## BOOKS OF THE HOUR

A NEW BOOK ABOUT BIRDS BY DR. CHARLES CONRAD ABBOTT.

TWO BOOKS BY MARIA L. POOL.

THE REVIVAL OF A RARE OLD VOLUME ON CARTO-MANCY.

"THE FATAL GIFT OF BEAUTY."

The Story of Extinct Civilization A Primer of American Literature-A Book of Adventure.

"In Buncombe County" is an amusing sketch of North Carolina mountain life thrown into book form by Maria Louise Pool. Why we should call it an "amusing sketch," when everything about it is either sordid or pathetic, is a little difficult to tell, unless, perhaps, it is the effect of the sunshine on the mountains and the author's manner of seeing things. Miss Pool has a keen sense of humor, but very little of proportion, and allows the former to run away with her. She has enough material in this book to make a very good short story of half its present length, and condensation would surely improve its quality. Nevertheless some of the simple incidents and sketches are charming in their sympathy and perception. The figure of "Ristus" is pathetic in the extreme; clothed only in an old army overcoat and draggled sunbonnett, living in poverty amid the moral and physical squalor of the "poor white trash," his beautiful head and unconsciously high ideals produce a contrast in light and shade that is the most striking thing in the book. His suffering is of the sensitive kind, and when he is finally clothed as other boys, he touches the pathos of his past life when he says, "Folks as had always had trousies didn't know nawthin' what he'd ben through er not havin' um." ("In Buncombe County," by Maria Louise Pool. Herbert S. Stone & Co. New York. \$1.25. For sale by the St. Paul Book and

"Boss and Other Dogs" is the name of another little volume by Miss Pool. The important persons in these short sketches are all dogs, and only a very few intelligent and well behaved humans are allowed, by the appreciative author, to associate with them. Of course there is an occasional villaln

to relieve the monotony, but you need never look for him in dog's clothing! In truth Miss Pool is a lover of dogs, and she has sketched the lives of her canine friends in a way to appeal to the many who share this taste. Dog stories are always sad—indeed, there are tragic possibilities in every dog's eyes—and Miss Pool's are not exceptions to the rule; so there is almost too much pathos in the combined stories to crush between the covers of one book. This is a natural failing, but nevertheless a failing; every story is good in itself, but would be more artistic were it the only one of its kind

in the book.

("Boss and Other Dogs," by Maria Louise
Pool. Stone & Kimball. New York. \$1.25.
For sale by the St. Paul Book and Stationery

It would be impossible for Dr. Charles Conrad Abbott to write other than clearly and entertainingly of a subject which he understands so thoroughly and loves so well as his feathered neighbors. "I love all birds, whether they are commonplace or rare, stupid or entertaining, gentle or vicious, large or small." Rarely is a statement made in an introduction to a book so consistently confirmed by the book itself as this first sentence by Dr. Abbott in the preface to "Bird-land Echoes."

Having so much sympathy with his subject the writer manages to arouse

subject, the writer manages to arouse a corresponding enthusiasm in the minds of his readers, and it hardly needs the spirited and truthful illustrations by William Everett Crane to bring us into the very presence of the feathered folk. To the bird lover Dr. Abbott's books are always a welcome feast, and to the bird neglector they may well be a revelation and a judg-

ment. ("Bird-land Echoes," by Charles Conrad Abbott, M. D. J. B. Lippincott company. Philadelphia. \$2. For sale by the St. Paul Book and Stationery company.)

In quaint, archaic style is published by Harper & Brothers "The Square of Sevens." There is something mystic and weird about this strange volume—so mystic and weird that the very covers subtlt suggest the presence of necromancy and the black

In the early part of the eighteenth century fortune-telling with cards was as popular as a means of entertainment with modish society as any method of character reading or future solving is with the same class today, and "The Square of Sevens and the Parallelogram" is reprinted from a very curious little volume of that period, a book even then so rare that Horace Walpole longed to get a hold of the "queer old woman's fortune-telling book by Bob Antrobus." The art of cartomancy, as here given, has a very authoritative air, and the solemn faith in its mysteries and quaint phrases and siy observations makes it very amussolving is with the same class today, sly observations makes it very amusing apart from its value as occult wis-dom. The introduction by E. Irenaeus Stevenson is of many pages and by Stevenson is of many pages and by no means the least interesting ones in the book. This "new forth-setting of an old mystery" is well done in every way, and the publishers are to be congratulated upon the art with which they have resurrected this book of the past.

("The Square of Sevens, an Authoritative")



The Young Japanese Poet, Whose Poems Have Been Published Lately by Gellett Burgess, of San Francisco,

System of Cartomancy," with a prefatory no-tice by E. Irenaeus Stevenson. Harper & Brothers. \$1.50. For sale by the St. Paul Book and Stationery company.)

"We all know people who get through we all know people who get through life creditably enough on the strength of some preposterous illusion," is the sentence with which C. E. Raimond begins "The Fatal Gift of Beauty." This suggestion is the only excuse we can find for the existence of the greater part of the volume in question. Its author is certainly writing on the strength of as preposterous an illusion as it would be possible to find if he believes that he is benefiting anybody or anything by publishing "The Fatal Gift of Beauty" and "The Portman Memoirs." A well-balanced reader could not be induced to read the title story through if not held to it by a sense of critical duty. The second is like unto it. The advance notices of these stories announced them as "in lighter vein!" We have heard of slumming in large cities spoken of as being can find for the existence of the greater ming in large cities spoken of as being a "great lark," and perhaps in the same way "The Fatal Gift of Beau's," and "The Portman Memoirs" are "In lighter vein," but slumming in either cities or literature undertaken in such a spirit is decidedly vulgar. If we must study moral degradation and dirt let it be as physicians study disease

germs, for the world's good, and not for the flippant passing of an hour!

"The Confessions of a Cruel Mistress" is extremely good, and quite enough to prove that C. E. Raimond can use his natural powers of observation to good and artistic effect it be will atton to good and artistic effect it e will.

("The Fatal Gift of Beauty and Other tories," by C. E. Raimond. Herbert S. tone & Co. Chicago, 81.25. For sale by the t. Paul Book and Stationery company.)

"Captain Gore's Courtship," by T. Jenkins Harr's is a seafaring story that is rather less interesting than the same number of adventures with storms, pirates and gunboats should be. The vessel on which Mg. Gore is mate is boarded during a gaim by over a hundred English convicts, who having overpowered the force on their transport ship, have left her to burn, while they seek a disguise in the Yankee merchantman. Mr. Goget to save, if possible, the niece of the captain, pretends to join with the pirates, and finally runs the ship, flying the "Black Roger," right into the embrace of a British gunboat! Such is the story. The writer has little conception of construction, and there is much in the tale that does not come to anything, and so takes from the interest of the book.

("Captain Gore Courtehp," by T. Jenkins

during a common by over a hundred

streked his beard.

He put the photograph back in the cabinet and threw himself into his chair again. But the gates of memory had been opened, and in that night he lived again the life of years ago. He reveled in the self-torture, and whilpped with unsparing hand the cruel sorts which time could never heal and sores which time could never heal, and the deep greans which occasionally burst from his compressed lips revealed.

Curious," he salloculzed, "none of these ticisms can raise the slightest emotion, that name—" and he stopped. A few moments later the lady entered and he turned to greet her he caught sight of

And then he became cool again.

He offered her a chair, and, seeing that
she was at a loss as to how she should begin, opened the conversation.
"So, Miss Raleigh, you wish to interview me?"

"Thank you, But, Mr. Hardinge, I really don't know how to begin. I suppose I had better jot down a few particulars about your surroundings, et cerera y

surroundings, et cetera?

She tools out a notebook and a nencil, and as she bent forward to write Hardinge carefully scrutinized her. She was still the same sweet gir! he had loved. True, she looked older and a great/deal/more serious, giving him the impression-that her life had not altogether been cast in pleasant places.

"I wonder how she came to this?" he thought. "Her husband must either be a wastrel or he must be dead, and in taking up literature she has gone back to her maiden name. Ah, well; I suppose I ought to feel highly de lighted to see one who scorned me brought to this state, but upon my word I don't. My heart goes cut to her ngain. How I should like to know what has happened during the last eight of nine years, and, as Providence has placed the opportunity in my power, I will make a bold effort to fathom all before she leaves."

The interviewer looked up and in rather a

gan:
"Some years ago-I forget how many-"Some years ago—I forget how many—a young fellew who was my chum at Oxford spent his vacation at Milfield, a little village in the north. While there Fred—Fred Gower was his name—met and fell in love with the Vicar's daughter, Annie Raleigh. They became engaged, and shortly afterwards he went out to India, in order to represent his father's business house in Calcutta. "For some months a correspondence passed between the two, but at length Fred received word from some friend in the village that the squire's son was paying close attentions

providence has placed the opportunity in the providence has placed the opportunity of his old friends, and is, I suppose, almost forgotten by all. But really, Miss Raieigh."

The interviewer looked up and in rather a greated countenance, "you don't look well. Can I get anything for you?"

"Mr. Hardings, I have very crude ideas as

Harris. J. B. Lippincott company. Philadelphia. 75 cents. For sale by the St. Paul Book and Stationery company.)

ed edition of "A Primer of American Literature," by Charles F. Richardson, professor of English in Dartmouth college, comes to us with many well-thought-of additions. This little primer has been so well spoken of and so widely used that it is not at this time necessary to point out its many merits. That it is in its seventythird thousand speaks plainly enough in its commendation. This edition is enriched by a number of pictures of the homes of the authors, besides a carefully arranged course of reading in American masterpieces and other helps to a broader study of our litera-

("A Primer of American Literature," by Charles F. Richardson. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 35 cents. For sale by the St. Paul Book and Stationery company.)

In "The Story of Extinct Civiliza-tion," Robert E. Anderson has given us,in a highly interesting but condensed form, the results of his extensive study of the earliest civilized races of mankind. He writes, in this small book, of Chaldea and Babylonia, ancient Egypt and of the Phoenicians and Hebrews, the Arabs and ancient Persians, and, although only a short chapter is allowed to each of these divisions, the grasp of the subjects is good, for judicious defenses. dicious deference to the essentials has marked his treatment throughout. ("The Story of Extinct Civilization," by Robert E. Anderson. D. Appleton & Co. 40 cents. For sale by the St. Paul Book and Stationery company.)

Notes.

"The American-British Arbitration Treaty" is discussed by John Fiske in the Atlantic Monthly. Mr. Fiske writes on this subject with his usual force and grasp. Other papers of present interest are "Mr. Cleveland as President," by Woodrow Wilson, and "The Good and Evil of Industrial Combination," by Arthur T. Hadley. "The Story of an Untold Love," by Paul Leister Ford, is continued, and Blanche Willis Howard contributes a short story called "Marigold Michel." It is some little time since Miss Howard has appeared in the magazines and we welcome her back.

Outing for March is an attractive number. It opens with an article on "Quick Photography Afield," by Dr. John Nicol. There is the usual amount of space devoted to fiction and articles on sport and adventure by well-known authors.

The frontispiece of McClure's Magazine for March is a fine portrait of Mark Twain painted by Charles Noel Flagg, and never before reproduced. It introduces an extremely interesting number. There is the opening installment of a new novel by Robert Louis Sievenson, the last novel we shall ever have from that most charming of romancers. There is a brief critical paper, apt and comprehensive in its interpretation and full and cordial in its praise of Rudyard Kipling as a poet, by W. D. Howells, and Kipling's story of "Captains Courageous" is drawing to a close.

Two notable articles under the caption of "The Railway Problem" are published in the North American Review for March, discussing gunboat! Such is the story. The writter has little conception of construction, and there is much in the tale that does not come to arrything, and so takes from the interest of the book.

"Captain Gore a Courtship," by T. Jenkins while in "A Mercantile View" Mr. James

THE LEADER 51 EAST 7th STREET ROBERT IGEL, PROPRIETOR.

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J. Wait practically sets forth the relations existing today between the railways and the merchants and shippers.

The competition announced by the Century The competition announced by the Century company ought to sharpen the wits of a good many persons who find the winter evenings hang heavily on their hands. The 150 questions, for the answers to which money prizes of \$1,000 are offered, call for information on subjects with which most of us are less familiar than we imagine ourselves to be. The contest seems to be ingeniously arranged, and if it is followed by other competitions of the same sort, there will be a general rattling of the dry bones which lie useless and forgotten in the corners of one's mind.

The Macmillan company having caught the attention of "The Jolly Sailor Man," and all who love the sea, by publishing "On Many Seas," the best sea story published for many a year past, or, we fear, to come, chooses this favorable moment to issue a book of short stories entitled "The Port of Missing Ships and Other Stories of the Sea."

"In 1893 The Studio was founded in London by Mr. Charles Holme, its present editor. Ow-"In 1893 The Studio was founded in London by Mr. Charles Holme, its present editor. Owing to the unique success and far-reaching influence of this magazine during the past four years, it is thought that the time has arrived for issuing an American edition. For this the title of The International Studio has been chosen, and it will be issued simultaneously with the London edition, from the office of Mr. John Lane, 140 Fifth avenue." Such is the very modest announcement the publishers of The International Studio have sent out. The Studio has been one of the few really successful English art papers, and we congratulate the art lovers of America upon having this magazine thus brought within easy reach.

Harper's Weekly for March 3 contains an important review of the administration of President Cleveland by the editor, Henry Loomis Nelson. The double-page likustration of W. T. Peters gives a bird's-eye view of Washington as it appeared on the occasion of the inauguration of President-elect McKinley.

In "The Well-Beloved," soon to be published by the Harpers, Thomas Hardy is reported to have turned from the problem novel to his earlier method and to have produced an ideality leaves the second se

Charles Reade once gave a recipe for writing novels to a young novelist now well

known. It ran thus: "Make 'em laugh; make 'em cry; make 'em wait."-From "Chronicle and Comment," in The Bookman.

There is nothing that Richard Harding Davis describes with more skill than a gorgeous pageant, and "The Banderium of Hungary," which leads the March Scribner's, is one of the brightest exhibitions of his pictorial ability. In Mr. Davis' "Soldiers of Fortune" the love story shows an unexpected diversion of affection into a new channel, and the great political revolution is smouldering, ready for the outburst.

On Our Book Table. From the Publishers—
Bruno Hessling, New York: "Handbook of Ornament," by Franz Sales Meyer, \$5,60.

J. B. Lippincott company, Philadelphia: "A Bachelor's Bridal," by Mrs. Lovett Cam-

Eron.

Laird and Lee, Chicago: "Practical Palmistry," by Comte de Saint-Germain.

G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York: "In the Crucible," by Grace Denio Litchfield. Paper.

cents. American Book Company, New York: "Our Little Book for Little Folks." 30 cents. "The Story of the Chosen People," by H. A. Guerber, 60 cents.

Peter Collier, Pullsher, New York: Dr. Darch's Wife," by Florence Warden. 25 cents.

From the St. Paul Book and Stationery: From the St. Paul Book and Stationery: Company—
Harpers & Bros., New York: "Bound in Shallows," by Eva Wilder Broadhead. \$1.25.
"In the O'd Herrick House," by Ellen Douglas Deland. \$1.50. "The Last Recruit of Clare's," by S. R. Keightly. \$1.50. "Beauty and Hygiene." 75 cents. "Literary Landmarks of Florence," by Lawrence Hutton. \$1. "A Previous Engagement," by W. D. Howells. 50 cents. "Six Cups of Chocolate," by Edith Y. B. Matthews. 50 cents.

Stone & Kimball, New York: John Gabriel Borkman," by Henrick Ibsen; translated by William Archer. \$1.50. "Grip," by John Strange Winter. \$1.25. "With the Band," by Robert W. Chambers. \$1.25. "Miss Armstrong's and Other Cicumstances," by John Davidson. \$1.25. "A Woman's Courier," by William Joseph Yeoman. \$1.50. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston: "The Spoils of Poynton," by Henry James. \$1.50.

Seasoning Wood for Planos. Wood for pianos requires to be kept forty years to be in perfect condition.

## 楽らうくうくうくうくうくうくくくくくくくくくくくく The Vicar's Daughter.

chambers about 1 a. m. in a very self- in the style immortalized by the genius satisfied frame of mind. Previous to that evening fortune had treated him look considerably older than he really was. in none too generous a fashion, but now the fickle goddess, seemingly repentant, had made amends by placing a face cold, reserved and dignified, and style never anticipated by the

arrived. All recollections of his previous fail- posed on him. of being hard up, and had met his numerous reverses with commendable actuated by any feelings of petty jeal- saw that it had been written by a fe

the lights and, not feeling any inclina- epistle: tion to retire, he casually took down a large tobacco jar from the mantel-piece and proceeded to load an old great success of your play. You have now brier. Throwing himself into an easy

Cyril Hardinge entered his West end | his cult, wore a dark beard trimmed

fame and fortune well within his grasp. one which revealed to the close observ-His three-act up-to-date society play er muen of its possessor's life story. had been received by a London audi- It showed that its owner had seen times of trouble, times when the very author, and when, in response to the heart seemed to be knocked out of the repeated calls of the enthusiastic the- man-times when his only companion ater-goers, he stepped before the cur- was gloomy despair; but the shape of tain and bowed his acknowledgments, the mouth revealed the man who by he felt that the hour of triumph had sheer force of character had risen superior to the trials which fate had im-

ures faded from his memory, and his As he sat there, consoled by the life seemed to date only from that mo- soothing charms of the Goddess Nicment. Being possessed of a moderate of the, his thoughts were of a decidedly income, he had never felt the pinch pleasant nature. He had achieved success-achieved when young.

And yet, a look of intense and pas fortitude. But now all the world was sionate longing occasionally crept at his feet; his name was made, his across his face. Did past memories future productions would be eagerly trouble him, or did he vainly endeavor sought after and, consequently, the to look into the future? He sat and glow of pride which suffused his whole smoked for some time, and then his frame was pardonable. After the play eye rested on the table by his side, on he had received the congratulations of which lay an envelope addressed to a number of men whose names were him. He took it up and in a listless foremost in the literary world; men not fashion and lazily scrutinized it. He ousy, but men who resolutely encour- male hand and had not been through aged any promising aspirant to im- the post, and he therefore concluded that it had been left by a caller. He On entering the room he turned up broke it open and read the following

Dear Sir: Please pardon the liberty I take made your name and will be much sought chair, he lit his pipe, and, with extended limbs, puffed clouds of pale blue smoke toward the ceiling. He was a young fellow of about thirty and, not affecting the mannerism of others of

call tomorrow in order to learn your decision.
Yours, very truly, —Annie Raleigh.
Hardings read this communication with much interest, but never looked at the signature. He put the letter on one side, pressed down the tobacco in his pipe and between the whiffs mut-tered;

"Poor girl, no success-well, surely in the hour of my triumph-I can do some one a good turn—cail tomorrow—umph, persevering too—well, well—I hate to be bored—and by a woman too -however, I think I'll see her-I won-der who she is?" and he took up the letter again.

"Annie Raleigh!" he cried. "Good heavens! surely 'tis not—no it cannot be—she is married long ago, and veg-ctating somewhere in the country long ere this, but what a curious coinci-

The name seemed to have brought a flood of reminiscences, and with her dreamy eyes he conjured up a scene of many years back when he was the happy lover of a young girl of 18. His mind rambled for some time among those days of long ago, and at length he rose and opened a cabinet standing on his dressing table. He rooted out a bundle of old letters, and from among them took a slightly faded photograph. It was a picture of a young lady attired in a pure white dress. It was a dainty little figure, slim and neat, with a pair of laughing eyes, surmounted by a mass of beautiful hair.

He held it in his hand for some time, and gazed on it as though spellbound. At length his lips parted, and in a voice of agony he groaned:

"Oh, Annie, Annie, why were you not rue? Oh, heaven, how I loved you, loved you with a love which was my very existence. I thought—fool that I was—you loved me too, but no, no, no, you did not. I was simply a toy a toy to be played with—and whe tired of thrown ruthlessly aside. A well. I was foolish to be entangled by a pretty face, and yet—no—I was not. A man loves but once in his life, and truly I loved then. It was destiny destiny, and shaped to a curious end But surely it is time I had got over that feeling, and yet, Annie, my blood rises at this cold picture of you, and I love with the same intensity as of ore. Those were indeed happy days days when I lived in a fool's para-He laid the photograph down and pondered. "I wonder where she is now-does she ever think of me-does she feel any pangs of regret? Possibly she thinks me dead, perhaps it would be better if I were so. She would not recognize me now," and he carelessly

burst from his compressed lips revealed the agony of the soul within.

When he rose from his chair and went to bed it was 4 a. m.

"A lady wishes to see you sir."

Hardinge was sea'ed at his table with a pile of "dailies" before him, studying with immovable face the press notices of his play. Lifting his leves, for a moment, he briefly exclaimed: "Ah, what name?"

He took the piece of pasteboard handed to him, and the color rose to his pale face as he read the old familiar name.

"Very well, tell the lady I'll see her. Show her up."
"Curtous," he spilloculzed. "none of these

er face.
"Good heavens!" he gasped, "'tis Annie!"

me?"
"I am afraid I cannot adequately express my sense of gratitude," she replied, with a sweet sml'e, which caused his heart to bound again; "you are indeed too kind."
"Well, I am afraid you have chosen rather a peor subject," said Hardinge. "You see, I am hardly yet a celebrity, but if I can assist you in any way I shall only be too pleased. Cross-examine me as you like, for, as you know, it will be quite a novel experience, as far as I am concerned."
"Thank you. But, Mr. Hardinge, I really in the state of the state o

beseeching tone said:
"Mr. Hardings, I have very crude ideas as

to how I should go about this interview. I wish you would give me a few details about yourself, your work and methods, and then perhaps I could jot down a few particulars, which I could weave togther afterward."

He smiled sadiy and then gave her the information required. She made some notes and then at the conclusion put away her book, and, after thanking ham again, made a movement as if preparing to depart. Hardinge noted this and, at his wits' end, blurted out, in a desperate fashion:

"So you are endeavoring to adopt literature as your profession. Miss Raieigh?"

"Yes," she replied, "but I find it very difficult indeed to get a foothold."

"Oo you write stories? Excuse the liberty I take, but I feel quite an interest in you."

"Oh, thank you. Yes, I do try my hand occasionally at a short story."

"Well, Miss Raieigh, what do you think of this for a plot? Do you think it could be woven into a story? I can only give you the incidents as far as I know them, so you would have to make your own conclusion. Above all, it has the merit of being true. Shall I give you the incidents?"

"If you would be so kind, I should be ex-

Shall I give you the incidents?"

"If you would be so kind, I should be extremely grateful."

"Then here they are. By a curious coincidence your name is that of the heroine, and it is that fact which has recalled everything in my mind."

Hardinge proceeded with his tale. He dared not look at his visitor as he remorselessly went on; perhaps it was well he dld not do so, as the indescribable agony which overspread her features would have acted upon his chivalrous instincts and forced him to stop. But as he did not look in her direction he did not notice this, and cruelly began:

word from some friend in the village that the squire's son was paying close attentions to Miss Raleigh, and it was rumored that they were engaged to be married. In a fit of passion Fred wrote breaking off the engagement, even before he received any corroborative evidence. The lady was either stung by the letter, or the rumor was correct, as she did not reply, and from that day he has never seen or heard of her. He d'd not make any inquiries, he did not write to his informant, but simply waited at Calcutta until he had set the business affairs in order. He then went off into the hills, intending to lose himself there, and cut h'mself off from all things which would bring to his mind his unfortunate love.

"Poor fellow! I often wonder what has become of him. He has not written to any of his old friends, and is, I suppose, almost

doubt you will think me foolish—your story has quite upset me."
"I'm awfully sorry. I would not have related it had I known. But why should it upset you?"
"Well." said the lady, her pale lips trembling. "I am the Annie Raleigh you have been speaking of. Fred Gower was my lover. Poor Fred," she added, meditatively, "and all through a misunderstanding." lated it had I known. But why should it upset you?"

"Well." said the lady, her pale lips trembling. "I am the Annie Raleigh you have been speaking of. Fred Gower was my lover. Poor Fred," she added, meditatively, "and all through a misunderstanding."

"A misunderstanding!" said Hardinge in an incredulous tone. "How was that? Pardon my curiosity, but no doubt you will understand why I should be curious."

"Well, as you are a friend of his, and know one part of the story, perhaps it would be as well if you were acquainted with the other part." She sighed deeply and went on: "It is true that the squire's son did pay me attentions. We were buslly engaged in organizing some amateur theatricals at the time, and as we were both taking prominent parts, we were thrown into each other's society a great deal. But I was entirely faithful to Fred, and when Hinton did make love to me I promptly gave him his answer.

"But I am sorry to say the idle tongues of the villagers had already begun wagging, and I heard some of the rumors. Then Fred's petulant letter came, and I felt so piqued and offended at his suspecting me that I did not answer. At length the feeling wore off, and I wrote explaining all. But the letter never reached its dostination, and was re-



Marinda-Sakes alive! Jonas, them mus' be mighty big frogs out in Kansas!

Jonas-How's thet? Marinda-'Cause a man got his foot in one and wuz killed.

## 素くつくつくうくくくくくくくくくくくくくくくくくんきん Forgotten American Empire. Work of a Dashing Frenchman in the Georgia Mountains-His Majesty of Cherokee an Emissary of France's King.

Few persons of today are probably | houses, for ified with palisades or walls aware that up among the Georgia of logs placed end to end and encircled mountains a daring French adventurer by deep diches. They cultivated the once founded an empire with a capital city, an emperor, a court, grand officers of state, an army and thousands of subjects; that the imperial design of the founder only came to grief of trees and flax they made cloth. They through an accident that checked the further growth of a power, which developed, might have changed the destinies of the continent. The story of this purely American sovereignty, ers and navigated the numerous waterwhich died a-borning is peculiarly in-

teresting and romantic. In 1736 the French had settlements at Mobile. New Orleans, and a few scattered points along the Gulf coast and a short distance up the navigable rivers in what is now Alabama. Florida, Louisiana and Mississippi. Similarly, the English had their posts and settlements on the coasts of the Carolinas and Georgia. The colonies of both nations were few in number. weak, scattered and feeble. The vast country of the interior between these rivals was inhabited by a number of powerful and warlike Indian tribes. Principal among these were the Cherokees, the Creeks, the Choctaws and the Chickasaws. In 1700 the Cherokees alone possessed sixty-four inhabited towns. Later, in 1771, the single Choctaw tribe mustered nearly 5,000 warriors. In 1777 the town population of

the Creeks was 15,000. These tribes were far in advance

soil and raised peas, beans, squashes, corn and fruit. In the autumn they stored away their crops in granaries and put up cured meat for the winter, From a mixture of the inner bark made also garments of the dressed skins of wild animals which they ornamented with feathers, shells and beadwork. They were great canoe buildways in huge canoes, some even with cabins and awnings.

The government of the tribes was Democratic, and of the very essence of home rule. In the center of each town was a large open square, in some cases six to nine hundred feet long and of proportionate width. This area was excavated to the depth of two or three feet and was perfectly level. Around it rose a terrace, sometimes two, one above the other, built from the dirt of the excavation. Around the square were the houses of the chiefs and big men of the town, and also in every instance, a large building for the use of strangers. In this square the leading men met every day to drink black tea made from the cacina plant, to smoke, to talk news, to discuss public and domestic affairs. Here all plaints were entered, heard and all wrongs redressed. Once a year in the month of May all national affairs wer settled in a grand legislative assembly in the council square at the principal

ly, hospitable and had the commercial spirit strongly developed. At all times they were quick to perceive and adopt the methods and appliances of the white men where they promised con-

Although very similar in customs, these Indian tribes had no cohesion and no common impulse. They were frequently at war with each other. Very bloody and destructive were these wars also. Could these nations be united into a single nation, be given a common respected government, national character and feeling, be somewhat instructed in the arts and sciences of ore advanced civilizations, which sible, their numbers and bravery would make them irresistible. They could overwhelm either the English on the Fast or the French to the Southwest Combined with either they would ruin the other. The brain of one man con-ceived this idea of consolidation and, for the benefit of his beloved France, he went to work with untiring patience and undaunted courage to carry it out.

Traders, explorers and adventurers from the English and French colonies were continually coming among the Indians. Englishman and Frenchman alike strove to obtain influence and intrigued with the tribes with a view

expel the other. This was the condition of affairs when the King of France sent one Monsieur Pribus—his first name has been lost—an officer in his maiesty's army and a man of great sagacity, to proceed through South Carolina, to give an account of that colory and thence to journey to the Cherokees and se-duce them from the British to the French interests.

Without molestation Pribus went through South Carolina and arrived among the Indians. He professed to be charmed with his new acquaintances that though possessing all the qualifications of an accomplished gentleman, having bassed his life amid the refinements of the most polished ra-tion in Europe, he exchanged his of the wild Indians who lived in temporary wigwams and depended on the chase for subsistence. Their towns the wise men, the chief and great warriors of the tribe.

In war these Indians were brave and were collections of well-built log in the council square at the principal took in Europe, he exchanged his colonist. Torm.

Word of these things reached the away all he brought with him save his writing materials and weapons made friends with the warriors and resourceful. In peace, they were kind-

ate, slept, danced, dressed and painted | okees was no business of the English, himself as an Indian and looked like He married an Indian girl and took her to his house. His retentive memory and strong understanding enabled him shortly to master the dia-lect. A pleasant picture it must have been, the gentleman of France, sitting by the open fire, learning from his young wife the language of her people. It is a soft, melodious talk, the Cherokee, with accents so many and varied that in ordinary discourse, they seemed to be singing to one another. Never hastily, but by gradual advances he impressed the tribesmen with a bad opinion of the English colonists, repesenting them as avaricious, fraudulent and encroaching; then having in-stilled a proper dislike of them among the Cherokees he impressed the red men with a high opinion of their own im-portance in America, the situation of their country, their martial disposi-tion, the great number of their war-It lay within their power to check all efforts of the ambitious Brit-ish, but they must have organization, be taught the proper development of their possibilities. The Indians listen-ed and approved.

He formed a givernment, a kind of constitutional monarchy. He was careful not to shock old traditions. The head chief he crowned as emperor of the Cherokee nation with ceremonies and forms invented by himself, pleasing to the savage mind and eye. ing titles. A council of state organized and his majesty's cabinet appointed.

Monsieur Pribus became his imperial majestry's secretary of state. The government formed Pribus began to organize its power. In the mountain caves he discovered fitter in vast deposits. He knew of iron ore ready for the smelter; of great resources that time and patience would develop. Meanwhile the Cherokee nation began to look up, smaller tribes, scat-tered bands of harassed Indians came in to take refuge under the imperial

aegis. The empire was beginning to

ever subscribing himself as the secre tary of state to the new empire seemed to forebode so much of danger that the colonists followed up the letters by sending a commissioner, Col. Fox, to demand Pribus from the Indians as an enemy to public peace. Unmolested the commissioner made

his way to the capital of the empire. He was escorted to the great council square. There was Pribus surrounded by all the dignitaries of the nation. Col. Fox was a brave man, for he walked straight up to the Frenchman nformed him he was under arrest and in a short oration he detailed the rea sons thereof to the Indians. Before he had finished a warrior arose and interrupted him, bade him at once to desist and go his own way, because the man whom he was seeking to enslave was the best beloved of the na-tion, one of their own people, whose heart was honest and who neve History has it that Fox desisted then and there. Then the secretary made a speech in the Cherokee dialect which was translated to the impotent commissioner as it was delivered. The secretary said that he had come among the Indians a stranger and in a peace-able manner; that he had grown to love them even as a brother; that seeing their poverty and insecurity and to preserve their liberty he had consolidated their power and intended to fur-ther seek their advancement; that he also intended in pursuance of this purpose to open a waterway to New Or-leans; that the distance proved his motive good and he intended to return with a number of skilled artisans, who would teach the Indians how to make their own guns and powder, how to improve their appliances for living and to develop the raw material with which the land abounded. He concluded by saying that the tyrannical purpose of the English was plainly leveled at the Cherokees, because before he had come among them he was never accused of having done any ill against the British, hence his offending must be the things he had done for his red brothers

and his crime of loving the Chero

man whom he sought to arrest could have had his head had he desired it but Pribus had him kindly and politely treated, gave him a passport insuring a safe return, furnished an escort from the emperor's own guard, and when he was about to leave wished him a safe

return home. The English colonists begane more seriously alarmed as they began to comprehend what the fermation of this new power meant. It meant a wall in the West that would forever hem them in. The wisdom of Indians was clearly apparent in their trust in such a man as Pribus, whose sagacity had directed him to choose a proper spot, a positio in the mountains impregnable to at tack, where he was forming an empire by sure and slow degrees.

The Cherokee empire was beginning to attract the attention of the Alabama tribes, the Creeks, the Choctaws and the Chickasaws. The influence of Pri bus was beginning to work for th amalgamation of all into one powerful nation. The seed had been planted and was ready to grow into the plant,

when an accident happened.

In the fifth year of the empire the secretary set out for New Orleans es-corted by a few Cherokees. He traveled by land until he reached an Indian town on the Tallapoosa named Tookabatche, which was at the head of navigation. Now this Tookabatche was outside the sphere of Cherokee influence, and there were several English traders there who had gained prestigwith the inhabitants. These traders had heard of Pribus, and telling their Indian friends that the newcomer was a dangerous man, they overpowered the Cherokee escort and took monsieur prisoner. By forced marches they a once took him to Frederica, in Georgia and delivered him to the governo there. That official placed him in close confinement, not with felons, however as he was a foreigner and a gentleman For nearly a year Pribus bore his im prisonment with great fortitude and constancy, but confinement began to tell on him, he was taken sick and died. The Cherokees, way up in the Georgia mountains, never again saw their beloved brother who had never

told them a lie.

So perished the man who might have

changed history. He was evidently capable of great ideas. He labored unceasingly towards the accomplishment of his imperial dream. When he was gone the keystone of the arch was taken away and the Cherokee empire fell to pieces.

