IN THE WORLD OF BOOKS

TOLSTOI'S NEXT NOVEL DESCRIBES CHRYSALIS PERIOD OF GIRL'S LIFE

SOME POPULAR LOVE LETTERS

Albert G. Robinson's "The Philippines; the War and the People"—Literary Notes—May Magazines.

ST. PETERSBURG, April 5.—(Correspondence.)—Count Leo Tolstoi's next novel will describe the chrysalis period of a young woman's life, the development of a butterfly into a useful member of society. A portion of this novel was read a few evenings ago at Moscow. Its plot may be briefly outlined as follows: The Spesiefzeff family return late in the autumn from their usual journey abroad, and go for a short visit to the estate of a relative who is the district captain of Vlijin. The party there is composed of the high ministerial officer, Councilor Spesiefzeff, his wife, Maria Nekolaievna, and a sixteen-year-old daughter, Vera. The men talk of crops while the women indulge in provincial gossip. It is then proposed that Vera make herself useful in the famine relief work. She would prefer anything to Boheim and undertakes to distribute clothing and nurse starving babies for distraction. She is lost to view until her father and mother decided to return home. They send a servant to bring Vera, but she positively refuses to obey, either the servant, her father or her mother. She has undergone a mental transformation within a few weeks and decides it is better to be a worker than a drone.

"The Philippines."

"The Philippines; the War and the People," a record of personal observations and experiences, by Albert G. Robinson. McClure, Phillips & Co., New York.

This volume, the fruits of the author's study of life in the Philippines during an extended sojourn there, is a welcome addition of the list of works designed to throw light upon one of the most important of the nation's new political problems. Its chief value is that it is in most part a report of things seen and of matters of record, and not merely a resume of recent history. Mr. Robinson devotes two or three prefatory chapters to the past life of the islands, to the revolutions of 1872 and 1896 and the real and immediate cause of the last revolt against Spanish rule. The bulk of the rest of the book is a report of personal observations as to the natives of the islands, the American operations there, the attitude of the church and the friars, and the conditions which have been brought about as a result of the permanent American occupation.

Like many others who have visited the Philippines, Mr. Robinson is inclined to believe that the Filipinos are not incapable of operating a government of their own, but he is rather pessimistic as to their ability or willingness to accept American rule. One chief obstacle in the way to a pacific settlement of pending difficulties has been the hostility between the American soldier and the Filipino, the latter having "learned to hate the American soldier—justly or unjustly—and the soldier—rightly or wrongly—being disposed to return the feeling in kind." For the natives, to whom the military element is necessarily the visible expression of American authority, the dislike of American control has therefore been aggravated constantly. As to the possibility of bringing matters to a satisfactory conclusion, the author says:

"I cannot feel that it would be wise or right immediately to leave these people to the sole conduct of their own affairs, yet—unless some marked improvement be shown in American methods—there can be little doubt that they would get along by themselves quite as well as with American interference. But there are many who contend that to leave them to themselves would be to yield them to the general anarchy and the drenching of the islands in the bloodshed of strife among themselves. What would really come no man can say, but the best authorities and the closest observers set these people down as peaceable and peace-loving rather than bloodthirsty and quarrelsome. That their history has in it much of turbulence and revolt argues for them rather than against them. Their fighting has not been done for the sake of or for the love of fighting. It has been their protest against injustice and oppression, the struggle of crude patriots rather than of crude and warlike men."

One thing which must be recognized, in Mr. Robinson's view, is that the Filipino ways and customs must be respected. The idea that American ways necessarily are best must be eliminated in our future dealings with the internal polity of the islands. With this fact recognized, the United States after a time may yet find a means of so exercising its influence as to secure a settled condition of affairs. Says Mr. Robinson:

'The great danger in absolute self-government for the Filipino is in the lack of a balance wheel among aspiring leaders. That may well be the function of the United States. Protection from other powers they must have. For that the United States is now almost irretrievably pledged. Protection against disorder arising out of struggles for leadership is also a work to which the United States is morally committed. A tactful hand for guidance and restraint is the special need of the Filipinos until the new untried and half-broken political colt shall become settled in the traces and accustomed to his work."

Mr. Robinson's volume is by no means limited to the consideration of the governmental and social problems involved in the American occupation, and some of the most interesting chapters are those devoted to various peculiar phases of native life. There is much entertaining descriptive and narrative matter and a special chapter on the influence of the friars in the Philippines is of especially timely interest. The author seems to have observed accurately and to have made his report without bias.

"Bird Life."

"Bird Life," a study of our common birds, by Frank M. Chapman, assistant curator of mammalogy and ornithology in the American Museum of Natural History. Illustrated by Ernest Seton-Thompson, with seventy-five full page lithographic plates of birds in natural colors, reproducing Ernest Seton-Thompson's drawings; new edition. D. Appleton & Co., New York.

Frank Michler Chapman, whose works on natural history—and especially on birds—have given him an international reputation, was born at Englewood, N. J., in June, 1864. He received an academic education, and since 1887 has been connected with the American Museum of Natural History, being now associate curator of vertebrate zoology. He was at one time an enthusiastic sportsman, but within the last few years has given his attention to the humane object of conserving bird life, and has become a leader in the widespread movement for the protection of birds from destruction for commercial purposes. He is president of the Linnaean society, and a member of the Ornithologists' union; he is also editor of "Bird Lore." He has been a most successful lecturer on all subjects connected with the study of birds. Besides innumerable articles on birds and mammals, he has written a valuable "Handbook of the Birds of Eastern North America," "Bird Studies with a Camera," for the preparation of which he traveled 10,000 miles and exercised an extraordinary amount of patience and ingenuity, and Bird Life, a new edition of which is now just put upon the market by the Appletons. This book has been recognized as the standard authority on our common birds. It was prepared particularly for those that desire a general knowledge of bird-life and a speaking acquaintance with our common birds. Its value is greatly increased by a series of seventy-five plates, representing in their natural colors more than a hundred varieties of birds depicted with loving care by Mr. Ernest Seton-Thompson, whose reputation as an animal painter and illustrator is second to no other artist in this country. These plates are reproduced not by any cheap and unsatisfactory color photography, but by lithography, and are justly regarded as a triumph of successful illustrations.

The production of this remarkable book will be welcomed by all genuine nature lovers and will insure it a wide circulation.

The New York Mail and Express says: "Mr. Ernest Seton-Thompson's name will forever be remembered as that of the best friend of animals of our day, and the most ingenious of their interpreters as well."

"Blennerhassett."

While Quincy Adams Sawyer is still forging ahead, always moving forward toward the goal it seems destined to reach—that of the best selling novel, the announcement of "out soon" is being made in regard to the forthcoming romance, "Blennerhassett," by the same author, Charles Felton Pidgin. The author believes that his readers will agree with him that there is not to be found in early American history a more romantic character than Aaron Burr—one whose career and associations and ambitions were more truly romantic. He is the central figure around whom he has woven what is promised as a stirring romance which concerns Burr's great love for his daughter, Theodosia, his visit with Harman Blennerhassett and his wife Margaret at their beautiful island home, his plans formulated there, his political difficulties with President Thomas Jefferson and Alexander Hamilton, his duel with Hamilton, his reception at the hands of Napoleon, and his so-called "dream of empire."

Mr. Pidgin's idea of Burr is that of a man who fought bravely to secure the independence of the colonies, a man who was elected to the highest position in the gift of the American people, and who filled the second position with a grace and dignity that has never been equaled, a man who revenged the wrongs inflicted upon him during a period of thirty years on the fatal field of Weehawken, a man who contemplated a conquest, and who was tried for high treason by the members of the party who carried out exactly the programme of conquest that he had outlined, a man whom neither political persecution, nor poverty, nor perfidy of his friends could force to speak one word of recrimination or complaint; and a man who, although he killed his foe according to the code of honor then in force, has been called either assassin or murderer by the makers of school books, thus instilling into infant minds a prejudice which only research and study in after years could effectually remove.

The May Bookman has Quincy Adams Sawyer as fifth of six best selling books in the country for the month of March. Such big gains have been made since March in the Western cities that it should be at the top or next to it in another month.

"Love Letters of a Liar."

Society has a new sensation. Mrs. "Willie" Allen, the famous beauty and wit, who has stirred up society more than once in the half dozen years she has been living in New York, is the cause of it, and "The Love Letters of a Liar" was the means.

All the world is talking about "The Love Letters of an Englishwoman," but they do not compare with "The Love Letters of a Liar" in brilliancy, knowledge of men and the world and their daring.

Only a man who had the fire of genius in his veins and the fever of such love and the memory of the agonies of passion unreturned could have been capable of such masterpieces—said the literary critics; what author of fame could have written them?

Society began talking more and more about them, says the New Yory World. If the author is a man, he must have lived these letters, and if a woman, did she receive them, or did she weave them out of her imagination? If the latter, how could she have understoood the desire and passion and heartburning which is so vividly portrayed?

The question was being discussed one evening at a dinner in New York.

All at the table were excited over it. Mrs. Allen was present. At last she laughed and said: "Why, don't you see my name signed to them? I wrote them."

The guests gasped in astonishment, and then laughed in unbelief.

Mrs. Allen insisted that she herself and she alone wrote the letters.

"Who wrote them to you originally?" asked her friends. "Not as they were published, perhaps, but so that you could weave them into that form?"

"No one," insisted Mrs. Allen. "They are absolutely the creatures of my imagination."

So fully did Mrs. Allen throw herself into the spirit of the story that many still refuse to believe that she had not looked up some of her old love letters and adapted them.

When the Sunday World reporter said this to Mrs. Allen she laughed heartily for a moment and replied:

"Why, that is the greatest compliment my story and myself could have been paid. I was requested to write a love story. My theory has always been that unrequited affection is the only lasting one with a man. He wooed this married woman with the warmest amatory art he possessed, and his poetry and passion succeeded in winning her; then he became tired, and the world knows the rest."

"The Story of Sarah."

"The Story of Sarah," by M. Louise Forsslund. Brentano's, New York.

Phases of human nature as old as man himself introduced in a form sufficiently altered to hold the attention of blase readers will, other things being equal, insure the success of a book. In "The Story of Sarah" the 'other things" are much better than the delineation of character. The men and women of the story are strong, forceful and individual, yet in some way the author fails to impress us with their personality. The author is unknown to the reviewer. It may be this is her beginning. If so it is surely promising She pictures vividly the small details of village life.

Sarah Mapes Jarvis, the heroine, is the motherless daughter of Captain Lem Jarvis of the life-saving station at Bleak Hill. Captain Lem is one of the most consistent characters in the book, a rough, drinking, selfish old man from start to finish. Sarah was only three days old when her mother died and the clergyman's wife carried the child to the rectory where the first thirteen years of her life was spent, surrounded by refined cultured people and influences of wealth. Then the rector's wife died and at the crysalis period of her life poor little Sadie went home to her father. It was in the dead of winter, bleak and dreary always at the station. There were no women there that winter and Sadie's lot fell among rough, rude and to her half-savage men. Father and daughter had nothing in common. She had "so much innate refinement and he so much ingrained coarseness that almost every action and word of his jarred upon her." Here a year which left a sorrowful impression upon the child's character was passed. Then she persuaded her father to move to Shoreville where for five years she went to school and at nineteen was "a little marvel of loveliness, of grace and dignity and refinement." Then to the amazement and mystification of all who knew her she began to "keep company" with Devine Strong, a boon companion of her father's and a man as fit to mate with her as a swine with a princess.

Strong is pictured as a man of virile magnetic personality and he fascinated Sadie as a snake fascinates a helpless little bird. When with him she was powerless to resist the force of his will; when he left her she vowed she would never marry him. **How the unequal** conflict ends (Sadie's father favors Devine) must be left to the readers of the book. The story is strong in dramatic situations. The minor characters, the men of the Life Saving station and the Dutch villagers are interesting types more convincing than some of the more important personages of the story.

"The Claim Jumpers."

"The Claim Jumpers," Stewart Edward White. D. Appleton & Co., New York.

This is a clean wholesome story of a 'tenderfoot's' experience in a Western mining camp. Benington DeLaney, the hero, is not always convincing, but in spite of a few weak points in his armor his character is really lovable and as the story closes on a happy engagement we are encouraged to believe that under Wilhemina's New England influence he will outgrow the limitations imposed by being a "De Laney on both sides."

The story opens in New York, but after the first chapter the scene shifted to Dakota where Bennington is sent to look after some mining property in which his father is interested. Finding the property in apparent good hands, Bennie devotes only a small part of his time to the business and a gradually increasing part to a charming young lady whom he believes to be the daughter of uncultured poor people. That love overcomes his family pride is to be expected, but the denouement is to be left to the reader. The story is well written and the interest well sustained. The book belongs to the Town and Country Club Library series.

"Our Fate and the Zodiac."

"Our Fate and the Zodiac," by Margaret Mayo. Brentano's, New York.

"* * * And if this be the science of the stars,
I, too, with glad and zealous industry,
Will learn acquaintance with their cheerful faith."

Miss Mayo places the above quotation from Schiller's Wallenstein at the head of her introduction, but after reading her positive assertions concerning the unalterable influence of the planets on mankind one may be pardoned for doubting the felicity of her choice. Such a theory oppresses a sensitive nature with a weight of immutability and finality.

It is, however, an attractive subject. While in no sense foretelling the future it seems in a way related to that fascinating theme and we read eagerly what purports to be an analysis of our character.

Miss Mayo's book is an elaboration of her "Fate Autographs" published in December, 1899. The book is suggestively printed in heavy black type, with the signs of the zodiac heading the chapters. Blank pages are left at the end of each chapter that autograph evidence may be obtained of the truth of the theories advanced.

"The Human Hair."

"The Human Hair; Its Care and Preservation," by J. R. Stitson. The Maple Publishing company, New York.

Mr. Stitson has apparently given careful study to the subject of his book, and while it is scientific it is not technical, but presents in the simplest manner a lot of practical information. The author does not recommend any proprietary or other advertised preparation, but gives a number of simple formulas which may be used to advantage in preserving the hair. The book is divided into classified chapters and deals exhaustively with the subject.

While nearly all the matter of the book will be of common interest to both sexes a chapter, devoted particularly to women gives a number of formulas for harmless washes, bandolines, etc. Mr. Stitson does not favor staining the hair, but for the benefit of foolish women who do, he devotes a chapter to reliable means and methods of dyeing and bleaching. The dangers which attend the use of certain substances used for those purposes are carefully pointed out.

MAY MAGAZINES.

Among the articles in this month's National Magazine appears an interesting account of "An American King." Popular science is touched upon in the telling of "How Mars Communicated With the Earth." The ever entrancing romantic literature of the Old Testament has its place in the story of "Abigal." "Fred Funston and His Capture of Aguinaldo" tells of the experience of the Kansan boy whose name is on the lips of the world. In "Our Neighbors, the Mexicans," a woman traveler writes in a brilliant vein of the life and habits of our sister republic. In the letters of "Lydia Maria Child," an intimate friend publishes a series of unpublished letters, which are a historical sidelight. A number of bright stories by American authors find a place in this number, as well as many short sketches and poems of more than usual merit. The regular departments are filled to the brim with matter that touches every point of current interest.

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The Magazine of Art this month has some decidedly fine illustrations. The article concerning the work of Edward Hayes, the noted English painter of marine views, has many reproductions of his work, one in color. Modern steamship decoration, reproductions of gems in the Wallace picture collection, and an account of Daniel Chester French, the American sculptor, are some of the many attractions of the magazine.

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The Book World makes a special feature of its article, "The Rights and Disabilities of Woman Under the Law." The story of Waltham abbey is told, there is a paper on Lord Byron and Newstead abbey, another on the home life of Whittier and three clever short stories in addition to its usual literary gossip.

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What to Eat is full of novel suggestions apropos the table, entertainments and special dishes. It is readable from cover to cover. Mary Dawson's "A B C" party is decidedly novel.

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Everybody's Magazine has a delicious story by Eleanor Holt—"A Good Lie Gone Wrong." Frank Norris, author of "The Octopus," contributes a Paris studio story that is good; Clifford Howard tells of making rain by electricity, and there are other odd things to be found in the May issue.

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The Smart Set for May has one of the best novels it has published for many months. "The Wage of Character" by Julien Gordon is a keen character study, written in a forceful way. It is pessimistic in tone, though not aggressively so, and it appeals as a finished and well rounded work. There are innumerable short stories by writers clever, poor and mediocre. Gertrude Atherton's "Monarch of a Small Survey" is one of the best, and Edgar Fawcett's "Debtors to Heritage" and Arabella Kenealy's "Blue-Eyed Eliphalet" are good.

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One of the most amusing stories the Black Cat has had for some time is Annie Fellows Johnston's "The Family Skeleton's Wedding Journey." Will N. Harben's "A Million-Dollar Cinder" and Grace Gowing's "The Warden's Overcoat are also beyond the average for interest

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The May International (Chicago) might be called an "American number," for—contrary to its custom—the magazine this month takes its readers no farther abroad than Mexico, except in its usual Paris and London letters. The leading illustrated article is on Frankfort—"Kentucky's Capital," by Leigh Gordon Giltner. E. Crayton McCants contributes a suggestion of one way to improve our American towns and villages. In "Rosabower," Hubert M. Skinner draws for us a picture of the Indiana home of the once famous Dr. Larrabee, as it was and is, and advocates its being restored and set aside as a memorial to the "sage" and the work he did for America, and particularly the West. A writer who calls herself "Claracita" has a word—and a very pleasant one—to say for "Mexican Hotels," and her paper is made even more entertaining by some good pictures.

LITERARY NOTES.

Mr. Julian Ralph, the well known author and journalist, has revisited his native country just in time to see the appearance of his striking new book, "War's Brighter Side," which is coming from the press of D. Appleton & Co. The book is described as affording most vivid and amusing pictures of the experiences of Ralph, Kipling, A. Conan Doyle and others who edited or contributed to The Friend, the paper published at Earl Robert's request for the army in South Africa.

An interesting "find" has recently been made at Boscoreale, a village near Naples. A Roman villa has been unearthed which contains some wonderful frescoes. In The Magazine of Art, for May, "Leader Scott" gives a description of these, in the course of which it is stated: "The summer triclinium was absolutely gorgeous with frescoes. The whole walls were architecturally divided into panels by wreathed columns with their architraves and cornices, and every panel was filled with pictures—some representing buildings, and others figures. Three of them show the temporary erections and altars which the Romans were wont to erect for the feast of Isis (a custom which is kept up to this day when the people, on a certain day in October, of Torre Annunziata, erect altars to the Madonna). One of these architectural frescoes is particularly interesting, as it shows the style of building for county villas amongst the Romins, and proves the genesis of the Loggia, so dear to Lombard and Tuscan mediaeval architects. It represents a villa with a number of balconies and colonnades one above the other. These Roman architectural scenes seem to explain the piles of fantastic buildings which form the backgrounds of those marvelous early frescoes in the church of San Piero a Grado, near Pisa, which were done 200 years before Cimabue, and must have been either inspired by or descended from late Roman art. In another fresco of an Isis altar, votive offerings in the form of bowls of luscious fruit are placed on each side of the altar depicted; a third panel is a garden scene, with the specus or rock-hewn cave, whence the spring water flows. The classically draped figure of Isis stands in a wreathed temple above a fourth of the painted altars.

Dodd, Mead & Co. will publish in the fall a book of short stories by Caroline Duer, entitled "Unconscious Comedians." Miss Duer's stories in The Smart Set and other magazines have created so much interest that a volume of them in permanent form was inevitable.

Three more issues of the new and interesting Riverside biographical series are announced for immediate publication by Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., of Boston, New York and Chicago. These are "Ulysses S. Grant," by Walter Allen; "Lewis and Clark," by William R. Lighton, and "John Marshall," by James B. Thayer.

Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., of Boston, New York and Chicago, announce for immediate publication two books appropriate to the springtime, which will be most welcome to all who are interested in nature study. One is Olive Thorne Miller's "The Second Book of Birds" and the other Bradford Torrey's "Everyday Birds."

The April issue (No. 147) of the Riverside literature series (at present issued quarterly), published by Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., of Boston, New York and Chicago, contains Alexander Pope's famous poems "The Rape of the Lock," the "Essay on Man" and the "Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot." The book is edited, with a biographical introduction, introductions to the several poems and notes, by Henry W. Boynton, M. A., instructor in English; Phillips academy, Andover, Mass. The poems themselves and the critical skill shown in its preparation render this book a valuable addition to the sterling group of masterpieces contained in the Riverside literature series.

L. C. Page & Co. announce for early publication "A Sunny Southerner," by Julia Magruder, author of "The Princess Sonia," etc.

A large first edition of Mr. Owen Johnson's novel, "Arrows of the Almighty," was sold the day of publication. A second edition is being prepared by the Macmillan company for publication this week. As a grandson of the War Governor Morton of Indiana, and a son of Mr. Robert Underwood Johnson, the poet and associate editor of the Century magazine, Mr. Owen Johnson enters the field of fiction with fair auspices. Recent graduates of Yale are likely to be interested in this novel by the late chairman of the Yale "Lit."

A "Search for an Infidel" is the title of the Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jone's new book. Like "Jess, or Bits of Wayside Gospel," it is written in an out-of-doors atmosphere. It is another chapter in the nature of gospel good fellowship, mutual service and kindness which Dr. Jones has preached and practiced for so many years. The Macmillan company will publish the book next month.

On Our Book Table.

The Grafton Press, New York—"Newyorkitas," by John H. Girdner, M. D.

Frank F. Lovell Book Co., New York.—"An Englishman's Love Letters. Being the Missing Answers to an Englishwoman's Love Letters."

D. Appleton, New York—"A Sailor's Log," by Robley D. Evans, rear-admiral U. S. N., $2. Bird Life," by Frank M. Chapman, $2.

R. H. Russell, New York—"The Paradise of Children and the Golden Touch," by Nathaniel Hawthorne; "Wish-Makers' Town," by William Young.

SPRING TAILORING IDYL.

London Globe.

Critics who declare they can find no poetry nowadays might do worse than peruse "The Tailor and Cutter" as the next best substitute. This is a part of a little excursus on spring time: "No longer will the cutter's shears lie idle, or the journeyman's needle and goose rust for want of use. The spring has come, and the earth has put on its garment of beauty, the flowers appear, and even the heavens remind us by sunshine and shower that it is time to adorn our bodies with spring clothing."

Convincing Language.

Milwaukee Sentinel.

"Dan" Regan, the chief clerk of the board of public works, told a good story in connection with the recent campaign. The day after election he was congratulating Judge Brazee, and said:

"I see the Irishmen in the Third ward read your name Brady and voted for you to a man."

The judge replied that the Poles in the Fourteenth ward read his name Brazeenski, and voted for him, too.

Mr. Regan later recalled an incident in Judge Brazee's earlier career. There was a big, surly son of Erin who once told the little attorney that he believed his name was Brady instead of Brazee. The statement was allowed to go with a simple denial, but the big man insisted upon it. He said that he knew the name must be Brady, because the lawyer "had the map of Ireland on his face," and he knew of no Irishman named Brazee. The stranger was so insistent that he became annoying to the attorney, and the latter finally lost his patience.

"I tell you my name is Brazee, and if you say again that it is Brady I'll give you a smash in the face," he declared.

The other man laughed. "Now I know that your name is Brady," he said.

SOLVING A LOVE MYSTERY

MISSING REPLIES TO AN ENGLISHWOMAN'S LOVE LETTERS ARE GIVEN OUT BY FRIENDS

SOME UNIQUE IDEAS OF LOVE

The Reason for the Broken Engagement Clearly Shown in the Letters Written by the Man.

"An Englishwoman's Love Letters" are charming reading, and the interest in them is increasing both in England and this country, due as much to the mystery that surrounds them as to their literary merit. This interest has been intensified during the past week by the writer's friends retaliating by giving out for publication the letters to which they are in reply—those she received from the man. That "An Englishwoman's Love Letters" are genuine is now generally believed, for not only have all known authors denied connection with them, but all claims by unknown authors have been shown to be fraudulent.

The replies are prefaced by a letter from Annette Mathews, of Stockton-on-Tees, the Nan-nan of the woman's letters, explaining that by the order of her mistress she put them in the coffin, but that they were taken from it by some one arranging the casket, who failed to replace them. Her letter shows she gives them to the public in revenge for the publication of her mistress' letters. With this clue the names of the parties to the correspondence cannot long remain secret, for they must be known to hosts of friends. A very unsavory scandal may yet grow out of it, for the reason why the marriage was broken off, which plainly appears in his letters, will shock even Mayfair English society as it has not been shocked in many years.

"An Englishman's Love Letters" bear all the marks of genuineness, and it is plain they have not been edited; that they are printed as written. At the beginning he tells her he is not a letter writer, and he is right; but they are far and away cleverer and more interesting than hers, while the tragedy they reveal show very clearly why he does not wish them printed.

Why she should have fallen in love with a kid-boy, younger than she, and why having fallen in love he should not be her Prince Charming, but her Prince Wonderful, for whom she had at first too much awe and reverence to know she loved him, has bothered many readers. His letters show that this was a jest between them by which a certain sixteen years of his life was cut out of their reckoning.

The letters reveal him as a brilliant, versatile man of the world, finely educated, widely read, with a curious onomatopoeic memory, yet full of all sorts of hobbies and peculiar ideas. She does not understand him, he knows it, and has all sorts of quiet and gentle fun with her insistence that he is a garden Englishman.

Each of his letters begins with some original term of endearment framed from the circumstances of her letters. To that one of her early letters where she describes the clouds in the sky as kites sent up by her heartstrings, he replies:

Dear Witch's Curve—You have seen how a watch spring is wound. Lift it up at the center so that it outlines a cone. It would be easy to get the length if you could unwind it and measure it on a yard stick, but the mathematical problem is to get its length without unwinding it, so that if the base of the cone is ten inches and the height twelve and the turns nine, or any other figures, you can tell the length by substituting the figures for the letters in a constant equation. This was one of the problems I had to wrestle with when a boy. There is one harder, that of three revolving bodies, and one only less hard, that of a spring or string wound around a cylinder. They are supposed to combine every curve in the universe.

Put these are delicious North country mince pies, such as you get on the farms of canny and Tyne side, compared with the curves of your fancy when it spr a is its wings and soars. Never, never never will I be able to catch its equation, or be able to measure its value. Once I thought I could. That was before I knew your pyrotechnic mind. All I may hope to do is to admire and adore and wonder at the flights of the kites you send up.

I wish I could express myself as you do, but St. Paul consoles me. "The woman is the glory of the man." And again he remarks, casually: "There are also bodies celestial," meaning you, "and "and bodies terrestrial," meaning me. With my feet to the earth. I will rejoice to see you, dear Witch's Curve send up as many kites as you like so long as you remain my "glory." I want no glory, no honor, no riches, except in you alone. I want you to have all and mine to be in your—in usufruct.

The allusion in this last word is to her wish to be his "freehold."

His letter telling her he will join her at Zurich will delight the lover of Kipling's "Three Decker" at his application of it.

Beloved—You will find me at the right Bauer, au lac, in Zurich, on the 18th, prepared to act as your cicerone, chaperon and guide so long as your party will accept my services.

In ways no gaze can follow
A course unspoiled by cooks.

When you get there, sweep round your aching searchlight. The deaf, gray-bearded C—— will not be missed, though his gondola may. * * * I am going to take you off his swing-you twist-you mud scow with but a single sweep, and give you a little music and dancing on the deck of "the only certain packet for the islands of the blest."

The distinct and permanent value in this collection of love letters is the revelation it makes of the scientific side of love, and in this it is unique—the first of the kind ever printed. We have been surfeited with the literary and sentimental side—those books are legion. This reveals its effect on the coldly scientific mind of an engineer. Listen to this extract in reply to her question why he loved her.

When the universe was formless and void. When each undifferentiated atom was a world in itself. And before that. What came first? It was attraction. "And the spirit of God moved upon" the void, and that spirit was love in its highest sense, the attraction that brought them together. I will not go so far as to add from the Tyndall (not Tyndale) Bible, and their contact begat light, heat and electricity. Tyndale first translated the Bible into English; Tyndall first wrote a scientific parody on Genesis. He follows this down to physics, translates it into physical expression in the "heat group of mental conditions," or emotions, and shows the "physical basis" of the two expressions of love, that which "dies with the kiss" by transformations of energy, and that which is of God.

This mental or spiritual attraction passes on from age to age. If you could look back along the "string of beads" that make up many lives, you would find this love of ours running through all, the silver thread on which they are strung. It is immortal, the every principle of immortality. * * * "Ton amours sera tojours," because it is immortal love.

In another letter he explains to her the physical form of love:

Love is a force. It has volume, tension, and power to overcome resistance. When the tension is high it burns out our nerve centers as electricity burns out plugs. The amount of love is not shown by its tension, nor by its amperage alone. Let a man's love for a woman have an amperage of 48 and a voltage of 5 and he will love her just as much as if the voltage was 240 and the amperage was 1, although in the former case he would not show it and in the latter case it would make him insane, because in love as in electricity the amount is shown by the multiplication of tension (or voltage) by amperage. The resistance also is a very important factor in love, as in electricity.

The person with a cold nature may love just as much, just as strongly, he asserts, as those with a hot and passionate nature; but he will not show it, or parade it. This distinction between amperage and tension in love he makes very clear, and it is interesting to one with a "practical" mind.

And yet he can blend both rhyme and reason, as witness this in explanation of why she may sing "Ton amours sera tojours:"

Once I was blind, but now I can see
The Light of the World is Love, dear.

It is not the love of sense which opens our eyes. "Men have died from time to time and worms have eaten them, but not for love," the wise Rosalind remarks . . of the love of sense. "The martyrs to science and religion multiply an hundred-fold those to the garden god" Eros. It is the love beyond the sense, the love that makes us one with God and unite us through Him in the marriage made in heaven that sanctifies and hallows its earthly expression in the earthly marriage; and so far the prayer book and church are right. Whom God hath joined together in the love of which he is the concept, no man may put asunder. Nor will the earthly expression of it ever lose its joy and sweetness to them.

Take two needles, magnetized, and place them near one another. They fly together and force is required to part them. Do not use it; let them alone for a day. Twenty-four hours later they have fallen apart. Are there not many such human needles?

Take the same two needles, pass a slight current of electricity through them as they cling together. You may leave them for a year or a century and their magnetic attraction never ceases. Is this not true of the marriages you know? They have this current of divine love running through them, and the earthly love never ceases.

But this Englishman's love letters are not dull or prosy or scientific. They are as full of fun and frolic and forward glee as any one could wish. They are letters, not essays, and they are belle lettres of the finest kind, however he may hate it. Here and there are bits—gems, one may honestly say—of thought, of sweet seriousness, that reveals the machinist and machine thinker, and from these I have culled, rather than the others, as they put love in a new and original light, that of the British Philistine, and now the question is, who wrote the missing answers to "An Englishman's Love Letters."

The Frank F. Lovell Book company, of New York, which controls the American edition, has issued the book in the daintiest and most perfect way. It is a twentieth century ideal in bookmaking.

Walter Meant Well.

Baltimore Sun.

When the Rev. Dr. S. Reese Murray was doing pastoral work in Montgomery, Ala., he was called on to marry a couple at the home of Mr. Pollock, the leading merchant in the city. Mr. Pollock was a wealthy Hebrew, who lived in great magnificance, his home being the former residence of an ex-governor of Alabama. The bride, a gentile, was an inmate of the house, and the wedding guests were lavishly entertained. The supper was remarkable for all sorts of delicious things to eat and drink, and for the handsome display of silver and glass.

In the early part of the meal a waiter approached Dr. Murray and was about to fill his glass.

"Not any for me," said Dr. Murray, quietly.

"It's champagne, sir," insisted the waiter.

"Not any," repeated Dr. Murray.

The waiter turned away, but came back instantly with another bottle.

"Have this sir? It's port."

"No, I don't care for any," from Dr. Murray.

Again the man went away, only to return with a third bottle.

This time he smiled confidently. As he was about to pour the wine, he said, "Claret, sir."

"No," again from Dr. Murray.

A fourth wine was brought and declined. Then the waiter came up close to Dr. Murray, leaned over his shoulder and whispered softly in his ear:

"Doctor, we have whisky and brandy in the cellar; which can I get for you, sir?"

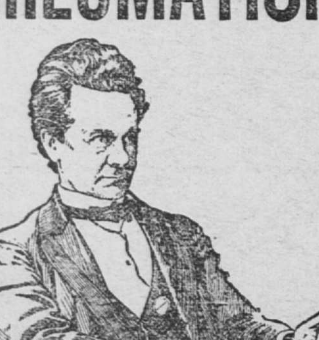
AN EVERY-DAY TRAGEDY.

The man,
He sits down
On the car seat,
And
The woman,
She stands up
On her two feet,
And the man,
Absorbed in a great thought,
Is so entirely wrought
Up by it that he never sees
The woman, and the woman, also
Absorbed in a great thought,
Is so entirely wrought
Up by it that she never sees anything
But the man
Holding down that car seat,
And her feet
Are almighty tired,
But not half so tired as she is
Of the kind of manners
That man has got,
And there are others.
And
The man
Hangs on to the car seat
Because he has as many feet
As the woman has
And they are twice as big
And take twice as long
To get the tired out of them.
And he doesn't care
If she does call him a pig,
And the car
Jumps and
Bumps and
Starts and stops,
And the woman nearly drops,
But the man never does,
And the man
Does the very best she can
To read his paper,
And the woman
Wonders as she is shoved around
And walked over
Whether the strap
Or her wrist or her elbow or her shoulder
Will be pulled out by the roots,
And the man
Doesn't seem to care
So long as he isn't dragged out of his seat;
And the conductor says "Tickets,"
And "Step forward, please,"
And "hold fast, everybody,"
And "Transfers," and "'Steenth street,"
And "'Tieth street," and "'Oomth street,"
And "'Tyninth street,"
And the woman
Says things not fit for publication
And the man
Sitting in the seat
Never says a word,
And the woman
Grits her teeth
And sticks her nails into the strap
And she feels a seam in her waist
Give way, and she bangs into the crowd
And she knows her hat isn't on straight,
And all the blood has run
Down out of her fingers, and her arm
Feels like a lump of putty
Stuck full of needles and pins,
And the man
Folds up his paper
And shows some signs
That something is going to happen
Before this time next year,
And
The woman takes hope
And partly relaxes her grasp
And the conductor sings out:
"Hold fast, everybody,"
And the woman grabs hold again,
And presently the man
Sticks his paper in his pocket
And pulls his overcoat together
And smooths himself out and
Rises up before the woman
And takes off his hat
And bows and makes a bluff at being polite,
And while he is about it
And the woman is smiling
With an infinite sense of relief at last
And trying to say, "O thank you, very much,"
When she would ever so much rather choke him,
Another woman behind him
Slips into the seat he has just vacated
And
The man
Gets off the car wondering if he will ever
See her again, and feeling pretty
Well pleased with himself,
And
The woman
Grabs the strap again
And entirely forgets the man
Who had the seat before,
Thinking of the woman
Who has it now, and with as much right
To it, as she thought she had to it
When the man had it,
She being a woman,
See? —New York Sun.

Shortest and Quickest.

The Minneapolis & St. Louis route to Omaha only twelve hours. Leave St. Paul, 9:00 a. m. and 8:00 p. m. New equipment.

RHEUMATISM



My RHEUMATISM CURE is just as certain to cure rheumatism as water is to quench thirst. No matter what part of the body the pain may be in or whether it is acute or chronic, MUNYON'S RHEUMATISM CURE will drive it out in a few hours, and fully cure in a few days.—MUNYON.

Munyon's Dyspepsia Cure will cure any case of indigestion or stomach trouble.

Ninety per cent. of kidney complaints, including the earliest stages of Bright's Disease, can be cured with Munyon's Kidney Cure.

Munyon's Catarrh Cure will cure catarrh of the head, throat and stomach, no matter of how long standing.

Nervous affections and diseases of the heart are controlled and cured by Munyon's Nerve and Heart Cure.

Munyon's Cold Cure will break up any form of cold.

Munyon's Vitalizer restores lost powers to weak men. Price $1.

The **Guide to Health** (free) tells about diseases and their cure. Get it at any drug store. The Cures are all on sale there, mostly at 25 cents a vial.

Munyon, New York and Philadelphia.

MUNYON'S INHALER CURES CATARRH.

THIS WILL INTEREST EVERY LADY IN ST. PAUL

Who desires to be attractive and good-looking. She who does not lacks an interest in herself that she should be ashamed of. Unless one's complexion is faultless, unless it is free from disfiguring pimples, blackheads, moth patches and all other similar facial blemishes so common to women, she cannot be attractive, no matter how beautiful her features may be. Without a clear, spotless complextion, she cannot be and is not considered good looking by any one. The famous complexion specialists,

The Misses Bell

Of 78 and 80 Fifth Avenue, NewYork City,

Have just arranged with MANNHEIMER BROTHERS to show the Misses Bell's celebrated Complexion Tonic to the ladies of St. Paul, and the saleslady in Mannheimer's store will explain to every lady the marvelous efficacy of the Complexion Tonic and its remarkable tonic effect on a skin covered with freckles, pimples, blackheads, moth patches, redness, roughness or oiliness of the skin, and wrinkles not caused by facial expression. The Misses Bell's COMPLEXION TONIC removes all these blemishes permanently and bestows a complexion that is beautiful to look upon. The Complexion Tonic is not a cosmetic to hide and cover up the blemishes, but a colorless liquid that has a tonic effect upon the pores of the skin, driving out the impurities that clog up the pores and restoring the skin to the same delicate, velvety texture it was in infancy. The price of the Complexion Tonic is $1.00 a bottle.

Superfluous Hair on the Face, Neck or Arms

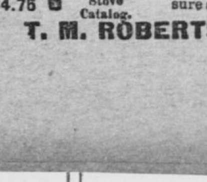
Can be removed permanently by the Misses Bell's new discovery, KILL-ALL-HAIR, which removes this annoying and disfiguring blemish forever, and kills the root of the hair so that it will never return. In order that every lady in St. Paul may have an opportunity to test the merits of the wonderful KILL-ALL-HAIR, and see for herself its wonderful effect, the saleslady in MANNHEIMER BROS.' store at the toilet goods department will give to every lady, FREE, a trial treatment of KILL-ALL-HAIR, which you can use yourself, and notice its effect. For those ladies who live outside of St. Paul, and who are desirous of trying the wonderful "KILL-ALL-HAIR" Treatment, the Misses Bell will send a trial treatment free if you will send two two-cent stamps to the Misses Bell, 78 and 80 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Ask the saleslady in Mannheimer's to explain the merits of the Misses Bell's Preparations to you, and have her show you the Misses Bell's CAPILLA RENOVA, for restoring gray hair to its natural color; the Misses Bell's HAIR TONIC for removing dandruff and curing itching, scaly and diseased scalps; the Misses Bell's SKIN FOOD, a daintily scented ointment for use before retiring, and the Misses Bell's LAMB'S WOOL SOAP, for the bath and toilet.

Don't forget to visit the toilet goods department and ask to see the Misses Bell's Celebrated Toilet Preparations.

Mannheimers

Sixth and Robert Sts., St. Paul, Minn.



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