MAURICE CAREWE! There is a character in fiction for you! We have had D'Artagnan, the Frenchman; Rudolph Rassendyl, the Englishman; and now it is Maurice Carewe, the American. And of the three I think that we of America will prefer Carewe; he is more one of us. He is a composite of the best in romantic fiction. He has the lightness and versatility of the Frenchman and the constancy and dogged perseverance of the Englishman.

Harold MacGrath has a great success before him in his recent novel, "The Puppet Crown." It may be said that his Duchess slightly suggests the feline feminine villain of Dumas, that his Alexia is reminiscent of Princess Flavia, that Carewe resembles Rudolph Rassendyl and that his plot of intricacies in one of the small governments of the Alps has a Zenda flavor, but still the treatment is his own and his romance is conducive to the burning of midnight oil. The object of romantic fiction is to entertain and this book certainly answers that purpose to perfection, so why should it not receive the credit due clever writing?

The great charm of Mr. MacGrath's writing lies in his clearness and vividness of imagination. To him the little town of Bleiberg, near the foot of the Thalian Alps, is a reality, the puppet kingdom and its affairs he has by heart, and he is so certain of every complication of plot and counter plot and writes with so sure a hand that the reader cannot fail to see with the author's eyes every change on this comic opera stage. So real does it become that, when the comedy changes to tragedy, you find yourself fighting beside the gallant Carewe and exchanging sword thrust for thrust in his uphill fight to save the cause of the woman he loves.

In the first chapters the reader is introduced to the affairs of the kingdom ten years prior to the actual commencement of the tale and learns of the political feud of royalty which is afterward to be sealed in blood. To go into the details of the plot would be to reprint Mr. MacGrath's book, for the intricacies which arise cannot be stated in less space than that accorded by the author and be fully understood. Suffice it to say that the motif is the struggle of a wily Duchess to regain from an old King and the Princess Alexia the crown of her ancestors.

The Duchess is justified in the end that she is trying to accomplish but not in the means that she employs, and so, of course, the reader's sympathy is with the King and Alexia. An Englishman, Lord Fitzgerald, plays an important part in the story and comes in for a certain amount of admiration, but by falling in love with the Duchess he is so easily turned into her dupe that even the respect of a charitable reader is sorely shaken.

Carewe, the American, is the central figure of the story—a man of the world, who has lived his life in varying scenes from cavalry service on the plains of Arizona to dabbling with insurrections in South America. He is now in the service of his country as a diplomat. His American versatility and curiosity make it impossible for him to resist being drawn gradually into the affairs of this puppet kingdom. By an unlucky dip in the river he meets the Princess Alexia, which heightens his interest in the affairs political. And finally he is in so deep that to withdraw is impossible. By the inherent instincts of his race and training he dabbles first for the mere love of dabbling and later goes in head over heels for the love he has learned to bear Alexia.

It is no easy task that Carewe has before him, but we find ourselves by his side with full confidence that, if he does not succeed in besting the crafty Colonel Beauvais and the Duchess, he will at least make a glorious fight—and we are not disappointed. Colonel Beauvais makes the ideal villain—a man with ability, with a "history," without conscience. He has everything to fight with and everything to fight for. He sees the bauble of a scepter falling from the hand of the old king, and with Beauvais it is to be all or nothing. It results in nothing, but the cost is dear for Carewe.

The American early recognizes his adversary as a scoundrel who had figured in deeds of blood in the old South American days, but not until the Colonel has first spotted Carewe as a man who knows too much of his past. Beauvais induces the American to come to his room, and there by the clever display of a photograph traps the American into an admission that he knows of the past career of the Colonel—that he knows too much to ever allow him to leave the room alive. The Colonel has such confidence in his own swordsmanship that he deems it unnecessary to stoop to assassination, but prefers to take the more gentlemanly way, though to him just as certain, of giving his victim a rapier with which to defend himself. Americans as a general rule are not fencers and on this Beauvais counts or he would not let the delicate technicality of a stab in the back stand between him and his purpose. Carewe's swordsmanship proves a revelation. The description of this duel is a splendid bit of work and its denouement equally satisfactory.

This is not the last time that the Colonel and Carewe are to meet on the field of battle, and their second appearance in the lists is even more dramatic than the first. Matters come to a crisis and the armies of both sides meet on the field only to find that the generals of the King prove false to the puppet crown, and the battle is over without beginning. Carewe is with the forces to fight for Alexia. He has thrown his diplomatic career to the winds and gone in heart and soul. When he sees the turn affairs have taken he breaks through the ranks that would hold him prisoner, to fly to Bleiberg and warn the Princess.

By intercepting Carewe's telegrams to foreign embassies Beauvais has thus far succeeded in preventing an exposure of who and what he really is. To let Carewe escape now would mean the Colonel's ruin, so he gallops after the flying American—this time to kill.

Now it is to be fair means or foul and a battle to the death. The account of this fight on horseback is a story in itself, and I have quoted it under a separate head. It gives an excellent idea of what a forceful writer Mr. MacGrath is, and can be taken as a fair sample of the virile dash so characteristic of his work. (Published by the Bowen-Merrill Company, Indianapolis. Price, $1 50.)

B. G. LATHROP.

War's Brighter Side.

"War's Brighter Side," by Julian Ralph, with contributions from Rudyard Kipling, A. Conan Doyle and others, is invested with a unique interest, both by the singularly attractive quality of the contents, which include the stories, poems and sketches of some of the most popular modern authors, and also by the peculiar conditions under which these stories were written.

When the British army was at Bloemfontein preparing for the march to Pretoria, Lord Roberts took advantage of the presence of the most brilliant group of writers ever brought together by journalistic requirements and requested them to make a newspaper for the army. The result was something which deserves to be called unique. The four editors—Kipling, Ralph, Gwynne and Landon—selected Mr. Ralph to act as editor of this book, which contains the best of the stories and poems contributed to The Friend, and also presents a picture of the novel conditions under which the paper was prepared. The humorous and the exasperating features of newspaper editing and publication in the field are vividly sketched by Mr. Ralph, who has improved to the full the delightful opportunities afforded by the strange experiences of this rare board of editors. The illustrations include portraits of the editors in the field and at work in their improvised sanctum, one of Kipling's proofs as it was returned to the Dutch compositor with vigorously uncomplimentary notes by the author, and many other full-page pictures. A book so rich on the literary side and so picturesque and extraordinary in the circumstances of its origin comes with a relish of its own which will be keenly appreciated.

Earl Roberts wrote the following letter to Lord Stanley regarding The Friend:

BLOEMFONTEIN, April 13, 1900.

Dear Lord Stanley: I understand that on Monday next, the 16th inst., The Friend will come under the new management, and it will, I hope, continue to thrive now that it has been established on a sound basis.

The army owe a debt of gratitude to the gentlemen who so kindly came forward, and who have given their services gratuitously in the management of the paper.

That their labors are appreciated is evident from the eagerness with which the paper is purchased by officers and soldiers alike.

On behalf, therefore, of the troops, I would ask you to convey my best thanks to all who have contributed toward making the paper such a success, especially to the following gentlemen, Messrs. Landon, Ralph, Gwynne and Buxton. Believe me to be yours, very truly,

ROBERTS.

Mr. Ralph, so well known in the United States as a newspaper writer and contributor to the magazines, has this to say in the preface to "War's Brighter Side":

Lord Roberts is the first general of whom I have heard who ever recognized and acknowledged the value and power of the press by establishing a newspaper as a source of entertainment and information for an army in the field, and as a medium for conveying such arguments and appeals as he wished to make to the enemy. This he did, as one might say, the instant he conquered the first of the Boer capitals, almost simultaneously with his appointment of a military governor and a provost marshal, and the establishment of a police force.

The story of Lord Roberts' experiment and the experiences of the men he selected for his editors, must be especially attractive to all journalists, and they will find here set forth whatever is of purely professional interest to them. To those details I have added the most notable contributions with which each of the twenty-seven numbers of The Friend was made up, and here the narrow limitation of the interest in the book is broken wide asunder. These newspaper articles are mainly the works of fighting men, at rest between battles, and of others who were at the moment going to or coming from engagements. They hold the mirror up to the life of an army in camp, on the march, in battle, and in a conquered capital.

In these letters, sketches, and verses the reader lives with the soldiers in camp. He sees what they work and play at. He hears of their deeds of daring, mishaps, and adventures. He catches their strange lingo. He observes what they eat—and what they do not get to drink. He notes how they speak of their faring in battle. In all the wealth of English literature I know of no such a mirror reflection and a phonograph echoing of soldier life as is here.

Generals, colonels—in fact, men of every rank and grade—contributed their shares; of every rank down to "Tommy Atkins," who, in general, sings his songs in the background, in verse, like the chorus in an ancient drama.

To these features I have added many personal recollections, as well as anecdotes and stories told by or about the men around me in camp, and in the conquered capital of the Free State, with notes and comments upon a wide variety of subjects suggested during the editing of the other matter collated..

As the former editors of The Friend have now formed themselves into an order to which none is eligible except he or she who tells the truth without fear of consequences, the reader may as well prepare himself to meet with that rare quality in some of the pages that follow.

Here is a selection taken from the book showing A. Conan Doyle's "first impressions." It is copyrighted by him and published with the author's permission:

It was only Smith-Dorrien's Brigade marching into Bloemfontein, but if it could have been passed, just as it was, down Piccadilly and the Strand it would have driven London crazy. I got down from the truck which we were unloading and watched them, the ragged, bearded, fierce-eyed infantry, straggling along under their cloud of dust. Who could conceive, who has seen the prim soldier of peace, that he could so quickly transform himself into this grim, virile barbarian? Bulldog faces, hawk eyes, hungry wolf faces, every sort of face except a weak one. Here and there a reeking pipe, here and there a man who smiled, but the most have their swarthy faces leaned a little forward, their eyes steadfast, their features impassive but resolute. Baggage wagons were passing, the mules all skin and ribs, with the escort tramping beside the wheels. Here are a clump of Highlanders, their workmanlike aprons in front, their keen faces burned black with months of the veldt.

It is an honored name that they bear on their shoulder straps. "Good old Gordons!" I cried, as they passed me. The sergeant glanced at the dirty enthusiast in the undershirt. "What cheer, matey!" he cried, and his men squared their shoulders and put a touch of ginger into their stride. Here are a clump of mounted infantry, a grizzled fellow like a fierce old eagle at the head of them. Some are maned like lions, some have young, keen faces, but all leave an impression of familiarity upon me. And yet I have not seen irregular British cavalry before. Why should I be so familiar with this loose-limbed, head-erect, swaggering type; of course it is the American cowboy over again. Strange that a few months in the veldt has produced exactly the same man that springs from the Western prairie. But these men are warriors in the midst of war. Their eyes are hard and quick. They have the gaunt, intent look of men who live always under the shadow of danger. What splendid fellows there are among them!

Here is one who hails me; the last time I saw him we put on seventy runs together when they were rather badly needed, and here we are, partners in quite another game. Here is a man of fortune, young, handsome, the world at his feet; he comes out and throws himself into the thick of it. He is a great heavy game shot and has brought two other "dangerous men" out with him. Next him is an East London farmer, next him a fighting tea planter of Ceylon, next him a sporting baronet, next him a journalist, next him a cricketer whose name is a household word. Those are the men who press into the skirmish line of England's battle.

And here are other men again, taller and sturdier than infantry of the line, grim, solid men, as straight as poplars. There is a maple leaf, I think, upon their shoulder straps, and a British brigade is glad enough to have those maples beside them. For these are the Canadians, the men of Paardeberg, and there behind them are their comrades in glory, the Shropshire Light Infantry, slinging along with a touch of the spirit of their grand sporting colonel, the man who at forty-five is still the racquet champion of the British army. You see the dirty private with his rifle under his arm and the skin hanging from his nose. There are two little stars upon his strained shoulders, if you could see them under the dirt. That is the dandy captain who used to grumble about the food on the P. & O. "Nothing fit to eat," he used to cry as he glanced at his menu. I wonder what he would say now? Well, he stands for his country, and England also may be a little less coddled and a little more adaptive before these brave, brave sons of hers have hoisted her flag over the "raad zaal" of Pretoria.

("War's Brighter Side" is published by D. Appleton & Co., New York. Price $1 50.)

Pleasures of the Telescope.

Readers interested in astronomy who enjoyed the papers by Garrett P. Serviss, published in Appleton's Popular Science Monthly, will be glad to learn that they now have been printed in book form under the title "Pleasures of the Telescope."

This book will prove an illustrated guide for amateur astronomers and a popular description of the chief wonders of the heavens for general readers. The author gives a complete series of star maps which will enable the amateur to become quite familiar with the heavens. These maps have been drawn especially for the benefit of those who have only small telescopes at their command and not for those who have the equipment of an observatory at hand—consequently they are easy of comprehension.

In his opening chapter Mr. Serviss has something to say about the selection of a glass that will be of interest to the embryo astromer. His maps and studies of the moon are exceptionally good and cannot fail to be appreciated. (Published by D. Appleton and Company, New York. $1 50.)

Psychology.

"Text Book of Psychology," by Daniel Putnam, LL.D., professor of psychology and pedagogy in the Michigan State Normal College, is equally well adapted for the general reader and for the student. It presents in simple and direct language a clear exposition of the generally accepted principles of psychology. The existence of an entity which may properly be called the mind or soul is recognized; while at the same time the physiological aspects of psychology receive due attention, an appendix giving helpful directions for psychological experiments and the necessary apparatus therefor. A chapter is devoted to the moral nature and moral law, the evil effects of hypnotism are clearly indicated, and the subject of the emotions receives more attention than is usual. The style is not involved, nor are a superabundance of technical forms of expression used, but every division of psychology receives adequate treatment. Published by the American Book Company, New York. Price $1.

New Edition of Adam Bede.

John Lane, the New York and London publisher, is bringing out a new edition of George Eliot's story, "Adam Bede." This volume is of most convenient form, for it is bound in flexible covers and is of a size convenient for carrying in the pocket, yet large enough and also elegant enough in cover to warrant a good position on the shelf of any library. The paper is excellent and the typographical work large and clear. In form this publication could be taken as a model for all books that have become standard works of fiction and need no elaborate cover nor illustrations nor freakish printing to make them sell. It is put on in this simple and yet elegant style that it may be read with the least trouble and enjoyed anywhere, whether at home or abroad. It is unfortunate that more standard works are not published in this present form of "Adam Bede."

Book of Jade.

Rotten rhymes by a literary corpse are what the "Book of Jade" contains.

Nobody but Doxey would be daring enough to risk its publication.

It is the most decayed of all the decadent stuff of the decade.

On reading the first part a man of 36 would decide that no person under 35 should be allowed to read it.

On reading into the second half he would decide that he was too young and would skip. The first part contains stanzas about fresh corpses and wicked women; the second part deals with stale corpses and more wicked women.

The book does not state whether it was written by an undertaker suffering from acute gangrene or by an opium smoker who had run out of dope and was hired by a crematory to paint the horrors of post-sepulchral existence of bodies in the tomb. It has the same horrid fascination about it that a cadaver possesses for one who has a mental stomach strong enough to stand the sight.

The "Book of Jade" should be in the library of every morgue and Cabaret de la Mort.

The lines entitled "Mankind" are the mildest that the book contains, but they give a faint idea of its infelicity:

They do not know that they are wholly dead,
Nor that their bodies are to the world given o'er,
They pass beneath the sky forever more;
With their dead flesh the earth is cumbered.

Each day they drink of wine and eat of bread,
And do the things that they have done before;
And yet their hearts are rotten to the core,
And from their eyes the light of life is fled.

Surely the world is weary of their breath;
They have no ears and they are dumb and blind;
Long time their bodies hunger for the grave.
How long, O God, shall these dead corpses rave?
When shall the earth be clean of human kind?
When shall the sky cease to behold this death?

The dedication of all of these tales of tomb rotting and epitaphs from moral cemeteries comes like a banshee wail at the end of the book, when the reader finds that it is dedicated to himself and that the author threatens to write another. (Published by Doxey, New York. Price $1.)

A Pictorial Souvenir.

R. H. Russell, the New York publisher, has just brought out a very swell pictorial souvenir of "Weber & Field's" of New York. In addition to a catchy poster cover printed in delicate tints, Archie Gunn has contributed some very clever wash drawings of stage celebrities and scenes behind the curtain. His snapshots of the brush include such well-known people as Lillian Russell, Fay Templeton, De Wolf Hopper, David Warfield, Bessie Clayton and John T. Kelly. There are also some interesting photographic heads of actresses and two photos by Sarony, one of Joseph M. Weber and the other of Lew M. Fields—both in costume.

John Henry.

The experiences of John Henry are fashioned after those of "Billy Baxter," but fall ignominiously before the delightful humor of the latter. The slang is too pronounced; in fact, to the uninitiated it is often unintelligible. The book would better be read aloud, as all that class of literature gains by so doing, and many readers and listeners may perhaps find enjoyment in the experiences of this same John Henry, who does not seem able to express himself in slang that has a particle of piquancy or creates the merriment the author evidently intended. (Published by G. W. Dillingham & Co., New York.)

Literary Notes.

Dodd, Mead & Co. will publish in the fall a book of short stories by Caroline Duer, entitled "Unconscious Comedians." Miss Duer's stories in the Smart Set and other magazines have created so much interest that a volume of them in permanent form was inevitable.

The Mail and Express of New York says that the Bowen-Merrill Company, the publishers of Maurice Thompson's latest novel, "Alice of Old Vincennes," lead the list of American publishers in the number of great successes discovered by them. For Mr. Thompson's book was preceded by "When Knighthood Was in Flower" and "The Redemption of David Corson."

The last issue of Modern Mexico, St. Louis and Mexico City, appears in the form of a Pan-American Exposition number, and represents by far the most creditable production that excellent publication has ever turned out. The issue contains sixty-two pages, and is carefully edited and lavishly illustrated throughout. A striking feature is the full-page reproduction of the equestrian portrait of President Diaz, by Cusachs, the celebrated Spanish artist. Considerable space in both English and Spanish departments is devoted to Mexico's interests at the Buffalo exposition, involving fine halftone portraits of the commission appointed to represent the republic at the great fair.

Not the least interesting of the articles in the May number of the International Monthly (Burlington, Vt.) is the vivacious sketch of the great French actor and theater manager, Andre Antoine. Antoine was one of a group who acted trifling comedies for their own amusement. Out of such unpromising materials he succeeded in presenting to the critics of Paris a series of his plays which brought him into notice. His "Theatre Libre" became famous. Temporary reverses came; but after an unsuccessful fight against ancient tradition for a short, very short, time, as manager of the Odeon, he finally triumphed and the result is his well-known Theater Antoine and the rehabilitation of the French stage. His energy, his appreciation of what was good in foreign methods, has revolutionized the French theater. The story of his struggles and success is well told.

The need of a popular but definitive handbook of insect life, with accurate illustrations in colors, is to be met in the forthcoming new edition of Insect Life, by the eminent entomologist, Professor J. H. Comstock. The pictures are not from drawings, but are actual reproductions of nature approved by the author, who selected and arranged the specimens. Insect Life, with illustrations in natural colors, will be published immediately by D. Appleton & Co.

A work of interest to Latin students will be Professor Clarence Linton Meader's semasiological study of "Is, Hic, Iste, Ipse," to be published by the Macmillan Company. In a book of about 220 pages Professor Meader traces the history of the four pronouns through their manifold changes in meaning in all the branches of Latin literature, both Pagan and Christian, from its beginning to the time of Isidore. The book is a thorough revision, with extensive additions, of the manuscript which served as a basis for the austract "Zur Geschichte der Pronomina Demonstrativa" which appeared in the Archiv fur lateinische hexikographie und Grammatik.

"The Octopus" has gone into its tenth thousand, and Brentanos have put it on their list of the six best selling books—and this before the book has been published three weeks. Considerable was expected of Frank Norris' new novel, and, apparently, its readers are not disappointed. Seldom it is that a novel with a great theme—like the battle of the wheat growers and the railroads in "The Octopus"—furnishes the essentials of a popular novel. But this new success has that rare combination.

"Camera Shots at Big Game," by A. G. Wallihan, with an introduction by Theodore Roosevelt, is the subject of an announcement for a proposed volume by Doubleday, Page & Co., very attractive to all "out-door" people. It will comprise, perhaps, the most unique collection of photographs of wild animals, in their native haunts, ever taken—the masterpieces, in fact, of the indomitable Mr. Wallihan and his equally enterprising wife, secured through a period of twelve years, in breathless moments of adventure on plain and mountain. The camera hunt is becoming even more interesting than the hunt that kills, and these photographs of all sorts of game—animals and birds—taken just at the moment it is time "to shoot," tell us why. Many of the reproductions are in the finest photogravure plates.

Richard Harding Davis shows his appreciation of "Like Another Helen," George Horton's recent novel, in the following letter:

MARION, Mass., April 6, 1901.—My Dear Horton: It is a stunning story and, in spite of its success, is a stirring, real and well written novel. None of these qualities seem to be essential to success nowadays, so that to possess them is eminently graceful of you. All of the people seem to want to-day is excitement. To give them something besides is certainly generous. I congratulate you with the many others who have done so on your success, and again thank you for the pleasure I received in reading the description of Crete and the love troubles of the young soldier of fortune. Sincerely yours,

RICHARD HARDING DAVIS.

Books Received.

FROM A SWEDISH HOMESTEAD—By Selma Lagerlof. McClure, Phillips & Co., New York.

IN SEARCH OF MADEMOISELLE—By George Gibbs. Henry T. Coates Company, Philadelphia. $1 50.

OUR FATE AND THE ZODIAC—By Margaret Mayo. Brentano's, New York. $1 25.

THE FOURTH ESTATE—By Rachel Challice. Brentano's, New York. $1 50.

A DAUGHTER OF NEW FRANCE—By Mary Catherine Crowley. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. $1 50.

ORAL LESSON BOOK IN HYGIENE—By Henrietta Amelia Mirick, A. B. American Book Company, New York. $1.

BLUE SHIRT AND KHAKI—By James F. J. Archibald. Silver, Burdett & Co., New York. $1 50.

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A. M. ROBERTSON.

BUGLE CALLS.

New Book on the Labor Question.

Benjamin Wood.

MR. BENJAMIN WOOD, manager of the clothing house of S. N. Wood & Co., New York and San Francisco, is a strong advocate of the union label on all products. His latest book on the labor problem has just been published by Brentano's, and should awaken considerable interest among readers studying the problem of labor and capital.

In his preface to the volume, Mr. Wood avers that since the conversion of his firm to the side of union labor, their association with trades unions has been marked by its lack of differences and disputes.

Mr. Wood is a forceful writer and his work well earns the title of "Bugle Calls." It is a book that can be picked up, opened at any page and found interesting. The idea of the bugle call is still further carried out in the treatment of the subject, the work being rather a collection of virile paragraphs connected by a common subject than a continuous following and working out of a set theme. The following excerpts will give an idea of its character:

Oppression creates fear: fear of want, fear of starvation, fear that what we own to-day will not be ours to-morrow, fear of public opinion, of private opinion. The editor fears to print the facts; the minister to preach the truth. The air grows miasmatic with the gloom born of the germs of injustice, and fear and despair spread like panic and infection.

The purpose of this work is not to class the aspiration for increase of wealth among evil desires, nor to disparage the merits of the millionaires who have acquired their possessions by the exercise of their wit and shrewd business faculties. The pursuit of wealth is a duty, not alone to oneself and to one's family, but to mankind at large.

It is not necessary, however, to permit wealth to be cur master; let us rather make it our servant and use it as a lever for lifting us to something better and greater, for serving mankind, equalizing wages, endowing colleges, hospitals, libraries, churches and museums. In fine, let us promote thereby all worthy institutions that conduce toward the elevation and betterment of humanity. Wealth should never dominate, control, nor gain such complete influence over us as to own us body and soul. It is the part of wisdom to appreciate what true living implies and to hold in mind the fact that mere dollars will not and do not produce happiness. Though we have riches, we can only eat so much, drink so much, clothe ourselves and house ourselves; more than that we cannot do.

Every heart requires sympathy, and is a receptacle for it. "A kind word falls from the lips like oil upon the troubled feelings of the human breast." No flower is as fair as that sympathy which springs from the heart, and no fragrance as sweet as that which is odorous with generosity.

How seldom do we pause in the pursuit of happiness to consider wherein it consists. How often do we seek happiness in wealth that, when obtained, debars its possessor from the freedom of living.

An aged saint once said that "No man could rightfully define the word Heaven until he stands by a newly made grave; one may sometimes see more through his tears than when looking through the largest telescope; he who has never wept does not know the value of laughter; he who has not labored and toiled along the hot and dusty roads does not appreciate the bliss of sitting under the friendly branches of a shady tree."

There are not two kinds of creatures, nor two kinds of liberty, superior and inferior; nor are there two sorts of men, men with rights inalienable and men with right allenable. All come into the world on an equality, feeble in body and mind, but with the seed of improvement in both body and mind; therefore progress and intellectual excellence are our duty, our honor and our interest.

Capital legitimately employed is entitled to the protection of the laborer and to the protection of the law. Labor honestly performed is entitled to its full reward, that the conditions surrounding the laborer shall be consistent with the demands of modern civilization. Each owes the other a solemn duty.

If it is the end that crowns your undertakings, it is the beginning that gives it form. To reach the top you must first begin at the bottom.

Just as soon as we have a people the majority of whom reason logically, think clearly, see their rights and intelligently strive to secure them, just so soon will we see the last of the colossal crimes committed in the name of civilization. Meet upon the plane of common justice, and do unto others as you would they should do unto you.

Fight Between Maurice Carewe and Colonel Beauvais.

Excerpt from
"The Puppet Crown."
(Copyright, 1901, by the Bowen-Merrill Company.)

FOR a long time Maurice rode with his head almost touching the coal-black mane of his gallant Mecklenburg. Twice he glanced back to see who followed, but the volume of dust which rolled after him obscured all behind. He could hear the far-off hammer of hoofs, but this, mingling with the noise of his own horse, confused him as to the number of his pursuers. He reasoned that he was well out of range, for there came no report of firearms. The road presently described a semicircle, passing through a meager orchard. Once beyond this he turned again in the saddle.

"Only one; that is not so bad as it might be. It is one to one." But a second glance told him who this solitary pursuer was. "The devil!" he laughed—as one of Tasso's heroes might have laughed—"The devil! How that man loves me!" He was confident that the white horse would never overtake the black.

On they flew, pursued and pursuer. At length Maurice bit his lip and frowned. The white horse was growing larger; the distance between was lessening, slowly but certainly.

"Good boy!" he said encouragingly to the Mecklenburg. "Good boy!"

Deserted farmhouses swept past; hills rose and vanished, but still the white horse crept up, up, up. The distance ere another half-mile had gone had diminished to 400 yards; from 400 it fell to 300. The Mecklenburg was doing glorious work, but the marvelous stride of the animal in the rear was matchless. Suddenly Maurice saw a tuft of the red plume on his helmet spring out ahead of him and sail away, and a second later came the report. One, he counted; four more to follow. Next a stream of fire passed along his cheek and something warm had trickled down the side of his neck. Two, he counted, his face now pale and set. The third knocked his scabbard into the air.

Quickly he shifted his saber to the left, dropped the reins and drew his own revolver. He understood. He was not to be taken prisoner. Beauvais intended to kill him offhand. Only the dead keep secrets. Maurice flung about and fired three consecutive times. The white horse reared and the shako of his master fell into the dust, but there was no other result. As Maurice pressed the trigger for the fourth time the revolver was violently wrenched from his hand, and a thousand needles seemed to be quivering in the flesh of his arm and hand.

"My God, what a shot!" he murmured. "I am lost!"

Simultaneously with the fifth and last shot came a sensation somewhat like that caused by a sound blow in the middle of the back. Strange, but he felt no pain, neither was there an accompanying numbness. Then he remembered his cuirass, which was of steel an eighth of an inch thick. It had saved his life. The needles began to leave his right hand and arm, and he knew that he had received no injury other than a shock. He passed the saber back to his right hand. He had no difficulty in holding it. Gradually his grip grew strong and steady.

Beauvais was now within twenty yards of Maurice. Had he been less eager and held his fire up to this point Maurice had been a dead man. The white horse gained every moment. A dull fury grew into life in Maurice's heart. Instead of continuing the race he brought the Mecklenburg to his haunches and wheeled. He made straight for Beauvais, who was surprised at this change of tactics. In the rush they passed each other and the steel hummed spitefully through space. Both wheeled again.

"Your life or mine!" snarled Maurice. His coolness, however, was proportionate to his rage. For the first time in his life the lust to kill seized him.

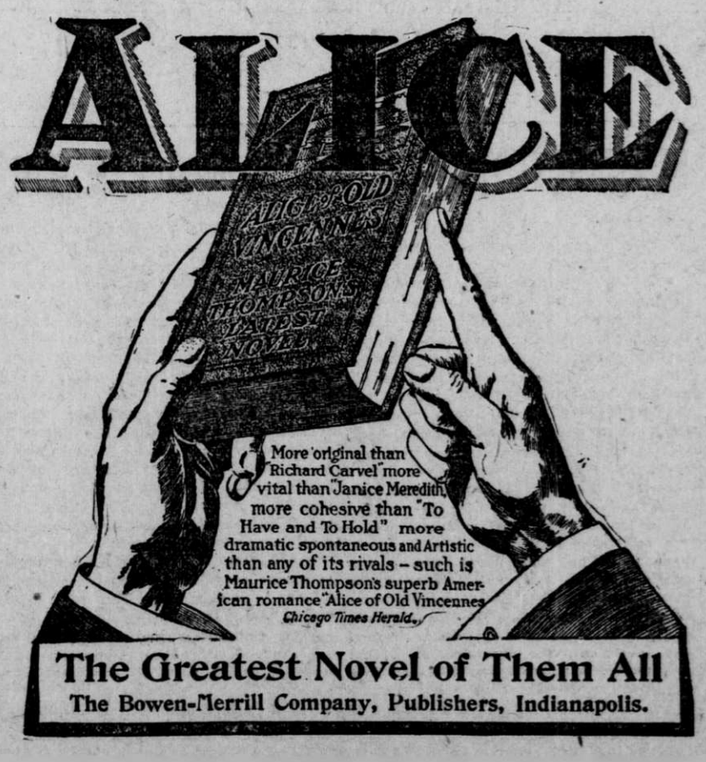
"It shall be yours, d——n you!" replied Beauvais.

"The Austrian Embassador has your history; kill me or not, you are lost." Maurice made a sweep at his enemy's head and missed.

Beauvais replied in kind, and it flashed viciously off the point of Maurice's saber. He had only his life to lose, but it had suddenly become precious to him; Beauvais had not only his life, but all that made life worth living. His onslaught was terrible. Besides, he was fighting against odds; he wore no steel protector. Maurice wore his only a moment longer. A cut in the side severed the lacings, and the sagging of the cuirass greatly handicapped him. He pressed the spurs and dashed away, while Beauvais cursed him for a cowardly cur. Maurice, by this maneuver, gained sufficient time to rid himself of the cumbersome steel. What he lost in protection, he gained in lightness and freedom. Shortly Beauvais was at him again. The time for banter had passed; they fought grimly and silently. The end for one was death. Beauvais knew that if his antagonist escaped this time the life he longed for, the power and honor it promised, would never be his. On his side, Maurice was equally determined to live.

The horses plunged and snorted, reared and swayed and bit. Sometimes they carried their masters several yards apart, only to come smashing together again.

The sun was going down, and a clear, white light prevailed. Afar in the field a herd was grazing, but no one would call them to the sheds. Master and mistress had long since taken flight.

The duel went on. Maurice was growing tired. By and by he began to rely solely on the defense. When they were close Beauvais played for the point; the minute the space widened he took to the edge. He saw what Maurice felt—the weakening, and he indulged in a cruel smile. They came close; he made as though to give the point. Maurice, thinking to anticipate, reached. Quick as light, Beauvais raised his blade and brought it down with crushing force, standing the while in the stirrups. The blow missed Maurice's head by an inch, but it sank so deeply in his left shoulder that it splintered the collar-bone and stopped within a hair of the great artery that runs underneath.

The world turned red, then black. When it grew light again, Maurice beheld the dripping blade swinging aloft again. Suddenly the black horse snapped at the white, which veered. The stroke which would have split Maurice's skull in twain fell on the rear of the saddle, and the blade was so firmly embedded in the wooden molding that Beauvais could not withdraw it at once. Blinded by pain as he was, and fainting, yet Maurice saw his chance. He thrust with all his remaining strength at the brown throat so near him. And the blade went true. The other's body stiffened, his head flew back, his eyes started; he clutched wildly at the steel, but his hands had not the power to reach it. A bloody foam gushed between his lips; his mouth opened; he swayed, and finally tumbled into the road—dead.