"THE COLONIALS" IS A STIRRING REVOLUTIONARY ROMANCE

Molly Elliot Seawell's Parisian Skit, "Papa Bouchard," is Very Strong.

NOTES ON VARIOUS BOOKS.

"Wolfville Days," "The Black Cat Club," "Francesca da Rimini," Numerous Books of Verse, Comment and Gossip.

The Colonials. By Allen French. Doubleday, Page and Company, New York. $1.50. The Bell Book and Stationery Company.

This is a fascinating story. Indeed, it is hard to get away from it until one has finished the book. I thought it must be all up with Alice after Captain Lothcran had run his sword through her brother and carried her off to sea, and I gave up a fox hunt so that I might read on at once and find out how in the world that superb fellow, Ellery, was going to cut such a Gordian knot.

The "historical romance" idea has been worked so hard of late, and the colonial period particularly, that it is almost enough to kill a book to bring it out with the announcement that it is a frontier and revolutionary story. "The Colonials," however, is not the too-too-familiar "novel of commerce," machine-made, mock-heroic, and fugitive. It is a rare good piece of work, of permanent value, written by a trained writer, who has shown us in this, his first novel, what "a first-rate imagination working on a first-rate experience" can do. "The Colonials" has that about it which should give it standing in standard literature—a broad cumulative plot, a strong current of dramatic narrative, and the true literary quality so hard to define.

The story of "The Colonials" opens on the shores of Lake Huron, and introduces Alice Tudor, the daughter of a London merchant, who had been kidnapped in Montreal by the Indians and adopted by the chief of the Pottawatomies. The first chapters are of the boundless forest, Indian camps in winter, and the starvation of man and beast when the heavy snows come. Frank Ellery, a Boston-bred youth, after a self-enforced absence of years, is an expert woodsman, whose skill, endurance, and bravery are displayed in saving the English girl from the Indians, from starvation, and especially from a faithless lieutenant of a British military expedition. The three leading characters are Alice Tudor, the English girl; Frank Ellery, the Boston youth, who rescued her in the wilderness, and the British lieutenant, Sotheran, who wished to betray her.

The scene shifts to Boston at the time of the dramatic beginnings of the Revolutionary war. Alice Tudor was saved and sent home to London. Frank Ellery was supposed to have perished, but he returned to Boston. The British lieutenant also was ordered to Boston just as the war began. The reader lives in the atmosphere of revolution; he goes to hear the speech of Samuel Adams, knows Paul Revere, hears the news of Lexington and Concord, attends the "tea party." And so runs the story with historic accuracy and thrilling adventure.

But interest, first to last, returns to the old Ellery mansion. Here was a grand old house in the midst of a beautiful garden. The first Ellery of Boston had built it with an eye both to grandeur and to usefulness. Alice Tudor comes from London and finds her rescuer whom she had thought dead in the snows of the forest; and during the unusual times that follow, an old smuggler's underground passage is used and becomes a part of the thrilling romance. The villainous British lieutenant, whom she had first met in the forest, pays court to her. Intrigues of people and of armies are before us, with the riot and pillage that precedes the Evacuation of Boston by the British troops on the 17th of March. There is a climax in the affairs of the Ellery family, and the old house lays bare its secrets at the crash of a cannon ball through the foundations. The story ends with two brigantines at combat in the fog on the lower bay; a loot ship is overcome and villanianous ends are frustrated. With the clearing fog Frank Ellery is at last free to return with Alice to the Continental city of Boston. It is a piece of fiction illustrating the most interesting period and locality of our Revolutionary history, it seems to us to be entitled to a permanent place in our literature. J. M.

Papa Bouchard. By Molly Elliott Seawell. Illustrated by William Glackens. Charles Scribners' Sons, New York. $1.25.

This gay little skit, thoroughly and lightly Parisian, is most inimitably funny from first to last. Papa Bouchard, the automatic advocate of ripening middle age, is encouraged by the sudden rebellion and flight of his sister's parrot to escape also from the restricting influences of the deadly quiet establishment in the Rue Clarisse and seek younger quarters in the brilliant Rue Bassano. In this design he has the active if suppressed sympathy of his servant Pierre, whose wife, by the way, has no faith in anything male, not even in parrots.

Papa Bouchard moves into the quarters just vacated by the abandoned journalist Marsac, and in this his needy nephew, the artillery Captain, finds him and deftly "works him" for a pocketful of francs. The Captain's wife's diamond necklace, a paste duplicate of it, a "wily widdy," the pigeon house at Melun, the waiter Francois and a few other complications, not forgetting Pierrot, the parrot, all contrive to transform the antiquarian advocate, after many desolating and ludicrous adventures, into a light-hearted, devil-may-care disciple of Bacchus supping with Victor and Leontine, Major Faliere, Aglaria, Alga and Louise, to the scandalization of Mademoiselle Bouchard and Pierre's Elise.

Wolfville Days. By Alfred Henry Lewis. The Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York. $1.50. The Bell Book and Stationery Company.

It is gratifying when we find a writer who has a thorough grasp of his subject. It adds tremendous zest to the story to find, also, that powers of description are given him in a large measure. But when we come upon a book whose atmosphere is the thing itself and told with a vocabulary amazing in its breadth and expressiveness, we feel as if a fresh breeze had blown across our literary world. This much, and more, might be said of "Wolfville Days," by Alfred Henry Lewis.

Here is a writer who knows the life he describes thoroughly and sees all its humorous, pathetic and tragic sides, and is yet able to describe it in a manner as picturesque and rich in new expression as Bret Harte ever used. Of course, there is a dialect, but it is not a dialect of bad spelling and omitted letters, so much as it is in the turn of a sentence or a quip of speech; and the whole is given with the most delightful unction.

The author has the faculty of giving, without actually describing the appearance of his people, a most vivid impression to the mind of the reader. One seems to see them on all sides at once. Among the most delightful, refreshing and humorous of these is Col. William Greene Stereette, editor of the Coyote. This character, if not a photograph of a real personage, ought to be. He is as true to life as if the picture had been posed for. And anyone casually picking up the book will agree with the teller of the story that "You nacherally ain't as acootely aware of the fact as I be, but you can gamble a bloo stack that not knowin' Col. Sterette borders on a deeprivation."

There has always been an interest in books relating to the frontier. There were writers before the 70's whose capital was drawn from such a source. Then Bret Harte came upon the scene with a vivid reproduction of character in the 50's, followed by Mark Twain some ten years later. But it remained for Mr. Lewis to describe the last stand of the Frontier,—a litle strip of wild life remaining pinched between the clivization of the "effete East and the Pacific Slope. And he has done his work thoroughly. The book contains about 310 pages, and it is safe to say there are easily 3000 laughs and nearly as many grins to be found therein.

The Black Cat Club. By James D. Corrothers. Silhouette illustrations by J. K. Bryans. 12mo, cloth. Price, $1.00, net. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Company.

This book contains a series of character studies of negro life as it may be observed in the cities of the North. Chicago has been selected as the scene, because it is the meeting-ground of every type of the American negro and every phase of his city social life. The negro is painted exactly as he is, or rather as he is viewed from the standpoint of an observer who is essentially a humorist. The shortcomings of the negro are neither apologized for nor excused. Many of the stories are absolutely new in print and are original contributions to folk-lore.

Mr. Corrothers is undoubtedly the coming star in that quarter of the literary firmanent that has until recently been in Ethiopian darkness. Dunbar, the poet; Washington, the economist; and Thomas, the philosopher, have preceded Corrothers as negro authors; but none of them has considered the subject from the point of view of our author. Mr. Corrothers is half white himself, and his negro blood is tinged with Indian, but he writes as a negro among negroes. In his verse, which has appeared in The Cetury and other publications, and the best of which is reprinted in "The Black Cat Club," he expresses in perfection the emotions of his people. They are not literary tours de force, no other writer has been so descriminating in use of the varieties of negro dialect.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

"Stories of Bird Life" is an interestingly written and attractively made book published by the B. F. Johnson Company, of this city. Its author is T. Gilbert Pearson, professor of Biology and Geology in the State Normal and Industrial College at Greensboro, N. C. The illustrations, which are numerous and excellent, were prepared by and under the supervision of John L. Ridgway, of the Smithsonian Institute.

"The Story of the Art of Building," by F. Leslie Waterhouse, is one of the best little books published in the Library of Useful Stories series issued by D. Appleton and Co. The author is an M. A. of Christ's College, Cambridge, and an associate of the Royal Institute of British Architects. Besides the general survey of architecture, there is an account of architecture in America. There are sixty-two illustrations in the book. It is a 16 mo., bound in cloth, and costs 35 cents.

"Lyrics of Love," by Margaret E. Sangster, in a beautifully made little volume full of graceful and sincere verse, inspired by the author's love of hearth and home and field and garden. They are full of the true poetic spirit in a minor key and their simple melody should find appreciation in many homes. Published by the Fleming H. Revell Company, New Yrk. Hunter and Co., city.

"Poems," by J. W. de Forest, an author of half a dozen books better known at the North, contains his recollections, inverse, of the more striking events of his career as an officer in the Union army, and of his travels in Palestine. There are also tales and ballads, studies and miscellaneous verse. A fair example of his work is his tribute to the Confederate soldier.

"Glorious braves those rebels were,
As gallant ranks as ever dashed
Up smoking steeps with bayonets bare,
While volleys whizzed and cannon cracked
Athwart the swarms of grey-clad men—
The memory makes me drop the pen.

I think it might be fine to hear
Their whoop again—their panther yell.
No trained hurrah, no classic cheer;
But savage yelps of wold and fell;
A cry of wolves in hunting bout;
And yet a stirring, martial shout.

Tt Gettysburg how swift they came,
Right-shoulder-shift, quick-step guide right;
Defying all our roar and flame
With yell on yell they climbed the height
The fighting blood of a hero race
Ablaze in every swarthy face!

The future of a country reeled
When Longstreet (sic) crowned the deadly hill;
One more brigade had gained the field,
Perchance for centuries of ill;
And never yet were staues run
For worthier men than those who won.

"Birthday Peoms of the Century," by Earnest Green Dodge, illustrated by Hope Dunlap, has been published by M. A. Donohue & Co., of Chicago. One wonders why.

"Francesca da Rimini," by Geo. Morehead, has been published by the J. S. Ogilvie Publishing Company, of New York, in their paper, "Sunny Side Series." It is illustrated with pictures of the prominent actors in costume who played the leading characters in this famous dramatic love-story.

"Reminiscences of a Southern Woman," by Georgia Bryan Conrad, reprinted from the Southern Workman by the Hampton Institute Press, Hampton, Va., is a most interesting brochure, designed to show the confidence that existed between master and servant in slavery days "until emancipation came alienating the races and changing trust into suspicion." The glimpse of Richmond in war times is as interesting as the description of refugee life in Georgia.

The Union Seminary Magazine for February-March makes a special feature of "The Sunday-School," the Rev. J. W. Rosebro, D. D., writing upon the origin and progress of the Sabbath school; the Rev. A. L. Phillips, D. D., on Sabbath-schools and the Southern Presbyterian Church; Rev. E. T. Wellford on the importance of grading our Sabbath-schools; and Mr. De Witt Crane on how to grade them.

The Rev. Russell Cecil, D. D., writes on "The Covenanters; A Pastor's Views;" Rev. Robert P. Kerr, D. D., on "The Bible in the Public Schools;" Rev. W. T. Hall, D. D., on "The Importance of Natural Theology;" Professor Gurhardus Vos, Ph. D., D. D., on "The Aims and Nature of Biblical Theology;" and the editorial staff and correspondents on various topics.

THE BATTLEGROUND

By ELLEN GLASGOW

Author of "The Voice of the People," &c., is a novel for Virginia to be proud of. Published March 22. Order of your bookseller. $1.50.

Doubleday, Page & Co., New York.

Music Notes.

The musical critic of the New York Times makes this caustic comment anent the closing of the opera season in New York.

"Now that the opera company has departed into the East, where Mr. Alvarez is regarded as a greater artist that Jean de Reszke, and only Mme. Sembrich occupies a position similar to that accorded by New York, the really musical people of New York are having a chance to listen to real music"

A little further on he compares the merits of various pianists. He says of Harold Bauer's playing:

"Pianists admire it because it is so finished, and these same pianists are not satisfied with the playing of Mr. Paderewski because it so often breaks the rules. It has taken me years to arrive at a comprehension of the attitude of the piano players toward the great pianists. One pianist, for example, regards Rosenthal as the greatest player in the world. My opinion of Rosenthal is best shaped in the words of the German who, on hearing him for the first time, said: 'You would think there were six men at the piano, but I should not care to hear him again.'" Another looks upon Mr. Joseffy as the king of all pianists, and here I find myself more in sympathy with the view, though it runs a little too far for me. But the beautiful delicacy of Mr. Joseffy's nuancing is something which I have now failed to admire, and the intelligence of his conceptions of music by Brahms and Tschaikowsky lifts him out of the rut.

But the typical pianist's idea of piano playing is purely technical. He sees and hears wholly through the etudes of Chopin and Liszt.

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The typical pianist would starve a musical soul to death in six months. He would feed it on perfect double thirds and sixths, perfect legato, and perfect pedaling, till it went sick of flawless nullity and poisoned itself with doses of Hungarian band.

When a great muscian, a musical poet, with the faculty of communication, seats himself at the piano and treats the double thirds and sixths and octaves as a literary creator treats handmade paper and De Vinne type, the typical pianist is outraged, and expresses himself in no mean terms. But nevertheless the typical pianist is just a printer, while the real author is the poet-musician, who is no respecter of types.

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Mme. Emma Calve gave her first New York public concert at the Waldorf-Astoria last Monday evening, being assisted by MM. Salignac and Gilibert, of the Metropolitan Opera Company, by permission of Mr. Maurice Grau. The programme was composed entirely of popular French songs, ranging from the "vieille chanson" of the thirteenth century to the present popular love songs and satires of Beranger, Jules Juoy, Deroulede, and Darcier. Among them were "La Chanson du roi Renaud," the oldest known song in the French language; "O Magall," a very old song of Provence; "Les Pyrenees," an ancient ballad of the Bearnaise, and "Sur la Montagne," which Mme. Calve herself has translated from the Provencal. The diva hails from the South of France, the ancient land of the troubadours, and many of these songs, as handed down from generation to generation in the popular memory, have been familiar to her from her childhood. Others she has discovered during her vacations spent in her native province, and still others she has disinterred from the musical archives of the National Library in Paris.

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Baltimore during the past week enjoyed a short season of French Opera. The operas selected for production at Music Hall were: Wednesday night, "La Juive"; Thursday, "Faust"; Friday, "La Vie de Boheme"; Saturday matinee, "William Tell," and Saturday night, "La Gioconda."

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A special performance of Mr. Paderewski's opera, "Manru," will be given at the Metropolitan Opera House, under the direction of Mr. Maurice Grau, on Tuesday evening, March 25th, for the benefit of the Actors' Fund Home. The original cast, including Mme. Marcella Sembrich, Mme. Louise Homer, Mme. Van Cauteren, Miss Fritzi Scheff, Mr. Von Bandrowski, Mr. Muhlmann, Mr. Blass, and Mr. David Bispham, will appear, and Mr. Walter Damrosch will conduct. Mme. Sembrich and all of the artists, as well as the chorus, ballet, orchestra, and house attaches, have generously volunteered their services for this occasion, and the Maurice Grau Opera Company has given the use of the Opera House.

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The Handel and Haydn Society, Emil Mollenhauer, conductor, will sing Bach's Passion music in Symphony Hall, Good Friday evening, March 28th. The society will have the assistance of Miss Charlotte Maconda, soprano; Miss Gertrude May Stein, controlto; Mr. William Rieger, tenor; Mr. Willard Flint, bass, and Mr. Gwilym Miles, bass. A magnificent orchestra of about seventy players, made up from the best musicians in this city, has been engaged, says the Boston Transcript.

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Daniel Frohman is authority for the statement that Jan Kubelik's share of the receipts of his American tour, which comes to an end next week, was about $105,000. He gave seventy concerts in forty cities since the first at Carnegie Hall on December 2nd.

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Mme. Suzanne Adams sails for Europe on March 26th, in order to be present for the opening of the season at Covent Garden, where she has been engaged to sing, in addition to the roles of her repertoire, Eva in "Die Meistersinger" in German. Mme. Adams has been studying this role for some time, and her singing it in London will mark her debut in German opera.

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Lillian Nordica was the soloist at the Boston Symphony Orchestra's Brooklyn Academy of Music concert last Friday evening. She sang Beethovan's "Ah, Perfido," Grieg's "Im Kahn," Strauss's "Serenade," Oscar Weil's "Spring Song," and Schumanns' "Waldesgesprach"—an admirable collection.

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American managerial enterprise has been successful in retaining for the entire summer season in America the services of John Philip Sousa and his internationally famous band, despite the liberal offers and persistent requests for the return of the American musicians to London to participate in the general festivities attendant upon the coronation of King Edward VII.

Art Notes.

The March loan exhibtion at the Union League Club, New York, consisted of a collection of American portraits. To Eastman Johnson's serious and thoughtful seated figure of John D. Rockefeller has been given the place of honor at the end of the gallery.

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In the Copley Society's loan exhibition of portraits and pictures of Fair Women, at Copley Hall, Boston, the French school is represented by the following-named painters: Francois Broucher, Charles Chaplin, Raphael Collin, Benjamin Contant, Jean Baptiste Camille Corot, Gustave Courbet, Thomas Contune, Pascal Adolphe Jean Dagnan-Bouveret, Carolus Duran, Jean Baptiste Greuze, Jean Jacques Henner, Nicolas Largilliere, Charles Lebrun, Edouard Manet, Charles Joseph Natoire, Pierre Puvis de Chavannes, Pierre Subleyras, Madame Vigee LeBrun, Pierre Mignard, and several anonymous miniaturists.

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What is known as the "Fellowship of the Academy of Fine Arts" of Philadelphia will hold its third annual show, called a sketch exhibition, at the Academy of Music, in that city, beginning March 31st.

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Of the 629 works submitted for the annual exhibition at the Chicago Art Institute, which is now open, 269 were accepted; these are the products of 101 artists, sixty-one men and forty women, who make Chicago their professional centre.

Dissatisfaction seems to be the lot of a considerable number of the artists, who feel that they have not been treated justly by the juries in charge of the exhibitions held at the Art Institute. There is talk of an independent exhibition to be held under the auspices of the Chicago Municipal Art Society, and it is asserted, in a rather vague way, that a western art patron is ready to give $40,000 toward founding such a salon.

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There has been placed on public exhibition in the Educational Museum of Teachers' Colleges, New York, a collection of seventy-one original etchings by Rembrandt and three by Durer, which are valued at over $20,000. The collection, which has never been publicly exhibited before, has been loaned to the college by Felix M. Warburg, of the Board of Education.

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Among the twenty-nine sculptors who will submit models in competition for the McClellan monument in Washington are Waldo Story, G. Treatanove, John Flanagan, Mrs. H. H. Kitson, Cyrus E. Dallin, F. W. Ruckstuhl, Solon H. Borglum, A. Phimister Proctor, John Donoghue, Charles H. Niehaus, J. Massey Rhind, Cyrus Cobb, Caroline Brooks, John Conway and A. Amateis.

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In an article in Brush and Pencil, upon what he considers the shortcomings of art education in America, Edwin A. Abbey advocates the establishment of a great school of art (a national institution presumably), a sort of a counterpart of the Beaux Arts; which he says should be under the supervision of artists of the first rank, and, above all, should be presided over by one inspired head.

In the Abbey's opinion, "Art as taught in this country is too fragmentary. The pupils are not thoroughly grounded; the examinations are too easy. . . . As it is now in America there is no palce where parents who think their son is a genius can send that son to find out that he isn't a genius. There are very few people who can't be taught to draw more or less well, but the mere ability to draw does not make an artist."

Mr. Abbey calls attention to the fact that to enter foreign art schools, such as the Beaux Arts, one is forced to pass difficult examinations. "There should be an American school with equally hign requirements," he asserts. "If a young man wants to enter Harvard or Yale, his preparation must be thorough; that is the way it should be with the school of art."

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The sale in London of a Troyon for $35,770, news of which was cabled to New York, made not only a record price for a Troyon, but also for a work by a French romantic painter at a London auction. No one expected that the bidding would be so liberal, and there were representatives of French houses present at the auction who had hoped to be able to take the painting back to Paris.

The canvas, 37½ by 50½ inches, pictures a woody pasture with sheep and cattle and a pleasant woman, had been brought from the painter for about 2,000 guineas, which was the amount of the first bid at the auction, the bid being made by the Messrs. Agnew.

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The suit of the Italian Government against Prince Chigi for hving sold his famous Botticelli to Mrs. Gardner, of Boston, has resulted in a manner to make other owners of valuable art works more careful. The Prince is ordered to buy the picture back or, failing that, to forfeit its value in money to the State. That the Government means to carry out the law forbidding such sales is also shown by the fine of $28,000 imposed upon Enrico Pardo for having sold to a foreigner the Cellini bust of Altovito, formerly in the Altovito Palace in Rome.

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European journals announce the death in Paris of Paul Louis Narcisse Grolleron, the painter, and of Adrien Etienne Gaudez, the sculptor. Grolleron, who received many medals, was chiefly known for his military scenes, especially of the war of 1870. Gaudez, who was born in 1845, earned national gratitude by a fine monument in Magdelbourg to French soldiers who died in captivity, which he executed while himself a prisoner of war in that city in 1871.

Beauties of Nature.

(By Miss Sallie E. Jones, Age 13.)

The beauties of nature are so varied and sublime that no description can do them justice. They are far beyond our comprehension. Even our most beautiful imaginations are but dim outlines of the boundless beauties of nature. We see them and admire them, but the most learned botanist cannot understand about the formation of even the simple little wild flowers. There are imitations of some of nature's beauties, but they are very inferior. Take for instance an artificial rose and place by its side a natural one; you will see how vastly inferior the artificial one is to the natural one; it lacks that tinge of life which is so requisite to beauty in almost everything. A sunset sky is prettier than any picture, which an artist has ever formed. The white clouds edged with gold from the rays of the disappearing sun, form inexhausitble topics for peots. A setting moon is a beautiful scene. I have seen it when it looked almost as brilliant as the sun, as it rapidly disappeared beneath the distant treetops, leaving behind it streaks of golden light with which to light up the distant horizon. A clear moonshiny night is a lovely scene; it has a kind of enchanting power; it looks light, but the light is not like the sunshine. It seems to only half reveal things; it causes the things to have something like a mystical beauty, and shrouds the world in a flood of wonderful light. Even in the gathering storm, when the great black clouds are sailing about, and the great thunders that cause you to quake with fear is heard, and the forke and zig-zag lightning that plays amongst the clouds is seen, even in such a scene there is a majestic beauty. There is scarcely a thing of nature's but what has some beauty. What can be conceived of that is any prettier than when the tiny little snowflakes are quietly falling down from the clouds upon the earth to cover the seeds and keep them alive through the long, cold winter. They look like little fairies; and if it turns off cold, and be a sleet, a truly lovely scene will meet our eyes. The little frozen snowflakes look like diamonds glittering in the sunshine. Clouds are pretty spectacles. They are what renders a sunset sky so lovely, the rays of light from the setting sun edges them with streaks of gold. The little thin clouds that lazily float over the broad expanse of the azure sky are very beautiful—they are so soft and white. A mottled sky is very pretty, the thin white clouds look like they are stretched until they are thin enough for the blue sky to be seen through them. The cloud is thinner in some places than in others. In some places it is so thin that it looks like it just is holding together. On a calm, sunshiny day, if we clamber up the mountain side in Western Virginia to look at the Peaks of Otter, I supose they would look like blue peaks far up in the sky, but being a far, way off, distance lends enchantment to such a view. If we climb up the Andes to the top, if such a thing be possible, we would be amongst snow-capped peaks, while those at the foot of the mountain and consequently farther from the sun are almost scorched by the parching rays of the tropical sun. Mountains form grand and imposing scenery, and especially when snow-capped peaks adorn their tops. Some mountains are burning within; they are called volcanoes.

Sometimes an overflow of lava takes place, such a scene is especially beautiful at night, when the red-hot lava pours out and the vapor ascends and forms itself into the shape of an umbrella, which on the inner side reflects the burning lava within the volcano. Water scenery is one of the loveliest of the vast beauties of nature. Storms at sea are especially sublime when the great billows toss hither and thither upon the reckless deep, and the foaming waves mount higher and higher; the sea constantly increases in fury, until the waves, exhausted with their furious work, gradually decrease in height, until soon the sea is calm and peaceful again. Around the North Pole, in those regions of perpetual snow, the Aurora Borealis is a frequent visitor; it greatly cheers those icy regons, where nothing but snow and ice may be seen as far as the eye can reach. Icebergs are formed in these cold regions; they are huge masses of ice, which sometimes break off and float about in the ocean.

Although the beauties of nature are so varied and lovely, yet they will all fade away, as the green grass, which during the summer is so fresh and green, but it is so soon to be withered by the blighting winds of winter. But God can create in their stead others more beautiful than the former, just as each spring fresh grass peeps from out the dark, cold sod, as beautiful as that which lived and grew the summer before, and so soon faded away.

JULIUS SYCLE & SONS

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$15

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Handsome tucked, hemstitched Taffeta Waist, made in the newest style, real value $7.50, special for $5.48.

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All-Wool Black Cloth Skirt, tucked all over with ffounce, well made, percaline lined, $8 value, for $5.98.

$2.50 Silk Umbrella, $1.69.

Handsome Silk Umbrella, with pearl handle, silver trimmings, the same umbrella sold elsewhere for $2.50, special here, $1.69.

Silk Stripe Challie, 39c.

New spring patterns, wool and silk stripes, beautiful floral designs, real 50c value, for 39 cents.

75c Cheviot Serge, 59c

All-Wool Black Serge, real 75c grade, 44 inches wide, guaranteed to wear, special to-morrow, 59c a yard.

50c Boys' Waists 37c

Boys' Percale Waists, well made, neat patterns, they all have the patent bands, with clamp buttons. This waist is sold all over the city for 50c. Special, to-morrow, 39c.

89c Foulard Silks, 69c

Handsome Satin Finish Foulards, in all new spring shades, impossible to match patterns, real 89c quality, for 69c.

Special Glove Sale.

$1.00 A PAIR—The well-known Kid Gloves, such brands as Victoria, Marguerette, in all shades, sold at other stores for $1.50, special here, $1.00.

$1.00 Side Bags, 50c

Ladies' Leather Shopping Bags, real $1 kind, in all shades of tan, red, also black, several styles to select from, special to-morrow, 50c.

Special Sale Baby Carriages and Go-Carts.
Silk Ginghams, special, 25c a yard.
Special Sale Infants' Caps.
Special Sale Black Goods, 39c to $1.50 a yard.

JULIUS SYCLE & SONS

Corner Second and Broad Streets.

COMING REUNION AT DALLAS.

Facts of Interest to Those Who Propose to Attend.

President C. C. Slaughter, of the Texas Reunion Association, has issued a circular of great interest to Confederate Veterans, in which he says:

The Texas Reunion Association, having in charge the arrangements for the Confederate Reunion to be held in the city of Dallas, Texas, April 22nd, 23rd, 24th and 25th, sends you this greeting.

The railroad rates from all points outside of Texas are one cent a mile for the distance traveled, that is, each way to and from Dallas. From points in Texas the rates are one fare up to 100 miles. Add one cent a mile each way for distance above 100 miles to $3, the 100 mile fare, and you have the rate. For instance, for 200 miles: $3 for 100 miles and $2 for the next 100 miles, makes $5, and so on.

We will establish an encampment at our fair-grounds—where the reunion will be held—in the edge of the city, where, in tents and in buildings on the grounds, we will lodge, and also feed, free of cost, every Confederate soldier, whether rich or poor, who will go there. They will be the honored guests of the city of Dallas and the State of Texas. Our tables will be laden with the best than Texas affords and that money can buy. The last day, for dinner, we will serve barbecued buffalo meat, the only buffaloes living in America save the few in menageries and public and private parks. The reunion will open at 10 o'clock on the morning of April 22nd and will close at 4 o'clock on the afternoon of April 25.

We will have various entertainments for everybody, the old and the young, interesting and amusing, that will make the hours pleasant by day and by night—enjoyable diversions from the routine of business, the reminiscent chats of "war-times" and rejuvenescence of the memories of the olden, golden days of our youth. Among these will be a parade by the Kalophe—a famous order of this city—a most resplendent pageant, a scene rivaling in brilliancy and beauty even that of "The Field of the Cloth of Gold," or the mighty gatherings in the chivalric age of armored knights for the tournament, where lances were shivered and blows of sword and mace fell heavily in the fray, and all for a fair woman's smile. This will be on the night of the 23rd. The next night the Kaliphe will give a magnificent ball, clad in their wondrous costumes, glistening with the shen of gold and gems, and crown the queen of the Kaliphate. The Sons of Confederate Veterans will also give a grad ball. To all entertainments the Confederate soldier has the entre.

Dallas and Texas invite you all to come, fathers and mothers, sons and daughters and grandchildren. Their portals will be unclosed. A cordial greeting, a heartfelt welcome, awaits you. Everybody in our great city and within the broad limits of our State expects you. Their hearts and their homes are wide open and only cordiality and love and good-fellowship shall be yours. With every fiber of our beings thrilling with joyous anticipations we bid you come!

We have established a Bureau of Information, of which John F. Worley, 373 Commerce Street, is chairman. He is arranging for accommodations for every visitor who may desire them. We request that each Confederate camp of Sons correspond with him as soon as possible and arrange for lodging, or board and lodging, giving the number of persons who may desire same and the price they are willing to pay. Prices range for lodging from 50 cents to $2 and for board and lodging from $1.50 to $5 per day, it being understood that here, as at all reunions, two or more persons will lodge in a room, this being necessary to accommodate the throng.

Camps of veterans are requested to notify the secretary, Charles L. Martin, No. 247 Main Street, as soon as possible, how many delegates will be sent and how many other members will attend, and how many are willing to go into the encampment.

Visitors to the reunion who desire can have their tickets extended to May 15th by depositing same and paying 50 cents.

The Enchanted Forest.

(By a Little Girl of Eight years.)

Once upon a time there was a lovely little princess who was beautiful, good and happy. But, alas! there was a wicked old witch who lived in a forest nearby, who was always trying to do the Princess harm, for her power did not extend beyond the forest in which she lived and the princess had been forbidden ever to enter the forest.

But one day she was playing out in the garden alone when she happened to come up to the entrance to the enchanted forest, which she had never seen, except from a distance, from which it looked like a very ugly place, but upon close inspection it looked like a beautiful garden. So tempting were the beautiful flowers, soft grass and lovely trees that she could not resist entering. Now the old witch, who had been hiding behind the bushes, instantly sprang forward and seized her, carrying her off and shutting her up in a dreary old tower.

The witch had another prisoner, who was the handsomest prince in the world, and at first sight both instantly fell in love with each other.

One day shortly after this the old witch walked off from the forest and carried its enchantment with her, when the prisoners, thus finding themselves free, hastened away and soon found themselves at the palace of the princess.

Upon which there was great rejoicing, and the prince and princess were married the next day and lived happily ever afterward.

Syracuse carpenters have asked that their scale of wages be raised from 25 to 30 cents an hour for eight hours' work beginning April 1.