ON 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.

Colonel W. F. Cloud has undertaken to "turn the X rays of truth" upon the political history of Old Mexico in a volume which will be issued from the press of the Hallmark-Kimball Publishing Company of this city, in a few days. Colonel Cloud is a writer of much force, and he has the good experienced facilities for the collection of the necessary data for his work. Himself a soldier in the Mexican war, his country and Mexico, and later the gallant commander of one of Kansas' most valiant regiments during the Civil war, he has had opportunities which peculiarly fit him for the undertaking which he has begun in so many striking situations. In his advancing years he has taken up this task as a labor of love, and he has for the remaining years, which it is pleasant to be able to say, he has been spared, to be able to carry out his design. He and his friends give promise that he will not be disappointed in the outcome of the work itself, as we can give but a mere sketch of the lines laid by him in the preface. At the last, however, he has a plan which is worthy of the author and of the subject. It is not a mere record of events, dry and uninteresting to the casual reader, but it is a history of the times, as shown by the policy of the Mexican government throughout the years. Next year's long Century serial is to be written by Marion Crawford. It is to be called "Corleone," and Don Orsino is to be the hero. The work, in other words, is to add a new volume to the annals of the house of Sarcinesca.

A Letter to Town" in the June Scribner's, despite its unusual and pathetic interest from its being the last utterance of H. C. Bunner. This installment closes a series of "Town and Suburban" stories in the same magazine.

In the second installment of "Vailima Table Talk," to appear in the June Scribner's, the story is told that Stevenson became very fond of Chevalier's music hall songs so sung to him by a visitor. An account is given of an evening at Vailima, where "Lisa" was one of the chief attractions.

The Critic says "that Miss Mary E. Wilkins has been obliged to suspend all work owing to ill health. Her condition is not at all serious, but it has been thought advisable that she lay aside her pen and rest for a time. Her novel, 'Jerome: A Poor Man,' which was to have been commenced in Harper's Bazar in July, will not appear before January. Three-fourths of the book are written, but it will now be laid aside until Miss Wilkins feels in good working trim again."

The fact that the Republican convention is to be held in St. Louis in June directs special attention to that city and will make particularly timely the article on the city government of St. Louis which Dr. Albert Shaw, the author of "Municipal Government in Great Britain," etc., has contributed to the June Century. It is one of several articles which Dr. Shaw is writing for this magazine on the government of American cities. The same number will contain an article by Joseph B. Bishop on "Omens and Pathos of Presidential Conventions."

Books Received.

THE SEATS OF THE MIGHTY. By Gilbert Parker. D. Appleton & Co., New York. $1.25.

A MOUNTAIN WOMAN. By Ella W. Fowler. Way & Williams, Chicago. $1.25.

THE MYSTERY OF PAUL CHAWICK. By John W. Foscgate. Laird & Lee, Chicago.

HIS HONOR AND A LADY. By Mrs. Forrest Coles. D. Appleton & Co., New York. $1.25.

THE IDEAL OF UNIVERSITIES. By John Broderick, Ph. D. The Metaphysical Publishing Company, New York.

THE MERCANTILE AGENCIES AGAINST CONGRESS. By William Y. Chinn, Charles H. Kerr & Co., Chicago.

MYSTERIOUS MR. HOWARD. By John R. Music. Robert Bonner's Sons, New York.

WISE WISEACRE'S WAYS. By Myrtle Fillmore. Unity Book Company, Kansas City.

EVERY MONTH for May. New York.

THE FEASTS OF AUTOLYCUS. Edited by Elizabeth Robins Pennell. The Merriam Company, New York.

DIDONA. By Isabel Clifton Nye. G. W. Dillingham, New York. 50 cents.

THE SPIRIT ARROW. By Frank Lewis Dewing. G. W. Dillingham, New York. 50 cents.

THE PEACEMAKER OF BOURBON. By S. J. Hunstead. G. W. Dillingham, New York. 50 cents.

QUEENS OF THE STAGE. By Alan Dale. G. W. Dillingham, New York. 50 cents.

AN ART FAILURE. By John W. Harding. F. Tennyson Neely, Chicago, Western & Pitzel, Kansas City.

WEEKLY MARKET LETTERS: valuable information and comparisons. By Clapp & Co., bankers, New York.

ESSAYS ON NATURE AND CULTURE. By Hamilton Wright Mabie. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. $1.25.

POEMS. By Caroline Dorr and Alice Ivier. George H. Richmond & Co., New York. $1.25.

ALIDA CHADE. By Pauline Kane. Illustrated. George H. Richmond & Co., New York. $1.25.

SONGS FROM THE GREEK. Translated by Jane Minot Kane. George H. Richmond & Co., New York. $1.25.

Dyspepsia in its worst forms will yield to the use of Carter's Little Nerve Pills, aided by Carter's Little Liver Pills. They also relieve the pain, incident thereto, but strengthen the stomach and digestive apparatus.

COMANCHE CRUELTY.

An Instance of Fiendishness in Torturing a Prisoner.

From the Popular Science News.

Colonel R. I. Dodge was for many years engaged in operations against the hostile tribes of the plains. He had abundant opportunity to study the Indian character, especially those relating to war. In his book he speaks of many acts of ingenious cruelty practiced by the Apaches, Sioux and Comanches, showing to what depths of degradation savagery may fall.

"Of all the horrible stories which I have heard of Indian cruelty, one told me by Old Captain (his guide) is the most vivid and the most horrible.

"When he was about 21 years old a party of Comanches from the same camp in which he lived, while on a raid into Mexico, attacked a large ranch. * * * Taking with them the prisoners the one man who had defended himself in the defense of the ranch, the Indians departed for their own country. On the long march the poor wretch, closely watched and guarded day and night, never heard at night, was treated with extreme kindness. They presented his courage in the highest terms, led him they intended taking him to their camp, adopting him into their tribe and making a great chief of him. The trail followed, after leaving the Rio Grande, River, crosses the southern end of the high table land known to the whites as Staked Plains. At a water hole on this table lay the party halted for several days. Telling the prisoner they wanted it for some religious ceremony, they set him to digging a hole in the ground. Working with knife and hands, he in a day or two had dug down about five feet deep. Early the next morning a rope was tied about the ankles of the captive and wound spirally around his legs and body to the neck, binding his arms tightly to his sides. Rigid and immovable, the man was then planted upright like a post in the hole, the dirt filled in and tightly rammed down around him. When all was completed, nothing but his head was visible. They then scalped his head, cut off his lips, eyelids, taunted and left him.

"On their arrival at the camp the party described in detail their punishment of the Mexican, and that night a dance was regarded as an exquisite piece of pleasantry. The man would live, they said, eight days, retired at night to the cold of the high plains, to be devoured the next day by the hot sun beating on his scalped head and defenseless eyelids, etc.

"That human beings can practice such cruelty seems incredible.

Electricity From Coal.

A new method of generating electricity directly from coal has been devised by Dr. Alfred Cohen, who has succeeded in dissolving carbon at a galvanic cell, in precipitating again on a cathode and in forming a dual peroxide carbon couple with an electromotive force of 1.93 volts. This is the first time that carbon has to all appearances been obtained in the ionic state.—Berlin Letter.

Medicine Up to Date.

Physician of the new school, after turning X ray on the patient—"Your case is a somewhat complicated one. There is a slight trouble with your left lung, and I observe enlargement of the liver, and fatty degeneration of the heart. Kindly hand me that $2.50 in your right-hand trousers pocket, and I will prescribe for you."—New York World.

KEEPING BAD COMPANY.

DR. TALMAGE TALKS OF THE DANGER OF EVIL ASSOCIATIONS.

He Believes in Pleasure, but Would Studiously Avoid Those Who Are So Devoted to the World as to Make a Business of It.

Washington, May 17.—Young and old, but more especially the young men and women of our time, have a vital interest in the theme upon which Rev. Dr. Talmage discourses today. He chose for his subject, "Bad Company," the text selected being Proverbs iii: "Walk not thou in the way with them."

Hardly any young man goes to a place of dissipation alone. Each one is accompanied. No man goes to ruin alone. He always takes someone else with him. "May it please the court," said a convicted criminal, which saved if he had anything to say before sentence of death was passed upon him—"may it please the court, bad company has been my ruin. I received the blessing of good parents, and, in return, promised to avoid all evil associations. But I kept my promise. I should have been saved this shame, and been free from the load of guilt that hangs around me like a vulture, threatening to drag me to justice for crimes yet unrevealed. I, who once was the pride of my parents and have had busy writing, and some young man said to him: "Why do you keep busy? It is time for you to rest." He answered: "I keep busy to keep out of mischief." No man is strong enough to be a coward.

Are you fond of pictures? If so I will show you one of the works of an old master. Here it is. I went by the field of the slothful, and by the vineyard of the man void of understanding, and lo! it was all grown over with thorns, and nettles had covered the face thereof, and the stone wall was broken down. Then I saw and considered well. I looked upon it and received instruction. Yet a little sleep, a little slumber, a little folding of the hands to sleep. So shall thy poverty come as one that traveleth and thy want as an armed man." I don't know of another sentence in the Bible more expressive than that. It first hisses softly, like the fuse of a cannon, and at last bursts like a fifty-pounder. The old proverb was right. "The devil tempts most men, but idlers tempt the devil."

A young man came to a man of 90 years of age and said to him: "How have you made out to live so long and be so well?" The old man took the youngster to an orchard, and, pointing to a tree large and full of apples, said: "I planted these trees when I was a boy, and do you wonder now I am permitted to gather the fruit of them?" We gather in old age what we plant in our youth. Sow to the wind and we reap the whirlwind. Plant in early life the right kind of a Christian character, and you will eat luscious fruit in old age, and gather fresh harvest apples in eternity.

I urge you to avoid the perpetual pleasure seeker. I believe in recreation and amusement. God would not have made us with the capacity to laugh if he had not intended us sometimes to indulge it. God hath hung in sky, and set in wave, and printed on grass many a roundelay; but he who chooses pleasure seeking for his life work does not understand for what God made him. Our amusements are intended to help us in some earnest mission. The chisel is made to put the edge exquisitely purpled, but with a vocation that men of earth it declares, "I go to water the green fields." The wild flowers under the fence are gay, but they say, "We stand here to make room for the wheat field and to refresh the husbandman in the hoeing." The stream sparkles and foams and frolics and says, "I go to baptize the moss. I have the spots on the trout. I slake the thirst of the bird. I turn the wheel of the mill. I rock in my crystal cradle muckshaw and water lily." And so while the world plays, it works. Look out for the man who always plays and never works.

You will do well to avoid those whose regular business it is to play ball, skate or go a-boating. All these sports are grand in their places. I never derived so much advantage from any ministerial association as from a ministerial ball club that went out to play ball every Saturday afternoon on the outskirts of Philadelphia. These recreations are grand to give us muscle and spirits for our regular toil. I believe in muscular Christianity. A man is often not so near God with a weak stomach as when he has a strong digestion. But shun those who make it their life occupation to sport. There are young men whose industry and usefulness have fallen overboard from the turbulent tide of pleasure seekers, and through the ice of the skating pond, and has never since been heard of. There is a beauty in the gliding of a boat, in the echo of the skates, in the soaring of a well strung ball, and if I power can fly high I involuntarily throw up my hands to hit it, and so far from laying an injunction upon ball playing, or any other innocent sport, I claim them all as belonging of right to those of us who toil in the grand industries of church and state.

But the life business of pleasure seekers always makes in the end a cruel master. Beau Brummel was smiled upon by all England, and his life was given to pleasure. He danced with the personage and became a found of music and wealth and applause until, exhausted of years and worn out of body, and bankrupt of reputation, and ruined of soul, he begged a biscuit from a grocer, and declared that he thought a dog's life was better than a man's.

Such men will come into your office or crowd around your anvil, or seek to decoy you off. They will want you to loose out in the midst of your busy day to take a ride with them. They will tell you of some people you must see; of some excursion you must take; of some Sabbath day that you ought to dishonor. They will tell you of exquisite wines that you must taste; of costly operas that you must see; of wonderful dances that you must see; but before you accept their convoy or their companionship, remember that while at the end of a useful life you may be able to look back on influences you have put forth, on benevolence accomplished, to honorable work accomplished, to purity inspired, to a good name earned, to Christian influence exerted, to a Savior's cause advanced—these pleasure-seekers on their outstretched hands have nothing to view than a torn play-bill, a ticket for the race, an empty tankard, and the costumes of a carousal, and as in the delirium of their awful death they clutch the goblet, and drink it to their lips, the cup falling upon their tongue will begin to hiss and uncoil with the adders of an eternal poison.

Avoid, as you would avoid the death of your body, mind and soul, any one who has in him the gambling spirit. Men who want to gamble will find places just suited to their capacity, not only in the underground oyster cellar, or at the table back of the curtain, covered with greasy cards, or in the steamboat smoking cabin, where the bloated wretch with pipe in his ears deals out his pack as a kinks at the unsuspecting traveler, providing free drinks all round—but in gilded parlors, and amid gorgeous surroundings.

This sin works ruin first, by unhealthful stimulant. Excitement is pleasurable. Under every sky and in every age men have sought it. The Chinaman gets it by smoking his opium; the Persian by chewing hashish; the trapper in a buffalo hunt; the sailor in a squall; the inebriate in the bottle, and the avaricious at the gaming table. We must at times have excitement. A thousand voices in our nature demand it. It is right. It is healthful. It is inspiring. It is a desire God-given. But anything that first gratifies this appetite and then hurls it back in a terrific reaction is deplorable and wicked. Look out for the agitation that, like a rough musician, in bringing out the tune plays so hard he breaks down the instrument. God never made man strong enough to endure the agitation of gambling excitement. Men, wonder if, after having failed in the game, men have begun to sweep off imaginary gold from the side of the table. The mah was sharp enough when he started at the game, but a maniac at the close. At every gaming table sit on one side ecstasy, enthusiasm, romance—the frenzy of joy—on the other side, fierceness, rage, tumult. The professional gamester schools himself into apparent quietness. The keepers of gambling rooms are generally fat, rollicking and obese; but thorough and professional gamblers in nine cases out of ten, are pale, thin, wheezy, tremulous and exhausted.

A young man having suddenly inherited a large property, sits at the hazard tables and takes up in a dice box the estate won by a father's lifetime sweat, and shakes it, and tosses it away. Intemperance soon stigmatizes its victim—kicking him out, a slavering fool, into the ditch, or sending him, with the drunkard's hiccough, staggering up the street where his family lives. But gambling does not in that way expose its victims. The gambler may be eaten up by the gambler's passion, yet you only discover it by the greed in his eyes, the hardness of his features, the nervous restlessness, the threadbare coat, and his embarrassed business. Yet he is on the road to hell, and no preacher's voice, or startling warning, or wife's entreaty, can make him stay for a moment his headlong career. The infernal spell is on him; a giant is aroused within, and though you may bind him with cables, they would part like thread, and though you fasten him seven times round with chains, they would snap like rusted wire; and though you pile up in his path heaven high, Bibles, tracts and sermons, and on the top should set the Cross of the Son of God, over them all the gambler would leap like a roe over the rocks, on his way to perdition.

A man used to reaping scores or hundreds of dollars from the gaming table will not be content with slow work. He will say: "What is the use of my trying to make these $20 in my store when I can get five times that in half an hour down at Billy's?" You never knew a confirmed gambler who was industrious. The men given to this vice spend their time, not actively engaged in the game, in idleness, or intoxication, or sleep, or in corrupting new victims. This sin has dulled the carpenter's saw and cut the band of the factory wheel, sunk the cargo, broken the teeth of the farmer's harrow, and sent a strange lightning to shatter the battery of the philosopher. The very first idea in gaming is at war with all the industries of society. Any trade or occupation that is of use is ennobling. The street sweeper advances the interests of society by the cleanliness effected. The cat pays for the fragments it eats by cleaning the house of vermin. The fly that takes the sweetness from the dregs of the cup, compensates by purifying the air and keeping back the pestilence. But the gambler gives not anything for that which he takes. I recall that sentence. He does make a return; but it is disgrace to the man he fleeces, despair to his heart, ruin to his business, anguish to his wife, shame to his children, and eternal wasting away to his soul. He pays in tears and blood and agony and darkness and woe. What dull work is plowing to the farmer, when in the village saloon in one night he makes and loses the value of a summer harvest? Who will want to sell tape and measure pinkeen, and cut garments, and weigh sugars, when in a night's game he makes and loses, and makes again and loses again the profits of a season? John Derosk was seen as a mercantile agent from Bremen to England and this country. After two years his employers mistrusted that all was not right. He was a defaulter for $27,00. It was found that he had lost in Howard street, London, $70,00, in Fulton street, New York, $1000, and in New Orleans $1000. He was imprisoned, but afterward escaped, and went into the gambling profession. He died in a lunatic asylum. This crime is getting its leaves under many a mercantile house in our cities, and before long down will come the great establishment, crushing reputation, home comfort and immortal souls.

The whole world is robbed! What is most sad, there are no consolations for the loss and suffering entailed by gaming. The man who robs a bank, or kills a man, and amply commiserates, but where, in the Bible or society, is there any consolation for the gambler? From what tree of the forest comes there a balm that can soothe the gambler's heart? From what tree where the sorrows of the earth are? Are there any tears of the gambler? Do the winds that come to kiss the fated cheek of sickness and to cool the heated brow of the laborer, whisper hope and peace to the gambler? Is there a balm of Gilead for the victim of the game of hazard? When an honest man is in trouble, he has sympathy. "Poor fellow!" they say. But, do gamblers come to weep at the obsequies of the gambler? In Northumberland was one of the finest estates in England. Mr. Forster inherited it, and it a year gambled it all away. Having lost the last acre of the estate, he came down from the saloon and got into his carriage; went back, put up his horses and carriage, and blew out his brains. He drove home and lost. He started for home, and on a side alley met a friend, from whom he borrowed ten guineas; he went back to the saloon and before a great while had won twenty thousand pounds. He died at last a beggar in St. Giles. How many gamblers felt sorry for Mr. Forster? Who consoled him on the loss of his estate? What gambler subscribed to put a stone over the poor man's grave? Not one! Further, I say to the young, that the sorrow of unsuccessful dishonesty. The game of hazard itself is often a cheat. How many tricks and deceptions in the dealing of the cards! The opponent's hand is oftentimes found out by fraud. Cards are marked so that they may be known from the back. Expert gamesters have their accomplices, and one will may decide the game.

The dice have been found loaded with plates, so that double sixes come up every time. Mr. Forster was swindled by the gamblers unobserved by the honest men who have come into the play, and this proves the fact that ninety-nine out of a hundred who gamble, however honestly they begin, at the end are cheated to a degree that would not now be allowed in an out-door game of the house that they are engaged in a gaming house in. Yesterday a young man having just received his salary, sat down to a game on the ice and won $12.00. But the tide turns, intense anxiety comes upon the countenance of all. Slowly the cards went forth. Every eye is fixed. Not a word is spoken until the game is revealed favorable to the bank. There are shouts of joy! But not for the keepers of the table, who pocket their profits, and the mirror is shivered and the bank has won $12.00. Will this be the end of the game? There is no chance after. Is the influence of dishonesty in the carrying on of the game are nothing compared with the frauds that are committed in order to get money to go on with the nefarious work. Gambling, with its sins, has sent many a soul away the widow's mite and the orphan's pittance, has sold the daughter's virtue to get the means to continue the game, has written the confederate signature, has forged the bank notes, has put on the twisted the mariner's finger. There is no depth of baseness to which it will not stoop. There is no cruelty at which it is capable. There is no warning of God that it will not defy. Therefore, young men, have nothing to do with gamblers, whether they gamble on a large scale or a small scale.

Cast out these men from your company. Do not be intimate with them. Always be polite. There is no command that you ever sacrifice politeness. A young man gambler said to Chesterfield, "Sir, I can change how did you make all your money?" Chesterfield replied: "By making in an article that they valued, but in it they sold civility. Always be courteous, but at the same time firm. Let people see you meant it. Have it understood in store and shop and street that you will not stand in the companionship of the profane, the idler, the pleasure-seeker, the gambler.

Rather than stand in the companionship of such, accept the invitation to a better feast. The promises of God are the fruits. The harps of heaven are the pods. Clusters from the vineyards of God have been pressed into tankards. The sons and daughters of the Lord Almighty are the guests. While, standing at the banquet, to fill the cups and divide the clusters, and command the harps, and welcome the guests, is a daughter of God, on whose brow are the blossoms of paradise, and in whose cheek is the flush of celestial summer. Her name is Religion.

Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her paths are peace.

Dreaded His Stories.

Mr. Jones and Mr. Brown were walking along the street, when Mr. Jones turned suddenly and catching Mr. Brown by the arm, rushed around the corner with a speed that was very damaging to the dignity of both.

"What in thunder's the matter?" sputtered the bewildered Brown.

"Matter? Why, there was Jenkins coming down the street within half a block of us."

"Well, what of that? You're rich enough to pay Jenkins anything you owe him."

"I don't owe him a cent."

"Why are you trying to dodge him, then?"

"Man alive, don't you know that Jenkins thinks he is a fisherman and the spring season for his stories has opened?"—Buffalo Express.

Poor, but It Had to Go.

Editor—"This is a poor poem, but I guess we'll have to take it."

Assistant—"Why?"

Editor—"Well, he works in 'the silver moon' three or four times, and if we don't print it he may go around circulating reports that we have gone over to the goldbugs."—Puck.

If you have never used Carter's Little Liver Pills, go at once to the nearest drug store and get a vial. They will surely please you. Don't forget this.

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IT'S A NOVELTY

To go into a store in Kansas City, or in any other city, for that matter, and not be shown something at "special sale," "marked down," "half price because it's soiled," "bought by our buyer from a house that was hard up," "bought from the constable," or for some other equally dolorous reason—and it's a novelty to find anything, anywhere, at any sort of a sale, or offered for any sort of a reason, at any price, that you can't find it here for less, if a man or boy can wear it. Our buying is all done of houses which have money enough to take advantage of the low prices prevailing, houses which are big enough to do business without the aid of banks, officers or borrowed money, houses which do so big a business that they cannot be "saved from utter ruin" by closing out a few suits to a retailer. To-day we will offer another full line of Novelty Suits for children of 3 to 8 years. They were made by one of New York's most famous makers of children's suits. They are in Reefers, Juniors and swagger little sailor suits. They are in all pure worsted serges, genuine navy flannel, cassimeres, cheviots and novelty woolens. Some are so very swell that they have leather or silk vests to go with them. The prices are $2.50, $2.75, $3.00, $3.50 and $3.75. If they were jobs, we'd have to put 'em in a lot and give you your choice for $3.99. "to be in style," but they're new, and we propose to sell them as we do everything else—at saving prices.

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Seminal Weakness and Sexual Debility, (Spermatorrhoea) and Impotency, producing losses, pimples and blotches on the face, ruines of blood to head, pains in back, confused ideas and fore ghtness, bashfulness, want of nerve, want of 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.
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