COMMUNICATIONS.

The Ten Lost Tribes.

To the Editor of The Journal.

In The Journal of June 20 an article with the above heading appeared over the signature of "George Wilson." There is a great show of learning in the paper—sufficient to found a new sect—and with about the same substratum of truth as sects generally are founded upon; that is to say, false premises, defective reasoning, wrong conclusions. As some unwary soul may be led astray by the appearance of learning, and as Mr. Wilson himself is evidently honest in his belief of his own theory, I think the paper ought to be answered. As no one has undertaken the task, I venture, with your permission, to make a reply. The meaning of Israel, Mr. George Wilson's rendering is, "the ten princes of El," and he proves it thus—to his own satisfaction at least: "Israel is made up of El, the well known Deity name for its last syllable; Sarru, a prince, but here originally plural; and the letter Y, the initial, is what remains of the original first syllable, which was the Hebrew word Ysrh (Hebrew letters Ayin, Sin, Resh, and He), or the numeral ten." In the third paragraph, when controverting the popular meaning of Israel, "a prince of El" (God), he tells us that on philological grounds the initial letter "I" must be accounted for, and later on he informs us that Professor Flinders Petrie discovered in 1896 a tablet at Thebes, on which the name was Ysiraal, and then concludes, as the result of a learned philological argument, that the initial letter should be "Y" and not "I." If Mr. Wilson had only looked at the name in the original, he would have found that the initial letter was "Y," and not "I," and so saved himself an unnecessary expenditure of learned energy. A mere tyro would have told him that the letter "i," being a vowel, had no place in the original, as old Hebrew had no written vowels. The vowel points are comparatively modern. The conversion of the "y" into "i" is an English mistake. This, however, is of small moment compared with the grievous mistake he falls into about the initial letter in the original. Mr. Wilson seems to be unaware that "y" is not the equivalent of "Ayin." "Ayin" is the letter of the Hebrew alphabet of true Phoenician origin. Ayin has no equivalent sound in English, and whenever it is found in a word is omitted in the English rendering, or its pronunciation is lost. The letter of which the English y is the equivalent is the Hebrew yod. This, then, is fatal to Mr. Wilson's argument about the Hebrew "ten." To make it plain to all readers, let me emphasize that Israel (Yisrael) begins with Yod, and the numeral ten with Ayin. It is not without some regret that I have to be the first, perhaps, to point out that his "flower" is only a "weed" after all.

Had Mr. Wilson looked at the name in the original, he would have avoided a fatal mistake and lent a show of authority to his argument. He would have found that the initial letter in Yisrael was Yod, and he would have recollected, no doubt, that Yod as a numeral stood for 10. And he might, therefore, with some appearance of accuracy, claim that Yisrael meant "Ten princes of El." Looking at Mr. Wilson's word in its numerical sense, we have: Ayin equals 70; Sin equals 300; Resh equals 200, and He equals 4; total, 574. But with Yod (10), the aid to the argument is apparent, not real; for all proper names, at least, beginning with Yod should be interpreted in the same way, as a numeral—10. A few such words are Jacob, Jeremiah, Jerusalem, Jew, Joab, Joseph, Isaac, Ishmael, Jubal, Judah, etc., each one of them having Yod for its initial letter. But take the name Jerusalem as a test word. This in Hebrew is written Yerusalem. Now this word in the Cuneiform inscriptions is written Urusalem. "Ur" is given by a lexical tablet as the equivalent of the Assyrian "Alu," a city. Salem was the god of peace. Therefore Jerusalem means the city of the god of peace. Here the initial Yod does not mean ten, and so of other words; so that no argument can be built upon the initial Yod in Israel, in its numerical sense of ten. In other names the same holds good. Mr. Wilson's theory therefore fails.

But there is another way of looking at the etymology of this word. The name is divisible into three syllables, thus: Y-sra-el. To take the last syllable first, we find that "el" means God. But it is also applied to judges, rulers, priests, as having a delegated authority from God; and also to angels. El comes from the Babylonian Ilen, and is compounded with other words as names of men and places. Sar or Sarru means a king. This is a Babylonian word also, but of common use in Palestine in early times. The Hebrew word for king is Melech. At one time both words were in common usage. Sarru under the Babylonian sway meant the supreme king, and Melech the subordinate, or tributary, one. But when the Babylonian supremacy was thrown off these words changed places in Canaan, Sarru becoming the title of the Prince. It is from this word Sarru that Sarah, which is its feminine form, comes. Sarah means queen. But in Hebrew Sar also means to have power, strength, to direct, rule, etc. Which is the meaning in Israel? Let us now examine the initial word, or first syllable, Yod. It is either simply formative, as in Isaac, Jacob, etc., or it is a part of a word compounded of two or more syllables or words. Nor is such a word far to seek. Yahaveh, or Yaveh, is compounded of "Yah" and "Haveh," rendered in the English Bible Jehovah. Yah, in combination, is shortened into Y (Yod), and therefore stands for part of the divine name. "Havah" means to be, to exist, to live. Some scholars think that Yah, or Y (Yod), signifies the substance or divine essence of God. This is the name given to the Divine Being in Psalms lxviii.4: "Praise Him in His name Yah." There are two ways therefore of looking at the meaning of Israel. If we take sr as a verb to have power, strength, etc., el as a ruler, judge, priest, or prince having a delegated authority, and Y, or Yah, as the Divine Being, Jehovah, we have a ruler, prince, etc., having power with, or receiving power from, Jehovah, as the meaning of Israel. If, on the other hand, we interpret sr as prince, king, or ruler, el as God, and Y (Yod), Yah, Jehovah, we have a prince of the Lord God (Jehovah Elohim) as the new name given to Jacob. The very position of the syllables in the word is not without signification. The Hebrews read their words backwards, as we would say, from right to left, so that Jehovah would be in the front, Elohim (God) behind, and Jacob, the child, in the middle. In other words, the Divine Being in His omnipotence (Elohim, for that is its meaning), and self-existing essence (Yaveh) surrounded Him on every side.

In no case can Israel mean the "Ten Tribes of El," Mr. Wilson's interpretation. I do not say this in any sense of belittling Mr. Wilson's efforts. Although evidently an opponent of the Bible, as the inspired revelation of God, he yet strikes me as one of those honest doubters, who, without proper inquiry and due testing of statements, has been led to his present phase of religious thought by German scholarship and higher criticism. On reading his article, which I did with pleasure, I admired his ingenuity, and could not help mentally exclaiming, "If he but turned his talents, thought, ingenuity into channels for the vindication of God's Word, what a power for good he would be in the little world of Kansas City." That he may yet be led to do so is my prayer.

With your permission, I shall take up, on a future occasion, the remaining part of Mr. Wilson's paper, and show that in almost, if not every, case he refers to, he puts a wrong interpretation on each word.

P. F. DUFFY,
Rector of St. Paul's.

Kansas City, Kas., July 3, 1897.

The Cause of Spiritualism.

To the Editor of The Journal.

Perhaps no more patent truth was ever uttered than by him who said:

"Convince a man against his will,
He holds the same opinion still."

Especially is this the case when the man is inclined to be superstitious or over fond of the marvelous. There is a morbid development of the organ of marvelousness inherited no doubt from ancestry, but intensified by ancient and modern fiction. The grand principles of nature—the beauties of the sciences and philosophy—are unappreciated by the soul thus diseased or unbalanced. There is no relish for solid facts.

As the stomach that has been abused by stimulants, condiments, improper and excessive diet until wholesome food no longer satisfies its cravings or soothes the misery, so the mind thus diseased is ever longing for the unreal—the absurd—the impossible.

This train of thought is called forth by the talk of the defendants of the impostor Steward. I call him an impostor advisedly, for it has been my lot to have much experience with the class of men and women with whom he is identified, and never have I found, nor do I expect ever to find, one of them possessing any superhuman powers. By this I do not mean that they lack ability as jugglers, for in this they undoubtedly excel; but there is a wide gap between their boastful claims and their abilities to perform.

The best demonstration of any modern spiritualist can be duplicated and generally discounted by almost any wandering heathen fakir; the main difference being that the heathen is too honest to claim any superhuman aid. I have seen exhibitions of heathen jugglery in the broad light of day that excelled the tricks of the most accomplished spiritualists under cover of semi, or total, darkness.

I do not write, expecting to convert anyone who is so weak and credulous as to believe the sickly twaddle dished out by spiritual orators, for that would be convincing them against their will, and their opinions would be unchanged; but I regard it as my duty to caution, whether people hear and profit, or forbear and suffer loss.

The spiritual mediums who advertise and act for pay, and the gold brick swindlers are kindred—both seeking the same result, but by different means. They will challenge you to test their powers with apparent confidence in their ability and when they utterly fail I have found them too stupid to manifest chagrin, but they go on vaunting about their wonderful communications at some other time and place.

After a discussion with one of them who claimed to have located lost and stolen property through spirit aid (which claim I ridicule) he had the impudence—the monumental gall—to dare me to test him for a dollar. I accepted his challenge, not to satisfy myself, but for the benefit of others; and I published an agreement in a leading free thought paper stating that I would give any spiritualist $3,000 if he, she and they could find in ten years a piece of money I would mark before responsible witnesses and then hide. The ten years is past, but I have never been called on for the $3,000. Perhaps the gifted and highly favored Steward can find it, for it is yet hid, and I renew the offer. Now call down or up your spirits—let your witch fires burn—make your incantations reach the heavens above or the pit below—go into semi-somnambulistic writhings and contortions—shout aloud or move your lips in silent prayer and perhaps you will be able to confound your enemy.

I regard spiritualism as an evidence of mental weakness, or a mild form of insanity; deceivers being the leaders and gainers, deceived and wondermongers the rank and file and losers.

Suppose an occasional man or woman of ability, like Judge Edmonds, Professor Denton or A. J. Davis, does indorse spiritualism, what does that amount to? Many once brilliant intellects are now in asylums for the insane. In fact, but few imbeciles ever become insane, but men and women of talent often do; and that inordinate greed of gain that actuates itinerate mediums, who, like Gypsies and other fortune tellers, victimize their fellow beings, exacting something for that which is worse than nothing, is sufficient evidence of a bad organization at least.

Why do you need a cabinet or darkened room to operate in? Why does the spirit of Corrigan require a horn or trumpet to speak through? Truly, it is but a step from the sublime to the ridiculous, and the most ridiculous character on the programme is the gudgeon who sits with open mouth and swallows—young robin-like—whatever a fakir says and then goes out and proclaims through a public journal that "it is impossible it could have been done otherwise than as the showman said."

I could repeat hundreds of cases where noted mediums have been exposed, but I admit this does not logically prove that there is not one; but it does go somewhere, who is not a fraud; still I give it as my unqualified opinion that all—at least all who practice for money—are frauds, and as I have often done before I now challenge any medium to give a convincing test of his wonder working and materializing powers before me and a fair minded committee of my selection; but I warn such medium to attempt no fraud, lest something unpleasant happen.

I am tired of your foolishness and will not brook even an attempt at imposition or shamming. No reflectors or other apparatus will pass unscrutinized and I shall have a say as to where you display your powers.

Of course you will give me no test, for you dare not. You know you are a set of impostors, and do not intend to be exposed. You are reaping where you have not sown and gathering where you have not strewn.

Though this may sound harsh I care not, for I have been made to suffer on account of your doings until forbearance is no longer a virtue.

S. L. N. FOOTE, M. D.

Kansas City, Mo., July 2, 1897.

Notes Through Thirteen States.

To the Editor of The Journal.

Your occasional correspondent, who comes about once a year, arrived in Kansas City this morning over the Kansas City, Fort Scott & Memphis road from Memphis, Tenn., after travels of a little over two months over pretty much all the Louisville & Nashville railroad system, from Memphis to Cincinnati and St. Louis to New Orleans and Florida, and to Norton, at the junction with the Norfolk & Western road in Virginia; preaching at least half a dozen times daily on the streets in all the principal towns and cities along these lines, through thirteen states, making in all 4,900 miles, without interruption. Except two or three times had to get permission from city authorities, and can say the people everywhere heard gladly.

Can also say one of the finest wheat crops is now in shock, or being harvested, the writer has ever seen along these lines, and the same is true of hay; corn and cotton are very promising. Cities, towns, villages and farmhouses and fences are all in the best of repair, the people well dressed, and the writer is forced to the conclusion that all the hue and cry of hard times is in the interest of parties who would destroy the country and human happiness if they could. Your paper this morning notes fourteen suicides in seven weeks in your city. Is it not a small part of the harvest that is being reaped from the seeds of eternal hate that have been so freely sown between laborer and employer, and between man and his Maker and Redeemer?

Blackstone, in his commentaries on the common law of England, says not in vain: "Destroy from the consciences of men the hope of future reward and the fear of future punishment, and all the acts of parliament and all the courts of the country could not restrain mankind from the commission of crime."

Does not Robert Ingersoll teach that God is a tyrant, that Lord Jesus Christ an impostor, the Bible a fraud, and suicide the shortest way to end the ills of life?

"This world can never give
The bliss for which we sigh;
'Tis not the whole of life to live
Nor all of death to die."

Was at the Centennial at Nashville. All the departments of the United States government and the Smithsonian Institution have their choicest treasures, models, minerals, paintings and other things on exhibition; and these, added to the products of the mines, fields and forests of Tennessee and the whole country, and Mexico, Chili, France and Switzerland, Japan and China, displayed in buildings that cost $600,000, and cover 180 acres of ground, enlivened with music by a band of 100 men and lit up by 10,000 electric lights, and 10,000 rockets and fireworks bursting in air or on the lake at night, made a scene surpassing anything the writer had seen in forty years' travel around the world.

Saw the destruction by the Mississippi floods, and that river several feet above the streets at New Orleans, and a single tier of sand sacks to hold it back. Saw in China, years ago, when the Yellow river was embanked sixty feet above the plains, and when it had broken all and was going out 200 miles from its former mouth.

Why not pull up the Eads jetties at the mouth of the river and all other obstructions all along the Mississippi and shorten the bends where possible and let the waters of twenty-seven states go free before the Mississippi makes an outlet for itself as the Yellow river did?

The writer leaves to-night over the Kansas City, Pittsburg & Gulf line for Port Arthur, on the Gulf, which was completed and opened to travel day before yesterday, and may be allowed to say this road is one of the greatest achievements of your marvelous city and our country, and is and must continue to be of the utmost commercial benefit to the mighty West and Northwest. They are building to what they have bought, and lack only thirty miles to complete their lines to Quincy and Omaha.

PAUL BAGLEY.

Kansas City, Mo., June 29, 1897.

An Open Letter to Debs.

Eugene Debs,

Dear Sir:—Permit me to thank you for the great efforts you are making to elevate the working classes from their present degraded position and so direct them that they shall enjoy all the fruits of their labor and use machinery for the happiness, prosperity and moral elevation of the masses—not as it is now, because machinery as it is now used, is the curse of the workingman, and has blighted his efforts at every turn. For nearly seventy years I have watched with great interest the various co-operative efforts that have been made for the benefit and exaltation of labor. Robert Owen, the great philanthropist, of New Lanark, in Scotland, first promulgated the great truth that labor, land and machinery can be made to produce all the comforts, necessaries and luxuries of life by co-operation, with one hour's labor from each per day. Lord Brougham and most of the English press endorsed Mr. Owen's plans and it appeared probable he would be able to raise sufficient funds to start a community—when at one of his lectures the question was asked what would be the religion, he said it had nothing to do with religion, and all would worship or not according to the dictates of their own consciences. Up to this time he was the most popular man in England. Then the clergy denounced him as an infidel and opposed him in every way. The Rockdale co-operative mill has succeeded because the stockholders understood and attended to their business. The New Harmony colony in Indiana failed because they did not understand the co-operative principle. The Labor exchange in Gray's Inn road, London, failed because the management got into the hands of men who run it for their own benefit, and Harmony hall, in Hampshire, also failed because Robert Owen deviated from the original plan of building that beautiful structure by drafting suitable members from the numerous social halls in London and other large towns, who were known to be true and earnest in the cause of co-operation. Instead, nine-tenths of the thousands spent there drifted into the hands of men who had no interest in making it a success. So it will ever be if the rank and file and leaders do not understand the great truths and benefits of co-operation, and are willing to make personal sacrifices to carry out that grand principle and exemplify by their conduct the sincerity and devotion to make the experiment, which, if successful, will be the means of banishing poverty and its attendant crimes from our magnificent country.

Fellow citizens, pioneers in this great work, I implore you, for the sake of suffering humanity, be true to yourselves, be true to your cause, be true to your leaders. Forever remember that if your task is hard, theirs is harder. Let no party jealousies ever swerve you from the line of duty and obedience to your own selected leaders. To be successful you must be obedient, honest and energetic. If difficulties arise, surmount them, but never shirk any unpleasant duty that is considered necessary for you to perform, and do it with alacrity and cheerfulness. It will engender love, respect and faith in you from your officers. Eugene Debs, you have undertaken a most herculean work, and if you succeed you will become the greatest benefactor to the workingman the world has ever seen, for by your success you will have demonstrated to the toiling millions and the world a way out of their misery to independence, comfort and happiness, and no fear of poverty for the future. All persons should aid you in your praiseworthy efforts, for the times are ripe for such experiments, and co-operation is the only salvation for the toiling millions.

Your great undertaking will be successful just in proportion as the rank and file intelligently understand the grand work they are engaged in. Your pioneers must be selected with great care. They must be honest, industrious, intelligent and have an abiding faith in you and your plans. If possible, select men who have gone through the hardships of a frontier life and can turn their hand to almost any kind of work, and from the land, to make the colony almost self-supporting from the beginning. Many colonies have failed because the pioneers were skilled mechanics, selected for their talking rather than their working capacity. Skilled mechanics seldom make good pioneers to work on the land, because their habits are formed in a different line and they soon become disgusted with their surroundings, and failure is the result. Yours in the great cause,

GEORGE WHITE.

Salina, Kas., June 28, 1897.

The Naming of Cloud County, Kas.

To the Editor of The Journal.

In your Topics' items of this morning's issue you refer to the old controversy over the first naming of Shirley county, Kas., which was changed in 1867 to Cloud county. The fact about the previous naming of this county was this: Previous to this time that part of the unorganized territory was attached to Riley county for judicial purposes, and when this county was organized the members of the legislature, through courtesy, allowed the representative from Riley county to name the county. Riley county that year, which was 1858, was represented by Dr. D. L. Chandler, of Ogden, and, by the way, I think he lives there yet). He was a native of Massachusetts and an admirer of old General Shirley, who was one of the colonial governors of Massachusetts, and at one time commander-in-chief of the British army in North America—and he named the new county after him.

In 1867 John B. Rupe, now editor of the Clyde Herald, at Clyde, Kas., was elected as the first representative to the state legislature from Shirley county, and the boys in the state house thought it would be a good joke on him, so they made him believe (and by the way, he believes it to this day), that he represented a county named after Jane Shirley, a notorious woman who was well known about Leavenworth during the war. So Mr. Rupe introduced a bill changing the name to Cloud county, in honor of Colonel W. F. Cloud, the gallant colonel of the Second Kansas cavalry.

These are the facts in the case, which I have taken a good deal of pains to investigate. Respectfully yours,

GEORGE W. KNAPP.

Kansas City, Kas., June 29, 1897.

Are unlike all other pills. No purging or pain. Act specially on the liver and bile. Carter's Little Liver Pills. One pill a dose.

New Sleeping Car Line to Colorado Springs, Via Rock Island Route.

Commencing July 5th, the Rock Island will place in service a daily Pullman sleeper, leaving Kansas City on the morning train at 10:55 o'clock, arriving in Colorado Springs 7:30 next morning.

The Rock Island also has a through sleeper to Colorado Springs leaving Kansas City at 8:15 p. m. daily except Saturday evenings, arriving in Colorado Springs 4:50 the following afternoon.

The Rock Island is the only line running through Pullman cars direct from Kansas City to Colorado Springs.

A. H. MOFFETT, G. S. W. P. A., Kansas City.
JOHN SEBASTIAN, G. P. & T. A.

$10—To Cool Minnesota—$10.

Grand excursion on July 4 and 5, for the benefit of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks and their friends. Everybody invited to participate. Tickets will be on sale, July 4 and 5, from Kansas City to St. Paul and return, round trip, $10, good to return July 21. Route via Omaha and Sioux City, via old reliable Missouri Pacific railway. Two trains daily, leave Kansas City 5:10 a. m. and 9:15 p. m. For excursion tickets see Fogg, 1052 Union avenue, or call on Jewett, 800 Main street, city ticket office.

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And Northern summer resorts can be reached quickly by the Northwestern Line. Double daily through service via the Sioux City Route. For information address W. F. Morphy, T. P. A., Kansas City, Mo., or J. R. Buchanan, G. P. A., S. C. & P. R. R., Omaha, Neb.

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Cafe dining cars. No other line makes quicker time or runs finer trains.

ON OUR BOOK TABLE.

SOME OF THE LATEST OFFERINGS TO THE READING WORLD.

Literary Notes and Comments on the Authors of the Day and Their Productions—New Books Received.

"Equality." By Edward Bellamy. Mr. Bellamy at least deserves credit for having kept silence through ten years, despite the superhuman temptation to rush into print again after the popular craze over his other book. "Equality" also deserves praise for its completeness. It shows the thought and work of years. It apparently treats of every phase of its subject, from millionaires to ladies' shoes. Having with one wave of his wand made angels of everybody—not in the ordinary painful way, of course—he straightway proceeds to construct an ideal co-operative government on a basis of absolute industrial and economic equality.

Of course, the millionaires were the toughest customers to convert into co-operative angels, hence the necessity of dieting them a little on crusts. But this is only one of a thousand interesting details of how the old order of things is to be transmuted into the new. The special province of Mr. Bellamy's new book is to explain how it all came about—or rather how it is all to come, for he speaks as a prophet.

There is therefore nothing radically new in this sequel to "Looking Backward." It takes up the same characters—Mr. West, the nineteenth century millionaire, who has slept until the year 2000, and Dr. Leete and his daughter Edith, with whom Mr. West is in love. The thread of the romance is even more flimsy than in the first book. It consists almost wholly of long economic disquisitions and monologues put into the mouths of the puppet characters. Mr. Bellamy would have made a more readable book if he had frankly adopted the style of an essayist.

Mr. Bellamy's heaven on earth, which is scheduled for a few decades hence, is to come through the medium of a great religious revival. "From the time that the sense of the people came generally to recognize that the light of the existing order to prevent the new order was nothing more nor less than a controversy between the almighty dollar and the Almighty God, there was substantially but one side to it." The scheme of transition from the old to the new is as ingenious as it is Utopian. The first step is to municipalize and nationalize the railroads, telegraphs, telephones, lighting plants, water works, coal mines, petroleum manufactories, and the traffic in intoxicating liquors. The next step is to establish public service stores where all public employes can get everything at cost. These, of course, are also run by the national government. Then gradually all other citizens are admitted to purchase their provisions in these stores, and the result is that private capital shortly has nobody to buy its wares. All purchases are made by credit certificates, and money goes out of use. Each man and woman is credited with $4,000 a year as his share of the nation's work, and each purchase is charged up against him. Nobody can spend more than this amount annually, and if he spends less the balance is cancelled. Everybody likes this plan so well that the millionaires are left without servants or employes, and when they finally get tired of blacking their own shoes and living on crusts in their lonesome palaces they join the new Elysium and promptly do their share of the farming, railroading, etc.

If Mr. Bellamy were only permitted to remake the human heart according to his own improved plans and specifications he could soon organize his beautiful dead level commonwealth. D. Appleton & Co., New York.

"My Wife's Husband," by Alice Wilkinson Sparks. This is a story that recalls "Josiah Allen's Wife," although the crisp "sayings and the handling of subjects, as well as the spelling, are more like the Nasby letters. When Thackeray wrote "The Yellow Plush Papers" there was a reason for the awkward spelling, and the constant boast of Chawles Jeames that he was improving in his spelling added to the amusement and enjoyment of the reader. There was reason for the bad spelling in the case of the Nasby letters, but the spelling itself would never have carried the letters through, had they not been so full of humor, wit and satire. In this story the illiterate husband of a literary woman is impelled to write a book, because he discovers that the many people who have read his wife's books refer to him as Mrs. Charlotton's husband. He knows that he spells by ear, but the necessity of writing a book being very urgent, he throws himself into the work with great energy as to expression of views and sentiments, and great recklessness in the matter of spelling.

There is much insight into human nature, a pleasant handling of incidents and anecdotes, some admirable sketches of character, and from first to last a ripple of humor along the current of the narrative. The situations are not strained, but develop the character and pronounced egotism of the good-natured illiterate conspiring to compete with the work of his wife. His pride in the fact that she first was known as Charles Chatterton's wife, his resentment when he is spoken of as Mrs. Chatterton's husband, the attitude of the illiterate man toward his educated children and their associates, all come into the story in an effective way, and it runs along in rambling, loose-jointed heedlessness, taking in adventure, anecdote, confession and explanation, the reader rarely losing sight of the drollery of the situation.

The author is evidently very familiar with the remarkable and eccentric characters of country life, and they are all handled in a way to create interest in the story and the development of the character in whose name the story is written. The fun of the story is not only in the spelling and the droll way of putting things, but in the experience that come to the wife's husband in the writing of a book, and in the quaint, humorous way of adjusting the conditions of his illiteracy to the requirements of a literary woman's husband. Laird & Lee, Chicago.

"In Buff and Blue." By George Brydges Rodney. Being certain portions from the diary of Richard Hilton, Gentleman, of Haslet's regiment of Delaware Foot in our ever glorious war of independence. This is a neat little volume in a series of "Romances of Early American History." While it does not possess striking literary merit, it is a readable tale, with quite as much history as romance in it, and will make a welcome addition to home and school libraries. The hero of "In Buff and Blue" is a Delaware lad, who joins the Continental militia in the early days of the Revolutionary war, and has many interesting adventures in camp and field, during the years of his service. The story begins in the spring of 1776, and ends with the battle of Camden, in 1780. Richard Hilton serves in the regiment of Colonel Haslet, with the "Blue Hen's Chickens" of Captain Caldwell. He gives the incident with which this phrase is supposed to have originated, and a number of other well worn anecdotes of the time are introduced. Among these, we note the mythical tale of the old bellringer of Philadelphia state house, who rang out wildly the news of the adoption of the Declaration of Independence, July 4, 1776. The author adds a dramatic touch to the legend by making the old man drop dead from joy while ringing out his message. We could have wished that this oft-told fiction had been omitted, so desirable is it, in books such as these, though the fictitious element is allowed, to avoid confounding it with what should be verified history. Little, Brown & Co., Boston.

"Captain Shays, a Populist of 1786," by George R. R. Rivers, is a work written with a definite purpose, that is, to show how strikingly the arguments of the leaders of the "People's party," so-called, of to-day, resemble those used by Daniel Shays, the leader of the first organized rebellion against established authority in the United States. Mr. Rivers has done more than note the similarity of argument; he shows that the conditions which gave these unquiet characters their opportunity in 1786 were much the same as those which inspired Kryan and company with eloquence in 1896. "From the close of the Revolution," he says, "until 1787-88, the agricultural classes, especially in New England, were in very much the same frame of mind as that in which we find the farmers of the Western states to-day. Their farms were heavily mortgaged; they were deeply in debt, and they had the same real and imaginary grievances that we hear about now. Whether there was any cause for this discontent, it is not necessary to decide; but that it existed in 1786, and has again appeared in 1896, there is not the slightest doubt. In each case the results have been much the same. The aggrieved have arrayed themselves against the aggressors; and, led by demagogues, who set the masses against the classes, have lost sight of the real evil and the true remedy in their desire to punish those whom they blame for all their misfortunes." Setting aside the questions of cause and remedy, which would certainly lead to political discussion, this picture of a demagogue of 110 years ago, of his methods and his victims, is full of interest. The writer has made his descriptions true to history, and he has interwoven the thread of a tender love story in with the tragic incidents of the time, which will give an added interest to the tale for many readers. Brown, Little & Co., Boston.

"Brichanteau, Actor," from the French of Jules Clarette. The author says in his dedicatory lines: "Life on the stage is the never-ending chase for the chimera." "In this book I have set down, with so many souvenirs from my own experience, many confidences of the vanquished in the dramatic art." Perhaps no man could sketch life pictures of the drama and the actors upon the stage and make them more realistic than Jules Clarette. He was a scholar and a man of brains. He was long the general manager of the Comedie Francaise, an academician, and a commander in the Legion of Honor, and was in the abreast of all that was in the front of Parisian life. He was more than acquainted with all the leading actors upon the stage. He made a study of them. He saw them rise and fall. He saw the deserving suffer at the hands of a fickle public. His hero, Brichanteau, is but one of a great army; a man of rich gifts from nature, with great love for his profession, and yet, after years of vain effort, we behold him, the once favorite, poor and neglected, seeking to eke an honest living by becoming "a starter in the bicycle races." Our author in telling Brichanteau's story lays bare the hollowness of the profession, and dissipates some of its glamours. It brings into review the lives of many eminent in the profession, and the thought and manners and customs of life upon the stage. The writing abounds in life and humor, is elegant as a literary composition, and will fully interest American admirers of the stage and its actors, as it has in France. The book is in handsome clear print and tastefully bound. Little, Brown & Co., Boston.

"Shall We Continue in Sin?" A vital question for believers answered in the Word of God. The substance of addresses delivered in Great Britain and Ireland in 1896. By Rev. Arthur T. Pierson, D. D. Christian readers will always welcome a new book from Dr. Pierson. In this little brochure the topic is St. Paul's discussion, in Romans VI., VII. and VIII., of the duty and privilege of non-continuance in sin. The doctrine of sinlessness is not here taught, but of not continuing in sin. The disciple's security for non-continuance in sinning is found in his union with Christ. What has been the sole ground for justification, is now presented as the sole basis and hope of sanctification; as Christ does away with the penalty for sin by His death, so by His life He puts an end to its power over the true believer. This union with Christ is considered in a seventfold aspect, and is treated in the present work under as many chapter headings as judicial, vital, practical, actual, marital, spiritual, and eternal. The Baker & Taylor Company, New York.

"The King of the Mountains," by Edmond About, is a translation from the French. It is a stirring story of the capture of a company of English tourists by brigands in the mountains of Greece. Among the captives was an old English lady of quality, who was a great character, and gives humor to the story. A beautiful girl, educated and refined, adds interest to the chapters. The story is crowded with exciting adventure, and told in About's fine literary style. Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago.

"Bolanyo," a novel, by Opie Read. Bolanyo is the name of an old town supposed to be located upon the river in the state of Mississippi. By the accident of the blowing up of a steamer en route to Memphis, a dramatic company containing our hero was stranded there, and he lay wounded under the fostering care of a generous Southern home. It is in this sleepy old town, saturated with the spirit nowhere else upon the earth observed, and as beautiful in its hospitality as it is real, he finds all of his characters. The reader will find few romances which contain so many characters and so varied and interesting as in these chapters. The old senator, the heroine, his daughter; Washington, the negro; Mason, the pilot; Pethord, the editor; Jo Bark, the shoemaker, make up a series of characters so entertaining and so finely sketched as to charm the reader. With it all life in the South is admirably pictured, and is nowhere more entertaining. The love story introduced upon dangerous ground is admirably handled. In some of Mr. Read's stories he has allowed himself such freedom of expression as well nigh to shock his readers. But his lines in "Bolanyo" are both delicate and graceful. It is the best romance Mr. Read has written. It is evenly balanced, never unnatural, or the characters overdrawn, and the humor and pathos, added to literary excellence, make it a charming romance. Way & Williams, Chicago.

Books Received.

BRICHANTEAU, ACTOR. Translated from the French of Jules Clarette. Cloth, 325 pages, gilt top. Little, Brown & Co., Boston.

CAPTAIN SHAYS, A POPULIST OF 1786. By George R. R. Rivers. Cloth, 358 pages, gilt top. Brown, Little & Co., Boston.

BOLANYO. A novel. By Opie Read. Cloth, 369 pages, gilt top. Price, $1.25. Way & Williams, Chicago.

IN BUFF AND BLUE. By George Brydges Rodney. Cloth, 206 pages, gilt top. Little, Brown & Co., Boston.

CONSTANTINE. By George Horton. Cloth, 206 pages, gilt top. Price, $1.25. Way & Williams, Chicago.

MY WIFE'S HUSBAND. By Alice Wilkins Sparks. Cloth, 303 pages, gilt top, illustrated. Price, $1. Laird & Lee, Chicago.

THE PHILOSOPHER OF DRIFTWOOD. By Mrs. Jenness Miller. Cloth, 223 pages, gilt top. Price, $1.50. Jenness Miller Publications, Washington, D. C.

IN THE OLD CHATEAU. By Richard Henry Savage. Paper, 339 pages. Price, 25 cents. Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago.

AN AMERICAN CAVALIER. By William C. Hudson. Paper, 374 pages. Price, 50 cents. The Cassell Publishing Company, New York. Osborne & Pitrat, Kansas City.

THE FLYING HALCYON. By Richard Henry Savage. Paper, 300 pages. Price, 25 cents. Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago.

DREAMS OF TO-DAY. By Percival Pollard. Paper, 264 pages. Way & Williams, Chicago.

THE PRINCESS OF ALASKA. By Richard Henry Savage. Paper, 420 pages. Price, 25 cents. Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago.

HIS LETTERS. By Julien Gordon. Paper, 286 pages. Price, 50 cents. The Cassell Publishing Company, New York. Osborne & Pitrat, Kansas City.

A FREE LANCE IN A FAR LAND. By Herbert Compton. Paper, 373 pages. Price, 50 cents. The Cassell Publishing Company, New York. Osborne & Pitrat, Kansas City.

EQUALITY. By Edward Bellamy. Cloth, 412 pages. Price, $1.25. D. Appleton & Co., New York.

JIM MARSHALL'S NEW PIANNER, AND OTHER WESTERN STORIES. By William Devere, "Tramp Poet of the West." Cloth, 130 pages, illustrated. M. Witmark & Sons, New York and Chicago.

THE KING OF THE MOUNTAINS. By Edmond About. Cloth, 246 pages, gilt top. Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago.

THE LAND OF THE DOLLAR. By G. W. Stevens. Cloth, 316 pages. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.

CHESS OPENINGS. By J. Mason. Cloth, 114 pages. Horace Cox, London, England.

SHALL WE CONTINUE IN SIN? By Rev. Arthur T. Pierson, D. D. Cloth, 122 pages, gilt top. Price, 75 cents. The Baker & Taylor Company, New York.

THE NEW PHILOSOPHY OF MONEY. By Alfred B. Westrup. Cloth, 192 pages. Alfred B. Westrup, Minneapolis.

A DAUGHTER OF JUDAS. By Richard Henry Savage. Paper, 304 pages. Price, 25 cents. Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago.

V. R. TWENTY-FIVE POEMS AND SONGS ON THE QUEEN OF ENGLAND. Written for benefit of jubilee hospital fund. By Alfred Henry Rowntree, Kansas City, Mo. Osborne & Pitrat.

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