ON OUR BOOK TABLE

AN APPRECIATIVE SKETCH OF GEORGE MEREDITH.

A Narrative of the Hawaiian Islands—Frontier Adventures—Books of the Week and the People Who Make Them.

The man, of all men in modern literature, who approaches nearest to Shakespeare in epigrammatic style, wonderful force and fullness of thought, and above all in the rare faculty of always keeping his creations in clear, plain view in the foreground, during the period of their creation, is Mr. George Meredith. The reader must have an athletic mind that can successfully grapple with and consequently appreciate the multitudinous players on his stage.

"All who profess to believe that the art of fiction has lately fallen on evil days are invited to consider that it is forty-five years since George Meredith began to write, and that the present day is the only season during his long life of literary toil that has produced an audience understanding him," says Cornelia Atwood Pratt in the Critic.

The work of George Meredith has not yet reached its own, but is at least looking toward popularity. It has compelled comprehension, and is in a fair way to find all the readers that belong to it. When, in any generation, books reach their natural audience they have achieved success.

There are many opinions as to the function of a writer of fiction, but it is hard to find any point of view from which Meredith is not the greatest of living novelists. If you ask of novels entertainment, here it is in such overflowing measure as almost to exhaust the power of appreciation, though it is true that it exists only for the alert and intelligent. As Mr. La Farge has recently pointed out in another connection, it is the work of art that judges us, not we who pronounce upon it. The mature reader who does not find in the details of "Diana of the Crossways," "Richard Feverel," "Rhoda Fleming," "Beauchamp's Career," and above all "The Egoist," abundant diversion and pleasure, accuses himself of heaviness of wit and lack of susceptibility to mental stimulus.

If what you value most in fiction is strong delineation of character, clearness in the presentation of personages in a drama, force in their action, you will find that Meredith has drawn a series of characters that are unmatched save in Shakespeare for vigor and reality. If your notion of fiction leads you to desire that it should have a purpose of helpfulness, a fixed intention to serve the race of readers at the same time that it amuses them, and a very definite notion of how this can best be done, then Meredith is almost alone among modern writers in meeting your requirements.

His philosophy of fiction is very simple and very convincing. First, he believes that "every form of labor, even this flimsiest, should minister to growth." Growth is subserved by the comprehension of things as they are. He bases himself upon reality. He dares be true to life because he trusts the teaching of life. The fiction that ministers to growth must deal with existence as it is. Meredith is a realist and, among English writers, the chief of those few worthy of the name. The so-called realists have habitually overlooked the fact that the life of the mind and soul is as real as the life of the body, and that if flesh influences spirit, no less surely does spirit react upon flesh. The truth that we are compact of both is clear to Meredith, and he aspires to paint us and our environment in entirety, from the clay in which we grow to the heaven toward which we lift our faces.

Most writers make shipwreck of their art when they attempt to combine it with a moral purpose. Meredith has escaped this rock, however, because, it almost seems, he has not concerned himself with art. He is in fact a great novelist, the sturdiest of the race, without being in the least what we term a consummate artist.

His books are masses of wit and wisdom, of logic, life and beauty torn quivering from the heart and brain of a live man and flung at you to do with what you will.

The compliment is tremendous. The inference is not that art is unessential, but merely that none save the supreme novelist can afford to dispense with it. Art is passing marvelous, but life is, and will remain, the biggest thing there is.

One of Meredith's achievements is admittedly rare. He portrays women whom other women recognize as flesh of their flesh. That is, he is so single-minded, so penetrating and so broadly human that he is able to lay aside the limitation of his own sex when surveying the other, and to see women as they know themselves to be. In "The Egoist" he has accomplished even a greater feat than this, for he has transcended one of the limitations of human nature. Egoism is the hardest of all vices to analyze unflinchingly, for none of us escape that taint, and we are so fashioned that it is almost impossible to deal faithfully with the fault.

He is blind sometimes and grandiose often, but oftener still he is unparalleled in lucidity and brilliance, and he makes both his clearness and his turgidity serve the purpose of expressing what is nearly inexpressible. This much is certain: both his thought and his written speech move with a robust rhythm, the swinging pace of a matured and powerful mind. If once you catch step with him mentally, you will wonder thereafter at the unadaptable minds that find him hard of comprehension and difficult to read.

The Hawaiian Islands.

A book of peculiar interest by reason of the recent annexation of the Hawaiian islands to the United States is "Hawaii and a Revolution," the personal experiences of Mrs. Mary Krout, who was correspondent on the islands during the crisis of 1893, and subsequently. The author both praises and criticise the attitude taken by the United States, from an unbiased standpoint, and has given her narrative a living interest and makes it serve as a graceful informal introduction between the American people and their new possession. The society of the islands is a curious network of Americans, English and Germans, with the Japanese as the principal representatives of a diverse Oriental population.

The native Hawaiians, according to Mrs. Krout, are much in the minority and to a large extent are merely the servants of foreigners. She was happy in meeting Robert Louis Stevenson, during her sojourn and gives a brief description of him as the brave and most knightly figure in modern literature: "Just as I was about to leave the ship a boat came out rowed by an unusually comely crew of Samoans. In the bow stood a tall, slender figure clad in spotless white from head to foot. It was Robert Louis Stevenson. He stood directing his men with the utmost gentleness, speaking so softly that he could not be heard at the ship's side when they approached the gangway. His face was swarthy and seemed much emaciated, and his large dark eyes were like two burning stars. The hands were thin, nervous and expressive. Few faces have half the expression of those long, slender, delicate fingers. Stevenson was a great favorite with the officers, and, as usual, he and his family lunched on board.

"There was nothing of arrogance in his manner to the simple, warm-hearted officers; he was unaffected and straightforward as they, and met their cordial advances more than half way. His men rowed him to the gangway, and he sprang lightly from the boat and ran up the steps like a cat. He was sincerely glad to see his friends, and they were as genuinely delighted to see him."

The book contains appropriate illustrations and is worthy of a careful perusal by all who are interested in the new acquisition and in the question of national expansion. (New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.)

Songs of America.

Mr. R. L. Paget has made a very discriminating selection of songs, and publishes them under the head of "Poems of American Patriotism." The book is beautifully bound—is printed on deckel-edge paper, and opportunely dedicated to Commodore George Dewey, U. S. N.

In its 400 pages may be found all of the best and most noble songs of American patriotism, including a large amount of contemporary verse, not a little of which has already begun to sing itself into the memory of our time, "The Battle Hymn of the Republic," "America," "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean" and all the older poems and ballads are, of course, given a conspicuous place.
(Boston: L. C. Page & Co.)

Frontier Adventures.

Colonel Henry Inman is a worthy historian of the frontier life on the plains, that is so slowly and silently fading into the forgotten. There are only a few of the old fellows remaining who can sit out in the warm sun all day long and remember and gaze back through a mist of miseries on the far bare miles where prairie dogs were manna and men sat in trees and the buffalo was king. Everything has changed since then; the times are dislocated almost as much as the invading metropolitan avenues. Only a few surgeons can remedy such broken joints as are those of dislocated times.

Colonel Inman has achieved a national reputation as a writer of frontier stories, and "Tales of the Trail" are quite as interesting and thrilling as anything he has written heretofore. The tales in this collection have wagged from time to time in the leading periodicals and each one scene was originally unknown except to quite a few trappers and hunters. However improbable to the uninitiated some of the experiences of the individuals who were actors in the scenes depicted may seem, they furnish evidence that truth is a stranger to fiction.

It is fortunate that the author, during his forty years on the extreme frontier, was such a close observer of the manners of men, and noted from time to time these stories which form such an interesting part of our Americana.
(Topeka, Kas.: Crane & Co.)

A New Sensation.

The only genuine longing ever experienced by the melancholy Jaques was for "A New Sensation," and this is the title of a novel by Albert Ross. The author recently visited many scenes in the West Indies, of passing interest because of the war, and has used them effectively in the plot of his story. He takes the odd method of advertising in a newspaper for a lady typewriter to assist a literary man who is about to take a tropical voyage, and it is on the adventures of the pair that the interest of the narrative hinges. In the preface the author confesses that a certain part of the story is based on fact, leaving the reader to guess where the invention begins and ends. The story is well told and all complex "problems" are eliminated.
(New York: G. W. Dillingham Company.)

English Makers of History.

"The Story of the English," By H. H. Guerber. In this book the author describes the leading events, characters and places in English history in the form of delightful stories that may be read with profit by old as well as juvenile readers. As a history the work accomplishes the excellent double purpose of interesting and instructing at the same time. The dress and artistic features of the book are in keeping with its contents. It is embellished with colored maps and with numerous and beautiful illustrations by the best artists. These include many reproductions of famous paintings and historical portraits.
(New York: American Book Company.)

Concerning Two Neighbors.

William Dean Howells and Maurice Thompson have written two excellent books for the young in the form of short stories of interesting events in the early histories of the neighboring states of Ohio and Indiana. The authors, in choosing materials for these sketches, have carefully considered their value as testimony tending to establish a correct understanding of both traits and conditions.

Writers may be sure of holding human attention and interest whenever they present human life. There is no romance more picturesque and wonderful than the story of actual life; and life in these states has not been less romantic than life elsewhere, as these two books will tend to prove. Since the first footfall of the white man in the Western forests, all the Mississippi territory, as wildernesses and commonwealths, has been a theater for tragedy, melodrama, comedy, song and farce, and each of these well known writers has handled his subject with characteristic mastery. The volumes are of uniform binding and are equally entertaining.
(New York: American Book Company.)

A Story of Wall Street.

Out of the tumult made by the "bulls and bears" in Wall street, where man deals in shares but seldom shares his deals, comes a new novel. Under the title of "Fortuna, a Story of Wall Street," Mr. James Blanchard Clews, one of the well known Wall street bankers of that name, has written a financial story which embraces finance, politics and love.

The characters are first introduced to the reader on board one of the ocean liners sailing from Liverpool.

Miss Montague, a beautiful young American girl and the owner of a fabulous fortune, is returning to New York after an absence of several years spent abroad, accompanied by her uncle, General Montague, who is head of the Wall street banking house of Montague Bros. & Co. The party also includes an English nobleman and his sister—who is chaperoned by an obliging aunt—and a member of the French chamber of deputies, who are visiting America for the first time. In addition to these are two young men, members of the New York Stock exchange.

Miss Montague is the heroine of the story, and in her desire to manage her property, which is valued at $50,000,000, she finds it necessary to take up the study of finance. Mention is also made of the humorous incidents connected with the broker's initiation into the New York Stock exchange. Some prominence is given to the proposed Panama and Nicaragua canals as financial projects, and to the relations of England to Ireland and Canada—ruler and ruled—and the possibility of the latter some day becoming annexed to the United States.

Mr. Clews has introduced plots and scenes in this portion of the book which command the deepest attention; but, being a Wall street story, the Stock exchange and the dealings thereon naturally figure prominently and speculations from every standpoint are freely discussed—the author contending that practically everyone in business, from the farmer to the merchant, is subjected to the vicissitudes of chance or risk, and that even life itself is not exempt.

The story ends happily; the hero refuses to become an English countess for the sake of marrying a good American.
(New York: J. S. Ogilvie Publishing Company.) THE REVIEWER.

Books and Their Makers.

Using his initial "I" as a pedestal, Mr. Zangwill bows to the United States.

The Werner Company announce for immediate publication "The Story of America," by Hezekiah Butterworth, editor of the Youth's Compaion.

There is a rumor that Mr. Kipling is coming back to America. The time of his stay is not fixed, but the source of the rumor is uncertain and is probably hidden in the sepulchre of time.

A new portrait of Count Tolstoi forms the frontispiece to the September Book Buyer, and Mr. Nathan Haskell Dole writes an appreciation of the distinguished writer and theorist, whose 70th birthday is the celebration of the moment in Russia.

The Critic, since its translation from a weekly to a monthly periodical, continues to be the most interesting and complete American review of literature and art. The Lounger, in the current number, continues to lounge in the most interesting and delightful company, and only disturbs himself occasionally to pick up stray crumbs dropped from the table of Apollo and the Muses.

Richard Burton, in the September number of the North American Review, deals interestingly with the subject of "Literature for Children," maintaining that the best literature is not too good for children, either in school or at home, and that the stimulation of the imagination through song and story and soul revelation is of more importance than the memorizing of dates or the multiplication table.

Mr. Anthony Hope was led to become his own dramatist by the fact that so much money has been made by others than himself out of his plays. It is said that he was invited by Mr. George Alexander to visit him at his country place, a newly acquired mansion with grounds, that filled Mr. Hope with delight and envy. When he was expressing his admiration of the place, Mr. Alexander, with a friendly pat upon the back, said: "Made it all out of 'The Prisoner of Zenda.'" Then Mr. Hope came to New York and dined with Mr. Sothern, in his new house purchased and furnished at large expense; and again he was struck with admiration by the way actors live, and made some remark to show that he appreciated such luxuries. "Made it all out of 'The Prisoner of Zenda,'" said Mr. Sothern; at which Mr. Hope groaned. Reflecting that his play had enabled two actors to live in palaces while the author had not even a house of his own, he now proposes to make all the money he can out of his books by becoming his own dramatist. Mr. Sothern, by the way, has just opened his season at the Lyceum theater by appearing in Mr. Hope's "Adventure of Lady Ursula."

Books Received.

LIFE OF NAPOLEON III. By Archibald Forbes. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. Price $3.50.

SCRIBES AND PHARISEES. By William Le Queux. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. Price $1.25.

SOLDIER SONGS AND LOVE SONGS. By A. H. Laidlaw. New York: William R. Jenkins. Price $1.

STORIES OF OHIO. By William Dean Howells. New York: American Book Company. Price 65 cents.

STORIES OF INDIANA. By Maurice Thompson. New York: American Book Company. Price 65 cents.

POEMS OF AMERICAN PATRIOTISM. Selected by R. L. Paget. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. Price $1.

HAWAII AND A REVOLUTION. By Mary H. Krout. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. Price $2.

FORTUNA. A STORY OF WALL STREET. By James Blanchard Clews. New York: J. S. Ogilvie Publishing Company. Price $1.

HE IS A SECOND CRUSOE

LOUIS DE ROUGEMONT HAD STRANGE ADVENTURES.

Shipwrecked in Boyhood on a Sandy Atoll of the Timon Seas, Near Western Australia, He Spent Years Before Rescued.

From the London News.

Charles Reade would have reveled in Louis de Rougemont, whose adventures are now the talk of the town. That novelist did himself drop a hero and heroine upon a lovely South sea island, overflowing with tropical milk and honey, where they lived in a pearl-lined cave. So, too, did this De Rougemont. But his island was a miserable sandy atoll in the Timon seas, which wash the north shores of Western Australia. When little more than a boy he found himself with a few hundred dollars, joined forces with the Dutch skipper of a small schooner and went pearling. They were very lucky and had made their pile, when three priceless black pearls were discovered among the shells. Where there are three there may be hundreds. Though the annual cyclones were due, and it was time for the ship to be off, the mad Dutchman declined to budge from these happy hunting grounds. Then came the tempest and drove ship, captain and De Rougemont ashore. He and his dog alone were saved. When they came to their senses they found themselves on that miserable atoll which a high sea could wash over, and did at times, for the land was not more than a few feet above the level of the water. Imagine a ring of sand a hundred yards or so across; dump the man and dog upon it, and you have the situation. But at low water the man was able to get to the wreck and get out of it water, stores and so forth, just like poor Robinson Crusoe. With the pearl shells he built himself a house and fed on the fish and flesh, of which nature kindly yielded a plentiful supply. The atoll was a nesting ground for sea birds. Of their eggs they ate; and when the birds went a-fishing to feed their young and themselves, the man levied tribute on the distended pouches. What impunity man develops in stressful times! Turtles, too, visited the atoll and provided them with a change of food which was most agreeable. As for water the schooner's casks supplied them with it, and during the rains they were refilled. Moreover, Rougemont distilled the sea in his kettle. He just lapped a bit of blanket round the spout, made a fire, and let the vapor hiss into the wool, and squeeze the goodly liquor into his vessels. Crusoe notched a stake for the days, Rougemont made himself an almanac of pearl shells. Thus, then, did he pass two long years upon that tiny speck of land, ever peering out across the shimmering ocean for sail or signs of man. But for his dog he would have died. The depression, especially in the fierce heat of noon, was terrible. Often he waded out toward the deep, yet always waded back—to life—to his dog. Out of the wreck he built himself a cockleshell of a boat. That was wrecked in the launching. Then one day a catamaran hove in sight and in it were blacks who had been driven out to sea from the mainland. At last relief had come. The blacks, the white man and the dog put the cockleshell to rights, embarked, and put to sea, and in time made the main at a point which, roughly speaking, is the northwest boundary between West Australia and South Australia. And now began the remarkable thirty years De Rougemont spent among the cannibals, who inhabit this remote corner of the globe.

Ineffectual Efforts to Escape.

One by one he endeavors to reach civilization were baffled, and slowly he drifted into the savage state himself. Let us not pity him. Let us not despise the savage, who, though a cannibal, eats not for the gratification of the appetite, but to acquire the prowess of his departed brother. At least (he said much of it he does not know you on the head) is a hospitable, sociable fellow. He gives you wives, temporary or otherwise; he teaches you woodcraft, the art of finding your meat, and a hundred other accomplishments. Rougemont sighs when he talks of his old friends, and sotto voce compares the cold stones of London town, the jarring roar of ceaseless traffic, the hard faces of the hurrying multitudes—each one thinking of itself—with the plenty, peace, silence and manifold beauties of the wild. Dig, you find the root so sweet and juicy; climb, you catch the 'possum; hunt, you catch the kangaroo; let fly the arrow, you bring down the birds of the air; fire the bush, you have the snakes tender and foul-like. The bees store their honey in the woods; the juicy maggot is a delicacy which would send a gourmet of the cities into raptures. No postman knocks in the wilds, no telegraph messenger disturbs your peace; no news comes; the only books are in the heavens above. Fire and heat the sun gives; the stars are compass and sextant. No one wears clothes. There is no rent to pay—heavens! what a life! What a paradise! Rousseau was right. The wilds and lovely Nature for us—after an hour of Rougemont. After thirty years he has come back to civilization, and he is now a lion. But I venture to believe that he will wish himself back again, and at peace in the beautiful forests and silver streams of Northwest Australia, which he describes with such evident affection. But he landed in London with a few shillings in his pocket, having stoked his way like a man on a liner. They soon went. Then hither and thither he tramped, trying to find work; trying to find a friend in this cruel London. By a series of chances he at length fell into the hands of Mr. Fitzgerald, the editor of the World Wide Magazine. We know the rest. Louis de Rougemont's name is now in every paper throughout the land. He is to read papers before the British Association; geographers are at his feet, anthropologists, lore folk—all eager for a wrinkle. He is 54, of middle height, square built, bronzed, hair grizzled, with the deep lines in neck, hands, brow, which are eloquent of a life in the wilds. The dialects of the cannibal tribes with whom he lived trip easiest from his tongue, and though a Genevese, he speaks English better than French, indeed, when he emerged from the wilderness and sought help from the French consul in Melbourne, he found he had nearly forgotten his native language, and doubts were cast on his story. I asked him to explain. His reply was that he had always conversed with his native wife in English, as that language was universal in Australia, and hence they would both be linguistically equipped if they ever got to civilized communities again.

Ruled the Wild Men by Craft.

But to go back to the beginning—that is, thirty years ago. He spends two awful years in his atoll with his dog; he escapes with the blacks to the mainland at Cambridge gulf and Queen's channel, and there he takes up his abode for a few months. The country he describes as splendid; food in abundance, water and flowing streams; forests; plains, all inhabited by many tribes of a fine race of blacks. De Rougemont natives are not the degraded creatures, less than human, with whom books of travel have familiarized us. They are, he says, of fine races, intelligent, lively, great sportsmen, worshiping physical prowess, believing in a future life, devoted to war, with many strange and curious customs which it will be his business to describe in the course of the remarkable story of his adventures. There may be a Malayan strain in these hitherto unheard of peoples; at all events, they are certainly as the Australian black we meet with in books. By prowess and many deeds of valor and activity poor De Rougemont managed to gain a conspicuous place in their counsels. Another man of less resources would have been clubbed and eaten in twenty-four hours. Not so this Genevese Ulysses. He had arts by the dozen. Now, he gratified their love of amusement by turning somersaults, at which he was luckily an expert. Then he stole out into the bush at night, and with reeds made weird and wailing minors which put the fear of God into their superstitious hearts. He did not say whether he ever worked the eclipse business as other castaways have done. Probably not, as he had not an almanac or print of any sort and had lost the count of days. "What year it is," said this poor Crusoe of the land to the first white man he encountered for thirty years. "What year is it?" Then the man turned to his friends—they were prospectors—tapped his forehead and murmured: "Mad, mad." That by the way. So he found favor in the eyes of the tribes, fought with them, led them into battle, became an adept with shield and spear, went naked as they did (having no clothes), got himself a plume from the lyre bird, grew darker and darker, married a wife—in short, became a wild man.

Slew a Savage Chief.

But not all at once. Our Orson still yearning for civilization, his lady pointing to the east, said that she had heard that white men were to be found in that direction. So the two set out to find them, and marched and marched by star, by sun, by a thousand signs of Nature, which the tribes read as in a book, until they came to the ocean once more. It was the great Gulf of Carpentaria. De Rougemont mistook it for the Coral sea in the South Pacific. He made a day out, and, with his wife, coasted and coasted in search of the white man's settlement. After many adventures—would you believe it? and eighteen months' absence, the two found themselves back again at home. One of those adventures may be mentioned in passing as showing the strange blend of romance with stern reality which gives a fascination to the lives of such Crusoes as De Rougemont. Whilst resting in a lonely, lovely inlet of these azure summer seas, they heard from some native Lechamel fishing of two white women whom a tribe had taken captive. With true French chivalry, Ulysses marched to their rescue, but found them in possession of the chief. The chief declined to part with the women who had been shipwrecked, so De Rougemont offered to fight for them. A wrestling match was arranged, the end of which was that the chief was slain, and the interesting captives taken away to the sea. Whilst reposing, a ship hove in sight, and the whole party, overjoyed, sailed out to meet her, accompanied by canoes full of natives, halloing and shouting in their exhilaration. Alas! these signs were interpreted as a hostile demonstration, the ship sailed on, and the canoe in which was De Rougemont, his wife and the two white women was upset in the excitement. The unfortunate ladies were drowned.

His Wife Was a Faithful Friend.

After these two attempts to escape to civilization had failed De Rougemont, as I have already hinted, settled down and became a wild man. Nevertheless, for ten years he wandered with his faithful companion over that vast wilderness, still hoping faintly. His great and final effort was a long journey from 15 deg. S. latitude to 25 deg., marching pretty nearly due south. At this point he encountered Gile's exploring expedition, which, mistaking him for a savage, not unnaturally greeted him with a volley of lead. After that he gave up the attempt as really hopeless, returned to the north, and for twenty years remained on the lonely heights in the north territory of South Australia, about 22 deg. south of the line. Then his wife died, and on her death bed advised him to steer southwest if he wished to see Christians again. He did, and came out at Coolgardie.

Civilization has never, to the best of our knowledge, had the chance of studying such a strange history before. We are glad that in the interests of the adventure-loving reader, the geographer, the scientist, alike, Orson's life is being written by Mr. Fitzgerald, the editor who discovered him, or, rather, received him on Mr. Henniker Heaton's introduction. He is certainly making the most of him, and the best of him. His long absence notwithstanding, Mr. De Rougemont is a most genial man, with a wonderful memory.

THE NEWS AT LEAVENWORTH.

Self-Styled Populists Meet and Indorse Democratic Candidate for Representative.

Saturday night what purports to be the Populist county central committee met at the National hotel, in pursuance of orders from the administration ring, for the purpose of indorsing the Democratic nominee for representative in the Seventh legislative district. A strong effort had been made to induce the straight-out Populists to attend, but, with one exception, none were present. The Populist present when he saw the political complexion of those present excused himself and, later, expressed his regret for having attended.

Several members of the city and police force, among them being Judge Taylor and W. H. Shouse, night sergeant of police, were untiring in their efforts to secure an indorsement for the Democratic nominee. Considerable objection was urged against this action upon the ground that the two other nominees are Populists and that the Democrats had named the entire county ticket and had given every place to those of their own political faith. It was urged that the Democratic party had no use for a Populist, except insofar as his vote would aid the former into office. The ring supporters, however, succeeded in whipping the objectors into line and after a vote had been taken the chairman announced that the Democratic candidate was "indorsed." The candidate thus indorsed is Dr. S. F. Neely, ex-United States marshal for Kansas, who is just recovering from a hard spell of sickness, and is in no condition to endure the exertion of a spirited political campaign. A few nights ago he was named for the place, without consultation, and after it had been tendered and refused to several others. Mr. Neely has not yet accepted the nomination, but told a committee which waited upon him that he would take the matter into consideration. He may not relish a nomination which has been refused by a number of prominent Democrats and only tendered him as a last resort.

Brief Mention.

The Leavenworth Coal Company has been making a number of improvements at its plant on the reservation. The new coal carriers have been added, which will add much to the capacity of the mine. The company's steamer, Parker, is expected back from Kansas City to-morrow, and will load up for another trip.

The Trades and Labor Council will meet to-night and make arrangements for a continuation of their picnic, which was interrupted by the rain on Labor day.

Several candidates will be initiated at the meeting of East Lynne council No. 6, Fraternal Aid Association, this evening.

Members of Company No. 9, Uniform Rank Knights of Pythias, have received large photographs of the company, taken while in camp at Indianapolis, Ind.

Major Herbert Katz, chief commissary of subsistence, United States volunteers, has been detailed to relieve Captain John Baxter, Jr., assistant quartermaster, from his duties as acting chief commissary and purchasing agent of the department of the Missouri.

Bids will be opened at the Soldiers' home to-morrow for the erection of a commissary building 40x80 feet, two stories high.

Dr W. W. Walter has returned from an extended visit to Chicago and the Northern lakes.

The committee to arrange for the consecration ceremonies of Bishop Cunningham held a meeting last night and heard reports from sub-committees.

Local cyclists are arranging for a six-mile race, to come off September 20.

THE MIDDLE-AGED MAN.

Some Notes of His Experience in the Matter of Needful Sleep.

From the New York Sun.

"I find," said the middle aged man, "two things: That I need just about so much sleep, and that I need it at just such hours. What suits me best is to go to bed at 10 o'clock and get up at 6. If I go to bed at 12 I am likely to wake up in the morning at 6 anyway, or soon after, and then I get a short night's sleep, which is bad for me; and even if I sleep over, until 7 or even 8 o'clock, so that I get my full amount of sleep, it does not refresh me as the same amount does taken at my accustomed hours; I don't feel the same.

"Here is another thing that I observe: If I get a short night's sleep I seem to have to make this up. That is, one full night's sleep after a short night does not bring me back to feeling quite like myself again. It takes me two or three nights of sleep to get back to normal.

"All of which means that I find I can work to the best advantage on regular sleep at regular hours, and I don't believe I am alone in this."

After dinner take one of Carter's Little Liver Pills and you will be free from sour rising of food from the stomach. Try them and be convinced.

Must Have His Growl.

From Punch.

In a well known bank in Edinburgh the clerks are presided over by a rather impetuous manager, whose violent fits of temper very often dominate his reason. For instance, the other day, he was wiring into one of them about his bad work.

"Look here, Nibbs," he thundered, "this won't do. These figures are a perfect disgrace to a clerk! I could get an office boy to make better figures than those, and I tell you I won't have it! Now look at that five; it looks just like a three. What do you mean, sir, by making such beastly figures. Explain!"

"I—er—beg your pardon, sir," suggested the trembling clerk, his heart fluttering terribly, "but—er—well, you see, sir, it is a three."

"A three!" roared the manager; "why it looks just like a five!"

Do not despair of curing your sick headache when you can so easily obtain Carter's Little Liver Pills. They will effect a prompt and permanent cure. Their action is mild and natural.

CASTORIA.
Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. The Kind You Have Always Bought

WOMEN'S INTEREST.

Appropriate shoes, with gloves suitable to costume and occasion, will go far to obtaining for her that much desired sobriquet, "up-to-date."

Where there is need of adding an extra set of dinner plates to very beautiful ones already in use, perhaps carefully studied for certain harmonies of color when originally purchased, a set of Minton in cream white, with centers and borders richly and heavily gilded, is a safe choice. The beauty of the design in this burnished gold looks like sixteenth century goldsmithing. Seventy-five dollars is not so extravagant a price for twelve plates of such perfect workmanship as may appear at first glance at the bill.

White and light colors in gloves with conservative styles in stitching will obtain for autumn and winter, suede being most preferred for evening shades.

If the attempt to bring elbow sleeves into fashion is successful—and from present indications it will be—the demand for half length gloves, which have been out of the running for some time, will be made. The importers are quite ready for the said demand, and are showing dainty fabric gloves and those quaint black and colored twisted silk mittens in which the fair hands of our great-grandmothers were wont to be clad.

The tall woman may rejoice. For her dimensions is the newest and smartest of cool weather fashions—the Prince Albert coat. The little woman will be absurd in it, and the fat woman will be a butt of ridicule if she attempts to don this garment, but enveloped in its long lines the tall woman will be superb.

It is of Scotch homespun in black, with a tinge of gray, rough and hairy and stylish, or it is broadcloth, Melton or some other goods if one prefer, but to be correct it must reach to the knees at least, the skirt part perfectly cut so as to hang smoothly and gracefully without appearing either scant or full. As a matter of fact this skirt is decidedly scant compared to the three-quarter length coat worn a few years ago. The bodice part of the coat fits tightly, and a velvet collar and satin revers give the little mannish touches beloved by the tailor-made woman. The bodice part finishes at the waist-line with a point and the back has a little pointed tail, making it look quite independent of the long skirt which hangs beneath and gives the garment its extremely stunning effect.

Philadelphia Press: The turnover collar is very much in it just now—for those who can wear it. The lawn scarf is revived this year for wear with the turnover collar. Very fresh and smart looking it is.

The scarfs are fac similes of those worn last year in mousseline de sole or chiffon. They vary in width—six inches is the usual requirement—and are just long enough to pass once around the neck and form a medium-sized bow.

The edges are finished with "drawn work," valenciennes, or rows of dainty tuckings. A woman, clever at needlework could accomplish a couple of them in an hour.

Perhaps the very newest "ready made" bow now in the shops is that delicious little affair of dotted veiling or tarlatan, no bigger than a finger nail.

If you haven't seen it and want to build one, imagine to yourself stiff veiling or tarlatan profusely dotted and formed into a good-sized neck bow exactly as one would form silk or velvet.

The ends of the bow are now outlined with quarter inch wide rows of ruffled mousseline de sole.

A rose-pink affair shown for a young girl was thoroughly charming. So was a "morning bow," in black and white dotted veiling with ruffling of chiffon.

Something new in ribbon is the four-leaved clover design. It is used for trimming organdies, dotted Swisses, and other light materials.

One thing the first fall month has proven (not that summer is over). It is that the felt army hat will be the fatigue hat of the early season.

Wherever there is a dashing girl be sure she will be—in fact is—topped with the rolling, tilting headgear of her beloved soldier boy.

She is thinking seriously about adopting his army jacket; such a pretty thing as it is, with its gold buttons and black braid, but she has determined on the hat.

Brown, black or blue, she doesn't care, but it must have its special adornments; and that adornment must be military.

The girls near encampments wear the star of the army corps stationed there. Count the points on the star in the front of her hat and you'll know what corps has her heart.

The genuine army hat has a softer brim than the one worn all last winter.

The Tape May girl wears a black army hat with a black puggaree wound around it. Wherever you see her, on boardwalk or veranda, she has that hat tipped jauntily in a dozen different ways.

She has her eyes on the City Troop.

These hats in the best quality cost $5. Brown is the most serviceable color, for it shows the dust less than black or blue.

The puggaree scarfs which the Anglo-Indian soldiers wind around their helmets will be the usual army decoration, for unless one can get a bona fide star or strap better nothing. The scarfs come in Indian colors or plaids, are tinged at the ends and succeed in making the hat even jauntier than ever.

There is something very new for the smart fall shirt waist, says the Philadelphia Press. It is a set of chained studs—studs connected by a frail gold chain. They are very similar to those wee gold buttons—chained—used for fastening a baby's dress prettily.

Amethyst studs are wonderfully dainty, done in this way, and so are turquoises, mounted in Indian gold.

Pink coral, which is being quite a little worn at present, is entirely lovely.

The set consists of any number of studs, from three to six, usually four. The cuff buttons worn with them must, of course, be of like material and make.

Among other ancient fashions promised for next winter is that of the ring miniatures.

These rings were, once upon a time, bestowed upon a maiden, or a knight when he went forth to battle.

Of course, it was understood between them that she never could forget him in any land, but, to jog her memory, the knight had his portrait painted on a bit of porcelain, no bigger than a finger nail.

This the goldsmith inclosed in a finely chased case, and attached it to a dainty ring, for the damsel's finger.

The lady did the same for the knight, and probably during the pauses of the minuet, or the breathing spell between two battles, they each took a fugitive peep at the painted faces in their rings.

Some of these rings in the old French museums are marvels of delicate metal work, as well as rare examples of the art of miniature painting.

Round crystal watches, showing on one side the face and on the other the works, are one fad of the hour. They are worn attached to a silver watch pin or to the chatelaine and look very smart with outing suits.

Now for Leather Neckties.

From the Chicago Journal.

Although the sign on the card reads "Leather Neckties," there is nothing about these natty little affairs to suggest a tie. On the contrary, they look very much like a leather belt for dolly's waist. They are, in fact, miniature belts, made on exactly the same style, with the harness buckles and side straps complete. They are of black patent leather, the buckles covered with the same, or of white morocco finish, with nickel buckle. They match the waist

belts in every particular, and might be called a neck belt with propriety.

They are as narrow as the narrowest string ties, and extremely neat in appearance. They never come untied, and do not need to be pinned to keep the bow straight. They always "stay put," as the saying goes. The only danger is that my lady will not be satisfied with this neat little arrangement, but will want to make a change soon for a wider and heavier affair, which will eventually lead to her appropriating her cherished Fido's collar.

LIST OF UNCLAIMED LETTERS.

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Give writer's full name and request answers to be directed accordingly.

Ladies' List.

Adams Margaret
Alexander Mrs Lurra
Anderson Mrs Martha

Baber Mrs Dan
Ballard Mrs Zelma
Baird Mrs Mayme
Baker Mrs Sadie
Banehill Bessie
Barnes Edna
Barry Mrs Lula
Bassett Jennie
Bell Mrs Addie
Benson Mrs Nellie
Benton Mrs D C
Blakemore Jessie
Borr Susie
Bowels Ollie

Caton Mrs John
Chesteen Tennie
Chidester Mrs Jas
Christman Ida
Cisal Julia
Clark Anna Hoteana
Clarke Kate V
Clem Mrs Jennie
Clyde Cricket (2)

Daniel Mrs Mamie
Darr Mollie
Davidson Mrs Cora
Davis Mrs Ada
Davis Mrs Sarah (2)
Davison Anna
Dayton Mrs O A

Eaton Julia
Ellsworth Mrs Margaret
Erskine Mrs Alex

Fate Grace
Fate Nellie
Fields Mrs Mary
Foley Mrs Lide

Gaines Mrs Augusta
Gallaway Mrs Hattie
Ganz Ethel
Gascoigne Catherine
Gilbert Mrs R E
Gilbert Mrs E
Gillespie Mrs S M
Gilmer Mary
Gmac Mary
Gipson Alice

Haley Lottie
Hardy Mrs Lillie
Hare Ermie
Hart Etta R
Haskin Mary
Haynore Mrs Dora
Heavner L C
Heywood Mary
Hicks Adaline
Higgins Anna
Hodgson Mrs Clara
Hoover Mrs F M

Iundwaer Mrs Arvid

Jackson Maggie
Jarred Loizzie
Joy Mrs M H
Jenkins Annie

Koons Hattie
Kennedy Nona
Kenner Mrs Maggie

La Hiner Addie
Land Mrs Annie
Laing Mrs A E
Laurence Mrs Genevieve
Lawsons Mrs Mare
Lofer Mrs Jake

McCaskey Mrs Charlie
McClure Mrs J F
McConnell Alice R

Masey Mrs Bertha
Miller Mrs
Miller Mrs Lionel Caroline
Mister Mrs M K
Mondey Alice
Morel Emma
Moore Mrs Julia

Nichols Mrs Lilly
Noble Mrs Lillian

O'Day Florence
Osborn Minnie

Paisley Mrs Ella
Parker Mrs L M
Parks Ira
Parsons Jennie
Pennington Rhoda
Pepper Manda
Pettit Miss B J

Quair Mrs J W

Raley Mrs Alice
Rediford Miss C
Reed May
Reeves Nellie
Reynolds Mrs Carrie
Reynolds Fannie
Reynolds Mrs J B
Rhodes Mrs Delia
Rhodes Ida

Schopflin Esther
Schroder Mrs Mattie
Schwarzdall Kada
Scott Bisby
Scott Hazel
Scott Mabel
Sheidley Mrs Geo M
Sharp Mrs Mary C
Sherwin Celia
Shultz Mrs N B
Shultz Mrs Ollie
Shultz Mrs Sina A
Sherman Cora
Sill Mrs W D
Sims Mrs Mattie
Skinner Mrs S P
Slusher Blanch
Small Mrs Margret

Taylor Fannie
Thompson Mrs T H
Tookey Mrs Dave
Tucker Mrs Lat

Vanhorn Cora
Vaughn Mrs Carrie
Vermillion Maggie

Wade Annie
Wade Mrs Rosa
Walker Mrs Ella
Walker Rebecca
Walters Nellie
Walton Lutie
Warnick Mrs Cornelia
Watkins Mrs Josie
Watson Edna
Weathers Laura
West