WHAT THE BOOKMEN ARE DOING

JAMES LANE ALLEN WRITES ONE MORE POEM IN THE PROSE

"The Mettle of the Pasture" Takes the Reader Back to "The Choir Invisible"—Some Clever Letters in the Story by McVicker and Collins.

The Mettle of the Pasture—By James Lane Allen. The Macmillan Co., publishers. For sale by St. Paul Book and Stationery Co.

It has come to be almost an axiom among the bookwise that whatever is written by James Lane Allen is literature. This book, far from being an exception, perhaps accentuates as nothing that he has written before has done that his is the master hand in American fiction. It, too, has become a habit among those who read and write of his work to separate always the purely literary side of his labor from the story itself. And so it is with "The Mettle of the Pasture." As a story it is an ordinary incident enough, the mere breaking of an engagement and its results upon the principal characters and the little group of charming people who go to make up the tale. But it is the rare way it is done that leaves the impress upon the reader. Its scenes are laid in the country of the spirit, and its activities are of the war that men wage with their own souls. There is a completeness about a story by this remarkable writer, a feeling that when you have laid it down you have learned something of life that you blindly felt to be so, but that you could not put into words.

Mr. Allen has gone back to the wonderful style that made "The Choir Invisible" a poem in prose, the quiet strength and the rare choice of words which makes of each page a verbal picture of beauty. Here is one painted of Pansy, the little country sweetheart of the hero's brother:

"This was Pansy, child of plain, poor farmer folk, immemorially dwelling close to the soil; unlettered, unambitious, long-lived, abounding in children, without physical beauty, but marking the track of their generations by a path lustrous with rightdoing. For more than a hundred years on this spot the land had lessened around them, but the soil had worked upward into their veins, as into the stalks of plants, the trunks of trees, and that clean, thrilling sap of the earth, that vitality of the exhaustless mother which never goes for nothing, had produced one heavenly flower at last—shooting forth with irrepressible energy a soul unspoiled and morally sublime. When the top decays, as it always does in the lapse of time, whence shall come regeneration if not from below. It is the plain people who are the eternal breeding ground of high destinies."

So much for his perfect style. As to the story, it is mainly of Isabel and Rowan, lovers from childhood, who, as the story opens, are about to plight their troth. Isabel, in the full glory of her love, goes forth to meet her lover, with perfect trust in him, and he tells her that before they say the final word he must tell her the story of his past. The reader is not informed then of what it is he tells her, further than it is some sin of his youth, but she leaves him and refuses ever to see him again. And thus the story of her life comes to nothing.

The other characters in the book are well drawn, the splendid Mrs. Meredith, old Judge Morris, Mrs. Conyers, and particularly Prof. Hardage and his sister.

In the end Isabel discovers that after having once loved as she loved Rowan it is impossible to cast him out of her heart, and she comes back to marry him, but it is too late. Remorse for his past, his one great sin, and separation from the woman he loves, have done their work, and after a year or two of happy married life and the birth of their son, he leaves Isabel alone to live her life without him. The ethics of the point of the story are much in dispute; whether it is necessary for a man to tell his future wife of his past, which may spoil her life and break down her faith. Over this the critics are beginning to rage.

Of Rowan's death and burial the author gives us a very beautiful closing picture:

"A few days later, an afternoon of the same autumnal stillness, they bore him across his threshold with that gentleness which so often comes too late—slowly through his many colored woods, some leaves drifting down upon the sable plumes and lodging in them—along the turnpike lined with dusty thistles—through the watching town, a long procession, to the place of the unreturning—they laid him along with his fathers."

A Parish of Two—By Henry Goelet McVickar and Percy Collins. The Lothrop Publishing Co., Boston. For sale by St. Paul Book and Stationery Co.

Very bright are the letters that go to make up this little volume, and very much of a contrast, as one set is written by a society man in the thick of life and the others by an invalid minister who is condemned to a wheeled chair and a most quiet life. Clever and well written as is the story, never, surely, was there penned a more ridiculous one. The man of the world, leaving his wife in New York, goes South, and there meets the wife of another man, with whom he falls desperately and madly in love, and she returns the love. Her husband is a most improbable sort of character, proposing impossible feats to his wife, in which she risks her life to satisfy his whims, and then being pictured as a man who would give up his life to save that of a child. Douglas, her lover, describes at length to his invalid friend how much he loves this woman and how his own wife bores him, and he mixes the name of God and his prayers with his illicit love in the most remarkable manner. The ministerial friend, although admitting he is shocked, finally tells him of his own love story in the long ago, which miscarried and the girl married another. This confession is necessary to a proper understanding of the queer end of the tale. Strange to say, the lover Douglas begins to like the husband of the woman he loves, after having almost choked him to death for insults to his wife, and in a fire in a Washington hotel he saves his life. Later on the brute of a husband jumps from a ferry boat to save the life of a child and fractures his skull. It is the end, and he dies with some sarcastic remark on his lips concerning Douglas and his wife. The next letter is from the invalid friend, who tells Douglas of the arrival at his home—which is that of his brother in Boston—of the woman, now widowed, who was the girl he had formerly loved. Of course, the reader knows it is the "Mrs. B—" who is the heroine of Douglas' love, but the invalid friend never guesses it, and proceeds to fall in love with her again. He listens to the story of her life as she confesses it to him, but never knows the man she tells him she has loved is his friend Douglas. Then he tells his friend's story to her and she recognizes herself as heroine of it, and, tired of the world and its falseness, she promises to marry the invalid. This is all very complicated and absurd, and when Douglas receives the letter he thinks his friend has betrayed him and he writes a terrible one in reply, which kills the man who has done no conscious wrong. The last letter gives the improession that the woman never marries again, and they both live in sorrow to think they have killed an innocent man. The book leaves a bad taste in the month, and the impression is given unconsciously that for a man to be in love with his wife is rather stupid and wholly behind the times. It is a pity that men who write as well as these two should have written a book so wholly lacking in commendable qualities.

SOME LATE AUGUST MAGAZINES.

As is the custom of that periodical, the August number of the North American Review deals comprehensively and authoritatively with a number of subjects that haev a leading place in the public mind. "The Proposed British Zollverein" is the title of a symposium, in which the Right Hon. Sir John E. Gorst, M. P., opposes that policy as "A Crushing Burden to the British People;" while Archibald R. Colquhoun advocates it as "A Policy That Would Conserve the Empire," and Henry Loomis Nelson, professor of political sciences in Williams college, considers "Its Effect on United States Trade." Wolf von Schierbrand discusses the "Results of the German Elections." An interesting feature is a posthumous poem, by R. H. Stoddard, entitled "An Old Story: a Roumanian Folk-Song." Brig. Gen. W. H. Carter, U. S. A., enumerates some of the influences which have retarded the "Anglo-American Friendship," which is now a happy fact. James P. Kimball denounces recent "Aggressive Forest Reservation," which menaces the interests of portions of the West. Archibald S. Hurd describes the phenomenal growth of "Russia's Fleet" in recent years and points to the significance of that fact in its relation to Russia's expansion in the far East.

The August Bookman contains the usual interesting literary news and reviews of late books and several contributions of importance of which perhaps "The Real Margaret Fuller" is the most notable. It is written by Annie Nathan Meyler.

The leading article in the August Cosmopolitan is "Dramatic Schools and the Profession of Acting," by David Belasco. William J. Wilgus, vice president of the New York Central & Hudson River railroad, contributes an article on "Railroading" to the series "Making a Choice of a Profession." Frank Moss, in an article entitled "A Great Public Service," deals with the courage, determination and skill exhibited by the men who have undertaken to relieve New York's poor of policy-thieves. In the same number appears "The Way to Win a Woman," an essay by Lavina Hart.

The August Criterion offers some entertaining mid-summer reading. Among the prominent articles are a timely paper on "The Russo-American Conquest of Manchuria," by Alexander Hume Ford, dealing with the great engineering and railway schemes now being pushed forward in the far East; Judge Clinton R. Woodruff's thoughtful exposition of the modern factors of "The Civic Renaissance;" an interesting paper of personal recollections of the famous Duke of Argyll and the Marquis of Dufferin, by Gen. James Grant Wilson; and an amusingly clever article by Florence K. Russell, devoted to an army woman's first experiences in Zamboanga, in the Philippine islands.

The Craftsman (published at Syracuse, N. Y.) for August presents a third in the series of house designs by Harvey Ellis, who puts upon an ordinary city lot a home which possesses originality and distinction. "The American Ceramic Series," by Irene Sargent, records the success of Miss Louise McLaughlin, of Cincinnati, in underglaze decorations and the making of porcelain. The present art conditions in America are discussed by Claude Fayette Bragdon, under the title of "The Sleeping Beauty."

Book News for August is the annual index number. A carefully compiled reversible index to the whole twelve issues of the year is furnished, so that bound copies can be conveniently made. The remainder of the current number is replete with matters of literary interest, the deficiency due to the dullness of the book season being supplied by articles upon timely topics concerning the world of authors and letters.

The Burr McIntosh Monthly for August contains the usual number of fine pictures of actresses and others in the public eye.

LETTERS OF BURNS SELL AT AUCTION FOR GREAT PRICES

One Epistle Sells for Twice as Much as the Poet Received for the Firs t Volume of His Poems—A Novelist Who Keeps Five Typewriters at Work.

Special Foreign Service.

LONDON, Aug. 9.—Two characteristic glimpses of Robert Burns have just been revealed at a sale of autographs in a stuffy London auction room. One of the letters, which was dated from Edinburg, April 23, 1787, to Dr. Moore, Clifford street, Burlington Gardens, acknowledging the receipt of some books, continues thus: "To the Rich, the Great, the Fashionable, the Polite, I have no equivalent to offer, and I am afraid my meteor appearance will by no means entitle me to a settled correspondence with any of you, the permanent lights of genius and literature." That MS. brought $200—just twice what Burns got from the whole first edition of his poems.

The second letter is addressed to Miss Dunlop, from Ellesland, June 13, 1788: "This is the second day, my honored friend, that I have been on my farm. A solitary inmate of an old smoky Spence, far from every object I love, or by whom I am beloved, nor any acquaintance older than yesterday * * * while uncouth caves and novel plans hourly insult my awkward ignorance and bashful experience." This letter brought $250.

One copy of the little blue paper-covered book of 240 pages which was the first edition of Burns' poems has just sold for $5,000 to the Burns Cottage trustees, who have placed beside it the edition of Burns owned by Lord Byron, specially bound for him, and stamped with his coronet—affording as great a contrast to its humble, but far more valuable, neighbor, as the lives of the two men did. The fact that both poets died at 37 was about all they had in common.

Literary Landmarks Disappear.

Ancient literary landmarks are rapidly disappearing from London without causing much comment, except when some relic-loving American comes along who buys a doomed building for the purpose of preserving it and setting it up for veneration on the other side of the Atlantic. Such enterprise is imputed unto the American for vandalism—which is a queer freak of human nature considering that his reverence for such landmarks have saved a number of them from destruction. It was considered a rather good joke on Brother Jonathan when it was reported that "The Old Curiosity Shop" was to be moved bodily from Lincoln's Inn Fields to the United States, for it is now pretty well known that the original shop that gave its name to Dickens' novel was down in Fetter Lane, and was torn down several years ago. The amusement at the deception that was practiced on the confiding American sight-seer, turned out, however, to have been founded only on one of those wild offers that museum managers make every once in a while just to startle the natives. The self-styled "Old Curiosity Shop" is not going to America.

The troops of Americans who visit this bogus land mark every season are indicative of the extraordinary hold Dickens still has. With the possible exception of Shakespeare, no English author has been a cause of so many books dealing with the places he had made famous. Another of these is coming out a few weeks hence under the title "The Real Dickens Land." It is done by Mr. and Mrs. Snowdon Ward, who have described and photographed most of the places made famous by association with Dickens.

Dickens Discovered Farjeon.

It was Dickens, by the way, who was responsible for the return to London of B. L. Farjeon, whose sudden death has just been recorded. This interesting son-in-law of Joe Jefferson was living out in Australia when his first novel, "Grief" was published,and it was a congratulatory letter from Dickens which decided him to return. Farjeon's prodigious output of novels was explained by his own statement that he kept five typists busy steadily. Even when he went on a holiday he took two along, and merely slowed up a little in his dictation. He used to "get going" sometimes when the plot became exciting and work steadily from ten in the morning until three the following morning, "living on soup and tobacco" in the meantime.

Although Ibsen will never write again for publication, he is so far recovered from what was supposed to be his final illness that he is now making plans for an excursion this summer to St. Petersburg and Finland, with the idea doubtless of seeing for himself what Russia is doing in the way of crushing out the rights and liberties of the Finns. Russia is suspected of designs on Norway and Sweden after she has brought their cousins the Finns into subjection. Despite his resolution to write no more, the aged dramatist may succumb to the temptation of speaking out his mind on the subject to the public. Another aged author who has had the privilege of reading in the papers that he was on his death bed is George Meredith, who is now recovering to such an extent that he is able to drive out. Tolstoy, too, is vigorously at work again despite the fact that he has been reported as dying three times in the last year and a half.

T. P. O'Connor unveiled a bust of Robert Buchanan, the poet and dramatist, at Southend-on-Sea, last Saturday, and a bronze bust and tablet to the memory of Sir Walter Besant is to be erected a few weeks hence in the crypt of St. Paul's cathedral. Funds are now being raised for a replica of this memorial to be erected on the Thames embankment.

Mrs. Humphrey Ward has left the dust and heat of London for her charming old fashioned country residence, Stocks House at Tring, with the intention, it is said, of beginning work on her new novel.

Little more than a year ago, the late M. de Blowitz, for twenty-five years Paris correspondent for the London Times, retired, and now he is to be followed by Mrs. Emily Crawford, who for more than thirty years has served the English public faithfully as Paris correspondent of the London Daily News, enjoying during mose of this period the distinction of being the only woman representative of an English newspaper in that city. Conscientious work and a delightful personality won her a high place in the regard of French officials, and few of them ever refused her information—thanks to the fact that she knew what not to print.

BOOK NOTES.

One of the most elaborate and vivid accounts to be found in English of the election of a pope—Pius IX.—is contained in William R. Thayer's book on the "Dawn of Italian Independence." It will be remembered that Mr. Thayer was recently given a decoration by the king of Italy in recognition of the value of this book.

An addition of especial interest to the American Men of Letters Series is the "Life of Sidney Lanier," which Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. announce is to be written by Prof. Edward Mims, of Trinity college, Durham, N. C.

Thomas Bailey Aldrich is at Saranac in the Adirondacks. His forthcoming book, "Ponkapog Papers," is to contain, among other essays, a biographical and critical study of "Robert Herrick, the Man and the Poet."

It has been known for some time that Mr. Marion Crawford had in preparation a biography of the late pope, but till now there has been no definite information on the subject. It appears now, however, that the pope charged Conte Soderini in 1897 that the "life" of him which should be set forth as the official and intimate one should be a history, not a panegyric. At that time the pope gave him numberless documents hitherto kept secret, and dictated much personal matter; but he left Soderini free to use his own judgment about the biography. It now appears that Mr. Crawford has written all of his biography of the pope, with the collaboration of the Conte Soderini, and with the use of all the documents which the pope gave the latter for the purpose. The English and American editions of the book will appear early next year simultaneously with the editions in continental tongues. It is understood that his holiness read and approved the early portions of the biography, and that he approved the general plan of the remainder.

"J. McNeill Whistler and His Work" will be one of the important art books of the autumn. This study and appreciation of one of the world's unique artists was completed by its authors, Alfred G. and Nancy Bell, a few weeks before Whistler's death. It is not the authorized biography of Whistler the man, though the man enters into it more or less. It is, rather, a careful and detailed study of his work, his genius and his aims. The Macmillan company will publish the book with forty reproductions in half-tone of Whistler's best pictures.

Paul Elder & Co., of San Francisco, announce several volumes of novel interest. "The Limerick Up-to-Date Book," "Bachelor Bigotries," "Widows, Grave and Otherwise," all promise to repeat the surprise of "The Cynic's Calendar of Revised Wisdom." An edition of the latter for 1904 is now ready. The same firm announce "Drawing Room Plays," by Grace Luce Irwin, a volume of clever plays for amateurs. Literary activity in the Irwin household is evidently not limited to the author of "The Love Sonnets of a Hoodlum." We understand that Mrs. Irwin has one or two additional works nearing completion. Another humorous bit to be issued by Paul Elder & Co. is the "Book of Nature," by Johnny Jones, with spelling by his mother. This will be both entertaining and instructive for children, but the run will not be limited to the little ones.

A book of great interest to all who would know better the capital city of Washington and its multi-varied life is announced by the Grafton Press, publishers, New York. It is entitled "The Senator's Sweetheart," by Rosseter Willard, and is a romance woven around one of the most beautiful homes in our national capital.

The book is a handsome 12mo volume of some 275 pages, delightfully illustrated by six original drawings by Felix Mahoney, of Washington. The frontispiece is a representation in colors of a miniature portrait of the leading character in the story in her sixteenth year. The whole is bound in a rich blue cloth, elaborately stamped in gold. Mrs. Cushman K. Davis, widow of the late United States senator from Minnesota, contributes the introduction.

The story itself is most pleasantly written. It tells of the early life of the senator's "sweetheart," her marriage, and her subsequent prominent life in politics.

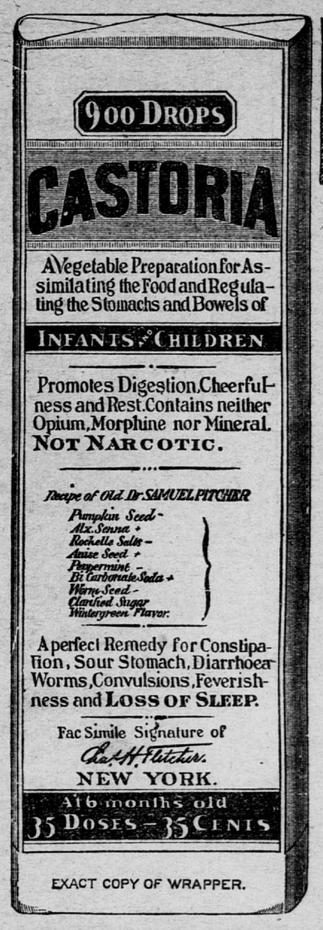
The C. M. Clark Publishing company is putting out two books this fall of widely differing nature. In "Marjie of the Lower Ranch," Frances Parker, a real ranch girl, has written a story of real ranch life. It is a new thing for a woman to write of ranch life, and small wonder, for women who possess the artistic skill of a successful author have not, as a rule, the love of isolation from the comforts of civilization.

Ward, Lock & Co., of Warwick house, London, are to publish "Miss Petticoats" and "On Satan's Mount." They are warranted in their venture by the large sales these books have already had on this side. Mr. George Richardson, of the Boston Traveler, has dramatized "Miss Petticoats," and a production of it, with Miss Kathryn Osterman as star, will be seen in the early fall.

In a limited edition of 200 copies, printed on "Arnold Unbleached," Thackeray's characteristic sketch, "Reading a Poem," will be published at an early date by the A. Wessels company. The sketch was first published in the Britannia, May, 1841, unler the title of "Loose Sketches," which was probably intended to apply to a series of similar tales.

"Republics vs. Woman" (the Grafton Press) has already received a hearty reception at home and abroad. It has been read in translation to the empress dowager of China, and is at present being translated into several foreign languages. The book deals with the status of woman, political, civic and legal, under the principal monarchies and republics of Christendom, contrasting the positions of the sex much to the advantage of the women under the former mode of government.

Sue Ballinger, the heroine of Mrs. Edith Elmer Wood's forthcoming novel of the new navy, "The Spirit of the Service," is described as one of those splendidly vital girls who abound in mental and physical energy, in enthusiasm and in capacity for love. She is a stalwart young Californian of commanding figure and warm blond coloring, whose virtues and faults are on a generous scale. Yet her admirable sense acts as a balance wheel. Barbara Thornhill, the other heroine, is a frail little New Englander, a bundle of reserves and shynesses which she conceals under an assumption of cynicism. Much of the book is told in dialogue, the dramatic action consisting in the flash of character on character like rapiers crossing. The Macmillan company will issue the book early in October.



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CHICAGO TO OBSERVE ITS CENTENNIAL

It Will Include Reunion of Early Settlers in Reconstructed Fort Dearborn.

CHICAGO, Aug. 9.—The subscription list of the Chicago centennial celebration to commemorate the permanent settlement of the city has reached $25,000. The committeemen organized to canvass the various lines of business report that the entire $100,000 required will be raised by Sept. 1.

The manufacturers of the city have taken hold of the proposed industrial parade, and promise to make this one of the most imposing features of the celebration.

The feminine sides of the fetes will be looked after by the club women of the city. The Daughters of the American Revolution will give a reception to guests who will be in the city.

The other city committees have their plans well under way. These will include a reunion of all early Chicagoans. If possible they are to be brought from all parts of the country back to their former home, and with those who have not strayed away, will hold a reunion in the reconstructed Fort Dearborn. The sixth annual convention of the National Firemen's association will be held during jubilee week.

HER STOCKING WAS SACRED TO SHERIFF

Deputy Is Outwitted by the Wife of a Saloonkeeper.

NEW YORK, Aug. 9.—If a deputy sheriff did not fulfill his duty yesterday when he was sent to replevin a liquor tax certificate from the saloon of Morris Goldfinger, of No. 70 Avenue C, it was because his sense of delicacy took precedence over the order of the court. This deputy was Max Altman, and he found himself in a curious predicament.

On one hand was the order of Justice Dugro directing that the certificate be obtained; on the other was Mrs. Goldfinger with the certificate neatly folded and tucked away in her stocking. How to get it without violating the conventionalities was a problem.

When Altman entered Goldfinger's saloon he was met by the wife of the proprietor.

"I have come to demand your liquor tax certificate," he said.

"I refuse to give it to you," replied Mrs. Goldfinger.

"Then I shall be compelled to take it myself," asserted the deputy.

She Was too Quick for Him.

Before he could reach for it, Mrs. Goldfinger snatched it from the window, took it out of the frame, turned her back on Altman, gave a swish to her skirts, and——

Well——

"Now come and get it," she cried triumphantly.

The deputy argued with her on the danger of defying an order of the supreme court, but she remained obdurate. Finally a bright idea struck Altman. He went outside and found a policeman.

"The certificate isn't displayed in the window in that place," said he, "and they mustn't sell beer."

The policeman went inside and ordered Mrs. Goldfinger to close the saloon or display the certificate in the window.

"All right," she replied. She took the paper from its hiding place and held it against the window. But when the deputy made a grab for it, back it went again into hiding. Altman finally tired of the hide-and-seek game, and told her that as the order directed him to get the certificate wherever it may be, he proposed to take it anyhow.

At this juncture the patrons of the place began to evince a lively curiosity. The deputy approached Mrs. Goldfinger, and the men in the place came closer. But he changed his mind, and said:

"I am a gentleman, and I will not take the certificate now, but I will report your action to the court."

He went back to the sheriff and reported that the paper was being hidden and he could not get at it.

The action in which the writ of replevin was issued was a suit for $1,200 brought against Goldfinger by H. Koehler & Co., brewers, on a promissory note.

FISHERMAN HAS BATTLE WITH MONSTER SHARK

It Occurred in Jamaica Bay and Lasted Forty-Five Minutes.

NEW YORK, Aug. 9.—August is considered to be the shark month in Jamaica bay, but this year the sharks put in an appearance early. John Whittaker, of Canarsie, caught one last week which was as long as his rod, and which, when speared, was found to contain six two-pound lobsters.

He was fishing with the usual eight-ounce rod and an eighteen-thread line, 600 feet long. His boat was anchored at the point of a bar in the Fishkill channel.

Thinking that he might strike a stray striped bass or a channel weakfish, he put on a large bait of shedder crab. As a measure of safety he took off his gut leader and substituted a long wire snell in case a big bluefish should come along.

A hundred feet of line had run off his reel, when, whizz, out went another 400 feet with a rush. He realized that he had struck a monster that he could not check with his light tackle, but he gave the fish the spring of the rod and reeled in until the shark was within 100 feet of the boat.

The wind was blowing rather stiffly and there was white caps on the bay, but through the smother of a wave he caught a glimpse of the great fish. Then the shark, in turn, catching a glimpse of the boat and Whittaker's erect figure, made a bee line for the inlet. This time it took all but twenty-five feet of a line off the reel and Whittaker was feeling for his knife to save his rod, when the shark slackened. By sharp reeling he managed to return 400 feet of his line.

Realizing the difficulty of capturing so big a fish with so slender a rod, Whittaker almost decided to cut the line, but the fighting spirit got the better of his economical instinct, and he determined to fight the shark to a finish.

A flat-bottomed skiff is solid enough in a calm, but when the sea horses are running it furnishes a very insecure foothold. However, by bracing his feet against the sides of the boat, Whittaker managed to maintain an erect position.

The second time the angler reeled in the shark was led like a lamb to the slaughter. It came up to within thirty feet of the boat, the great cleaving back fin on the fish being plainly visible. Then came another rush.

By holding the rod straight up in the air until ever fiber of the wood was strained, the angler managed to limit the rush to 300 feet. By this time Whittaker was beginning to be more confident. He is a big, muscular man, and the battle so far had only stimulated his nerves and awakened his enthusiasm.

Seeing a chance for ultimate victory, Whittaker decided to shift his position so that in the event of tiring the shark he could draw it up in the shallow water on the bar and shoot it. So he directed the boy with him in the boat to pull up the anchor and row 100 yards further up the bar. The tide was going out and Whittaker realized that in a short time a portion of the bar would be above the water line.

From that time on Whittaker fought the shark standing in water up to his knees, for he had jumped out of the boat. For nearly fifteen minutes the fight went on until Whittaker's arms were becoming numb from the strain.

Gradually the rushes of the great fish became shorter and the boy at last managed to plant a 38-caliber bullet in the shark's head. The shock of the bullet seemed to madden the shark for a few minutes, but it weakened rapidly and Whittaker was enabled to tow it up on the bar, where it was quieted by six pieces of lead in its ugly head.

Most Popular in the World.

What is the most popular advertised medicine in the world? A few years ago it was supposed to be a brand of pills made in England claiming a sale of 6,000,000 packages a year. This record is badly beaten, however, today by the famous American family medicine, Cascarets, Candy Cathartic, which are selling at an average of over 30,000 boxes every day, over a million boxes a month, and over twelve million boxes a year. This appears to be evidence of overwhelming popularity, the most noteworthy on record.

KLONDIKE FARM IS MINE OF WEALTH

Former Publisher Finds Hardy Vegetables Give Large Crops at Good Prices.

TACOMA, Wash., Aug. 9.—W. M. Swinehart, formerly publisher of the Juneau Mining Record, is making a fortune operating at Fort Selkirk the most extensive farm in British Yukon or Alaska.

For five years Swinehart has been a successful farmer in the North, becoming an enthusiastic believer in the agricultural possibilities of the great Yukon valley. His farm consists of 120 acres, the chief products of which are hay, oats, potatoes, turnips and other hardy winter vegetables.

All of these are produced abundantly, Dawson and the surrounding country affording a good market at high prices. Potatoes yield about 200 bushels to the acre and a similar area produces three tons of oats or timothy hay.

A novel feature of the country is that timothy can be sown on May 1 and the hay crop cut the same season, due to the rapid growth under the hot summer sun. Swinehart says his experience has demonstrated that twenty acres of his Fort Selkirk farm will yield a greater profit than his father's well tilled 1,000-acre farm in Wisconsin.

Quips and Quirks.

For one Pegasus that kicks over the traces 100 die of inanition.

There are 999 milligrammes of sting in the properly constructed epigram.

It is inflection that gives charm to speech, but the typewriter can talk very convincingly without inflection of any kind.

If I were lucky enough, said the impecunious one, to make money enough to live in comfort the rest of my life I would have to cultivate an entirely new supply of wants and desires. And how sad that would make me!

It takes a philosopher to console himself with the thought that the thing he wants today is of the kind that will give him no joy twenty years from now. To the average man this is no consolation at all. It is sad to think that with the years comes lack of appreciation.—Gus Alexander in Pittsburg Dispatch.

Good Evidence.

"Mrs. Ripley is an intensely jealous woman."

"O, I guessed that the first time I called—before I even saw her—by the very ugly servant who opened the door to me."—Stray Stories.

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