BOOKS OF THE HOUR

JOHN FISKE'S THREE ESSAYS ON "THROUGH NATURE TO GOD"

EFFORT TOWARD ADJUSTMENT

For Disciples of Modern Thought Who Feel That Wisdom Will Not Take the Place of Religion—Problem of Evil, Love and Self-Sacrifice and the Reality of Religion—Other Books of the Week.

"Through Nature to God," by John Fiske. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. For sale by the St. Paul Book and Stationery company.

Three essays having much in common are grouped in "Through Nature to God." The essays are on two very old subjects, "The Mystery of Evil" and "The Everlasting Reality of Religion," and on one which is comparatively modern, "The Cosmic Roots of Love and Self-Sacrifice." Mr. John Fiske is a writer of charming English, an admirable historian, a taking lecturer among certain clubs aspiring after culture in a communal manner, and if not exactly a philosophical thinker, he is at least a clever interpreter of those who stand nearer to the sacred altars.

The little book is an effort to find an adjustment for those disciples of modern thought, who yet feel that wisdom will not take the place of religion. To those who have attained faith and comfort by any road, there is no special message, but for those who have been doing business with such matters as science, evolution, law, the cosmic process, survival of the fittest, and all their perplexing brood, here is a writer who says that it is a mistake to suppose that modern knowledge has superannuated religion. The old-fashioned garments of faith may seem a little queer on modern and crowded highways, but faith herself is quite equal to the wastes and burdens of modern life. Mr. Fiske has a dash of poetry that avails him instead of the culture of a deeper devotion, and that adds light and beauty to his pages. The results of the higher criticism, the conclusions of evolution, and the data of anthropology, are all used as accomplished facts in the basis of "Through Nature to God."

"The Problem of Evil" is set forth as a real part of the unity of nature. Its presence is not accidental. It is the business of the thinker to discover its function. That function is to reveal the nature of good, and the reader is introduced to a new reading of the formula of Hegel, that all things "hunt in couples." Our knowledge of sweet is in contrast with bitter, and we find out the fact of heat by comparison with cold. In like manner the picture of good in the world is brought out by the dark background of evil. But even the chapter entitled "A Word of Caution" does not prevent the question arising, whether the benevolence of the world order is not risked by the perfectly fair question, has not nature on the whole given us more evil than is required to bring out the picture? Whether the physical, psychical, and ethical needs of the race have not been too richly served? The strenuous believer in evolution must reply that the existence of so much evil is the only proof required of its necessity. This is all right for science, but may be hard on some people's religion.

Love and self-sacrifice are the outcome of the natural process. They are rooted deep. Motherhood is worked up in a way that is suggestive of Mr. Drummond's "Ascent of Man." Mr. Fiske is careful to state that the length of infancy as a condition of human development is his own contribution to the doctrine of evolution. It is a pity, therefore, that it is not stated a little more clearly and closely. The fact of the greater precocity of savage children ought to have been used in the argument. It would have been a comfort also to have been told explicitly wherein the freshness lies, for the relation between complexity of structure and time for maturity has been a commonplace of biology for generations. The further argument from the necessity of ethical conduct to social preservation is admirably stated, and is one of great weight with all who have considered the subject. When in the progress of development, the interest of life passed from the individual to the social group, the question of altruistic conduct became political; that is to say, morals found for themselves natural basis. Thus life passed from the preservation of the individual to the care of the family through maternity and prolonged infancy, and the family group was merged in the larger social group, and as organization became more complex, it of necessity became one in which the individual good must be subordinated to the general good. But the development of man was the final end of life, the development of man is psychical and social, therefore the roots of love and self-sacrifice are cosmic. Such, in substance, though not in form, runs the argument which is quite familiar to all students of social science, with the literature of which Mr. Fiske does not seem to be familiar.

The final discussion is on the "Reality of Religion." Starting with an approval of the deism of Voltaire as a kind of a text out of which to argue that apart from all questions of revelation the light of nature affords sufficient ground for religion, we are introduced into a new analogy of religion, far easier to read than Butler's, and, perhaps, quite as useful, at least to the modern man. Religion rests on God, immortality and retribution. As man comes to conduct, so he finds need for religion. The correspondence between man and his environment in common with other lower forms of organism is argued, and therefore is deduced the reality of the spiritual environment which man has declared the need of his soul. That book of mixed good and evil, called "Natural Law in the Spiritual World," is suggested by the thought and the argument. Mr. Fiske is inclined to think that here also he has made a new contribution to knowledge. If he would just think, and not try to watch his thinking, perhaps the author would be quite as satisfactory.

The book is based upon the best lines of modern thought. It has no comfort for the formal or traditional, but it has help for the intellectually wayward. The "light of nature" which Mr. Fiske puts in antithesis to "revelation," is of course a curious bit of atavism, for evolution reckons the light of nature as the real revelation of an imminent God, and Mr. Fiske really thinks so. The admirers of Mr. Fiske will need to enlarge the circle to take in those who will be attracted to the teacher by the lessons contained in "Through Nature to God."

"Richard Carvel."

"Richard Carvel," by Winston Churchill. The MacMillan company, New York. For sale by the St. Paul Book and Stationery company.

This book, a tale of the early days of Maryland, will undoubtedly rank as one of the greatest of American novels. It may be placed side by side with "Hugh Wynne" as the best works depicting colonial times.

Richard Carvel's grandfather is a gentleman of Maryland, living in the lordly way of the times, surrounded by slaves and luxuries imported from the mother country. He is loyal to the king, but is so open-hearted and generous that even the whigs admire and respect him. He is fond of the chase and of the racecourse, and books have little interest for him. A clergyman from England one day spoke to him in a deprecating way of Maryland life, saying, "Is genius ever reverenced among you?" "Faith, it is reverenced among us," replied Carvel, "but never encouraged."

Despite his father's loyalty, young Richard imbibes the spirit of the times, and grows to love America, and to hate everything English.

He has for a tutor the rector of a church, an Englishman who considers it his chief duty to inculcate in the child's heart love for his king. The boy often gives utterance to rebellious thoughts. Once the tutor said: "You people of America worship the king on gold coins." Richard took the coin in his fingers, and said: "They care this much for gold, sir, and less for his majesty, who cares nothing for them." And walking to the well near by he dropped the piece of money into the water. The rector said with cyrical amusement: "Such a spirit has brought more than one brave fellow to Tyburn, Master Carvel, but if there were more like you we might well have cause for alarm."

Richard, from his early childhood is in love with Dorothy Manners, whose father hopes to marry her to an English lord. She and Richard are one day in a strawberry garden, and Richard says: "When I am a man, Dorothy, you will marry me, and I will give you all these strawberries." "I will marry no one," says saucy Dorothy, "except a soldier and a great man." "Then will I be a soldier," says Richard, "and a great man, greater than the governor." He has an opportunity, in good time, to become a soldier, but never becomes a very great man. Dorothy goes to England, but cannot be induced to wed an eligible lord, for she loves Richard.

Here we meet Charles James Fox and John Paul Jones, also Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, and a number of others bearing well known colonial names, and no one can read the annals of those men who were brave and courtly, and of the women who were ladies by nature as well as by birth and not love them. The fascination of the free and hospitable life of Maryland is strongly impressed upon the reader. The book contains also some excellent verse and anecdote.

"The Pedagogues."

"The Pedagogues," by Arthur Stanwood Pier. Small, Maynard & Co., Boston. For sale by the St. Paul Book and Stationery company.

This is a story of the Harvard summer school; one which might be a faithful delineation of any of the numerous summer schools held throughout the country during vacation months.

During the summer of which this story is told the chief pursuit of the students at Harvard is the study of literature. Alfred Honore Palatine, a young tutor at Harvard, has decided to remain in Cambridge after the close of the college year to take charge of the classes in literature that he may meet the various kinds of mature people—the primitive, the shrewd, the commonplace, the pathetic, the ambitious; and wisely had he chosen the summer school to bring him into contact with such as these.

They came—thirty-five of them, most of whom were women, with great anticipations. They expected Palatine in six short weeks to purge them of provinciality, to give them a catholic appreciation of literature, to instruct them in new methods of teaching, and to teach them to write.

The story deals chiefly with Palatine, Mr. Gorth, a young man from Ohio with a gravely exaggerated estimate of his own literary ability; Miss Jessie Deagle, who has come to the summer school to be with Gorth, and a pathetic old-fashioned, out-of-date school teacher who found it hard to keep up with new methods. There is also a young woman, a sister of one of Palatine's college friends, who figures quite conspicuously in the story.

The character-drawing of the two pedagogues, Gorth and his fiancee, is scarcely compatible with the commonly accepted idea of a teacher's personality; but it is too true that just such persons are found in our public schools, though they are, fortunately, not numerous.

Jessie becomes infatuated with Palatine and with her admiration Gorth's hatred and jealousy of him keeps pace. Palatine is in love with his friend's sister, and amusing complications ensue which, after a time, are dispelled. Gorth loses his firm faith in his own genius, and he and Jessie return to Ohio at the close of the school much the richer for their experience.

The story is one of the best for summer reading, embodying as it does, a comparatively new theme, and there is not a dull sentence in the entire book, being bright, sparkling, entertaining throughout.

"Idylls of the Sea."

"Idylls of the Sea," by F. T. Bullen. D. Appleton & Co., New York. For sale by the St. Paul Book and Stationery company.

These are "little pictures" of the sea, but wonderfully vivid, and fresh as the sea breeze. They have the savor of the brine about them; and the sailors, the deep, deep sea, and its monsters, great and small, are brought very close to the reader. The word-pictures are remarkable for the color and imagery. The author reproduces for shore dwellers some of the things which his loved sea has spoken to him during his long acquaintance with it. He deals mostly with that region of the sea "to the suth'ard" of the line, and there haunts his pictures a sense of something strange, fateful, fascinating.

"The Awakening."

"The Awakening," by Kate Chopin. Herbert S. Stone & Co., Chicago. For sale by the St. Paul Book and Stationery company.

Life in a Southern resort by the sea is the main basis of this story. It is commonplace enough, as such stories go, albeit worthless, and not even possessing marked merit from a literary standpoint.

A man adores his wife who is the mother of two children, and she, in turn, loves another man. They are all spending an idle summer together, and when matters have come to such a crisis that the man who has won the love of his friend's wife, tells her of it, and then goes far away, she, one morning, walks far out into the sea, and never returns alive. It would be difficult to say for what purpose such a book is written, or what inspiration there is to produce such tales of morbid life.

"D'Arcy of the Guards."

"D'Arcy of the Guards, or the Fortunes of War. By Louis Evan Shipman. Cloth. 16mo., 238 pp. Herbert S. Stone & Co. Chicago and New York.

The hint of the copyright page that it is the intention to dramatize Louis Evan Shipman's new story of the revolutionary time conveys a hopeful promise. The book is worth it. Indeed, so excellent is its action and so bright and crisp its dialogue that it is almost a drama as it stands. No time is spent in tedious descriptions of the environment of the characters. They are usually too busy to notice it, and so is the reader. When Mr. Shipman takes his reader to Bunker Hill or to Valley Forge he does not stop to explain that it was not at the former or cold at the latter.

D'Arcy is the son of an Irish nobleman with money. D'Arcy, the major, has the fighting instinct, honestly come by, it is told. Although he is honorably wounded in the action at Bunker Hill he is sent back to England because of a previous duel with a young nephew of the marquis of G——. The marquis, influential at court, keeps D'Arcy on waiting orders until they are thrown by chance into an adventure with highwaymen, and the young men saves the marquis' life. Gratefully, the marquis secures the major his return to America unsolicited, and d'Arcy, with his chum, Surgeon Gregory, are added to Howe's staff at Philadelphia.

The fortunes of war throw the mission of the Townshend's into the occupancy of the two guardsmen. The son is away with Washington. The daughter, Pamela, and a cousin, incidentally the brother's sweetheart are home with the old mother. D'Arcy falls in love, but the girl hates the red coat and all that wear it. When she discovers the British plan for attacking Valley Forge, and d'Arcy endeavors to prevent her departure from the house, she shoots him with his own pistol. The Americans repulse the attack, the girl hurries home to nurse the wounded Irishman back to health, and through the interested offices of the genial Gregory, the two are brought in the nick of time to clear away all misunderstandings.

With the major, Capt. Gregory and Pamela, Mr. Shipman has drawn a trio of decidedly agreeable characters and nor whit dull, any of them. Of Edward Towneshend, Cynthia, Farquhar, and the other minor characters, less is seen, but the story possesses elements of marked dramatic value.

"Story of Great Republic."

"The Story of the Great Republic," by H. A. Guerber, author of "Story of the Chosen People," "Story of the Greeks," "Story of the Romans," "Story of the Thirteen Colonies," etc. Cloth, 12mo, 332 pages, illustrated. Price, 65 cents, American Book company, New York, Cincinnati, Chicago.

In this book the author aims to make the history of our country from the framing of the constitution down to the present day as interesting and instructive to children as possible. In order to do this in the most effective way, important events have been treated not as mere historical facts, but as the deeds of living men. Many stories and anecdotes are introduced at intervals throughout the book, thus giving it a distinctly personal tone. The children are thus made familiar with our greatest men, whom it is hoped they will learn to love, honor and emulate. The book is not a mere collection of facts and dates, but a spirited picture of the times and of the gradual development of the country.

Although primarily designed as a supplementary reader, the book is admirably adapted for use as an elementary text-book in history. It may also supplement with excellent results any of the standard text-books on United States history now in use. While the book follows "The Story of the Thirteen Colonies" in sequence, it is complete in itself and can be used as an independent text-book. Every issue has been described with strict impartiality and fairness, the writer's main object being to make good men and women of the rising generation as well as loyal Americans.

The book is very attractive in appearance, and includes numerous and beautiful illustrations of well known scenes and famous men.

"Kenilworth."

"Kenilworth," by Sir Walter Scott. Bart. Abridged and edited by Mary H. Norris, assistant professor of English literature, Northwestern university, cloth, 12mo, 33 pages. Price, 50 cents. American Book company, New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago.

One of the most delightful of Sir Walter Scott's historical romances is here given in a form suitable for school or home reading. Kenilworth is well adapted for this purpose, as it represents one of the best examples of the author's charming style, and at the same time gives a vivid word picture of some of the notable scenes and personages in English history.

"First Lessons in Civics."

"First Lessons in Civics." B. S. E. Forman, Ph. D. Cloth. 16mo. 182 pp. American Book Co. New York, Cincinnati, Chicago.

Although delayed somewhat in the press, so that debt figures are not exact, and the Philippine and Cuban problems are not given the attention that might be looked for, Prof. Forman's first lessons present a very comprehensive, yet terse, text book which aims to lead the young student to do his own thinking early about civic subjects. Prof Forman believes in party organization and hence keeps the middle ground between all factions without offense to any.

ON OUR BOOK TABLE.

From the publishers:

American Book Co., Chicago: "Kenilworth," by Sir Walter Scott, abridged and edited by Mary Harriott Norris; "The Story of the Great Republic," by H. A. Guerber.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Chicago—Riverside Literature Series, "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," edited with notes by William J. Rolf, A. M., 30c; "Abraham Lincoln," by Carl Schurz, 15c; "Selections From the Writings of Eleven English Authors," with portraits and biographical sketches, 15c.

Macmillan & Co., New York City—"Richard Carvel," by Winston Churchill.

F. T. Neely, New York, Chicago and London—"Neely's Photographs," pictures of Chicago, St. Paul and Minneapolis.

From the St. Paul Book and Stationery company:

Harper Bros., New York City—"Cromwell's Own," by Arthur Paterson, $1.50; "When the Sleeper Wakes," by H. G. Wells, $1.50; "The Dreamers; a club," by John Kendrick Bangs, $1.25; "Reminiscences," two volumes, by Justin McCarthy, $4.50.

A. S. Barnes & Co., New York City—"America in the East," by William Elliot Griffis, $1.50.

D. Appleton & Co., New York City—"Fortune's My Foe," by John Bloundelle-Burton, $1.

G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York City—"Miss Cayley's Adventures," by Grant Allen, $1.50.

LITERARY NOTES.

"Scientific Method and its Application to the Bible" is the title of an article by the Rev. David Sprague which will appear in Appleton's Popular Science Monthly for July. The author points out the justice of the higher criticism, and shows that, while much of it has been actuated by unworthy motives, the honest truth seeker is entirely justified in his desire to know the actual history of the most wonderful of all books.

Dr. Charles C. Abbott, the geologist, is the author of an important article on "The Antiquity of Man in North America," which will appear in Appleton's Popular Science Monthly for July. Dr. Abbott believes that the many attempts to modernize all traces of man on the eastern coast of North America "can safely be relegated to the limbo of misdirected energy."

The rew and very promising illuminant acetylene is descrobed by Edward Renouf in Appletons' Popular Science Monthly for July. The many uses to which the gas can be put are pointed out. A number of illustrations add value to the article.

A careful study of the "Geology of the Klondyke Gold Fields," especially in relation to their probable future output of gold and the locations most likely to prove rich in the latter metal, will appear in Appletons' Popular Science Monthly for July. A number of ilustrations and a new map will accompany the article.

Mrs. Robert Louis Stevenson, the widow of the novelist, has been spending the winter in Maderia. It will be recalled that she collaborated with Stevenson in some of his books. She has written a short story for the July Scribner's, entitled "Anne."

A number of years ago Scribner's Magazine published a poem by an unknown author, over the title "The Lion of the Nile," for which Vedder made illustrations. The poem was much discussed, and after this long interval another poem by the same writer will appear in the July Scribner's, entitled "Nemesis."

The story, "When the Sleeper Wakes," that has been appearing as a serial in Harper's Weekly, has now been issued in book form. It is a novel that should attract great attention, for the wonderful skill with which Mr. Wells has created an entirely new civilization is without precedent. Harper & Brothers have also published, in two volumes, Justin McCarthy's "Reminiscences;" "Cromwell's Own," a novel of the great Civil war; and a new ook by John Kendrick Bangs entitled "The Dreamers: a Club." In this book Mr. Bangs shows himself at home in a new field of humor. "The Dreamers" is a collection of parodies of the prominent authors of the day.

Dr. Arthur C. Benson contributes to this week's issue of Literature an article that gives much information about the reading habits of British schoolboys, under the title "What Tom Brown Reads." Another article of exceptional interest discusses "The Mystery of the Virginians," and whether John P. Kennedy wrote one chapter of the Virginians or part of one. A reviw of "Carlyle's Letters to his Youngest Sister," by Henry M. Baird, is also deserving of special mention.

Dodd, Mead & Co. announce for immediate publication the long-awaited "Autobiography of Mrs. Oliphant." It is fully and carefully arranged by Mrs. Caghill, who was for a long time in the confidence of Mrs. Oliphant. Aside from being an interesting record of a lifelong devotion to literature, the book is important in that it throws the strongest side-lights on the literary masters and methods of the last fifty years. There was hardly a woman or a man prominent in English letters that Mrs. Oliphant did not know well.

The Globe is in receipt of a volume entitled "Neely's Photographs." It contains a large number of splendid halftone pictures of St. Paul, Minneapolis and Chicago. It is published by F. T. Neely, New York, Chicago and London.

A descendant of one of Scott's most intimate friends will tell in the July Century the pathetic story of the romance of Sir Walter's early life. An incident not mentioned by the writer, but of special interest to Americans, is the fact that a grandson of the girl whose failure to love him clouded the romancer's career enlisted in the United States army and fell fighting under Custer on the day that saw the young general and his command annihilated by the Indians. Sir William Forbes was Scott's lifelong friend, as well as his fortunate rival; and John Stuart Forbes was the name of the grandson who died in the American service at the age of twenty-seven.

Dodd, Mead & Co. announce that they will shortly publish the only authorized edition of the early novels of Henry Seton Merriman, author of "The Sowers," "In Kedar's Tents," "Roden's Corner," etc. It will include "The Phantom Future," "Young Mistley," "Prisoners and Captives" and "Suspense." The volumes will be printed and bound alike, making a uniform edition.

NOT SUSPECTED.

Stayett Holme—Hello, Gaddersby! Just returned from Europe, eh? Get through the custom house all right?

Gaddersby—Of course; I only brought a few ideas with me.

Stayett Holme—Consequently they didn't even suspect you.

SLAIN BY LIGHTNING

BEAUTIFUL BLANCHE BROOKE KILLED HERSELF BY A DAGGER THRUST

BECAUSE OF A BROKEN HEART

Her Lover an Ordained Minister—While Praying on Her Grave at Night He Was Slain by a Sudden Shaft of Lightning—One of the Strangest Stories of Modern Times.

This is a strangely tragic story of two human hearts. It is a tale of such true love as novelists delight in weaving, but its hero and heroine did not dwell within the covers of a book. They lived, loved and died in the flesh. Theirs was a romance of no novelist's fancy. It was a thing so real, so fraught with disappointment, so terrible in its tragedy that it sent these two from the bright sunlight of youth and life into the dark, impenetrable shadow of death, says the New York Journal.

Beautiful Blanche Brooke sleeps in a new-made grave. She could not marry the man she loved, and so she stilled the pain in her heart by a dagger thrust, dying for his dear sake.

Her lover was an ordained minister. He preached her funeral sermon. A few weeks later his lifeless form was found upon her grave. While visiting the spot by stealth, and praying there in the dark hours, between midnight and dawn, he was slain by a sudden shaft of lightning which during the fury of a thunder storm sought his soul and sent it hence.

Thus it is that in a busy, prosaic world of bread-winning and money-getting men and women are swayed by love—the most powerful of all human emotions—and their lives are either blighted or blessed by its supreme influence.

Blanche Brooke had the blood of the Arapahoe Indians in her veins. She was the daughter of Ulatoa, a "quarter-blood," chief of the tribe in Oklahoma territory.

A sixteenth part Arapahoe, Blanche was the more beautiful for the trace of savage ancestry which was faintly discernable in her glossy hair and gloriously black eyes. Her skin was that of a brunette, clear almost to transparency. Her figure was slightly above the medium height and perfect in its symmetry.

But not only was Blanche Brooke fair to look upon. She had all the charms of a highly cultivated woman. At the age of fourteen she had been sent away to Carlisle, Pa., to the Indian schools there. Remaining for five years, and applying herself with diligence to her studies, she graduated with honors as a student. Her accomplishments were many.

Blanche Brooke returned to her home and her people in the grace of refined, intelligent and fascinating young womanhood. She was at once the acknowledged queen of the Arapahoe tribe and belle of the village of Sacred Heart, Oklahoma, where she lived.

Now, while the daugheter of the chief was being made wise in the lore of the white man, and growing from a slender young girl of fourteen into the beauty of nineteen, there had come to Sacred Heart a handsome young minister of the Gospel.

His name was John Forrester. He was twenty-six years old and earnestly devoted to ecclesiastical work. He brought to the Indian agency of the Arapahoes the zeal of a missionary who hoped to devote his life to the saving of souls.

With his own hands he built a chapel for worship. It was neither large nor pretentious, but it sufficed.

The Indians, always loath to associate with white men in any capacity, and especially averse to those professing religion, gradually grew to like the young man with the blue-gray, penetrating eyes and serious, scholarly face.

After living two years among the Arapahoes the minister had won their friendship and confidence. His congregation included scores of swarthy faces, while attentive ears listened to his teachings of the Gospel. They were singularly moved by his magnetic speech and forceful personality. The white people regarded him with admiration akin to adoration.

And then Blanche Brooke came home.

It was the most natural thing that could have happened—the love at first sight of the chief's beautiful daughter and the handsome young minister. The black eyes of the girl sparkled as she met the searching gray-blue eyes of the man beloved by her people. They were veiled beneath their lids and thick, black lashes, while a soft color came into the olive cheeks.

Blanche Brooke, like unhappy Elaine, had "looked, and loved him with that love which was her doom."

The little white-painted chapel on the hill became more popular than ever with the people, white-skinned and red-skinned, at Sacred Heart.

Blanche Brooke was an ardent worker in church affairs. Her clear, cultivated voice made delightful melody for the congregation. Her supple fingers drew music from the keys of the organ each Sabbath day. Hymns had never before sounded so sweet to the young pastor. Day by day their lives became more necessary to each other's happiness.

The weeks went by then the months, but no word of love was spoken. With love's unuttered language, though each had divined the other's secret.

A year passed. The young people met daily. Their admiration for each other began to reveal itself in various little ways. Their neighbors and friends gossiped pleasantly about a possible engagement. It was certainly a most suitable match. Its consummation was doubtless only a question of time.

But the predictions of the people did not come true. No engagement was announced. Time went on until another year had elapsed.

Everybody wondered and whispered their wonder, and sometimes the whispers reached the ears of those most concerned—the principals in this romance, which was to become a terrible tragedy.

Blanche Brooke's black eyes no longer sparkled. In their depths was a wistful, far-away look.

And as the months slipped by this wistfulness deepened into sadness. The quietude which now marked the girl's every movement was noted by all, so sharply in contrast was it with her former vivacity. The scarlet lips lost their hue and curved into lines of settled sorrow. The black eyes mirrored the troubled soul, but the voice of Blanche Brooke gave no utterance to that which oppressed her. She came and went like a shadow where sunshine once had been.

Then the people of the community gradually grew impatient. They were not accustomed to mysteries. They questioned each other, and doubt began to replace their confidence in the integrity of the young minister with the scholarly face and blue-gray eyes.

One moonlight night the pastor and the chief's daughter were passed by a neighbor. They walked slowly and were so engaged in conversation that they did not observe him. He saw that the girl was in an excited mood, and heard her say despairingly: "Then you refuse because of my Indian blood?"

The interview between the two lovers took place on a Saturday evening.

At church the next morning the organ was silent, and the hymns were without the inspiration of Blanche Brooke's voice. She was absent, for the first time in three years, from service in the little white chapel on the hill. And in that hour she plunged into her breast the dagger that hurt less than the coldly curious glances of those among whom she once played in innocent, joyous childhood.

John Forrester read the burial service of the dead over her beautiful clay. What the torture was to him none will ever know, for the secret is buried with him. His eloquence in the eulogy of the dead girl brought tears to the eyes of all.

They laid Blanche Brooke's body to rest in a vacant space back of the chapel.

Passers by related that every night thereafter the form of a man could be faintly seen there, but it disappeared in the darkness if any one approached.

The other night a terrific storm raged over Oklahoma. The little chapel was badly damaged, and the good folk of Sacred heart pitied those who were abroad on such a night.

At daybreak the body of John Forrester was found upon the grave behind the chapel. He had been killed by a bolt of heaven's lightning. Pressed to his pulseless heart was a photograph of Blanche Brooke.

His face, in the gray morning light, plainly showed traces of the mental suffering he had undergone since the burial of the girl who had loved him not wisely but too well.

The villagers no longer wondered. The tongue of gossip was silent when John Forrester was lowered to a resting place beside that of beautiful, unhappy Blanche Brooke. For the people knew that his repentance had been poignant and sincere. And they also felt that retribution at the hands of an Unseen Power may sometimes be swift and merciless.

FREE ONE TRIAL BOTTLE FREE

THIS OFFER ALMOST SURPASSES BELIEF.

An External Tonic Applied to the Skin Beautifies It as by Magic.

THE DISCOVERY OF THE AGE

A WOMAN WAS THE INVENTOR.

Thousands have tried from time immemorial to discover some efficacious remedy for wrinkles and other imperfections of the complexion, but none had yet succeeded until the Misses Bell, the now famous Complexion Specialists, of 78 Fifth Avenue, New York City, offered the public their wonderful Complexion Tonic. The reason so many failed to make this discovery before is plain, because they have not followed the right principle. Balms, Creams, Lotions, etc., never have a tonic effect upon the skin, hence the failures.

The **Misses Bell's Complexion Tonic** has a most exhilarating effect upon the cuticle, absorbing and carrying off all impurities which the blood by its natural action is constantly forcing to the surface of the skin. It is to the skin what a vitalizing tonic is to the blood and nerves, a kind of new life that immediately exhilarates and strengthens wherever applied. Its tonic effect is felt almost immediately, and it speedily banishes forever from the skin, freckles, pimples, blackheads, moth patches, wrinkles, liver spots, roughness, oiliness, eruptions, and discolorations of any kind.

In order that all may be benefited by their Great Discovery, the Misses Bell will, during the present month, give to all callers at their parlors one trial bottle of their Complexion Tonic absolutely free; and in order that those who cannot call or who live away from New York may be benefited, they will send one bottle to any address, all charges prepaid, on the receipt of 25 cents (stamps or silver) to cover cost of packing and delivering. The price of this wonderful tonic is $1.00 per bottle, and this liberal offer should be embraced by all.

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It is a singular fact that with all his popularity there has never been any attempt to illustrate Thomas Hardy's novels from the actual scenes in the Wessex country. The background for such illustration is especially rich in material, as will be seen from the first installment of a series on "Thomas Hardy's Country," which appears in the June Bookman. The article is an extensive one, and there are fourteen illustrations, besides a frontispiece showing Thomas Hardy's house in Dorchester, all reproduced from photographs taken expressly for this article by the well-known English writer and novelist, Clive Holland.

$100.00 in Gold Free.

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We will give **$100.00 in Gold** to *any one who will arrange* the twenty letters printed above *into three names* denoting **three well-known ships** of the **United States Navy** during the **Spanish War.** *Remember we do not want one cent of your money.* There is only one condition, which will take less than one hour of your time, which we will write you when your prize is delivered. In making the three names, *the letters can only be used as many times as they appear above* and *no letter can be used which does not appear.* **After you have found** the *three correct names,* you will *have used every* letter in the twenty *exactly* as many times as it appears. **The money will be paid August 15th, 1899.** Should more than one person succeed in finding the three correct names, the $100.00 will be equally divided. *We make this liberal offer* to introduce our *charming* and *interesting family,* **90 to 144-Column,** *illustrated monthly* **magazine** to as many families in the United States and Canada as possible, *where it is as yet unknown.* Our magazine is *carefully* edited, *illustrated* and *filled* with the *choicest* literary matter that the best authors produce. **Try and Win.** If you will make the *three names* and **send them to us at once,** *who knows* but that you will get the **gold!** Anyway, *we do not want any money from you,* and a contest like this is *very interesting.* As soon as we receive your answer we will *at once* write and notify you if you have won the prize. We sincerely hope you will, as *we shall give the $100.00 away anyway.* Do not delay. Write at once.

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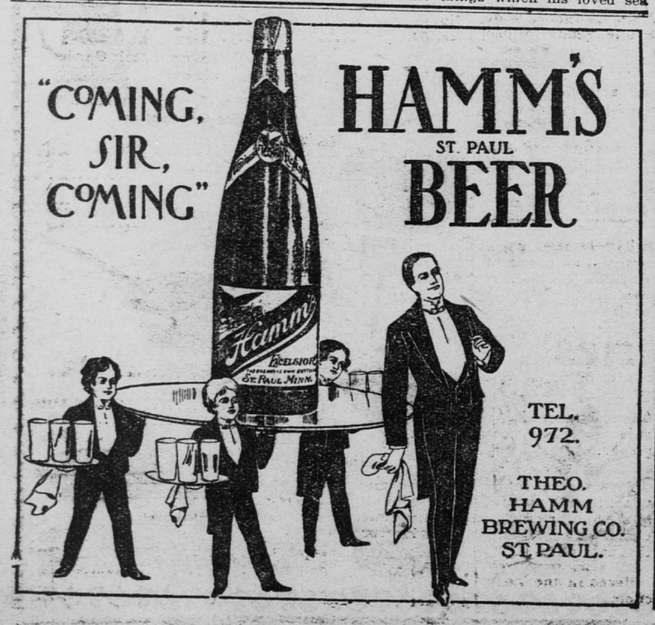
The foreman of the machine room in a large factory at Bridgeport, Conn., states: "I have been a victim of nervous dyspepsia for four years. I often woke up in the morning feeling a distress at the pit of my stomach and sore across my bowels as if I had strained myself lifting. The minute I got on my feet the gas commenced to rise, there was a tendency to nausea and I wanted to vomit. At other times I could neither throw off the gas nor vomit either and it was then that I suffered most terribly. After this had gone on a long time my son induced me to try Ripans Tabules and the effect was simply wonderful. They hit the nail right on the head and they have made a new man of me so far as the comfort of living is concerned."

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