cummings, the well known Boston architect, has devoted much time and study to the history of Italian architecture from the time of Constantine to the dawn of the Renaissance, and has produced a work of great value in "A History of Architecture in Italy." He finds the beginnings of architecture in the catacombs, and considers Christianity to be its originator and inspiring force. He traces the forms of the early basilicas, which preceded and heralded the great churches that are the special glory of Italian architecture.

"Our Foolish Virgins," by Elliot Gregory, with pictures by Charlotte Harding, in the November number of The Century, is an article that will attract much attention from thinking people, showing, as it does, how the modern young woman is making herself over conspicuous by her devotion to athletic sports, while "mamma cooks the dinner." Another excellent article is "A Retrospect of American Humor," by W. P. Trent. It is handsomely illustrated and full of valuable information. Another feature of the magazine is a lot of engravings of old Spanish masters. The Christmas number of the Metropolitan Magazine will be one of exceptional interest and beauty. Among the distinguished contributors are Mme. Sarah Grand, author of "The Heavenly Twins"; Carter H. Harrison, mayor of Chicago; President G. Stanley Hall of Clark university; Gene Stratton-Potter and Elsie De Wolfe. An illustrated novelté of unusual merit from the pen of the brilliant young novelist, Wolcott Lee Clear Beard, forms one of the special features. The most remarkable American poem since the publication of Markham's "Man with the Hoe," is also a striking feature of the Christmas Metropolitan. There are five short stories, ten newsy special articles, four clever poems, sixteen portraits of noted and beautiful society women, and over 150 illustrations in the text.

Miss Ida M. Street has done a much needed piece of work in "Ruskin's Principles of Art Criticism," which will soon be issued by Messrs. Herbert S. Stone & Co. She is said to have shown admirable judgment in making this digest of Ruskin's philosophy, and the result is a compact synopsis of the work of a great critic himself on this particular subject. It will form a valuable guide for students and connoisseurs.

A book by the author of "Miss Toosey's Mission" must necessarily be a touching story of a noble life, and "Lassie," the latest book by this author, who prefers to remain anonymous, is no exception. These books have often been classed as juvenile, but they appeal as well to older readers. (Little, Brown & Co.)

In an entertaining paper on Cranks, by one of the fraternity, in Leslie's Monthly for November, the author speaks of a woman on the Florida coast, known as "the vibrating lady." Her discovery is simplicity itself. "Life is motion," says she, "and motion is vibration. The whole universe is one mass of vibrations. To be happy, one must vibrate in harmony with the universe. If you are attuned to the proper pitch, then all is harmony." And she has found that proper pitch and can teach you, too, the perfection of harmonious vibration. There is nothing else she could not do. Time, space and matter do not bind or hinder her; she annihilates them all, and she will send out waves that will make this world one glorious vale of perpetual sunshine and spring. Already it is positively asserted that she has vibrated people into jail and out of jail, and on one occasion she vibrated a rise of six point in six days of A. L. Chicago stock. She even came very near vibrating jealousy out from the nature of a shrew, and had the conditions been a shade more favorable she would have vibrated a dead husband out of his grave and into the arms of his bereaved widow.

The publishers of Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly are celebrating the 25th birthday of their magazine by issuing an extraordinarily large and handsome number. The magazine, which consists of 168 pages, is profusely illustrated, no single page being left without a decoration of some kind. Several handsome full pages in color. The text has a number of really notable features; an authoritative article by Nansen, on the half dozen expeditions now racing for the Poles, the opening chapters of a new novel by Maurice Hewlett, the first consideration of "Richard Ye and Nay," a new animal story by Charles G. D. Roberts, author of "In the Heart of the Ancient Wood," "How Tammany Wins," written curiously enough by an outspoken sportsman, "The Great Automobile Race from Paris to Berlin," and "The American Paris to Berlin," a wonderfully naive and spontaneous narrative which makes a brand new departure in Magazine literature. The number is sold at the usual price of 10 cents.