HE CHAMPIONS WOMAN.

BUT NOT AS A BEARER OF THE BALLOT.

Dr. Talmage Holds That She Has Other Work to Do Which May Make a Greater Impression on the Moral Affairs of Life.

St. Louis, Mo., June 16.—In his sermon for to-day, Rev. Dr. Talmage, who has reached this city on his Western tour, discusses a subject of universal interest, viz: "Woman's Opportunity," his text being, "She shall be called woman." Genesis ii:23.

God, who can make no mistake, made man and woman for a specific work and to move in particular spheres—man to be regnant in his realm; woman to be dominant in hers. The boundary line between Italy and Switzerland, between England and Scotland, is not more thoroughly marked than this distinction between the empire masculine and the empire feminine. So entirely dissimilar are the fields to which God called them, that you can no more compare them than you can oxygen and hydrogen, water and grass, trees and stars. All this talk about the superiority of one sex to the other sex is an everlasting waste of ink and speech. A jeweler may have a scale so delicate that he can weigh the dust of diamonds; but where are the scales so delicate that you can weigh in them affection against affection, sentiment against sentiment, thought against thought, soul against soul, a man's world against a woman's world? You come out with your stereotyped remark that man is superior to woman in intellect, and then I open on my desk the swarthy, frontyped, thunder-bolted writings of Harriet Martineau, and Elizabeth Browning, and George Eliot. You come on with your stereotyped remark about woman's superiority to man in the item of affection; but I ask you where was there more capacity to love than in John the disciple—and Matthew Simpson, the bishop, and Henry Martyn, the missionary? The heart of those men was so large, that after you had rolled into it two hemispheres, there was room still left to marshal the hosts of heaven, and set up the throne of the eternal Jehovah. I deny to man the throne intellectual. I deny to woman the throne affectional. No human phraseology will ever define the spheres; while there is an intuition by which we know when a man is in his realm, and when a woman is in her realm, and when either of them is out of it. No bungling legislature ought to attempt to make a definition, or to say, "This is the line and that is the line." My theory is, that if a woman wants to vote, she ought to vote, and that if a man wants to embroider and keep house, he ought to be allowed to embroider and keep house. There are masculine women and there are effeminate men. My theory is that you have no right to interfere with any one's doing anything that is righteous. Albany and Washington might as well decree by legislation how high a brown-thrasher should fly, or how deep a trout should plunge, as to try to seek out the height and depth of woman's duty.

The question of capacity will settle final. Is the whole question, the whole subject. When a woman is prepared to preach, she will preach, and neither conference nor presbytery can hinder her. When a woman is prepared to move in highest commercial spheres, she will have great influence on the exchanges, and no boards of trade can hinder her. I want woman to understand that heart and brain can overfly any barrier that politicians may set up, and that nothing can keep her back or keep her down except the question of capacity.

I was in New Zealand last year just after the opportunity of suffrage had been conferred upon women. The plan worked well. There had never been such good order at the polls and righteousness triumphed. Men have not made such a wonderful moral success of the ballot box that they need fear women will corrupt it. In all our cities man has so nearly made the ballot box a failure, suppose we let women try. But there are some women, I know, of most undesirable nature, who wander up and down the country—having no homes of their own, or forsaking their own homes—talking about their rights; and we know they well enough that themselves are neither to vote nor to keep house. Their mission seems merely to humiliate the two sexes at the thought of what any one of us might become. No one would want to live under the laws that such women would make, or to have the society that such society would raise. But I shall show you that the best rights that woman can own, she already has in her possession; that her position in this country at this time is one of unprecedented, but one of congratulation; that the grandeur and power of her realm have never yet been appreciated; that she sits to-day on a throne so high that all the thrones of earth piled on top of each other would not make her a footstool. Here is the platform on which she stands. Away down below it are the ballot box and the congressional assemblage and the legislative hall. Woman always has voted and always will vote. Our great-grandfathers thought they were by their votes putting Washington into the presidential chair. No. His mother, by the principles she taught him, and by the habits she inculcated, made him president. It was a Christian mother's hand dropping the ballot when Lord Bacon wrote, and Newton philosophized, and Alfred the Great governed, and Jonathan Edwards thundered of judgment to come. How many women have been in high political station who would have been insufficient to stand the test to which their moral principle was put, had it not been for a wife's voice that encouraged them to do right, and a wife's prayer that sounded louder than the clamor of partisanship!

The right of suffrage, as we men exercise it, seems to be a feeble thing. You, a Christian man, come up to the ballot box and you drop your vote. Right after you comes a libertine, or a sot—the offscouring of the street—and he drops his vote; and his vote counteracts yours. But if in the quiet of home life a daughter by her Christian persuasion, a wife by her fidelity, a mother by her faithfulness, cast a vote in the right direction, then nothing can resist it, and the influence of that vote will throb through the eternities.

My chief anxiety is, not that woman have the rights accorded her; but that she, by the grace of God, rise up to the appreciation of the glorious rights she already possesses. First she has the right to make home happy. This realm no one has ever disputed with her. Men may come home at noon or at night, and then tarry a comparatively little while; but she all day long governs it, beautifies it, sanctifies it. It is within her power to make it the most attractive place on earth. It is the only earthly paradise this side world. You know as well as I do that this outside world and the business world are a long scene of jostle and contention. The man who has a dollar struggles to keep it; the man who has it not struggles to get it. Princes go down, Kingdoms, Misrepresentations, Underselling, Buyers depreciating, salesmen exaggerating. Tenants seeking less rent; landlords demanding more. Struggles about offices. Men who are in trying to keep in men who are trying to get in. Slips, Tumbles, Defalcations, Panics, Catastrophes. Oh, woman! thank God you have a home, and that you may be queen in it. Better be there than wear Victoria's coronet. Better be there than carry the purse of a princess. Your abode may be humble, but you can, by your faith in God, and your cheerfulness of demeanor, gild it with splendors such as an upholsterer's hand never yet kindled. There are abodes in every city—humble, two stories, four plain, unpapered rooms; undesirable neighborhood; and yet there is a man who would die on the threshold rather than surrender. Why? It is home. Whenever he thinks of it he sees angels of God hovering around it. The ladders of heaven are let down to that home. Over the child's rough crib there are the chantings of angels as those that broke over Bethlehem. It is home. Years and years may come up after awhile, and they may win high position, and they may have an affluent residence; but they will not until their dying day forget that humble roof, under which their father rested, and their mother sang, and their sisters played. Oh, if you would gather up all tender memories, all the lights and shades of the heart, all banquetings and reunions, all filial, fraternal, paternal and conjugal affections, and you had only just four letters with which to spell out that height, and depth, and length, and breadth, and magnitude, and eternity of meaning, you would, with streaming eyes, and trembling voice, and agitated hand, write it out in those four living capitals, H-O-M-E.

What right does woman want that is grander than to be queen in such a realm? Why, the eagles of heaven cannot fly across that dominion. Horses, panting and with lathered flanks, are not swift enough to run to the outpost of that realm. They say that the sun never sets upon the English empire; but I have to tell you that on this realm of woman's influence, eternity never marks any bound. Isabella fled from the Spanish throne, pursued by the nation's anathemas; but she who is queen in a home will never lose her throne, and death itself will only be the annexation of heavenly principalities.

When you want to get your grandest idea of a queen, you do not think of Catherine of Russia, or of Anne of England, or Marie Theresa of Germany; but when you want to get your grandest idea of a queen you think of the plain woman who sat opposite your father at the table, or walked with him arm in arm down life's pathway; sometimes to the Thanksgiving banquet, sometimes to the grave, but always together—soothing your petty griefs, correcting your childish waywardness, joining in your infantile sports, listening to your evening prayers, toiling for you with needle, or at the spinning wheel, and on cold nights wrapping you up snug and warm. And then at last, on that day when she lay in the back room dying, and you saw her take those thin hands with which she had toiled for you so long, and put them together in a dying prayer that commended you to the God whom she had taught you to trust—Oh, she was the queen! The charlots of God came down to fetch her; and as she went in all heaven rose up. You cannot think of her now without a rush of tenderness that stirs the deep foundations of your soul, and you feel as much a child again as when you cried on her lap; and if you could bring her back again to speak just once more your name, my tenderly as she used to speak it, you would be willing to throw yourself on the ground and kiss the sod that covers her, crying: "Mother! mother!" Ah! she was the queen—she was the queen. Now, can you tell me how many thousand miles a woman like that would have to travel down before she got to the ballot box?

Compared with this work of training kings and queens for God and eternity, how insignificant seems all this work of voting for aldermen and common councilmen, and sheriffs, and constables, and mayors, and presidents! To make one such grand woman as I have described, how many thousands would you want of those people who go in the round of fashion and dissipation, going as far toward disgraceful apparel as they dare go, so as not to be arrested by the police—their behavior a sorrow to the good and a caricature of the vicious, and an insult to that God who made them women and not gorgons, and tramping on, down through a frivolous and dissipated life, to temporal and eternal damnation.

Oh, woman, with the lightning of your soul, strike dead at your feet all these allurements to dissipation and to fashion. Your immortal soul cannot be fed upon such garbage. God calls you up to empire and dominion. Will you have it? Oh, give to God your heart; give to God your best energies; give to God all your culture; give to God all your refinement; give yourself to Him, for this world and the next. Soon all these bright eyes will be quenched, and these voices will be hushed. For the last time you will look upon this fair earth. Father's hand, mother's hand, sister's hand, child's hand, will no more be in yours. It will be night and there will come up a cold wind from the Jordan, and you must start. Will it be a large woman on a trackless moor? Ah, no! Jesus will come up in that hour and offer His hand and He will say: "You stood by me when you were well; now I will not desert you, when you are sick." One wave of His hand and the storm will drop; another wave of His hand and midnight shall break into midnoon; and another wave of His hand and the chamberlains of God will come down from the treasure houses of heaven, with robes lustrous, blood-washed and heaven gilted, in which you will array yourself amid the sneers of the spirits of the Lamb. And then, with Miriam, who struck the timbrel of the Red sea; and with Deborah, who led the Lord's host into the fight; and with Hannah, who gave her Samuel to the Lord; and with Mary, who rocked Jesus to sleep while there were angels singing in the air, and with Sisera and Cheriturg, who bound up the battle wounds of the Crimea, you will, from the chalice of God, drink to the soul's eternal rescue.

Your dominion is home, O woman! What a brave fight for home the women of Ohio made some years ago, when, by the tens of thousands, they banded together and in many of the towns and cities of that state marched in procession, and by prayer and Christian songs shut up more places of dissipation than were ever shut counted the times they opened again? Oh, yes. But is it not a good thing to shut up the gates of hell for two or three months? It seemed that men engaged in the business of destroying others did not know how to cope with this kind of warfare. They knew how to fight the Maine liquor law, and they knew how to fight the National Temperance Society, and they knew how to fight the Sons of Temperance and Good Samaritans; but when Dorothea Dix appeared upon the scene, Sisera took to his feet and got to the mountains. It seems that they did not know how to contend against "Coronation," and "Old Hundred," and "Battle Array," and "Bethany." They were severely intimidated. These men found that they could not accomplish much against that kind of warfare, and in one of the cities a regiment was brought out all armed to disperse the women. They came down with their arms, but oh, what poor success, for that regiment was made up of gentlemen, and gentlemen do not like to shoot women with hymn books in their hands. Oh, they found that gunning for female prayer meetings was a very poor business. No real damage was done, although there was threat of violence after threat of violence all over the land. I really think it the women of the East had as much faith in God as their sisters of the West had, and had the same fresh cases of human criticism, I really believe that in one month three-fourths of the groceries of our cities would be closed, and there would be running through the gutters of Gotham and Philadelphia and Boston and Heidsieck and old port and Schiedam Schnaps and lager beer, and you would save your fathers and your husbands and your sons, first, from a drunkard's grave, and, second, from a drunkard's hell! To this battle for home let women rouse themselves. Thank God for our early home. Thank God for our present home. Thank God for the coming home in heaven.

One twilight, after I had been playing with the children for some time, I laid on the lounge to rest. The children said, play more. Children always want to play more. And, half asleep and half awake, I seemed to dream this dream. It seemed to me that I was in a distant land—not Persia, although more than Oriental luxuriance crowded the cities; nor the tropics—although more than tropical fruitfulness filled the gardens; nor Italy—although more than Italian softness filled the air. And I wandered around, looking for thorns and nettles, but I found none of them grew there. And I walked forth and I saw the sun rise, and I said: "When will it set again?" and the sun sank not. And I saw all the people in holiday apparel, and I said: "When do they put on workingman's garb again, and delve in the mine, and sweltter at the forge?" but neither the garments nor the robes did they put off. And I wandered in the suburbs, and I said: "Where do they bury the dead of this great city?" and I looked along by the hills where it would be most beautiful for the dead to sleep, and I saw castles, and towns, and battlements; but not a mausoleum, nor monument, nor white slab could I see. And I went into the great chapel of the town, and I said: "Where do the poor worship? where are the benches on which they sit?" and a voice answered: "We have no poor in this great city." And I wandered out, seeking to find the place where were the hovels of the destitute; and I found mansions of amber and ivory and gold, but no tear did I see or sigh hear. I was bewildered; and I sat under the shadow of a great tree, and I said: "What am I, and whence comes all this?" And at that moment there came from among the leaves, skipping on the flowery paths and across the sparkling waters a very bright and sparkling group, and when I saw their step I knew it, and when I heard their voices I thought I knew them; but their apparel was so different from anything I had ever seen, I bowed a stranger to strangers. But after awhile, when they clapped their hands, and shouted: "Welcome! welcome!" the mystery was solved, and I saw that time had passed, and that eternity had come, and that God had gathered us up into a higher home; and I said: "Are we all here?" and the voices of innumerable generations answered: "All here;" and while tears of gladness were raining down our cheeks, and the branches of Lebanon cedars were clapping their hands, and the towers of the great city were chiming their welcome, we began to laugh and sing, and leap and shout: "Home! home! home!"

Then I felt a child's hand on my face, and it woke me. The children wanted to play more. Children always want to play more. Children always want to play more.

That Knocked the Poetry.

Tit Bits: He was kneeling at her feet and saying: "My precious sweet, life lingers to me as a petunia streaked with the glorious golden fretting of a soul which knoweth no love, so——"

"Oh, Jim," she said, "how strong you smell of onions."

Awarded
Highest Honors—World's Fair,
DR. PRICE'S CREAM BAKING POWDER
MOST PERFECT MADE.
A pure Grape Cream of Tartar Powder. Free from Ammonia, Alum or any other adulterant.
40 YEARS THE STANDARD.

OUR BOOK TABLE.

WHAT IS PRESENTED BY THE PUBLISHERS THIS WEEK.

The Result of Literary Work as Shown by the New Books That Are on the Publishers' Shelves—Literary Notes.

According to recent reports all the Italian property of Ouida, the well known novelist, has been sold to pay her debts and she is almost penniless. Probably no woman writer of fiction of recent times has created more food for gossip and speculation than Louise de la Ramee, as she is called in private life. From some of her books the idea has gone abroad that she herself is the type that she loves to portray—an impossible creature, half adventuress, half angel and startlingly beautiful—the sort of woman one does not care for as a relation and yet would be glad to meet on an ocean steamer or anywhere else where time is hard to kill.

Descriptions of Ouida differ considerably. One man tells a story of how, when walking with a friend on the streets of Florence he first saw the authoress. "An equipage, neither carriage nor coupe, was approaching. The turnout was quiet and admirable in its details. A stolid English coachman was the distinguishing feature which marked it as the voiture of one from the brumous isle.

"'Look at the lady,' whispered Mr. Graham to me, as he made his courteous bow, while the equipage halted that its occupant might speak with him.

"The lady referred to was certainly remarkable in looks as well as in costume. She seemed tall, very much above the usual stature of women. Her face was marked by a nose decidedly aquiine and abundant yellow hair. The figure was graceful and lithe. But such eyes! Any adequate description is as impossible as it is to put into words the color of a lightning flash. One moment they were of a topaz brown, as insentuable as those of the Sybil, and in the next second they were of a misty gray, in hue like the Mediterranean's surface when the Levanter first begins to blow in uncertain, ruffling little gusts. The face would have been a pleasant though very unusual one but for the eerie, uncanny eyes. It was Ouida." Another describes her as a "decidedly plain-looking woman, past 50, who overdresses most shockingly."

Any sunshiny afternoon for many years past she was to be seen driving along the Lung d'Arno, according to the best quoted authority, dressed in a disengaged-looking, profusely trimmed with lace. About her shoulders was usually thrown a black guipure mantilla oddly drawn up about the neck and falling far over the waist and hands. On her flowing, bleached, untidy mass of hair rested a broad-brimmed hat of tulle and lace, through whose open-work brim grotesque shadows were thrown upon her face. The background to this startling make-up was a brougham of latest design, tiffed in bright turquoise blue satin. Three huge spitz dogs were her constant companions on these drives; and as she proceeded through the streets more than one old Florentine had something to tell of her extravagances and peculiarities.

Laces and stilettos were her passion; and of both she had a valuable collection. Laces as flimsy as a cobweb—rare old point in all its varieties that turn connoisseurs green with envy—were stored in magnificent caskets. In her case of stilettos those of Beatrice Cenci and Lucretia Borgia are said to have been guarded, lining one side of the case dangerous jeweled playthings of less celebrated beauties, and cheek by jowl with them were old poinards rusty with the blood of more than one brigand chief.

Ouida's youth was passed in various countries, so that she may be said to have no particular nationality. She speaks fluently French, Italian and German, as well as her native tongue, and writes those foreign languages with facility. She has often declared that she had no childhood and, indeed, no youth; for her experiences were unpleasant and forced her very early into a kind of morbid maturity. For years she has been overflowing with cynicism and bitterness, disliking men and distrusting women and giving the most unpleasant pictures of fashionable society, indicating the selfishness, immorality and wantonness are the distinguishing traits of humanity.

"The Company Doctor" is the title given to a laudable effort of Henry Edward Rood to illustrate the dangers which he foresees as a result of unrestricted immigration. It is not an easy task to exploit proposed reforms through the medium of the novel and still preserve any of the necessary elements of popularity to the work as a story. It is true that the end has been accomplished, but the Harriet Beecher Stowes and the Wilkie Collinses are few in number, taking the history of novel writing through. Mr. Rood has made a powerful argument for the support of his proposition, and if sufficiently read it cannot fail of beneficial effect in the molding of public opinion, even now to establish laws for the repression of very much of the undesirable growth of our foreign population if only politics did not play the leading part in legislative consideration of the subject. The book, contrary to the general run of present day novels, is a story in a literary sense, and the story is full of action and replete in lively dialogue.

"Facts and Fictions of Life," Helen H. Gardner has added an interesting number to the Arena Library Series under the above title. The general subject of the essays embraced in the volume is that of heredity, on which the author has written before with much power. Speaking of the reasons why she has devoted so much thought to the subject, she says in the preface: "When I was a young girl I heard a famous judge read and discuss a series of papers which were then appearing in the Popular Science Monthly, and which were called 'The Biologic Basis of Human Crime.' I was the only person admitted to the club where the consideration of the papers took place who was not mature in years and connected with one of the learned professions. More than any other one thing, perhaps, the thoughts and suggestions that came to me while listening to the discussions of those papers which hinted at the various possibilities of inherited criminal tendencies, led me into the study of anthropology and heredity." And she promises to add still more to the fund of thought which has come from that beginning.

Helen Gardner is at her best in the most difficult literary channel, that of the essayist. She says more in fewer words than any writer of the day, and learned savants pause to drink in the ideas that she has drawn from the fountain of common sense. Her work, "Facts and Fictions of Life," has reached a large sale, and is now being translated into German, French and Russian and two Oriental languages. These essays deal with the most delicate and least understood problems of life, in a clear, modest and uncompromising manner, and consist of twelve papers read at the world's fair congresses by the author, who was listened to with breathless silence by the largest audiences of the congresses, and after each paper she received most enthusiastic ovations.

"Four Years of Novel Reading," Mr. Richard G. Moulton, professor of literature in the University of Chicago, has presented the results of a novel experiment in the study of fiction which is not only a novelty but elaborates and explains a plan which could be followed by clubs of the lovers of literature with much pleasure and profit. The book is mainly a record of the work of such a club which has flourished long enough to present "four years of novel reading." The plan consists in the reading, by all the members of the class, of the same novel at the same period, while the announcement of the novel to be read is accompanied with suggestions of one or two "points" to be noted in the book selected. The scheme includes meetings for discussing the novel and reading essays; but its essence lies in the simultaneous reading, and reading in the light of an expert's suggestions as to important points. The most interesting results are attained by the practice, and the work is well calculated to popularize the idea.

"A Very Remarkable Girl," under which rather alluring title appears the sixteenth (June) number of the unique quarterly, Tales From Town Topics, is a short but powerful story of metropolitan life, by L. H. Bickford. Its heroine, Cynthia Platte, is a damsel whose Western breziness and candor is leavened with brilliancy of intellect and an airy cynicism that render her an instructive as well as entertaining character study. The author touches upon modern social life and ethics in a delightfully bantering way, and the little sermon that he causes his hero—Brown, a millionaire and athlete, also from the West—to preach to a frivolous woman of fashion who has sneered at him for his lack of polish, carries a strong moral with it. The climax of the story, which presents Cynthia coolly starting for a ride with Brown on the very morning set for her marriage to a foreign nobleman, and her subsequent change of heart at the last minute in the Western giant's favor, is as powerful as it is unusual. There are other interesting characters in the story, notably that of Mr. Biggory Oches, a fin de siecle man of fashion, who while entertaining the supremest contempt for Brown's crudities of deportment, is not too proud to accept financial favors from him. The story is full of sly hints at famous people and is thoroughly spicy in tone, without being in the least objectionable. The remainder of the book is the usual choice collection of the brightest stories, sketches and poems from early issues of Town Topics. Town Topics Publishing Company, 208 Fifth avenue, New York.

Three good stories in paper come from the United States Book Company. The first is entitled "Betty," and is by Anna Vernon Dorsey. It is a last century love story, and it is a romance, pure and simple. The next is "Wedded to Sport," and is by Mrs. Edward Kennard, who has written a number of successful tales. This is a reprint, but is fully as readable to-day as it was when first issued, three years ago. Then there is "Margery of Quether," by S. Baring-Gould, also a new edition. And all of the three are well chosen to furnish good summer reading.

"Parson Thring's Secret." This is a novel by A. W. Marchmount, who is known to many readers as the author of "Miser Hoadley's Secret." It is a thrilling romance with an intricate plot, exceedingly well handled. The writer has a faculty of dressing the most commonplace events in a garb of interest, and of sustaining the interest of his readers throughout every phase of his story. His characters are all well chosen and endowed with strong personality for each which gives them life as of the present and affords an opportunity for interested discussion. It is a book that will prove welcome company during a summer's outing either at the seashore, in the mountains or anywhere where rainy days are like to come to keep the owner indoors or under cover.

"The Adventures of Captain Horn," Frank R. Stockton's latest story, fulfills not only the advance notices of its publishers, but the expectations of the countless admirers of this most entertaining and ingenious of all our light novelists. It is unlike any other work that Mr. Stockton has ever written—and indeed the same may be said of all those that have preceded it from his pen, and therefore it is not by any means a distinguishing feature of this one. It is a romance, and a most romantic one at that, of the most adventurous kind. As are all of the characters of his novels, those of this story are strongly individualized, and the thread of the story is full of charming and amusing episodes. Indeed, the rare humor of the gifted writer pervades the entire recital, never for a moment flagging.

"Sister Gratia," a story by C. Edgar Snow, is a very readable tale, but not by any means a great novel, nor even one that is calculated to attract any considerable amount of attention.

"The Keys of Fate," a novel by Herman Shores, is another story written as a vehicle to convey an argument and exploit a theory regarding the work being done for the Christian religion. And it is quite as entertaining as a story as a majority of the many similar works put before the reading public in the last year or two. It is certainly deserving of the attention of those who are interested in the subject of which it treats, but as a novel one can find a thousand beter.

Among the paper covered books brought out the past week, there is none more worthy of mention than the new edition of Rudyard Kipling and Wolcott Balestier's "The Naulahka: A Story of the West and East," added to Macmillan's "Novelist's Library."

"The Market for an Impulse." This is a very charming love story. The scene is laid in one of those delightful, somnolent old New England towns, which afford the keen observer so many interesting contrasts of character. The reader feels the atmosphere of this old town from the very first page of the book, and it gives an intense reality to the most eccentric characters that appear in the story. Peyton Wade, the man of impulse, the principal character in the story, is drawn with unusual skill and certainty, and he fascinates the reader at once and holds his or her attention and interest and sympathy to the end. He is a man who stands for truth, justice and the right, no matter what the consequences may be. He acts upon impulse and cares nothing for self-interest or expediency. He is a young lawyer, without clients or resources, debts, and with his way to make. But his straightforwardness and plain speaking on public questions do not recommend him to the favor of those in place and power in the little town, and his best friends said of him that he had ability, but was too impolitic to succeed. He takes no account of politics and acts on impulse. A man like that will never get a law practice," one of his critics says of him. And immediately the reader is interested, for in the everyday world, men of impulse are almost unknown.

Among the many summer stories that have made their appearance in the past week are two in paper covers from the Cassell Publishing Company, one of which is entitled "Witness to the Deed," by George Manville Fenn, and the other, "In Tent and Bungalow," by "an idle exile." They are both reprints, but are presented in cheap form and are likely to have many readers.

"A Few Financial Facts," Mr. S. S. King, of Kansas City, Kas., has written an entertaining and instructive book on the absorbing topic of the day, the financial question, that is not only a novelty in the manner of presenting his arguments, but which contains a vast amount of information, forcibly and convincingly put. Mr. King has a clear, concise and convincing style, and this fact, coupled with the timely subject which he has chosen for this effort to present his views on a burning question of which everybody is reading and talking, should insure the book a wide circulation. We have read nothing on the subject which has interested us more.

John Kendrick Bangs plays a trick on his confiding coterie of readers in Harper's Bazar for June 8. He has a very interesting ghost story, with a decidedly novel idea in it, but when he got it spinning along nicely he evidently wanted a smoke or went off to the club, because he calmly winds it up with the remark: "If any of my readers can furnish a solution I wish they would do so, for I am very much interested in the case, and I truly hate to leave a story of this kind in so unfinished a condition—a ghost story without a solution strikes me as being about as useful as a house without any roof." The rest of us, also, Mr. Bangs.

McClure has issued his Napoleonic Quarterly. It consists of a 250 page magazine containing the life of Napoleon written by Ida M. Tarbell, which ran through the numbers of McClure's Magazine during the last year. It is short, concise, and written in a popular vein which takes well with the ordinary reader. To give a clear synopsis of Napoleon's meteoric career nothing better has come out of late. Miss Tarbell does not spend any time in lengthy analytic speculations on Napoleon's motives, and for that reason holds the interest. The life is illustrated with 250 rare and handsome pictures of Napoleon and the incidents of his life. Most of the originals are in the collection of the Hon. Gardner G. Hubbard, and are supplemented by pictures in the collections of Prince Victor Napoleon, Prince Roland Bonaparte, Baron Larrey and others. The quarterly sells at the news stands for 50 cents.

The Chap-Book for June 1 contains the first part of a melodramatic farce by Robert Louis Stevenson and William Ernest Henly called "Macaire." It is a clever thing, sparkling with epigrammatic wit and caustic philosophy. Macaire, the notorious malefactor, is presented at his tricks at a country wedding. Some of his remarks are entirely quotable, though he would not be exactly termed a moralist. They lose in point without the context. The whole thing is a happy-go-lucky frivol, brisk and readable.

A gentleman called Frank Hazenplug dressed off the same one night and produced the resultant nightmare composed the alarming impressionistic picture which he calls "The Blind." It represents some ballet ladies of Egyptian tendencies wandering around disconsolately in an atmosphere which might be taken for a shower bath or a dish of macaroni, as one chooses.

Lillian Bell has a review of Henry Fuller's novel, "With the Procession," and Gilbert Parker in "The White Omen" has one of his peculiarly beautiful Canadian sketches. Here is an aromatic sentence: "The fire sent a trembling blow through the room of a hut on a Voshti hill, and the smell of burning fir and camphor wood filtered through the air with a sleepy sweetness."

Literary Notes.

Godey's Magazine for June is among the best publications of the month, and cannot fail to attract universal praise.

"The German Struggle for Liberty" is the subject of a series of papers to be published in Harper's Magazine. The first article will appear in the July number.

Alphonse Daudet's opinion of Mr. H. M. Stanley: "He is the largest reservoir of human energy known to me since Napoleon. I admire him, I think, more than anything in the world."

Mr. Arthur Paterson, author of "A Daughter of the Nez Perces," has written a stirring story of life in New Mexico in the early days of its settlement. It is called "A Son of the Plains," and will be published at once by Macmillan & Co.

Harper's Round Table for June is contains the fourth article in the interesting series on "Great State Papers." It is entitled "Our Laws of Proclamation." Another article on "A Young Man's Gunning" gives hints as to the care of a gun, the way to use it, and the way not to use it. Both are admirably illustrated.

John Muir, the California naturalist and geologist, has written for the June Century an account of the discovery of the largest glacier in the world, in Alaska, which bears his name. Mr. Muir made his voyage at the beginning of the winter season and was accompanied only by a missionary and a party of Alaska Indians.

"Nearer, My God, to Thee," was the work of Sarah Flower Adams, and first appeared in a volume of hymns and anthems published in 1840 by Rev. W. J. Fox. Several churches have objected to the theology of the hymn and have endeavored to prove it, but no substitute was ever received with favor by the public.

Harper's Weekly for June 22 will contain an illustrated article on Chickamauga Park, by General H. V. Boynton. In the same number the streets of New York, as they were in 1894, and as they are, since Colonel Waring has cleaned them and turned the trucks out, will be represented in a number of illustrations, filling two pages.

They were reading aloud the pretty new story, "The Head of a Hundred," taking turns in the reading, and one of them asked: "Do you believe there ever was a man as stupid as the one pretends he was who tells this tale?" Then the other, "Remember, he is telling the story of his own courtship!" But, they were both women who were reading the book!

Scribner's Magazine for July will open with an article on "Athletic Clubs," by Duncan Edwards, which will contain nearly forty illustrations of the great clubs in this country, such as the New York Athletic, the Crescent, the Chicago, the Olympia, of San Francisco, and the Boston. This is the most comprehensive article that ever has been published on the subject.

French-reading Americans—in fact, all persons who take an interest in literary and artistic movements in Europe and America—will greet with pleasure the announcement that there is now published a new magazine, printed entirely in French, yet designed especially for Americans, La Revue Franco-Americaine is an illustrated monthly magazine, the initial number bearing date of June, 1895. New York, 83 Duane street.

Harper's Bazar, published on June 15, is distinguished by the variety and beauty of its summer toilettes, and men will find in its columns an article especially adapted to their needs, giving information about negligee costumes, and indicating how one may be perfectly comfortable and still shock no conventionality during the heated terms which we may expect. A story by Edith V. B. Matthews, entitled "Little Miss Busybody," is very bright, and has an original situation.

New Books.

We have a standing order with all the first-class publishing houses for their new books as soon as issued, and can supply you with any book reviewed or mentioned in this paper.

OSBORNE & PITRAT, Booksellers, 817 and 919 Main street, Kansas City, Mo.

Books Received.

THE ADVENTURES OF CAPTAIN HORN. By Frank R. Stockton. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. The Doggett Dry Goods Company, Kansas City.

PARSON THRING'S SECRET. By A. W. Marchmont. B. A. The Cassell Publishing Company, New York. Osborne & Pitrat, Kansas City.

THE COMPANY DOCTOR. By H. E. Rood. The Merriam Company, New York.

FOUR YEARS OF NOVEL READING. By Richard G. Moulton, D. C. Heath & Co., Boston.

PHILOCTETES, and other poems and sonnets. By J. E. Nesmith. Printed by the Riverside Press, Cambridge.

FACTS AND FICTIONS OF LIFE. By Helen H. Gardner. Arena Publishing Company, Boston.

A MARKET FOR AN IMPULSE. By William Whitemore Tufts. Arena Publishing Company, Boston.

BETTY. By Anna Vernon Dorsey. United States Book Company, New York.

WEDDED TO SPORT. By Mrs. Edward Kennard. United States Book Company, New York.

MARGERY OF QUETHER. By S. Baring-Gould. United States Book Company, New York.

THE NAULAHKA. By Rudyard Kipling and Wolcott Balestier. Macmillan & Co., New York.

WITNESS TO THE DEED. By George Manville Fenn. The Cassell Publishing Company, New York. Osborne & Pitrat, Kansas City.

IN TENT AND BUNGALOW. By "An Exile." The Cassell Publishing Company, New York. Osborne & Pitrat, Kansas City.

KEYS OF FATE. By Herman Shores. The Arena Publishing Company, Boston.

SISTER GRATIA. By C. Edgar Snow. Charles H. Kerr & Co., Chicago.

A FEW FINANCIAL IDEAS. By S. S. King, Kansas City, Kas. The E. R. Callendar Printing Company, Kansas City, Kas.

NEW WAYS TO CATCH FISH.

Imitation of a Tiger Trap and Electric Light Devices.

From the New York Sun.

Some novelties in the way of fishing devices are being tried on this year's run of weakfish. One of the most striking of them is due to William R. Lamb, of East Greenwich, R. I., an old fisherman who has for many years had the idea that more fish are to be caught by scheming than by real hard work and broiling in the hot sun. His invention is adapted from the tiger trap of India. The latter consists of a large cage in which is placed a mirror, and beneath the mirror the body of a freshly-killed goat. The tiger is attracted by the smell of the fresh blood, and sees himself in the mirror, and thinking it is another tiger trying to get ahead of him leaps into the cage. Then down comes the heavy lid and he is trapped. Mr. Lamb takes a mirror, perfectly oval in form, and about eighteen inches long, which is attached to the upper end of a ring in the frame. A horizontal arm extends a little distance on each side of the mirror, and has at each end a ring to receive an auxiliary line with a hook attached so as to hang about the middle of the mirror. A fish coming up catches sight of its reflection, and the theory is that it will dash at the bait and hook itself all the faster in the attempt to get ahead of the other fish. The inventor says that he has already tried his scheme successfully. He proposes to experiment with three-sided mirrors with a view of still further increasing its efficacy.

The electric light is likely to play a big part in the fishing of the future. A Mr. Trouse, of Albany, has in preparation a net which is operated with an electric light. The light is placed in position and the nets are set either to seaward of it or around it, flat upon the bottom. When the fish are attracted to the light a rubber tube, which runs along the top of the net, is inflated by a pump in the boat, and the upper edge of the net will rise to the surface, the lower edge being held down by suitable sinkers.

Another novelty is a very taking weakfish rig, evidently modeled on the sun rig of three seasons ago. It is a two-inch bar with a swivel in the center, and at each end is another swivel which is made to work easily by a tiny glass bead. This will keep the two hooks well separated, and is a good 10c worth. Still another item is "the fisherman's friend," a pair of large grab scissors, intended to grasp an eel, to hold the head of an ugly and awkwardly hooked bluefish, to avoid the spines of a sea bass or a perch, to open clam shells, and last, but by no means least, to lift pots and pans off the campfire. Then there is a bait box, which slips on the belt and fits the body. Rubber finger covers are prepared for the tender-skinned city man who goes bluefishing and does not want to get his fingers all cut to pieces in the time-honored style.

Prompt relief in sick headache, dizziness, nausea, constipation, pain in the side, guaranteed to those using Carter's Little Liver Pills.

Always Popular
Wherever drank. A delicious, sparkling twinkle in the taste of the
Dick Bros.' Superba Beer
places it above all other brews. Chemically pure. As a nutritious stimulant it has no equal. Medical profession indorses it highly.
Orders filled by
Glasner & Barzen,
10th and Mulberry. Phone 148.

SPAULDING & CO.
(Incorporated)
Gold and Silver Smiths
If You're to Be Married
or are to attend a wedding in this matrimonial month, you're doubtless thinking of just the thing we have: appropriate gifts in Gold, Silver and Jewels, almost everything your taste could suggest. We are adepts in the production of elegant stationery.
If, strange to say, you have no present interest in weddings, our establishment still holds thousands of beautiful articles to interest you.
Cor State & Jackson Sts
CHICAGO

DR. DeLAP'S NEW LIFE PILLS
A GUARANTEED REMEDY FOR
Married, Single, Old and Young Men
—TO—
Absolutely *restore* and give *new life* and *vigor* to men who have *nervous* troubles, caused from excess, use of tobacco or other stimulants. Men who are troubled with *nightly emissions*, etc. Men who have made *youthful errors*. Men who are broken down, caused from *overexertion*, and are now unfit to marry. Gives *new life, vigor, energy* and *returns youth* and *happiness*. A *written guarantee* given with each full treatment (which is six boxes) to *absolutely* and *effectually* cure or money refunded. Price, $1 box; full treatment of six boxes, with guarantee, $5. Prepared by Dr. De Lap, the famous French physician of Paris, France. For sale only by
JOHNSON BROS., DRUGGISTS,
1107 Main Street, Kansas City, Mo.
Sole Agents. MAIL ORDERS promptly filled.

Doctor Henderson
101 West 9th Street, Kansas City, Mo.
The Old Reliable Doctor. Oldest in Age, Longest Located. A Regular Graduate in Medicine. Over 27 Years Special Practice.
Authorized by the State to treat *CHRONIC, NERVOUS and SPECIAL DISEASES.* Cures guaranteed or money refunded. All medicines furnished ready for use. No detention from business. Patients at a distance treated by mail and express. Medicines sent everywhere, free from gaze or breakage. Charges low. Over 30,000 cases cured. Age and experience are important. State your case and send for terms. Consultation is free and confidential, either personally or by letter.
Seminal Weakness and Sexual Debility, (Spermatorrhoea) and Impotency, producing losses, pimples and blotches on the face, rushes of blood to head, pains in back, confused ideas and forgetfulness, bashfulness, aversion to society, loss of sexual power, loss of manhood, &c., cured for life. I can stop all night losses, restore lost sexual power, restore nerve and brain power, enlarge and strengthen weak parts and make you fit for marriage.
Syphilis, that terrible disease, in all its forms and stages cured for life. Blood Poisoning, Skin Diseases, Ulcers, Swellings, Sores, Gonorrhoea and Gleet, and all forms of Private Diseases positively cured or money refunded.
Stricture permanently cured without caustic, cutting, bougies or sounds. No pain, no exposure. Patient can use the treatment at home.