

WITH THE NEW BOOKS

THE Helen Racksole, who figures in the pages of Mr. Bennett's very unique book, is taken from the original who looks out of the beautiful frontispiece, then it is no wonder that young lady, introduced to his readers by Mr. Bennett, was one accustomed to having her own sweet way in the affairs of a world created expressly to minister to her desires, she being a typical bit of American womanhood.

upon her, T. Racksole had the further good fortune to visit his hotel to its former owner, Felix Babylin. One can not, after reading a book like Mr. Bennett's, help considering how beautiful a thing filial affection is. No wonder Cordelia was the favorite heroine of Shakespeare. A. M. T.

PRISONERS OF THE SEA. Written by Florence Morse Kingsley. Published by the New Amsterdam Book Company, New York. For sale by the Bell Book and Stationery Company, Richmond. THE Man With the Iron Mask has stood, in his own and succeeding centuries, as one of the most inscrutable mysteries which the world has attempted in vain to solve. Volumes have been written about him; he has appeared in numberless romances and each of these was made the medium by which its author endeavored to impress upon the public mind an individual theory of a tragedy, while the real details of it are as profoundly hidden now, as in the period of its happening.

for that is heaven where the wise dwell, and folly would make of heaven itself a hell. An old Latin author gives an account of a woman who believed "that she could shake all the world with her finger, and was afraid of no man's hand, lest she could crush it like an apple." A modern author, in commenting upon this paragraph, declares: "There was a time in my own life when making the whole world over seemed to me not a very difficult process, or a very gigantic thing. All that was requisite, it appeared to me, was for the sinless to get together and determine upon a plan to convert the sinful to make them as sinless as themselves. The good had only to agree upon the process of making over the bad, and the work was accomplished neatly and with dispatch! So easy the achievement of universal reformation seemed to me, that the obvious reason for delaying it was the same that restrained the powerful woman—a merciful hesitation of power—a shuddering of disturbing things."

Following the Flowers

Is a title always associated with the name of the author that columns in the Ladies' Home Journal, when E. Rexford, the Shiocton, Wis., poet and story writer. One always thinks of a nature lover like Mr. Rexford as the possessor of bounding health and superabundant vitality, so it seems odd to hear that he was a confirmed dyspeptic not so very long ago. The story of his trouble and its cure is best told in Mr. Rexford's own words. "Having need of a remedy for indigestion," writes the horticultural editor of

THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

"I decided giving Kodol Dyspepsia Cure a trial, expecting only temporary relief, but was glad to say that a few bottles afforded permanent relief and restored the normal conditions of the digestive organs to the natural condition. I can heartily recommend it."

NORMAL CONDITIONS

are referred to by Mr. Rexford as natural conditions. This is undoubtedly the correct view. The normal man is a healthy man. Health depends on the digestion. If the digestion is good the health is good. If the digestion is poor the general health always suffers.

DIGESTION IS NATURAL; INDIGESTION UNNATURAL.

But so many of us have strayed away from natural conditions that few people are really healthy. Heavy eating, irregular hours, mild indigestion, a dozen other stomach destroying customs of the day have become so common that indigestion the characteristic complaint of the generation. If the sufferers knew how easily such troubles can be cured there probably wouldn't be so many of them.

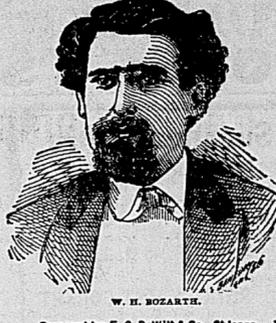
KODOL DYSPEPSIA CURE

will do just as much for others as it did for Mr. Rexford. It is not so much a medicine as a digestant. There have been and are other dyspepsia remedies which afford temporary relief by digesting certain classes of food. What is really wanted, however, is a preparation which will digest all classes without the stomach's aid. This is the result accomplished by Kodol Dyspepsia Cure. It is the only preparation which digests any and every kind of food. You need variety. A diet is often injurious. Kodol Dyspepsia Cure restores the normal condition. It rests the stomach by digesting for you. This rest and the wholesome elements contained in Kodol Dyspepsia Cure soon restores perfect health.

WORDS OF PRAISE

"I was troubled with indigestion a long time," writes W. E. Burdette, general merchant and mill owner of Fair Air, Mo. "I consulted a number of doctors and tried many kinds of medicine but nothing did me any good. Finally I took Kodol Dyspepsia Cure and in a few days I was completely cured. I have since recommended it to all sufferers from stomach trouble."

"I had Dyspepsia for fifteen years," says J. H. Long, general merchant of Blue Knob, Pa. "I tried all kinds of remedies and got medicine from many doctors but got no relief. Later I was advised to try Kodol Dyspepsia Cure and I have an appetite and what I eat agrees with me. I must give the credit to Kodol Dyspepsia Cure and would recommend it to all others suffering from the dreaded disease of dyspepsia."



W. H. BOZARTH

Prepared by E. C. DeWitt & Co., Chicago. The \$1.00 bottle contains 24 times as much (by actual measurement) as the kind which sells for 25 cents.

KODOL DYSPEPSIA CURE DIGESTS WHAT YOU EAT.

All the NEW BOOKS reviewed above and as published, on sale at MILLER & RHOADS' BOOK SECTION. Three of the new ones: The King in Yellow, Olympian Nights, Hearts Courageous.

RIPANS.

I was troubled with constipation, as a good many bar-tenders are. A friend advised me to try Ripans Tabules. I did so and have not been troubled since. I started with one Tabule before meals and reduced it to one before retiring, and eventually stopped taking them altogether.

At Druggists. The Five-cent packet is enough for an ordinary occasion. The family bottle, 60 cts., contains a supply for a year.

ASA HOLMES; or, At the Cross-Roads. By Annie Feltows Johnston, Author of "The Little Colonel," "Two Little Knights of Kentucky," etc. With a preface by Ernest Poole, Boston, L. C. Page & Co. This is an attractive book of 215 pages, and it is a real delight to read it. The author is as keen-eyed an observer as the old lady who sat at her window in the book, and she has a perfect faith and great gratitude to God for all his goodness and mercies.

MISER HOADLEY'S SECRET. A Detective Story by Arthur W. Marchmont. A dash for a throne. "The Heritage of Peril." Illustrated. New Amsterdam Book Company, New York. This is a handsomely bound book of 300 pages. It is the story of a miser, leading a crooked and avaricious life, as well as the love history of his half-witted and ill-treated daughter, of the miser's murder, and the discovery of the criminals.

LITERARY GLEANINGS. "You will find it in the Holy Scriptures," says Sir Roger L'Estrange, that God has put the use of the pen in the hands of persecutors and murderers, but I am mistaken if the whole Bible affords any one instance of a converted sycophant.

When Jenny Lind made her appearance in a western city in 1851 the head of a society of Quakers felt a concern to warn his brethren against a foreign girl named Jane Lind, trapping up and down the land, whose voice was said to provoke the birds to sing. He would have been as much surprised to see their guard against the wiles of such a woman.

A concluding stanza recently added to Burns' "John Anderson, My Jo, John" goes in this tender fashion: "John Anderson, my Jo, John, We winna mind that sleep; The grave we cannae get still, John, The spirit cannae keep; But we will wake in heaven, John, Where we've aye been growing; And ever live in blessed love, John Anderson, my Jo, John."

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A Hindoo fable tells us that long ago Vishu spoke thus to Bal: "O, Bal, take thy choice—with five men shalt thou share the throne of the gods, or with five thou shalt share the throne of the gods in the brow of the righteous."

Lord Chancellor Brougham, on being asked to define a lawyer, said: "He is a learned gentleman who rescues your estate from your enemies and keeps it himself."

Given Bal, O lord, heil with the wiser;

And yet, with the dawn of the morrow, A solar that's fair like the Phoenix of old Comes forth from the ashes of sorrow.

When came from the requiems sound where they sleep, When the shore-line is battled with the tears of the deep.

What mortal shall venture his pity? What is life, after all, but a brief chance to be

A memory that others may cherish? And the hero whom longest men love may be he

Who was first in the conflict to perish.

AN ORIGINAL LOVE STORY. (Exchange.) He struggled to kiss her, she struggled to prevent him, so bold and undaunted; But, as smitten by lightning, he heard her exclaim: "Aunt, sir!" and off he avaulted.

But when he returned with a wild, Showing clearly that he was affronted, And threatened by main force to carry her off, She cried, "Don't!" and the poor fellow dented.

When he meekly approached, and got down at her feet, Praying loud, as before he had ranted, That she would forgive him, and try to be sweet, And said, "Can't you?"—the dear girl recanted.

Then softly he whispered, "How could you do so?" I certainly thought I was jilted; But come thou with me, to the parson we'll go; Say, wilt thou, my dear?" and she wilted.

Then gayly he took her to see her new cabin by no means enchanted; "See, here we can live, with no longing to roam; 'Shan't we, my dear?"—and they shantied.

Some Amusing Epitaphs. (Chattanooga Times.) View this gravestone with gravity, He is filling his last cavity. She was born in health at 11:30 A. M., And left for Heaven at 3:30 P. M.

A bird, a man, a loaded gun, No bird, dead man; Thy will be done. Beneath this stone our baby lays; He neither cries nor hollers; He lived just one and twenty days And cost us forty dollars.

Here lies Dodge, who dodged all good; But after dodging all he could He could not dodge the devil.

At rest beneath this slab of stone Lies stony Jimmy Wyatt; He died one morning just at ten, And saved a dinner by it.

Within this grave do lie, Back to back, my wife and I; He gets up, I'll just lie still.

The wedding day appointed was, And wedding clothes provided; And ere that day did come, alas! He sickened and died he.

Here under this sod and under these trees Is buried the body of Solomon Peace; But here in this hole lies only his pod, His soul is shelled out and gone up to God.

Beneath this stone is laid A noisy, antiquated maid, Who from her cradle talked till death, And ne'er before was out of breath.

Here lies the body of John Smith, Buried in the cloisters; If he don't jump at the last trump, Call, Oysters!

On a Thursday she was born, On a Thursday made a bride, On a Thursday put to bed, On a Thursday broke her leg, And on a Thursday died.

Have Women a Sense of Humour? In Harper's Bazar for July Mr. Robert J. Burdette discourses ostentatiously upon that topic of perennial dispute, "Have Women a Sense of Humour?" With the conclusion reached by Mr. Burdette, that "the woman's sense of humor is as correct as it is delicate," we lack the temerity, or the enterprise, to disagree; although we should hesitate to dispose of so momentous a question in the summary and refreshingly confident manner in which Mr. Burdette disposes of it. But

Poems Worth Reading.

NATURE. (By Henry W. Longfellow.) The following is considered by many to be the best American sonnet ever written: As a fond mother, when the day is o'er, Leads by the hand her little child to head; Half willing, half reluctant to be led, And leave his broken playthings on the floor. Still gazing at them through the open door, Neatly reassured and comforted, By promises of others in their stead, Which, though more splendid, may not please him more.

So Nature deals with us, and takes away Our playthings one by one, and by the light.

Proper recognition never has been given to the influence of the cross-roads store in the neighborhood of the land, through the point of all the neighborhood gossip, the forum for the discussion of national and international politics, agriculture, and religion.

AND WHAT IS A GIRL? (Blanche Trenner Heath in Harlem Life.) And what is a girl? A morsel of ribbon and feathers and lace, A mischievous smile, and a sweet face! A thorn that will tease you, A rose that will please you, A will-the-wisp, or the ring your chase.

And that is a girl! And what is a girl? A riddle whose meaning no mortal can guess; With a "no" on her lips when her heart says "yes"; Half art, half snare, Half pout, and half dimple, Whose eyes would betray what her lips would repress— And that is a girl!

SONNET. (Ronsard, Translated by Dean Carring-ton.) When you are very old and in your chair, At the bedside the fire, your shuttle my, singing my verses, you amazed will cry, "Ronsard proclaimed my charms when I was a girl, and you are here to-day."

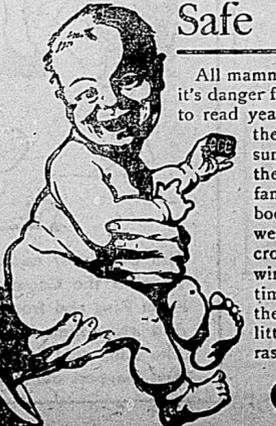
No servant when hearing you thus declare (Though o'er her labors toiling drowsily), Any name her weariness will fly, Blessing your name with praise all time shall spare.

I shall a bodiless ghost he 'neath the ground, My rest myrtle shades forever found; And you will o'er your fire crouch old and gray, My love regretting and your scornful hate would betray when to-morrow wait, Trust me, live now, nor for to-morrow wait, But pluck life's roses while it is to-day.

THE FLIGHT. (By L. Mifflin.) Upon a cloud among the stars we stood; It rose and raised its hand and looked and said, "Which world, of all you startle myriad shells, will make wings to?" The still solitude Became a harp wherein his voice and mood Made ethereal music 'round his haloed head. I spoke for then I had not long been dead, "Let me look 'round upon the vast, and brood A moment on these orbs ere I decide. What is your lower star that beautiful shines And with soft splendor now incarnates and shines? There would I go and there abide!" He smiled as one who some child's grave he had seen to understand, "That is the world where yesternight you died."

IN MEMORIAM. The following exquisite poem was written in memory of Enan Worth Bagley, who was the first of our killed in the Spanish-American war.

A nation must mourn for the forms that are cold,



Safe From Summer Complaints

All mammas, and papas too for that matter, dread the heat of summer with its danger for the little folks, especially the babies. It is simply heart-breaking to read year after year about the great death rate among children caused by the summer's heat. Yet it is easy to protect the infants against all summer complaints, because we know that all these fearful perils have their beginning in stomach and bowel troubles, and we have a perfect family medicine that will keep the delicate machinery in a child's body clean, regular and in healthy working order in the hottest weather—CASCARETS Candy Cathartic. The plump, bouncing, crowing baby shown here is a CASCARET baby. He feels that way winter and summer. Nursing mammas take a CASCARET at bedtime, and it makes their mother's milk mildly purgative and keeps the baby just right. Older children like to take the fragrant, sweet little candy tablet, and are safe from colic, gripes, diarrhoea, summer rash, prickly heat and all the mean troubles that summer brings with it.

Best for the Bowels. All druggists, grocers, etc., sell it. Do not buy cheap imitations. Sample and booklet free. Address: Sterling Remedial Co., Chicago or New York.