BEST OF THE GOOD THINGS IN MARK TWAIN'S NEW BOOK.

"Following the Equator" and Its Witticisms --It Is a Reflection of His Early Manner in Innocents Abroad.

"I am now reading the proof sheets of Mark Twain's forthcoming book, 'Following the Equator,' and I must say that his writing is as vigorous and his wit as sprightly as ever," are the words of Frank Bliss, who 28 years ago assisted his father, the late Elisha Bliss, in bringing the first book of the literary comedian before the American public. This statement of Mr. Bliss will be highly significant to those who are acquainted with the inner details of Mark Twain's life during recent years. Adversity seems not to have stayed his hand nor to have dimmed his wit.

"Mr. Clemens went on the Quaker City excursion to the Holy Land," continued Mr. Bliss, "and his impressions of his experiences were detailed in his letters, published in the New York Tribune from time to time during that trip. My father was attracted by them, and when the young man returned to America invited him to visit us in Hartford, Conn., with a view to putting the matter in book form. Mr. Clemens came to our house, and I well remember him, already in his looks foreshadowing the leonine appearance of after years. His talk and his manner were fully as quaint as his letters. The negotiations were carried through very quickly and he went away well satisfied with his contract. 'Innocents Abroad' was finally a great success, but it required hard pushing at first to make it sell. The new style of humor shocked many people, who were not used to having their popular European idols laughed at, and besides the public was not ready-made to the author's hand and had to be educated up to the standard and style he had placed before it. But finally it sold; sold well, and is still paying a handsome royalty."

Why He Is Forced to Write.

His humor, when it eventually caught the breeze of public approval, was a paying institution and has been ever since. Book after book appeared, each one proving as remunerative as its predecessors, till Mr. Clemens was induced to enter the book publishing business on his own account.

Everyone knows of the collapse that followed, the disappointed hopes, the failure, which not only swept away his fortune but left a heavy load of debts in addition, and all through no fault of his own. Then came the manly resolve to bear up under it all and meet every obligation before he would take to himself the fruits of any subsequent toil. There are not many men who, staggering under ill health, family bereavement and financial reverses, all coming within the period of a few months, would be able to rise above them, shoulder the load with cheerfulness, and while suppressing the griefs set about with Spartan courage to pay the claims standing against them. The new book on which Mark Twain has labored so faithfully for many months it is hoped will lift the debts and square him with that world which he has filled with laughter and made happy in years gone by.

"This new book," continued Mr. Bliss, "is the result of Mr. Clemens' travels around the world. When he was about to start on his lecture tour I suggested that he note down the events of his trip. Going into new countries and seeing new people with their strange manners and customs would furnish him with new material and fresh ideas which I felt sure would awaken the great powers that lay within him. He needed new scenes to feed upon. His fine abilities never have shown to greater advantage than in this book, which, although mentioned under a variety of titles, in reality has only the simple one of 'Following the Equator,' indicating a going around the world.

Better Than "Innocents Abroad."

"So, with absolutely new material he is entirely fresh but a little stronger in manner, more refined in humor and keener in descriptive power. Things are pictured plainly before you in the old 'Innocents Abroad' style. His conversational way adds much to the humor of the narrative. His book in this respect is a reflection of his natural self. His peculiar drawl is well known, and you can almost hear it running through the pages as he tells us his stories. Some of them are sure to run the gamut of the clubs and become the text of after-dinner speeches. Instance the one concerning his nineteen habits:

"I can quit any of my nineteen injurious habits at any time, and without discomfort or inconvenience. I think that the Dr. Tanners and those others who go 40 days without eating do it by resolutely keeping out of the desire to eat, in the beginning; and that after a few hours the desire is discouraged and comes no more.

"Once I tried my scheme in a large medical way. I had been confined to my bed several days with lumbago. My case persistently refused to improve. Finally the doctor said to me: 'My remedies have no fair chance. Consider what they have to fight besides the lumbago. You smoke extravagantly, don't you?'

" 'Yes.'

" 'You take coffee immoderately?'

" 'Yes.'

" 'And some tea?'

" 'Yes.'

" 'You eat all kinds of things that are dissatisfied with each other's company?'

" 'Yes.'

" 'You drink two hot-Scotches regularly every night, I suppose?'

" 'Yes.'

" 'Very well, there you see what I have to contend against. We can't make progress the way the matter stands. You must make a reduction in these things; you must cut down your consumption of them considerably for some days.'

" 'I can't doctor.'

" 'Why can't you?'

" 'I lack the will power. I can cut them off entirely, but I can't merely moderate them.'

Mark Twain Was Cured.

"He said that would answer, and said he would come around in 24 hours and begin work again. He was taken ill himself and could not come; but I did not need him. I cut off all those things for two days and nights; in fact, I cut off all kinds of food, too, and all drinks except water, and at the end of 48 hours the lumbago was discouraged and left me. I was a well man; so I gave fervent thanks and immediately took to those delicacies again.

"It seemed a valuable medical course and I recommended it to a lady. She had run down and down and at last reached a point where medicines no longer had any helpful effect upon her. I said I knew I could put her upon her feet in a week. It brightened her up, it filled her with hope, and she said she would do everything I told her to do. So I said she must stop swearing and drinking and smoking and eating for four days, and then she would be all right again. And it would have happened just so, I know it, but she said she could not stop swearing and smoking and drinking because she had never done those things. So there it was. She had neglected her habits and hadn't any. Now that they would have come in good, there was none in stock. She had nothing to fall back on. She was a sinking vessel, with no freight in her to throw overboard and lighten the ship withal. Why, even one or two little bad habits could have saved her, but she was just a moral pauper. When she could have acquired them she was dissuaded by her parents, who were ignorant people, though reared in the best society, and it was too late to begin now. It seemed such a pity, but there was no help for it. These things ought to be attended to while a person is young; otherwise when age and disease come there is nothing effectual to fight them with."

Gen. Grant's Memory.

"Here," said Mr. Bliss, "is one about Gen. Grant which is not only funny, but which is an illustration of the fine memory which Gen. Grant possessed.

" 'Gen. Grant had a fine memory for all kinds of things, including even names and faces, and I could have furnished an instance of it if I had thought of it. The first time I ever saw him was early in his first term as president. I had just arrived in Washington from the Pacific coast, a stranger and wholly unknown to the public, and was passing the White House one morning when I met a friend, a senator from Nevada. He asked me if I would like to see the president. I said I should be very glad; so we entered. I supposed the president would be in the midst of a crowd and that I could look at him in peace and security from a distance, as another stray cat might look at a king. But it was in the morning and the senator was using a privilege of his office which I had not heard of—the privilege of intruding upon the chief magistrate's working hours. Before I knew it the senator and I were in the presence, and there was none there but we three. Gen. Grant got slowly up from his table, put his pen down and stood before me with the iron expression of a man who had not smiled for seven years and was not intending to smile for another seven. He looked me steadily in the eyes—mine lost confidence and fell. I had never confronted a great man before and was in a miserable state of funk. The senator said:

" ' "Mr. President, may I introduce Mr. Clemens?"

" 'The president gave my hand an unsympathetic wag and dropped it. He did not say a word, but just stood. In my trouble I could not think of anything to say; I merely wanted to resign. There was an awkward pause, a dreary pause, a horrible pause. Then I thought of something and looked up into that unyielding face and said timidly:

He Made Grant Smile.

" ' "Mr. President, I—I am embarrassed. Are you?"

" 'His face broke—just a little—a wee glimmer, the momentary flicker of a summer-lightning smile, seven years ahead of time—and I was out and gone as soon as it was.

" 'Seven years afterward I met President Grant, and his first words to me were: "Mr. Clemens, I am not a bit embarrassed. Are you?" '

"Here is a bit from his diary which may prove interesting: 'Sept. 7.—Crossed the equator. In the distance it looked like a blue ribbon stretched across the ocean. Several passengers kodaked it. We had no fool ceremonies, no fantastics, no horse-play. All that sort of thing has gone out. In old times a sailor, dressed as Neptune, used to come in over the bows with his suite and lather up and shave everybody who was crossing the equator for the first time, and then cleanse these unfortunates by swinging them from the yard arm and ducking them three times in the sea.

" 'Sept. 8, Sunday.—We are moving so nearly south that we cross only about two meridians of longitude a day. This morning we were in longitude 178 west from Greenwich and 57 degrees west from San Francisco. Tomorrow we shall be close to the center of the globe—the 180th degree of west longitude and the 180th degree of east longitude.

" 'And then we must drop out a day—lose a day out of our lives, a day never to be found again. We shall all die one day earlier than from the beginning of time we were foreordained to die. We shall be a day behind all through eternity. We shall always be saying to the other angels: "Fine day today." And they will be always retorting: "But it isn't today; it's tomorrow." We shall never know what true happiness is."

Dropping a Day.

" 'Next Day.—Sure enough, it has happened. Yesterday it was September 8, Sunday; today, per the bulletin board at the head of the companionway, it is September 10, Tuesday. There is something uncanny about it. And uncomfortable; in fact, nearly unthinkable and wholly unrealizable, when one comes to consider it. While we were crossing the 180th meridian it was Sunday in the stern of the ship, where my family were, and Tuesday in the bow, where I was. They were there eating the half of a fresh apple on the 8th, and I was at the same time eating the other half of it on the 10th—and I could notice how stale it was already. The family were the same age that they were when I had left them five minutes before, but I was a day older now than I was then.'

"When Mark Twain was at Fiji Islands he says that 'everybody went ashore to look around and spy out the land and have that luxury of luxuries to sea voyagers—a land dinner. And there we saw more natives—wrinkled old women, plump and smiling young girls, a pleasure to look at; majestic young men clothed in a loose arrangement of dazzling white, with bronzed breast and naked legs, and the head of a cannon swab of soiled hair combed straight out and dyed a rich red. Only sixty years ago they were sunk in darkness; now they have the bicycle.

In the Fiji Islands.

" 'We strolled about the streets of the white folks' little town and around over the hills by paths and roads among European dwellings, and by and by we stopped to ask an elderly English colonist a question or two and to sympathize with him concerning the torrid weather, but he was surprised and said:

" ' "This? This is not hot. You ought to be here in the summer time once."

" ' "We supposed that this was summer. But if it isn't summer, what does it lack?"

" 'It lacks half a year. This is midwinter.'

" 'I had been suffering from colds for several months and a sudden change of season like this could hardly fail to do me hurt. It brought on another cald. It is odd these sudden jumps from season to season. A fortnight ago we left America in midsummer, now it is midwinter. About a week hence we shall arrive in Australia in the spring.'

" 'It is a fine race, the Fijians, with brains in their heads, and an inquiring turn of mind.

" 'It appears that their savage ancestors had a doctrine of immortality in their scheme of religion—with limitations. That is to say, their dead friend would go to a happy hereafter if he could be accumulated, but not otherwise. They drew the line—they thought that the missionary's doctrine was too sweeping, too comprehensive. They called his attention to certain facts. For instance, many of their friends had been devoured by sharks; the sharks, in their turn, were caught and eaten by other men; later these men were captured in war and eaten by the enemy. The original persons had entered into the composition of the sharks; next they and the sharks had become part of the flesh and blood and bone of the cannibals. How, then, could the particles of the original men be searched out from the final conglomerate and put together again? The inquirers were full of doubts, and considered that the missionary had not examined the matter with the gravity and attention which so serious a thing deserved.

" 'The missionary taught these exacting savages many valuable things, and got from them one—a very dainty and poetical idea. Those wild and ignorant poor children of nature believed that the flowers, after they perish, rise on the winds and float away to the fair fields of heaven, and flourish there forever in immortal beauty.'

"The story of the ornithorynchus is also good. He says it was perhaps the only animal that did not go into the ark at the time of the flood, but that fact did not seem to bother it very much, for he says there were plenty of logs floating around on which to take rest when not swimming. As to food, it had plenty. When it wanted fish it caught them, and when it wanted eggs it laid them.

"India was quite a new field for Mr. Clemens. Some of the observations are really very funny. Speaking of Indian railroads he says:

" 'After awhile we stopped at a little wooden coop of a station just within the curtain of the somber jungle, a place with a deep and dense forest of great trees and scrub and vines all about it. The royal Bengal tiger is in great force there and is very bold and unconventional. From this lonely little station a message once went to the railway manager in Calcutta: "Tiger eating station master on front porch; telegraph instructions."

" 'It was there that I had my first tiger hunt. I killed thirteen. We were presently away again, and the train began to climb the mountains. In one place seven wild elephants crossed the track, but two of them got away before I could overtake them.'

"Some of his stories, however, are as pathetic as others are humorous. Instance the following:

Story of Father Damien.

" 'We all know about Father Damien, the French priest who voluntarily forsook the world and went to the leper island of Molokai to labor among its population of sorrowful exiles, who wait there in slow-consuming misery for death to come and release them from their troubles; and we know that the thing which he knew beforehand would happen did happen; that he became a leper himself, and died of that horrible disease. There was still another case of self-sacrifice, it appears. I asked after "Billy" Ragsdale, interpreter to the parliament in my time—a half-white. He was a brilliant young fellow, and very popular. As an interpreter he would have been hard to match anywhere. He used to stand up in parliament and turn the English speeches into Hawaiian and the Hawaiian speeches into English with a readiness and a volubility that was astonishing. I asked after him, and was told that his prosperous career was cut short in a sudden and unexpected way, just as he was about to marry a beautiful half-caste girl. He discovered, by some nearly invisible sign about his skin, that the poison of leprosy was in him. The secret was his own, and might be kept concealed for years; but he would not be treacherous to the girl that loved him; he would not marry her to a doom like his. And so he put his affairs in order, and went around to all his friends and bade them good-by, and sailed in the leper ship to Molokai. There he died the loathsome and lingering death that all lepers die.

" 'And one great pity of it all is that these poor sufferers are innocent. The leprosy does not come of sins which they committed, but of sins committed by their ancestors, who escaped the curse of leprosy.'

"When he was on shipboard Mr. Clemens says that they fared fairly well. 'They had a great many things which were provided by Deity and cooked by the devil.' He also tells of an inquisitive lady on shipboard who insisted on asking the sailors all kinds of questions regarding the vessel. Once she wanted to know why the vessel labored so hard on its way. Mark said that the sailor told her that it was because they were going uphill toward the equator, but that when they should once get over the equator and start downhill they would fly. When she asked him what the foreyard was he said it was the front yard. 'That man has a good deal of learning stored up, and that woman is likely to get it all.' "—Chicago Times-Herald.

EPIGRAMS FROM "THE VICE OF FOOLS."

BY HOBART C. CHATFIELD-TAYLOR.

PATRIOTISM is not a principle; it is a pastime—a pose.

Compliments are only intended to delude fools; the wise they nauseate.

You are too cynical to be a woman; too clever to be a man.

Morals are the stock in trade of prigs.

All women have hearts; a few have intellects.

Charity is bred in misery.

A woman's heart is like one of those toy balloons children play with; it is lighter than air, and most restless when tied to somebody.

His manners are irreproachable; his morals irredeemable.

Morality has sexual variations; in a woman it is honor, in a man honesty.

A woman's face is invariably a mask of her fancy; like a court masker, she can only be recognized by her mouth.

A sincere woman loves; a fickle woman loves to love, and a selfish woman loves to be loved.

All men are more or less alike; the only difference is that occasionally one has a conscience.

An American girl is sometimes a volcano, but more often a refrigerator.

One can't live without adulation. The more we despise it the more necessary it becomes.

The violence of love is its bitterness.

Punctuality is the thief of time.

For women marriage is inevitable; for men it is insanity.

A woman almost invariably marries the wrong man.

A woman is often obedient to the man she hates and obdurate to him she loves.

Love is sometimes a question of preference, more often a perdicament.

This is the age of persistent parvenus and perverted peers.

The parvenu of today is the peer of tomorrow.

In feudal days the aristocracy owned the money; now the money owns the aristocracy.

The ancestors of society's insolvent blue-bloods stole cattle, butchered men and bought titles for themselves, while our millionaires rob men, butcher cattle and buy titles for their daughters, a difference merely of age and opportunity.

Democracies are merely inconsistencies.

Men rule the world and the women rule the men.

Clever women are usually taken in by men; it is the silly women who take men in.

There is but one thing so deceptive as a pretty woman's smile, and that is her words.

Pretty women are not all insincere; some are merely inconsistent.

The constancy of a pretty woman depends very much upon the man she falls in love with.

Truths are always trite because they are always so apparent; it is only a brilliant lie which dazzles.

Ananias was a clumsy tyro. Diplomacy had not been invented in his day.

An ambitious man should be a bachelor. Then he can rise by flirting with the wives of the men in power.

A clever pauper needs money, not brains, in a wife.

In Europe a lover is a conqueror who drags a willing captive at his chariot wheels; in America he is a tame pussy cat who is allowed to purr at convenient moments.

In Europe a woman would die twenty times for the man she loves. In America she might die if she were not loved by twenty men at the same time.

Love a woman with an intellect if you want to be wretched; marry one if you want to be successful.

The greatness of many a man is merely the possession of a clever wife.

A rake makes the best of husbands, he has had so many opportunities for studying the role.

If there be a woman who does not wish to be admired it is one whose soul is deadened by neglect, one who realizes her own repulsiveness.

Every woman deep in her heart loves a hero.

Success is the only attainable goal in this world, and even that is precarious.

Being too old to have woman falling in love with me I try to keep them from falling in love with others.

Any fool can fall in love. It takes a wise man to fall on his feet.

A man who wished to represent his country abroad because he did not wish to live at home.

Ex post facto conscience is either the fear of discovery or a romantic desire for pardon. Real conscience is a restraining power, not a regret.

Why should the world find fault with the man who marries for money? For my part I believe the rich should marry the poor, the poor the rich. It makes a more equitable distribution of wealth.

A saint has a feeble mind and a cynic a weak digestion.

Criminals and lovers have the common habit of seeking concealment in boldness.

Never make resolutions; then you will be saved the trouble of breaking them.

Most of the goddesses I have read about have had very unsavory reputations.

The surest way to make an enemy is to oblige a friend.

Love is a disease.

Love is an ignis fatuus—the fire of love—which hovers over the wilderness of life.

Love is always the unattainable, the will-o'-the-wisp.

It is always a tragedy when a young girl marries an old man.

The presumption invariably is that the woman loves the man she is going to marry, but there is such a thing as presuming too much.

A woman ought to marry the man she loves. If she gets over loving him after marriage that is another matter.

Matrimony is an unknown land, alluring to strangers, but irksome to its inhabitants.

A man invariably loves the woman who makes a fool of him.

There is a vast difference between philosophy and felicity.

A cynic is only the dupe of his own follies.

Happiness is not self-gratification or self-sufficiency. It is merely the habit of good intentions.

To forget self even for a moment must be happiness.

If a man who joins a mob is innocent he deserves to be shot for being a fool.

Power is merely gratified conceit.

—Times-Herald.

Trans-Mississippi and International Exposition.

U. S. Government Building.

The Trans-Mississippi and International Exposition to be held at Omaha in 1898, from June to November, is progressing rapidly.

The building erected by the United States government is situated at the west end of the grounds at the head of the basin, and has the seat of honor of the Exposition, facing as it does the main group of buildings.

It was designed under the general direction of Mr. Charles E. Kemper, acting supervising architect of the Treasury Department at Washington, D. C., Mr. Edward A. Crane being the draughtsman in immediate charge.

The building partakes of the classic style, the Ionic order being used. It is arranged in three sections, that at the center having a frontage on the lake of 208 feet and a height to top of balustrade over cornice of fifty-eight feet. It will have a depth of 150 feet.

The main entrance facing the center of the basin will be reached by a broad flight of steps and through a colonnade. This entrance along with the entire center section of the building will be very richly treated in color. The entrance is flanked on either side by pavilions capped by richly decorated domes.

The main building will be surmounted by a colossal dome which will tower far above all other buildings. This dome will be capped by a heroic figure representing "Liberty Enlightening the World," and at night this figure will be lighted by electricity; the torch will be 178 feet above the ground.

The side sections, which are separated from the central portion of the building by colonnades connecting with the agricultural building on one side and the auditorium on the other, each have a frontage of 148 feet and are 100 feet deep; height, forty-four feet to top of balustrade. This makes the total length of building 504 feet, and height at pinnacle 178 feet. The floor space devoted to exhibits will approximate 50,000 square feet.

A Queer Testament.

Among recent queer testaments in Germany are the following: Anna Flegler, widow of a wealthy merchant in Breslau, desired expressly that an orchestra should play the "Blue Danube" waltz, her favorite tune, while her coffin was being lowered into the grave. The clergy, however, forbade this as likely to create a public scandal, and the "mourning" relicts contented themselves with having that waltz played at home, before the coffin was moved, the lid being taken off meanwhile. Albrecht Hauser, an old bachelor, died in Freiburg, and left all his property to his four best boon companions. But they had to carry out the conditions of the will first, these being that the body be incinerated, the ashes strewn to the four winds from the top of the Feldberg (a high mountain), and then a great drinking bout was to ensue, during which champagne had to flow in torrents. In Xanten, on the Rhine, another old bachelor, named Beherke, died, leaving his entire fortune of 120,000 marks to his dog, a fine creature of the Great Dane breed. With the money a house was to be purchased, and the dog was to be master of it, his keeper receiving a salary of 2,000 marks per annum. After the dog's death the property was to go to the Berlin Humane society.

In many cases, the first work of Ayer's Sarsaparilla is to expel the effects of the other medicines that have been tried in vain. It would be a saving of time and money if experimenters took Ayer's Sarsaparilla at first instead of at last.

Elegant offices for rent low. Sullivan building.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

HUGH WYNNE: FREE QUAKER. By Dr. S. Weir Mitchell. The Century Co.

Dr. Mitchell's claim to fame has heretofore rested, not any too securely, upon a few novels that had no particular hold upon the public, a number of essays, and a volume of poems containing work of real merit. And now, at last, comes his really important work, which is being rather foolishly hailed as the great American novel, considering that there have been not a few great American novels heretofore. "Hugh Wynee" is a novel of the Revolution, with its interest concentrated in Philadelphia. Mr. James MacArthur, writing in the Bookman, says of it: "No finer or more highly executed presentation of the war of the Revolution has ever been focused in fiction." But, valuable as the book is as an historical romance, its chief charm lies in the picture it presents of the gayety, ceremony, the elegance of manners and dress, which marked social intercourse in that period when the colonial style had not yet passed into the Republican. Again referring to the Bookman's review, Mr. MacArthur says of Gen. Washington of the story: "It is the most accurate and human portrait we have yet had in fiction of that much behaloed character, if we except Thackeray's portrait in 'The Virginians.' " It is pleasant still to find in this generation writers who remember Thackeray. Mr. MacArthur does more than remember, and honors Dr. Mitchell by saying of "Hugh Wynne: "It approximates more nearly than any novel we know to what may be regarded as the only great novel of early American life and history. Strange that this should be the work of an Englishman. In 'The Virginians' we have the best model of what an American novel laid on broad lines of human life and dealing with the periodic movements of its history should be. In the wide sweep of 'The Virginians,' extending from Washington's enlistment before Braddock's defeat, to the resignation of Washington after the seven years' war; in its picturesque presentment of the contrasts of life in the Old World and in the New; in its portrayal of Virginian colonial life and character; in its subordination of the historic trend to the social aspects of life in the two countries; still more in its faithful portraiture of the young Virginian, in whom Thackeray's sane art found a fit subject for the blending of human weakness and strength, of foibles of temperament and conduct, with nobility of character and high endeavor—in these essentials Thackeray's great novel stands unapproached by anything that has since been written. There is one great scene in the last chapter where with a few strokes Thackeray painted one of his undying pictures. It is when the general lays down his victorious sword and meets his comrades of the army in a last adieu. In Dr. Mitchell's novel this scene is also described and forms an artistic climax to the historical cast of the story, but it fails to rise to the dignity, the reserve, the completeness of Thackeray's picture. The parting as Thackeray portrayed it will remain one of the memorable scenes in historical fiction. Eye witnesses reported it, historians have described it, but Thackeray immortalized it."

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Apropos of "Captains Courageous," Rudyard Kipling's first book on American life, just out, the Critic says that publishers and editors want Mr. Kipling because he appeals to the best class of readers, and they get more compliments and more advertising by publishing his tales than those of almost any other living writer. Yet his books do not sell as well as some others. One reason of this is that he is not a great favorite with women readers. "I do not mean to say that he has no admirers among women—that would be a reflection upon the sex—but I mean to say that he is a man's writer. This is due not only to the fact that he is a masculine writer, for women are devoted admirers of Hardy and Meredith, though not so much of Stevenson. It is, I think, because he does not write love stories any more than Stevenson did. A novelist, to be popular, must make love the burden of his tale. It is the same with plays. While the popularity of "Romeo and Juliet" never wanes, the most talented actors find it hard to get an audience for "Henry IV."

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Speaking of Kipling, a reviewer wants to know if he is a plagiarist. In his much-praised jubilee poem, "Recessional," the first stanza runs thus:

"God of our fathers, known of old,
Lord of our far-flung battle line,
Beneath whose awful hand we hold
Dominion over palm and pine."

In this stanza we at once feel the last line to be the strongest and most felicitous. The reviewer then quotes the following lines in the second part of "Woodnotes," by the American poet Ralph Waldo Emerson:

"And I will swim the ancient sea,
To float my child to victory,
And grant to dwellers with the pine
Dominion o'er the palm and vine."

The last line being almost identical with Kipling's "Dominion over palm and pine."

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THE RIGHT SIDE OF THE CAR. By John Uri Lloyd. Boston: Richard G. Badger & Co.

This little story, which is, after all, more of a sketch—a little study in black and white, will interest lovers of Washington scenery by reason of the word-painting of Mount Rainier it contains. But the writer does not call it Mount Rainier. On the contrary he makes his mountain girl say indignantly: "Do you not love your own country? Why do you call that noble mountain, 'the mother of mountains,' after an obscure British admiral who never saw this continent? Shame on such Americans! I look for Tacoma. That is the real name, the Indian name given to the mountain long before the British landed in America." But the main object of this little sketch seems to have been to describe Tacoma, America's grandest mountain—not certainly a subject unworthy a skillful pen—and we will quote Prof. Lloyd's description, which is somewhat novel and rarely beautiful:

"I saw before my eyes on the distant horizon's edge, a strange dome-shaped, cloud-like something that I felt was not a cloud, because it was less substantial even than a bank of mist. It seemed as if God, having fashioned a crystal icicle, had tipped it with a drift of purest snow, and with this pencil had outlined a gigantic cone on the white sky, the base resting on the horizon. But this was not all. It seemed as if the great I Am had then grasped the sun's rays, and sweeping them into glistening strands had spun a web finer than gossamer, shading the silver film with golden beams of pure moonlight, and had thrown this wondrous fabric over the mighty arch, enveloping it from cone-tip to horizon base. The heavens above were white, the sand below was white and the enchanting sky-tracing was also white. White showed upon white, and white was between—three whites in one, and each distinct.

"Heaven's 'huge rondure' flashed with sunshine. The great plain about, from center to circumference spread dazzling in sunshine, and the wondrous spectacle was the only object to break the circle that where sky and desert met, stood, phantom-like, the very spirit of purity, in the sunshine."

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"Curious Homes and Their Tenants," by James Carter Beard, is one of Appleton's Home-Reading Books, edited by Dr. Harris, United States Commissioner of Education. In a pleasing and attractive way the book instructs its young readers regarding the various homes of the animal, such as those of the cave-dwellers among men, the turret builders among spiders, the builders among birds and the portable house builder of the hermit crab.

Another very attractive and bright book on natural history, designed particularly for the young, is "The Hall of Shells," by Mrs. A. S. Hardy. In the preface the author says: "This little book is published with the hope that it may lead to a further study of some of the most interesting and most beautiful creations in nature. Books upon marine shells, either not too expensive or too learned for common use, are few; hence it is hoped that this little volume may help to awaken an interest in the sea and its treasures, which can but grow with the years and afford an ever-widening and deepening source of delight and profit. Pearls let slip from their broken string, led—in the story—to the hidden casket. So may these simple studies be as bits of pearly wampum, leading to a thesaurus wherein is a treasure trove."

"The Hall of Shells." Appleton's Home-Reading Books, Price, 60 cents.

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TANGLEWOOD TALES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS. By Nathaniel Hawthorne. Illustrations by W. St. John Harper. 50 cents. T. Y. Crowell & Co.

In the "Tanglewood Tales" Hawthorne tells in his vivacious and inimitable manner the Greek stories of the Minotaur, the Pygmies, the Dragon's Teeth, Circe's Palace, the Pomegranate Seeds and the Golden Fleece. He takes the ancient well-worn myths and works them over into tales of fresh and undying beauty. Such is the charm of the "Tanglewood Tales" that they have become a classic wherever the English language is read. This new edition has everything to commend it to the young. Typography, binding and illustrations alike appeal to the best taste.

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UNCLE SAM'S SECRETS. By Oscar Phelps Austin. Appleton's Home Reading Books.

"Uncle Sam's Secrets" is the title of a story of national affairs for the youth of the nation by Mr. Austin, whose literary, statistical and practical work is well known. In the form of a narrative written in a bright and pleasing manner, Mr. Austin manages to convey a great deal of information regarding Uncle Sam's institutions. The book has been carefully prepared, and its accuracy is guaranteed by statements from official documents. The large number of facts it contains is especially valuable because of an elaborate index, by which it becomes a valuable book of reference. The merit of "Uncle Sam's Secrets" should create for it a warm welcome in the households and schools of our country.

NOTES ON CURRENT MAGAZINES.

Thomas B. Reed has contributed "Orators and Leaders" to the Illustrated American for the week of October 26.

In the November number of McClure's Magazine is an article by Mark Twain written in the style of "Innocents Abroad," and illustrated with appropriate cuts.

A brief history of the "Late War with Spain," and the conclusion of Julian Hawthorne's "Report on India," are the leading articles in the Cosmopolitan for November.

Leslie's Weekly has a luminous article upon the election in New York city, written by John Gilmer Speed, and illustrated with the best portraits of the four candidates for mayor.

Current Literature for November is an excellent number. The editorials are forceful and interesting, and the selections as usual representative of the month's best literary output.

It is interesting to note that the November number of the Atlantic Monthly, the first issue of its forty-first year, shows the variety and value of its contents, the same timeliness and energy which characterized the October issue.

Mr. Chester Bailey Fernald, author of the "Cat and the Cherub," has written a companion story, introducing some of the same characters. It is called "Cherub Among the Gods," and will be printed in the November Century.

The November number of Harper's Magazine contains a vivid description of the second battle of Valestino, one of the most stirring contests during the Greco-Turkish war. A paper on "The New Japan" also appears in this issue.

"When Dr. Whitman Added Three Stars to Our Flag" is the subject of one of the interesting articles in the Ladies' Home Journal for November, which ought to appeal to all of the Journal's readers in the states of Washington, Oregon and Idaho.

"The Home of the Penguins of the World" is the subject of a very interesting article in the Pall Mall for November. The rookeries, with the countless numbers of these birds, and the way they are hunted are the subjects of some of the illustrations.

Mrs. Frederick Schwatka contributes her second article, "A New Route to Alaska's Eldorado," in the Midland for November. This beautiful number, with its new artistic cover, gives abundant promise for the future of "the representative magazine of the middle west."

"Improvements in Business," "The Miners' Strike," "The New York Mayoralty," and many other topics of the time are treated in "Current History and Opinion" in the November Chautauquan in place of editorials with apt exchange comments appended.

John Henry Norman, of London, the great English authority upon currency and money statistics of all kinds, briefly writes for the October Money a description of the kinds of money used by the 1,400,000,000 people of the world and illustrates the plan of exchange in international trade.

The autumn number of Poet-Lore has just been received. When one considers that the issue covers the months of October, November and December, a fair estimate of the contents and the value of them can be conjectured. Among the many good things in this entertaining number is an essay on "The Influence of Milton on Wordsworth." Under "School of Literature" is a subject that is timely. It is "New Ideas in Teaching Literature."

A National Anthem.

The Literary Digest having referred to the demand in some quarters for a new national hymn "without any jingo sentiments, but describing the highest and best of American institutions," "The Country Doctor" of Olamon, Me., makes this suggestion: "Permit me to point out to those who want to get rid of 'Yankee Doodle' that America has, and for a long time has had, the choicest of all songs on earth. It is 'Home, Sweet Home.' Surely this is American both in sentiments and in authorship. If the song in its present state does not satisfy their craving for something new, perhaps they might add a verse to it, mentioning Columbia. It is good enough as a national hymn."

Dr. Albert J. Forrest, dentist, has returned from New York. Office, Safe Deposit building.