Mlle. Cleo de Merode, The Butterfly of Paris.

The butterfly of the hour in Paris is still Mlle. de Merode, and though some months since introduced to Americans through a certain picture, she is entitled to further exploitation on the ground that through London Pick-Me-Up she appears in a new guise, and has some readable things said about her in a fresh way.

She lives, says Pick-Me-Up, with her mother. Or rather, it would be correct to say that her mother lives with her. The difference between these respective states is considerable; it may be symbolized by the difference between one latchkey and two. Her pet name is Loulou, but nobody but a blood relation, a crowned head, a Croesus or a journalist is privileged to employ it. She has two professions—the first that of a beauty, the other that of opera dancer. At the top of the former, she is not far from the bottom of the latter. The chorus counts her among its ladies, and, according to Professor Vasquez, teacher of dancing at the Paris opera, she will never create the prettiest role, let alone attain to the glory of premiere danseuse. "She is too lazy and too wanting in patience to learn," declares the master. "A silly thing to say," as Cleo points out to me with logic deliciously feminine, "because I learned to ride a bicycle in no time at all!"

The most profitable lesson she ever learned was how to do her hair a la Botticelli. Her hair is her fortune. By her mode of arranging it she has found fame and even beauty, if a certain portrait in pastel, exhibited some years ago at the salon, is to be trusted. The portrait showed a somewhat gawkish coryphee, angular of figure, and with features of no special attractiveness, surrounded by a commonplace chevelure drawn back from the girlish forehead and curled up in a wisp at the back of the head. The coryphee was Mlle. de Merode, before she had learned to do her hair. The inspiration came, and in the twinkling of an eye there was revealed the Cleo of the accompanying portrait, the Cleo whom a recent newspaper plebiscite declared to be the loveliest woman in France. The bare truth is that she is very, very lovely. The photographers have not been unkind to her, but the stern reality is exquisite enough, as I lately had occasion to convince myself in the hothouse that is Cleo's home. For Loulou lives embowered in flowers. I found her in a room in whose every nook was a bouquet of great price, a floral tribute that a queen would envy, but the mistress bloom of them all was Cleo herself. Her little rhythmic form—one would swear the form of a dancer for all a Vasquez may say—sways in a pale-tinted teagown empatterned with pale flowers. The smooth folds of her hair, of a soft, dullish brown, droop over her achly innocent features, and form a gabled roofing beneath which nestle eyes that are everything in turn, roguish one moment, prudish the next, now pleading, now defiant, now beaming with orb-like fullness, lurking behind their silken lashes. The poise of the head is a dream of grace, recalling a flower on a supple stem; and in perfect keeping are the sinuous lines of the body, of the slim bust, of the hips not a thought too spare, of the rather long limbs.

Mlle. de Merode has made the most of this admirable material. The advertisement it has received has been unsurpassed in the business. The set-off was given by the king of the Belgians. It is a historic fact that on the occasion of one of those visits to the foyer of the opera, which are obligatory on crowned heads de passaged at Paris, Leopold II. singled out Loulou for special encomium. Cleo declares he complimented her on her dancing. Paris believes it was on her looks. Probably it was a little of both. Let the truth be what it will, it has happened that ever since the maid met the monarch people have been unable to speak of her without making an allusion to him. I pressed Cleo for information upon this point of international gossip. As far as I could gather from her somewhat incoherent and seemingly indignant assertions, she cannot account for the stupid way in which people discuss what they know nothing about. The only definite statement I have to offer is that if Cleo is often at Ostend it is merely because the Belgian Casino is the only one where she wins at petits chevaux.

I broached another theme. There was a statue in the Champs Elysees this year round which the crowd never lessened. The marble, by M. Falguiere, and entitled La Danse, showed a sweet creature in the costume that was fashionable before Eve awoke to the utility of fig leaves. And the features and the hair of the figure were the features and the hair of Cleo beyond all possibility of mistake. And what of the rest? From whom had been modeled the remainder of the gracious shape? Could it be that for the sorry sum of a franc any common fellow might feast his eyes upon charms on which the vile multitude had never thought to gaze?

Cleo swears that the common fellow cannot boast this inestimable felicity. She owns to having sat for the head; some nameless model did the rest.

"Does the combination match?" I queried.

"I should be sorry for myself if it did. Do you suppose?—but there, I won't say a word more. Oh, you may look; you may look!"

I admit having taken stock with inquisitive eyes of the offered spectacle. After flitting round the room in a sudden attack of nervousness, provoked, I must imagine, by my cross-examination, Cleo had taken her stand before a mirror, let into the wall like a panel. Her hands crossed behind her head; she was leaning against the glass. The posture lent itself to speculation upon her charming person. I was mentally comparing what I could guess of her figure with what I could remember of the statue when I recalled a matter that has been much canvassed by Parisians Unkind gossip has asserted that if the ears of Cleo are always hidden beneath their coverlet of hair it is because they will not bear being put on view. So I said:

"Cleo, if you are kind, you will show me your ears. An assurance in the pages of Pick-Me-Up as to their shape will set idle rumors at rest."

I was shown the ears and can vouch that there are two of them and that they are of very dainty fashioning. Parisian papers please copy.

MLLE. CLEO DE MERODE.

COMMUNICATIONS.

Last Letter From Junius, Jr.

William J. Bryan, late candidate for president:—I told you so, but you would not believe me. I warned you, but you gave no heed. I pointed you to examples, I recited sundry precepts, but you were one of those who, having eyes, see not, and having ears, hear not. You donned your wings of wax, and, Icarus-like, you fell. Perhaps I should liken yor descent to that of Satan, for it was a devil of a fall, if you will pardon the metaphor, as you are something on metaphors yourself. But after all, perhaps, I will get down nearer your real status, as you are one of the common people, by calling you the Darius Green of American politics. I am not one of those who grudge you any satisfaction you may derive from your self-identification with the common people. After a very careful and entirely unbiased analysis of your character I am fully persuaded that you belong rightfully among common people. People like you are exceedingly common.

Yet you signalize your terrific repudiation by the issuance of a bombastic manifesto, in which you declare that millions of loyal hearts are saddened by temporary defeat, and that you purpose to devote the next four years to the advocacy of the cause of bimetallism. I admire the remarkable campaign you made. I believe that if Mr. Bland or Governor Stone or any other active apostle of free silver had been nominated at Chicago the campaign would have been insipid and featureless. I give you credit for the unparalleled exhibitions of physical strength and mental weakness you gave. No candidate but yourself could have put up such a fight on such an issue.

So if I were at all impressed with your sincerity I would admire your perseverance in again attempting the unattainable. The labors of Hercules were mere child's play in comparison with the task you set yourself. The only parallel that history or mythology suggests is the toils of Sisyphus. After rolling the millstone of free silver almost to the summit of success you are swept back to the bottom by a resistless law. Yet, with an unyielding persistence, you are setting for yourself the hopeless task of rolling the stone up the hill again.

But why should any "loyal heart" be saddened by the defeat of such an issue? Why should any loyal heart be distressed that your defeat set the mills of industry to humming, started uncounted thousands of idle men to work, lifted the pall which has hung over the business world, filled a million dinner pails, padded the pay rolls of this country to bursting, unlocked the vaults where gold was stored against the ruin which your election assured, rolled away the stone from the grave where confidence was entombed? Why should any loyal heart be saddened that prosperity came instead of the panic you admitted would come in the event of your election?

Think you that the fragments of the issue which was exploded will be gathered together in four years? Think you that the factory whistle, the contented chant of prosperous labor, the whirring of looms, the beating of ten thousand forges, the roar of furnaces, during the next four years will not drown out the whining lies of "white slavery," and all the other miserable rot you have been delivering this campaign just closed?

I am neither a prophet nor the son of a prophet, but my verified predictions have emboldened me to venture another, which is this: At the end of four years of unexampled prosperity your reiterated drenings will fall upon deaf ears. Men may turn from empty tables to listen to the demagogue who seeks their votes. But when that demagogue has been discredited and overwhelmingly repudiated; when the table is spread with plenty, then a different audience faces the agitator.

You should rest content. You have no kick coming. Your fortune is made. Already you have developed into an aristocratic freak. Great corporations are offering you fabulous salaries, not because you are worth them, but because you are an ex-candidate for the presidency. I have a suspicion that that was your ultimate object. You can never become president. You had better accept some of these big offers, as I believe you will long before the next four years are past. You can make thousands of dollars where you are worth one, and all under this infamous gold standard. Why should you complain?

I need not enter into any discussion of the reasons for your defeat. The American people are honest, and you tempted them. They are patriotic, and you offered them Altgeld and Tillman and Stone. They are law-abiding, and you asked them to override the law. They cherished their institutions, and you asked them to revolutionize those institutions. They are intelligent, and you offered yourself.

Permit me to echo the sentiments of your distinguished opponent and extend my best wishes for your health and happiness.

JUNIUS, JR.

Atchison, Kas., Nov. 8, 1896.

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.

"Football." By Walter Camp and Lorin F. Deland. In three parts. Mr. Camp has been since 1880 the leading football coach at Yale university, and Mr. Deland has been for the last four years a most prominent coach of the Harvard university football players. The present work is the result of their joint collaboration, and is unquestionably the most thorough and important treatise on the subject which has yet been written. It represents a labor of over a year by each of its authors. It consists of three parts, the first of which is football as seen from the spectators' seats, and represents the game as the public regards it. Part II. is the players' section, and gives all the information needed by the beginner. It treats of the fundamentals of the game, of the play of the various positions, of the relationship between positions, of team play, and of training. There are chapters on blocking, breaking through, interfering for the runner, opening holes in the line, kicking, etc. Part III. is the advanced science of the game. In this section are considered the problems of generalship, of field tactics, of development and method in team coaching. It is addressed "To the Coach," and is undoubtedly the ablest exposition of scientific football ever made.

With the book are numerous diagrams; a diagram of the general coaching system for the season, diagrams of the ordering of the game upon the field, diagrams of team development, half a dozen training diagrams and over fifty diagrams of plays. The book is very comprehensive, and really exhausts the subject of one of the most enjoyable of American sports, which, in addition to the element of skill in the player, has all the tactical possibilities of war.

"Won Under Protest." By Celia E. Gardner. This is a story as far removed from the sensational as possible, yet in matter as well as style, possesses a fascination which will recommend it to the general novel reader.

It has no mission save to amuse; professes to be nothing more than a simple love story; is in fact not much more than a study of a woman's heart—that of one who having loved in her early womanhood with the love of a lifetime, and been disappointed, has fought herself into calmness; the bitter experience leaving, however, so lasting an impression as to make her resolve never again to give her happiness and peace of mind into the keeping of any man.

After a lapse of ten years, her home being broken up by the death of her mother, she goes to a distant town to reside with an only sister, where, to her annoyance and consternation she finds her old love, who has married immediately after the broken engagement, established with his wife as the near neighbor and intimate friend of the family with whom she has come to dwell. The struggle to live her life in constant association with those who have done so much to wreck its happiness, and keep her heart free from the old thralldom, both before and after the wife obligingly takes her departure to another world, forms the subject of the story.

When in due time her hand is sought in marriage by her old lover, she is still so reluctant to put herself in the bondage of passion, while confessing her ability to love him, and only him, and so assured that a marriage between them would not result in happiness for either that she gives him his conge in a letter that is, perhaps, the finest bit in the book. This, however, he refuses to accept as final, and after a year's probation, she is at last, in spite of continued misgivings, "Won Under Protest." Cloth, 286 pages. Price, $1.50. G. W. Dillingham Company, New York, Osborne & Pitrat, Kansas City.

"The National Cook Book." By Marion Harland and Christine T. Herrick. All cook books are good, but some are better than others. Some are theoretical, others practical. The authors of the volume have the following notice in their preface: "The thousand receipts in this volume represent seven years of accumulation and selection of material which we believe will be of value to our sister housekeepers. We have collected these recipes from all quarters of the globe, and adapted them to the American kitchen, making patient test of each before admitting it to our store of available matter.

"Circumstances have brought both of us into constant and close association with housewives all over this dear land of ours. We have made them, their needs, their ambitions, and their capabilities a study, and in offering the 'National Cook Book' to them have more than a mere author's interest in our readers. They are fellow workers and friends. Recollections of the gracious acceptance they have accorded to former works have cheered us in the endeavor to prepare the very best manual of practical cookery ever put upon the American market."

It makes up a handsomely printed book of 550 pages. It has a plain, clear recipe for making nearly everything that is digestible by the human stomach, and some things that are not. Poor cooking is today the bane in the great majority of the American homes. Good, wholesome food is made indigestible by the frying pan and the kettle. One-half the divorces of the land are due to indigestion, which breeds a desire for stimulants, and the stimulants do the rest. In this light a cook book, aside from its comfort, is a good moral agent. A wise woman was once asked "how to manage a cross husband." She sententiously replied, "Feed the brute," and there was a whole volume of sense in it. Cloth, 550 pages. Price, $1.50. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. H. T. Wright, Kansas City.

"The Rosebud Club." By Grace Le Baron. "The Rosebud Club" is the conclusion of Mrs. Upham's "Hazelwood Stories," and it is a fit companion for the preceeding volumes. The Boston Herald says: "Mrs. Upham knows how to use simple language and to think as children think, and to live in the situations which are interesting to them. Her books are free from the objectionable features which such writings usually have, and are sure to obtain favor wherever they are read or known." These stories will be read with pleasure by all boys and girls, and older people will enjoy the pathetic and beautiful situations which are presented. Price, 75 cents. Lee & Shepard, Boston. Osborne & Pitrat, Kansas City.

"The Poetical Works of Alexander Pope." Edited with notes and introductory memoir by Adolphus William Ward, M.A., Litt.D. Dr. Samuel Johnson assured Boswell that a thousand years might elapse before there should appear another man with a power of versification equal to Pope's. Certainly there has not yet appeared any poet from whose writings so many epigrammatic utterances have become the current property of the world in the way of quotations. Within his own very narrow and limited range Pope remains, as he always has been, unexcelled. As Dr. Ward says:

"Of his poetic form Pope was master. He perfected an English metre, the heroic couplet, which for the purpose of didactic and satirical poetry has since remained the chosen vehicle of expression in our language."

No student of poetry can afford to neglect Pope. One may not go so far as Lord Byron in one's praise, but one's praise so far as it goes must be unqualified. The fact that he is still studied and read is the strongest proof of his greatness. There have been many editions of his poetical works. The present is practically a reprint of the Globe edition with the correction of a number of obvious misprints and with a few notable additions. It contains interesting reprints of "the Rape of the Lock," and "the Dunciad" from the first editions, valuable for comparison; it also has an index of first lines which will be a convenience not found in other editions.

Dr. Ward's biographical sketch leaves nothing to be desired and his appreciation of Pope's literary significance will strike the critic as eminently fair and judicial There are portraits of Pope, Spenser, Addison, Queen Anne, Cibber, Dean Swift, Dr. Donne, and Moliere, views of Pope's villa at Twickenham and of Windsor castle from the river. Two volumes; 573 pages. Price, per set, $3.00. T. Y. Crowell & Co., New York and Boston.

"Fadette." Translated from the French of George Sand by Mrs. James M. Lancaster. "La Petite Fadette" was written about the time of the Revolution of 1848 when the state of Europe seemed most gloomy and uncertain. The gifted author set herself to work to create a little circle of cheer, a light in darkness.

The story of the neglected girl who, through the transforming power of love, working on a naturall tender and unselfish herat, grows into a beautiful maiden accepted on her own merit, and finally to the surprise of all proves to be the richest heiress of the little village, has scarcely an element of tragedy in it. Toward the last there is a hint, like a minor overtone in a full harmony, where the jealousy of the weaker twin, Sylvain, suddenly blossoms into love for his brother's wife and for honor's sake the young man goes into the army. But this little melancholy suggestion does not detract from the beauty and richness, the fulness and joy of the story. It is an almost faultless creation of the novelist's art, pure and sweet and immortal. Mrs. Lancaster has rendered it into unexceptional English, smooth, fluent and graceful. The illustrations are effective and the little volume is a gem of artistic bookmaking. Cloth, 237 pages. Price $1.00. T. Y. Crowell & Co., New York and Boston.

"Mrs. Cliff's Yacht." By Frank Stockton. Solemn people should not try to mix themselves up with Stockton's stories. They are built for people who like novelties. "Mrs Cliff's Yacht," Stockton's latest book, is a continuation of "The Adventures of Captain Horn," or, at least, the reader is introduced anew to some of the characters of that entertaining romance. Stockton's success has been greatest in some of his short stories, such as "Mrs. Lecky" and "Mrs. Aleshine," but he could hardly write a poor story, whether short or long. "Mrs. Cliff's Yacht" introduces at least a dozen heroes and heroines, and every one is made interesting. They are not such oddities in character as in odd situations. The heroine, for instance, mans her yacht in an emergency with dignified clergymen from city churches, and they cook, and stoke, and furl sails, and meet and overcome a piratical craft of double their size. Defoe never made finer sketches, or had a richer, riper, fancy than Stockton. There is no sign of love-making upon the pages until near the close and then the only girl of the fighting crew finds a lover for the most novel reason ever given by a lover either in romance or reality. No lover of good romance can afford to miss "Mrs. Cliff's Yacht." Cloth, 314 pages. Price $1.50. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. H. T. Wright, Kansas City.

"On the Staff." By Oliver Optic. This volume is the fourth in the series of "The Blue and the Gray—on Land," and carries the hero of the preceding volumes, Dick Lyon, in his new position as a staff officer, into new and fresh fields, and amid scenes of a more stirring nature. The long and rapid march of the army under Buell to the assistance of Grant at Shiloh, the desperate conflict and final victory of Pittsburg Landing, and the march to and siege of Corinth, are all fully described.

In those days history was made day by day, and boys were transformed into men in a single night. Dick's position was not an exceptional one for the times, and he made the best use of it, gaining the respect and praise of his superior officers and another step in rank ere the volume closes.

In these volumes Mr. Adams conveys to the youthful readers of the present day a realistic view of the exciting scenes and events of that memorable national period. The main incidents are historically correct, and Oliver Optic's fascinating fashion of clothing the facts of history in the garb of fiction is here delightfully set forth. Sturdy patriotism is the keynote of the motive of these tales, and the author inculcates in a convincing yet alluring manner the great lessons of honor, duty and love of country.

They will help to fire the young of the present day with something of the patriotic enthusiasm that thrilled their fathers' hearts during that dark period in the history of their country. Cloth, 474 pages. Price $1.50. Lee & Shepard, Boston. Osborne & Pitrat, Kansas City.

"My Village," by E. Boyd Smith, is a book that will appeal with especial force to persons of an artistic temperament. The author is an American, a native of Boston, who for many years has spent his winters in Paris and his summers in Valombre, or in some equally quaint and picturesque sea coast village. He has thus come to know the French peasant very intimately. It is fortunate that coupled with this knowledge should be the capacity to interpret, in both text and illustration, the tragedy and the comedy of village life. His pen-pictures have a sympathetic quality that is very rare, but it is no disparagement to his capacity as a writer to say that it is his drawings which give his book its chief distinction. Of these there are nearly 150. Every type of French village life, depicted with sympathetic tenderness as well as with delicate humor, seems to have strayed from the artist's notebook into these pages.

The originals of the monotint plates, of which there are about fifty, were made in a curious way. First, a porcelain plate was smeared with a thin layer of black paint. Before this paint could dry the drawing had to be made and the impression taken off upon paper by pressure from the palm of the hand. Sometimes a good, and more often a poor result was obtained. The reproductions in Mr. Smith's book were made from a selection of the best prints that were secured in a long series of experiments. Cloth, 325 pages. Price, $2.00. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. H. T. Wright, Kansas City.

"A Manual for China Painters," being a practical and comprehensive treatise on the art of painting china and glass with mineral colors. By Mrs. N. Di R. Monachesi. This is the most thorough and complete manual for china painters ever prepared, containing practical directions for every step, and offering such instruction and suggestions in the use of mineral colors as will enable amateurs to pursue this beautiful art by themselves. Abundant information is given in reference to materials, which includes colors, brushes, mediums, etc., and how to use them. Valuable suggestions are furnished as to the requirements of decorative art, and useful hints follow on the correct designs for table ware. In short, nothing pertaining to this art seems to have been omitted that could aid the student, and the author says, in her introduction, the book contains such information as she sorely needed herself while learning to paint on china.

Mrs. Monachesi has had large experience in practically and theoretically demonstrating her familiarity with this art, both with her brush and pen—having already acquired a reputation from her contributions to various art journals—and is considered an authority on Keramics. The color plates showing the exact Lacroix colors make a valuable addition to the Manual. Their correctness is assured by the fact that they were made in Paris by Lacroix himself especially for this book. Cloth, 291 pages. Price, $1.25. Lee & Shepard, Boston. Osborne & Pitrat, Kansas City.

Literary Notes.

The issue of Harper's Bazar for November 7 will contain an article by Annie Nathan Meyer, entitled "The New Home for Barnard College," with a picture of the building and diagrams of some of the principal halls. There will also be an article descriptive of Mount Holyoke, with an illustration of the hall soon to be erected at South Hadley by the New York alumnae of the college. Redfern fashions for autumn will interest women about to purchase new gowns.

Captain C. J. Melliss, of the Ninth Bombay infantry, a famous hunter and the hero of a number of thrilling encounters with the big cats of the jungle, has written for the November Scribner's an article on "Panther Hunting in India." It is needless to say that it is full of adventure and of special information about the ways of these beautiful animals. The illustrations are by Van Muyden, whose remarkable etchings of wild animals are almost as famous in Europe as the Bronzes of Barye.

Harper's Weekly dated November 7 will contain the first chapters of a new short serial of Scotch life, entitled "Lady Love," by S. R. Crockett, author of "The Gray Man" and "The Raiders." There will be a four-page article, profusely illustrated, on historic New York houses. Boston's subway, by which the streetcar traffic in the business portions of the city is to be put underground, will be described in text and pictures. The great naval sound money parade in New York harbor will be depicted.

The November Harper's is marked by the first paper in a new series on South Africa by Poultney Bigelow, with illustrations from material gathered by the author. The article in the November Magazine tells the story of "Jameson's Raid" in the language of two participants, one a Boer in the native army, the other a physician who accompanied the English expedition. This paper will be followed in December with a description of the strongest man in South Africa, President Paul Kruger, exhibiting his most striking characteristics as they appear to an observant American.

The October Century contained a number of unique illustrations of French children by Boutet de Monvel. The November Century is to have an article by that artist on Joan of Arc, to accompany a series of exquisite water-color designs in which de Monvel has depicted the career of the child-saint and warrior. De Monvel has been studying Joan of Arc for several years and he has treated his subject most sympathetically in these pictures, which, by the way, are printed in the Century in advance of their publication in France.

The superior truth and delicacy of the old daguerreotype are made manifest in the November McClure's, where fine reproductions of daguerreotype portraits of Calhoun, Webster, Edward Everett, Dr. Holmes, Jenny Lind, and others, from rare collections still surviving, illustrate an entertaining paper, by Mrs. D. T. Davis, on the development of daguerreotyping in America. Soon after the discovery of the process American daggurreotypers became the finest in the world; and there is a strong movement now toward a revival of the art. The paper is, therefore, timely as well as entertaining.

A superb frieze of violets makes the Art Interchange for November a distinguished number. It is put forth as a companion picture to the Pansies of last month and will meet with wide popularity. The second color plate is an oil picture by W. Merritt Post, entitled "A Day in December." Other pictures of note in the pages are a drawing by Adolf Menzel of one of Frederick the Great's field marshals, a portrait of Brussels' mad painter Wiertz. The superb "Solon," which the sculptor Ruckstuhl has just completed for the Washington library, a group of pictures from the St. Louis exposition, and a number of portraits of well known designers of posters. Besides these there are the usual number of designs for decoration of china, for wood carving, for embroidery, and for other home arts. The text supplies a number of entertaining and instructive papers, besides the usual notes and criticism for the benefit of the student, the art lover and the amateur.

None of the many monthlies is better illustrated or more interesting than Outing. In its chosen field of healthful sport and pastime this popular magazine easily maintains the lead, and bright, seasonable sketches of sport, travel and adventure abound in the November number. The fiction department contains "The Story of a Penny Pencil" (complete), by Sarah Addison Wedderburn. E. B. Abercrombie opens the number with a finely illustrated and most readable history of "Prominent Trotters and Pacers of the Season." Under the title of "The City of the White Dove," Annetta Josefa Halliday-Antona draws a charming pen picture of Algiers. "A Gossip on Golf," by the well known authority, Horace G. Hutchinson, will be eagerly read. Other notable features include "The Canoe Camp at Grindstone;" "Racing Schooners," by R. B. Burchard; "Football of '96," by Walter Camp; "American Amateur Athletes in 1896," by W. R. Curtis; "Turkey Tracking," by Ed W. Sandys; "Over Decoys on the Mississippi," by F. E. Kellogg, and "An Adventure with African Lions," by Traher Genone.

"Yale University" is the subject of an interesting article in the November number of Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly. It is written by one of the senior students, George Henry Nettleton, and is profusely illustrated with views and portraits. It is the first of a series of papers on "American Universities and Colleges," to appear in successive issues of this magazine. Another attractive and well illustrated article in this number is "The Stage Debutante," by Arthur Hornblow, giving portraits of many of the younger actresses. Then there is a description of Madagascar and the Malagasy, by Mary Titcomb; an article on Mrs. Robert E. Lee's life in Richmond during the war, by Sally Nelson Robins; a paper on "Egg Hunting on the South Farallon," by C. H. Thompson; the continuation of Edith Sessions Tupper's stirring serial, "Father John;" a graphic account of the "Twin Cities," Minneapolis and St. Paul, by Charles Thomas Logan; an article on the "Gold Standard," by Henry Cabot Lodge; short stories and poems by John Gilmer Speed, Captain Jack Crawford, Lurana W. Sheldon, Ella Higginson, Louis Pendleton and Clifford Howard; the Department for Boys and Girls, with contributions by F. A. Ober and Horatio Alger, Jr., etc. The quality and quantity of the illustrations in this number are particularly noticeable.

Books Received.

SENTIMENTAL TOMMY. By J. M. Barrie. Cloth, 478 pages, illustrated. Price $1.50. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. H. T. Wright, Kansas City.

FOOTBALL. By Walter Camp and Lorin F. DeLand. Cloth, 425 pages. Price $2.00. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston and New York.

MRS. HALLAM'S COMPANION and the Spring Farm, and Other Tales. By Mrs. Mary J. Holmes. Cloth, 437 pages. Price $1.50. G. W. Dillingham, New York. Osborne & Pitrat, Kansas City.

A GARRISON TANGLE. By Captain Charles King. Cloth, 280 pages. F. Tennyson Neely, New York. Osborne & Pitrat, Kansas City.

THE COURT OF KING ARTHUR. By William Henry Frost. Cloth, 302 pages, illustrated. Price $1.50. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. H. T. Wright, Kansas City.

THE NATIONAL COOK BOOK. By Marion Harland and Christine Terhune Herrick. Cloth, 550 pages. Price $1.50. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. H. T. Wright, Kansas City.

FADETTE. By George Sand. Cloth, gilt top, 237 pages. Price, $1. T. Y. Crowell & Co., New York and Boston.

MY BROTHER. By Vincent Brown. Cloth, 204 pages, gilt top. Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago and New York.

THE ROSEBUD CLUB. By Grace Le Baron. Cloth, 178 pages, illustrated. Price, 75 cents. Lee & Shepard, Boston. Osborne & Pitrat, Kansas City.

A MANUAL FOR CHINA PAINTERS. By Mrs. N. Di R. Monachesi. Cloth, 291 pages, with colored plates. Price, $1.25. Lee & Shepard, Boston. Osborne & Pitrat, Kansas City.

ON THE STAFF. By Oliver Optic. Blue and gray cloth, gold dies, 474 pages, illustrated. Price, $1.50. Lee & Shepard, Boston. Osborne & Pitrat, Kansas City.

MY VILLAGE. By E. Boyd Smith. Cloth, 325 pages, gilt top, illustrated. Price, $2. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. H. T. Wright, Kansas City.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ALEXANder Pope. Edited by Adolphus William Ward. Two volumes, cloth, gilt top, illustrated, 573 pages. Price per set, $3. T. Y. Crowell & Co., New York.

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