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Choice Pickings FROM THE Magazines

What's in a Names

Mrs. S. M. Montgomery in the April New Lippincott.

We telephoned to the intelligence office for a cook. As Annie was the only name given on her card from the office we inquired her surname.

"Annie," I said, "what is the rest of your name?"

"That is it," was the reply.

"Yes," I continued, "I know your name is Annie, but Annie what?"

"That is it, I tell you, missus," she said with a broad smile.

"You have two names surely," I insisted, "a first name and a second name. Now, what is your second name?"

"Oh, missus," she exclaimed with some impatience, "I tell you that is it."

With rising displeasure, thinking she was trifling, I said very decidedly, "Your name is Annie what?"

"Oh," she cried enthusistically, "I am so glad you know! I tink you will never know. Yes; that is it!"

For a while I sat in silent despair, the girl eying me with a rueful countenance. Finally a happy thought struck me.

"Annie," I asked very mildly, "what is your father's name?"

"Michael," was the doleful reply.

"Michael what?" I almost gasped, feeling that I was suddenly becoming a parrot.

But, like the eternal "Nevermore" of Poe's "Raven," came the echo, "That is it."

A sudden illumination! Perhaps mine is the dull brain.

"What do you put on your father's letters?" I next interrogated.

"That is what I must put or he would not get them," was the sobbing response.

Unwilling to give up after such a trial of patience on both sides, I asked gently, "How do you spell it?"

Slowly came the solution of the enigma—"W-a-c-h-t."

The Birds That Return.

Ernest Ingersoll in the April New Lippincott.

The sole business of a migratory bird's sojourn in the summer land of its choice seems to be the rearing of a family. This accomplished, the thoughts of the birds seem to turn immediately to the South—to the warm, fruitful, indolent latitudes, where harsh winds and chilling rains and fading leaves never benumb bright spirits. Then conjugal ties break, fathers forsake mothers and offspring and the latter follow as fast as strength permits. Thus again, as wave after wave sweeps down to us from Canada, as if on the wings of autumnal breezes, it is noticeable that old males are leading the hosts of each species, and that only later—sometimes much later—come females and young. I am careful to make this matter of the succession of ages clear, because of its notable significance in the problem: How do birds find their way? The old answer was short and easy: Instinct tells them. This means, if it means anything, that a bird is born with an intuitive knowledge of a road he has never seen, perhaps crossing an ocean. Moreover, migration routes are rarely straight lines north and south, to which the little creatures might be kept by some mysterious "sense of polar direction," but are usually somewhat roundabout, often crooked, and sometimes squarely east and west for a large part of the course.

Not Dukes Enough for All.

April Ladies' Home Journal.

The king of Saxony lately, when the American minister to Italy was presented to him, broke forth vehemently: "Ach, Himmel! Mein Herr! Haf American wifes no husbands at all? They come in dotzens to mein court. Efery one must be presented; efery one must be asked to a state dinner. Efery one must go in to dinner mit a duke! I haf not dukes enough to go around! What kind of wifes are they? I would like to know." So flagrant is the scandal of our swarming mateless women in Europe that even Queen Margherita, most good-humored of sovereigns, has been forced to draw in the lax lines of her court. No married American woman can be presented now at quirinal unless accompanied by her husband.

Got $20,000 in Twelve Hours.

Ainslee's Magazine.

This is the story of Alexander McDonald, one of the best-known characters in the Yukon valley. He is a great, lumbering Scotchman—born in Nova Scotia—who, up to the time of his Klondike discoveries, never had an idea of winning a greater fortune than that of a day laborer. He worked from mining camp to mining camp all along the Northwest. So slow was he and awkward in his work—his feet entirely in his way and his bulk a misfit for the size of prospect holes—that he was reputed never to be able to hold a job for longer than three weeks. He was at Dawson shortly after the first locations were made on the Klondike. He went out with numerous stampedes, but never arrived in time to locate a paying claim. Finally he stumbled across a newspaper man named Hunt, who had a claim on Bonanza creek. Hunt had become discouraged because he had not the funds necessary to develop it. This claim McDonald purchased for $300, and set about developing it in his usual slow and aimless fashion. Finding the claim fairly rich, he put on a force of laborers, and in a few weeks had taken out $80,000. This sum he used immediately to purchase other claims. All that year he bought right and left everything of any promise that was offered to him, often mortgaging the claims thus bought to buy still other ground. Many of the ventures came to naught, but a few gave such phenomenal returns that he speedily took the rating of a millionaire. Out of one claim on El Dorado creek he shoveled $20,000 in twelve hours. Today he is probably worth between $2,000,000 and $3,000,000.

Many others came to success even more suddenly than McDonald. One man on Bonanza creek took out ninety pounds of gold—about $25,000—in a single day. A pan of gravel on El Dorado creek yielded its lucky owner $2,100. This same man cleaned up 3,000 ounces of dust and nuggets from his first week's work.

The Place Full.

Collier's Weekly.

It was at an East side theater. The play was "Faust," and the gentleman who undertook the role of Mephistopheles was either too stout or the trapdoor was too small to permit his complete disappearance when about to make his descent into the infernal regions. Be that as it may, a good full half of him remained visible above the stage. One of the gallery boys, noticing his dilemma, yelled: "Hully Chee, the place is full!"

Wouldn't That Be Best.

A charming little poem (most suitable for recitation by small people—and how difficult it is to find such poems nowadays!) appears in the April number of Cassell's Little Folks. It is by Constance M. Lowe and entitled "Wouldn't That Be Best?"

If I were a bird,
I should go to rest
High up in a tree
In a little nest!
Isn't that absurd?

If I were a bunny,
Then I should be found
In a little hole
Underneath the ground!
Wouldn't that be funny?

If I were a sole
Deep down in the sea,
I should swim about;
Fancy little me!
Wouldn't that be droll?

If I were a billy
Or a nanny goat,
I should have some horns
And a furry coat!
Wouldn't that be silly?

If I were a Cupid,
I should, with my bow
And my arrow, shoot
People's hearts, you know!
Wouldn't that be stupid?

If I were to change,
Someone else to be,
Think that I should feel
Not at all like me!
Wouldn't that be strange?

Think I'd better rest
As I am, you see;
Mightn't like the change,
Better still be me!
Wouldn't that be best?

Napoleon and the Press.

"When I returned from Elba," Napoleon is quoted as saying, in the April Century: "I found, among other papers of the Bourbons, an account of six thousand francs paid monthly to the editors of the 'Times,' besides taking a hundred numbers monthly, and I had an offer from them to write for me for payment. I had offers from the editors of several English newspapers to write for me, even during the time of war, previous to my going to Elba, and to insert news and everything else I wished, and that money would be taken to send them to France. I did not do it. I was wrong, however; I ought to have accepted their offers, and then my name would not have been held in such odium in England as it was. This they said themselves to me. For in the end these newspapers formed the public opinion, and always will do. I was very wrong; I see it now."

How the Race Was Won.

The finish of an Olympian foot race is described by Samuel Scoville Jr., in a story called "A Boy of Galatia," in the April St. Nicholas:

Though Phaedo has flashed past the laboring leaders, right at his heel comes the rapid footfall of the Galatian boy. Clearer and clearer it sounds, run as he will. Every faculty and fiber in Ladas' mind and body is concentrated on keeping unbroken the long, swift stride that Phraanes has taught him, which eats up the ground like fire. With elbows held well in and swinging arms that lengthen every stride, he wastes no breath shouting invocations.

A single slip or falter will be fatal now, with the goal distant but a few short lengths, and as his limbs weaken under the terrible strain, the strength of his will sustains his flagging muscles, and still the flying feet spurn the loose sand with never a break in their motion. Deep down within himself Ladas feels yet remaining an iota of reserve power. The temptation is almost irresistible to make his effort now, now to end the suspense and decide the race; but to his mind come the words of crafty old Phraanes: "With a stout heart and cool head the race can be won in the very last stride," and the supreme moment is delayed. Just ahead a flying figure dances before his dimming sight, and he wonders how feels Phaedo, and whether aught of his strength also has been saved. And now a mad shout from the crowded seats of the Athenians roars forth across the stadium as they see Phaedo in the lead at the very finish, "Athene! Athene!" they shout. "Pallas Athene gives us the race!" The cheers of the little group of Galatians are swallowed up in the great cry, but Ladas needs no applause to nerve him on. Now, at the very last, the wan, beautiful face of his mother is before him, and he remembers the two, lonely at home, waiting, for the outcome of this day, for their glory or for their shame. Already the goal is scarce three strides away, and Phaedo laughs with triumph, when suddenly the face of Ladas shoots up even with his. For an instant, that seems hours of struggling, the two waver side by side, and then with a last desperate effort the boy of Galatia draws ahead and touches the goal slab, even while the foot of the Athenian hangs above it.

With the mighty shout of an assembled world begins the Olympiad of Ladas.

Amos J. Cummings in a Storm.

"One summer," writes N. A. Jennings in a sketch in this week's Saturday Evening Post, "Amos J. Cummings passed two weeks on a pilot boat and took Ernest Jarrold, the author of "Mickey Finn Idylls," with him for company. One day a great storm arose and the pilot boat was tossed about on the waves like a chip. Every minute a wave would dash over the deck and threaten to carry everything away and swamp the boat. Cummings and Jarrold were in the little cabin, the former lying in a bunk intently reading a book on the French revolution. Jarrold poked his head out to look at the storm, when a mountain of sea water fell with a boom on the deck and filled his eyes with spray. The boat gave a fearful lurch and careened until it seemed that she must turn completely over.

"'This is awful, Amos,' said Jarrold. 'I'm going to put on a life preserver, for I don't think the boat can stand it many minutes longer.'

"'Oh, keep quiet and let me read, Mickey,' said Cummings, never lifting his eyes. 'The men on this boat draw a regular salary to keep her afloat!'"

The Reason Why.

New Lippincott for April.

Gen. N. B. Forrest, the noted Confederate cavalry leader, was a hard fighter with whatever weapon he chose for a combat. Few men got the best of him with sword or tongue. They are still telling in Alabama of a curt retort he gave to a rival officer who once insinuated that Forrest used hairdye.

"How is it, general," sneered the officer, "that your hair is gray, but your beard is black?"

"Probably because, unlike some people I know, I use my head more than my jaws," was Forrest's grim reply.

AN ABBREVIATED A TOM'S APPROBATION.

The Literary Flea—This fellow Shakespeare certainly possessed some talent. I should enjoy reading another page.

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REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS

SOME OF THE PUBLICATIONS JUST PLACED ON THE MARKET

NOTES OF LITERARY SUBJECTS

The Inventors of the Nineteenth Century Covered in a Publication of the Conkey Company Just Out.

"Wonders of the Nineteenth Century," by J. W. Hanson, A. M., D. D. W. B. Conkey company, Chicago.

The book is a wonder in more ways than one. As a reference volume it may be called indispensable and it is more than that when considered as one of interesting reading matter. Any one knows that the wonders of the nineteenth century are multitudinous and the history of those wonders—their conception, development and final perfection, makes reading matter fully as instructive as entertaining. And then, it is not a continued story. You may read one page, one chapter, or any portion of the work with the same comparative benefit; lay the volume down, pick it up next day and find something complete and just as interesting as before.

The book deals with such subjects as electricity in its various modern forms of application, such as the X ray machine, the horseless carriage, trolley car and artificial lighting. There is also a section devoted to the construction of sky scraper buildings of steel and iron. Another section takes up the improvements made in railroad engine, car and track building. The opening chapter takes up the subject of matches and gives a full story of the conception and carrying out of the plans of the inventor of the lucifer match. This involves a story of the early methods of making or keeping a light when a saucer of grease with a rag wick was the only lamp used. Then came the tallow, then kerosene, then electricity. In just the same manner the development of firearms as weapons of defense is treated; from the crudest flint lock to the modern machine gun or disappearing rifle used in modern coast defense.

Another interesting subject discussed is that of canal building, and this section deals with the great international canals of Europe and Asia and concludes with the $32,000,000 sanitary canal in Illinois, and there is also a section devoted to farm machinery, in which development is shown from the ancient crooked limb of tree used in the valley of the Nile river to the modern gang and sulky plow of today. This section also describes the harvesting machine industry.

Ocean cables for the telegraph are also explained with the recent improvements for operation. Another section treats of warship construction from the time of the frigate to such modern destroyers as the first-class battleships of the American navy.

Cloth-making in all its branches, from the time of the spinning wheel to the silk and cotton looms of the Massachusetts factories, form another interesting section.

Printing presses and typesetting machines are explained from the time of the old screw press to the present modern perfecting daily newspaper printing machine, which is as delicate and more intricate than a watch. The history of the sewing machine forms another interesting chapter, and the whole volume is not a mass of statistics. It is gotten up in readable form, with enough of the history of the individuals most concerned to impress the reader with their personalities. Each section is a story in itself, told in a manner and method that does not impress the reader with the idea that he or she is reading for the sole purpose of crowding the memory with an array of figures and dates.

The publisher of "Wonders of the Nineteenth Century" made a splendid hit when he designed and secured a fine lot of half-tone and other engravings for the work. Pictures instituting comparisons between old and new methods are more effective than words, and in this volume the pictures are of greater value on that account.

"Harriett."

"Harriett," by William Leroy Evans. W. B. Conkey & Co., Chicago.

There is no thirteenth page in this book, the one between the twelfth and fourteenth being numbered 12½. Why this is done is explained by the author in the course of a pleasant narrative of a happy courtship and marriage to a flaxen-haired acquaintance of his early years, who insisted, in spite of his protests, in moving into their own home on the thirteenth day of the month, setting all superstitions to rout in her impatience, and proving the vanity of the "hoodoo" by enriching that home with the tenderest of memories.

There is more of tender sentiment than depth of philosophy in "Harriett," and the volume is as pretty in its mechanical make-up as in its topic and treatment thereof.

"At the Sign of the Harp."

"At the Sign of the Harp," Arthur Upson. University Press.

This little volume of poems breathes of Minnesota outdoors, although some of the poems are exception which do not seriously mar the generally home-like sensation that accompanies familiar scenes and people. A September day at Snelling is picturesquely described, the unusualness of the verbs detracting only slightly from a tact of description remarkably vivid.

Occasionally there is a line that is grimly suggestive of dreary searches through dusty dictionaries for odd words and odd rhymes, but there is oftener some well-lined Anglo-Saxon, with enough of fancy in it to make the book worth reading as poetry.

Consumption.

"Consumption and Chronic Diseases," by Emmet Densmore, M. D. Swan, Sonnenscheim & Co., London, and Stillman Publishing company, New York.

This volume is intended to, and does, exploit a system for the hygienic cure of those suffering from consumption and other chronic diseases, at their homes. It is what it claims to be, a popular exposition of the open air treatment of such diseases, and gives all the latest scientific developments and improvements in such treatment. The illustrations aid in explaining both the treatment and its benefits. Food, preferably milk, with unlimited fresh air and sunshine, are the main points in the system.

"Smaller History of Rome."

"A Smaller History of Rome," by Sir William Smith, D. C. L., LL. D. New and thoroughly revised edition by A. H. J. Greenidge, M. A. American Book company, New York, Cincinnati and Chicago.

There is probably no book on this subject more universally used by high schools and similar schools than this "Smaller History of Rome." It occupies a distinct position by itself. In this new edition care has been taken to preserve the essential characteristics and proportions of the original book as far as possible, with due prominence to the most important events. Some valuable additions have been made, however, including the results of recent historical investigations. In typography, as well, it is a vast improvement, and all the maps and a larger portion of the illustrations have been especially prepared for this volume. We predict for it a great success.

"Manual of English History."

"A Manual of English History," by Edward M. Lancaster. American Book company, New York, Cincinnati and Chicago.

In these days, when Great Britain is playing such an important part in the making of history, there is no book recently issued more desirable than "A Manual of English History," by Edward M. Lancaster, of Boston. Since its publication, several years ago, it has remained one of the standard works on this subject. The book has been brought down to date, and describes events from the view-point of today, and schools whose limited time forbids an extended course of study will be delighted with the brief yet comprehensive manner in which the essential facts of English history are here brought out. The cause and effect of events have been treated with clearness and impartiality and will be especially interesting in such recent occurrences as the far Eastern question, the Venezuelan question, the Spanish-American war and the war with the Boers. The colored maps form a very important addition.

"Cotton Tails."

"Cotton Tails" is the attractive title of an illustrated book by George A. Beckenbaugh, to be brought out at once by R. H. Russell. There are forty-eight full-page drawings in black and white, each accompanied by a humorous rhyme:

THE CAUSE OF HIS PAUSE.

Two Crows were eating mush and milk
As Mr. Hare came by;
The latter wore a vest of silk,
And a glass in his left eye.
Said he: "I have a long report
To make—excuse my paws."
"Why, sir," said they, "your tail is short;
Will you please tell the Caws?"

ON OUR BOOK TABLE.

American Book Co., Chicago—"A Smaller History of Rome," by Sir William Smith, $1; "A Manual of English History," by Edward M. Lancaster.

W. B. Conkey Co., Chicago—"Harriett," by William Leroy; "Wonders of the Nineteenth Century," by J. W. Hanson, A. M., D. D.

Civic Federation of Chicago, "Chicago Conference on Trusts," speeches, debates, resolutions, list of delegates, committees, etc.

Cassell & Co., New York—"King Richard III.," "Comedy of Errors," Shakespeare; "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage," Lord Byron.

University Press, Minneapolis—"At the Sign of the Harp," by Arthur Upson.

LITERARY NOTES.

In the popular library series of Cassell & Company, New York, the last four books issued in Volume VIII. are "Romeo and Juliet," "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage," "The Comedy of Errors" and "King Richard III." Each number of the series is edited by Prof. Henry Morley, and are issued weekly. They may be purchased or subscribed for by the year.

Crisp and fresh is the April Success, with its pages crowded from cover to cover with "features." One cannot open the magazine at an uninteresting or inartistic page. Twenty names brilliant in literature and public life appear as contributors, among them being Mrs. John A. Logan, Mrs. F. B. Thurber, Rev. Robert Collyer, Hezekiah Butterworth, A. Conan Doyle, Bret Harte, Rudyard Kipling, Paul West, Frederick A. Ober, Ferdinand W. Peck, Collis P. Huntington, Thomas L. James, David Starr Jordan, Joseph Jefferson, Orison Swett Marden, Edward E. Higgins, Senator Mason, Congressman Landis, of Indiana; Freer, of West Virginia, and Kahn, of California, besides a host of lesser lights and a whole lot of inspirational literature, of which Success makes a specialty.

"The Son of the Wolf," by Jack London, a new and young writer, whose experiences as a world wanderer would have delighted that prince of romancers, Robert Louis Stevenson, will be brought out in April by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

That contemporary romance may be good literature would seem to be confirmed by one of the professors of Vanderbilt university, who recently delivered to his classes an address on "Prisoners of Hope," the first work of Mary Johnston, whose "To Have and To Hold" has met with so much success both of critical estimation and multiplied editions. The author of these two sterling romances must certainly be reckoned with in any account of American literature which shall henceforth be made.

Edmund Clarence Stedman has sold his seat on the New York Stock exchange and retired from the work and strain of Wall street. He still has interests which will call him to the street more or less for some time, but he has given up all active participation in business. He has been "in the street" since 1864. "No, I do not propose to outrival Mr. Clews, and write a book entitled "Thirty-six Years in Wall Street," said he to a reporter for the Times, "but I hope to devote much more time than heretofore to my own kind of literary work." It is to be hoped the banker-broker-poet-critic may add still other volumes of verse and criticism to the short but admirable series of his works.

Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., have just issued "The Queen's Garden," by Mrs. M. E. M. Davis; "Knights in Fustian," by Caroline Brown; "The Prose of Edward Rowland Sill;" "The Constitutional History and Government of the United States," by Judson S. Landon; "Amos: An Essay in Exegesis," by Prof. H. G. Mitchell.

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Men's Suits.

Men's neat brown checked All-wool Cheviot Suits, sold for us at $12.50. Closing out price..... **$5.65**

Men's All-wool Melton Suits in Oxford and brown mixed, single and double-breasted, and unfinished Worsted Suits in steel gray, worth up to $18.00..... **$8.65**

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$1.00 to $1.25 Men's Pants, assorted patterns..... **79c**

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200 Men's Single Vests, worth $1.25; to clean them out..... **59c**

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Men's starched and soft bosom Percale Shirts, plain white unlaundered Linen Bosom Shirts, and Men's Black and White Striped heavy Twilled Working Shirts, all worth 75c, buy now at..... **39c**

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25c and 35c Suspenders for..... **19c**

15c and 20c Men's Socks..... **10c**

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$1.50 to $2 Men's Fedora Hats, in black, brown and gray..... **79c**

$2.50 to $3 Fedora Hats..... **$1.29**

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$2.50 Stiff Hats..... **98c**

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$4 to $6 Men's Shoes, black and tan..... **$2.98**

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$1.50 to $2.50 Men's Shoes, black and tan..... **98c**

$3 and $4 Ladies' Shoes (small sizes)..... **69c**

$2 Ladies' Shoes, all sizes..... **98c**

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$1 to $1.50 Ladies' Oxford Ties, small sizes..... **49c**

$1 Children's Shoes..... **45c**

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	Price.		Price.
The Misses Bell's Capilla-Renova restores prematurely gray hair to its natural color.....	$1.50	The Misses Bell's Complexion Tonic, clears the skin of every blemish and beautifies the complexion naturally.....	$1.00
The Misses Bell's Hair Tonic cures dandruff and prevents any return of it.....	1.00	The Misses Bell's Depilo removes superfluous hair in a few minutes without injury to the skin.....	1.00
The Misses Bell's Skin Food, a soft, creamy, exquisitely perfumed ointment, which softens, smooths, cleanses and beautifies the skin, and, when used with the Tonic, removes wrinkles.....	.75	The Misses Bell's Complexion Soap, made from pure oil of lamb's wool. This soap is daintily scented and absolutely pure.....	.25
		The Misses Bell's Virgin Olive Soap, unscented, made from pure olives and unsurpassed for the complexion and skin.....	.20

MANNHEIMER BROS.,

Sole Agents, St. Paul, Minn.