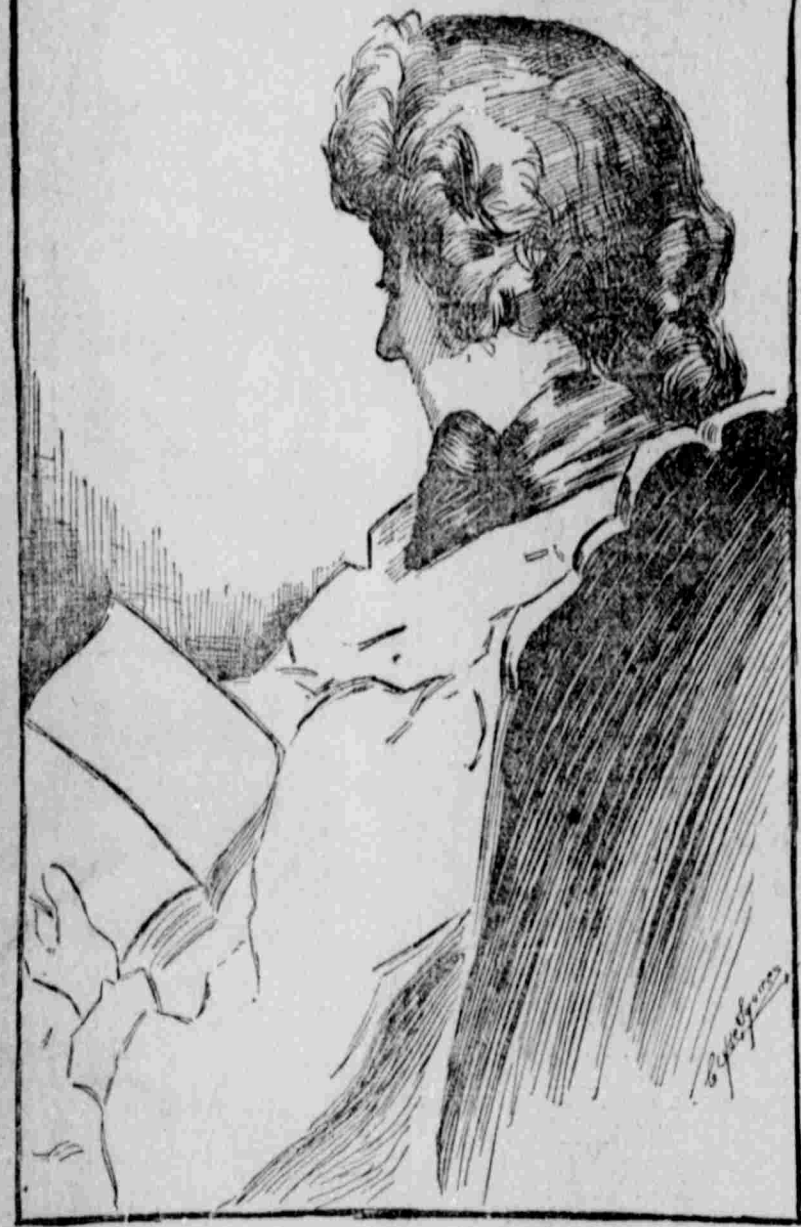


LITERATURE



HUMANITY.

From all the war-worn world they cry
For light;
I hear their voices through the silent night;
The people, they who suffer, they who bear
The weight of the world's labor and its care.
They cry aloud for justice and for peace;
They beg their portion of the world's increase.
They're tired of unremunerated toil;
Tired of producing for another's spoil;
Tired of the load of armies and of forts;
Tired of the kings, the conquerors, the courts.
Tired of the hypocrites who masquerade
As Christ's disciples, but whose wage is paid
From Mammon's coffers, and who hold their place
With the oppressors of the human race.
Tired of the husks of creeds and dogmas old;
Tired of the hard, unfeeling rule of gold.
Tired of the politician and his lies;
Tired of the knaves who walk in Virtue's guise;
Tired of the want, the hunger, the distress;
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The fields are white to harvest; all the world
Is waiting till Thy banner is unfurled;
Is ready, at the signal, to march on;
To the New Time, that now begins to dawn;
Is listening until some voice of power
In clarion accents shall proclaim the hour;
And at that magic and inspiring call
Men shall arise and to his headlong fall
Shall hurl the outworn Old, the reign of caste.
The evils we inherit from the past;
And from the heights of Progress they have won
Shall hail the light of Freedom's rising sun.
This is my dream—to make that vision true.
What can I do, O Lord, what can I do?
—Exchange.

NOTES.

Poe wrote an elaborate essay on his methods in writing "The Raven." According to his story, he built it up gradually on fixed principles, taking for his corner stone the word "nevermore." It was an ingenious essay—and no one could help but be struck by it. But many people have believed that Poe drew his inspiration for "The Raven" from some other poem; he has even been accused of translating it bodily from the Persian, a language in which he was proficient. Current Literature points out a probable source of the inspiration of "The Raven." It says: "There is a singular suggestion of Shelley, which no one seems to have noticed hitherto, in the following lines: 'Eagerly I wished the morrow; vainly I had sought to borrow / From my books surcease of sorrow—sorrow for the lost Lenore.'"

"The earlier lines, by Shelley, which occur in 'A Lament,' are these: 'My heart each day desires the morrow; Sleep itself is turned to sorrow; Vainly would my winter borrow / Sunny leaves from any bough.'"

"It is difficult to avoid the suspicion that Poe received from this first hint of the metaphorical form of 'The Raven,' if not also an inspiration of its motive."

The literary business seems to be looking up in Canada. A story is told of an author who recently visited Toronto, and was asked to join the Author's Club of that city. He asked who belonged to the organization, and was told proudly: "Why, all our authors. At the last meeting we took in sixty new members." Canada is not only literary, but she is sensitive. Recently W. D. Howells discovered a poet named Madison Cawein and introduced him to the public. As to Mr. Howells' judgment in regard to poetry there may, of course, be a difference of opinion between Mr. Howells and the rest of the world. But his introductions are always graceful, and people will read them even if they will not read the works of the poet whom he introduces. So the London Academy noticed that a new "find" and called Cawein a Canadian. Then it apologized and said that the new poet was an American. Now, as Literature points out, the Academy is in danger of having all Canada about its ears asking "How long since a Canadian ceased to be an American." Here is a chance for a discussion at the next meeting of the Toronto Authors' Club.

"David Harum" is just beginning to be read extensively in England, where the people who ask for it at the circulating libraries usually call for "David's

Harem." The three great American successes of the year, "David Harum," "When Knighthood Was in Flower," and "Richard Carvel," so far have not been conspicuous successes on the other side, though "David Harum" now has a sale there of 500 copies a week, and "Richard Carvel" is making its way. One of the successes of the year in England is the work of an American, the late Harold Frederic, whose "In the Market Place" met with instant popularity. Many English critics are reading "David Harum" to try to find out the cause of its popularity in the United States. One critic says it is because of its pictures of horse sales, and another arrives at the conclusion that the book's American success was due to "religious interest."

Lafayette Hearn is said to have become "Japanned" so thoroughly that nothing American is left of him except his command of the English language. He dresses in Japanese costume, lives after the manner of the Japanese, and seems to be one of them. Hearn never had strong Anglo-Saxon characteristics, and he has little Anglo-Saxon blood. He is of mixed race, including Greek, and his mind seems to be fitted peculiarly to comprehend and appreciate the Japanese and their literature.

Sir Charles Dike has announced his intention of bequeathing to the vestry of Hampstead, England, the Keats relics in his possession. Sir Charles's collection of Keats relics is large and valuable. His grandfather was a close friend of the poet, and besides the relics which he inherited, Sir Charles has many which were given to him by Major Charles Brown, a son of Keats's friend, Charles A. Brown. During the life of Sir Charles the relics will remain in the Chelsea Free Library, but at his death they will be placed in the Free Library at Hampstead. Hampstead has had many illustrious residents, among them Sir Richard Steele, Dr. Johnson, Keats, Leigh Hunt, Lord Chatham, Lord Erskine, Lord Mansfield, Constable, William Blake, Stansfield, Pettie and Frank Holl, among the artists. Dickens used to put up at Jack Straw's, a castle. Tompkins used to walk up the hill from Camden Town to see his mother, Mrs. Barbauld, Joanna Baillie and Lucy Aldin are among the women who have lived here. If the Free Library there could secure relics of all of these it would become a place for literary pilgrimages.

Byron was one of the few men who had his wishes respected in the matter of his epitaph. "My name my only monument and Crede Byron" is all that he has. Many great men have written their own epitaphs, and some have had them written for them. For the beacon which looks out over the stormy northern seas Archibald Campbell has written this epitaph for William Black:

TO WILLIAM BLACK.
(Inscription for the Memorial Beacon.)
We vain would let thy memory dwell
Where rush the tidewaves of the sea,
Where storms will moan or calms will tell
To all the world our love for thee,
Whom all men loved in this old land,
And all men loved across the sea.
We well may clasp our brethren's hand,
And light the beacon light for thee.

It is rather lame and surely would prove unsatisfactory both as an inscription for a beacon and as an epitaph. Long before he died Robert Louis Stevenson wrote his own epitaph, which appears on his monument in San Francisco.

Under the wide and starry sky
Dig my grave and let me lie;
Glad did I live and gladly die;
And I lay me down with a will.
This be the verse ye shall grave for me:
Here he lies, where he longed to be;
Home is the sailor, home from the sea,
And the hunter home from the hill.

Sir Walter Besant has taken up the idea of solitude in the midst of a big city, which was spoken of in this column recently. He says of London: "The best place for a Saturday half holiday at this time I find to be the city; the streets are quiet, the shops are shut, there is always something new to see and something new to remember. One can walk about freely and meditate, at the corners and gaze and meditate. Shall I tell you of a little walk that I took last Saturday afternoon? You will think it rather dull, perhaps, but if you have things in your head to recall it is a walk that is anything but dull. Of course, it began with lunch. I always take my chop at the George and Vulture, close to Birch Lane, partly because Mr. Pickwick used the house, partly because the things are good, partly because they serve your chop on a hot potato plate, and partly because I do not think that the house has been altered since it was rebuilt after the fire. Luncheon dispatched, I walked leisurely through courts and alleys into Grace Church street, and by the way of the Market—quite the best market in the world—Leadenhall street. This is a most interesting street; here were the first, the second, and the third East India House—you can see them all with a mental microscope—over the way is, surely, the King's Head Tavern."

Under the peculiar title of "The Powers at Play" taken from a line of Browning, Bliss Perry has grouped a half dozen short stories which are of

high rank because of their finished literary style and their skillful studies of character. These stories have all appeared in Scribner's Magazine, but they were well worth reproduction in book form. The longest tale, "His World of Honor," is a story of a young Vermont doctor, who has been engaged to a girl from his country town for five years, yet who almost forgets her in the fascination of a New York dandy's daughter.

A great surgeon. He has arranged to meet the New York girl near his country home and spend a few days with her coaching party, although he knows that this will be the end of his engagement to the girl who has been loyal to him for five years. The incident which turns him from his purpose and brings him back to his first love is very charmingly described. He meets a stranded circus family, and in ministering to the husband, who has a dislocated collarbone, he gets from the wife the inspiration to remain faithful to his engagement. Of the rest of the book the best tale, "The Incident of the British Ambassador" and "Jepson's Third Adjective." There will be no books of stories published this season better worthy of a place on the literary shelf than these tales by the new editor of the Atlantic Monthly. (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; price \$1.25.)

"Henry Worthington, Idealist," by Margaret Sherwood, is a quiet, scholarly story, with a strong and persistent claim upon the attention of the reader. The Idealist is a young college professor in the department of political economy, who objects to the acceptance by the institution of a large endowment the sole reason being that the wealth of the donor was amassed through evil business methods—that is, through deceptive advertising schemes and grinding wages paid to employees. To be assured of this the young professor visits one of the large department stores of the donor and questions the girls behind the counters. He receives but little information, however, until he finally encounters a handsome young attendant who learns the purpose of his visit and unreservedly explains the questionable business methods of the concern so far as her knowledge goes. This young lady, the professor's daughter, is in England in the work of the owner of the establishment, who, during his absence, has entered it as an employee with a view of ascertaining the extent to which her father is dealing in human misery. This is the ground plan of the story, which ends with a union of the two investigators, both of whom are idealists and noble characters. (New York: The Macmillan company; price \$1.50.)

Charles Dudley Warner's "Backlog Studios," clever, incisive and always new, are invested with holiday attire. Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. bring out a choice edition, with illustrations and headpieces by Edmund H. Garrett.

The Keats which Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., add to their Cambridge poets, with all the scholarly editing and scrupulous printing which the name of the series has come to imply, contains, besides the poems, "Keats's Letters"—in many ways a remarkable collection and of great literary value.

"A Confident Tomorrow," by Brander Matthews, recently finished as a serial in one of Harper's periodicals, has been issued in a volume with the original illustrations. It is a story of a young man from the West who goes to New York with a story, with which he expects to begin a literary career that will bring him fame and fortune. He finds the road to success a hard one, but when the story ends he is well on his way towards it, with love and reputation as the rewards of his struggle.—Harper & Brothers, New York.

It was inevitable that the great success of Edward Rostand's drama, "Cyrano De Bergerac," should call attention to previous dramas by this author which, although not attaining the success of his latest work, yet have some of its merits. "Le Prince Far Away" (the Princess Far Away) is a poetic drama in four acts, the time being in the twelfth century, which was produced at the Theatre De La Renaissance, Paris, in April, 1886. It was fairly well received, the leading character, Melissande, being played by Sarah Bernhardt. The drama was more of a promise than a perfect work, the fault being the author's necessary to succeed, but with assured step. Its movement is irregular and it gives evidence of the author being swayed now by one dramatic influence and now by another. It lacks the necessary dramatic unity of an American stage, but as a dramatic poem is well studying. The translator, Charles Renaud, explains that he has endeavored to render faithfully the ideas, accents, and naturalness and swing of the original, this statement being made, not as an excuse for his shortcomings, but in justice to the author whose poetical conception he has endeavored to interpret.—Frederick A. Stokes Co., New York.

That entertaining and helpful paper for American readers and students of French, the Boston Echo De La Semaine, recently gave in weekly installments an amusing little drama by Edmond Rostand of "Cyrano De Bergerac." This artistic little comedy, "Les Romanesques," has been translated by Mary Hendee with the sanction of the author and is issued in a dainty little volume as "The Romanesques." It is the story of a couple of romantic young lovers, who lived in adoration of each other, and who, in the end, joined hands and made love to each other in "Romeo and Juliet" language over the garden wall separating the two premises. The two practical fathers undertook to cure them of their romantic foolishness by a comic scene, but by thus enabling them to make love in more common sense fashion, the result was a series of amusing complications.

"The King's Jester and Other Short Plays for Small Stages" by Caro Atherton Dugan, a collection of eleven short plays designed for amateur representation by a small company of young people. All have been given in a hall of moderate size, and with a raised stage or footlights, and with simple stage settings. Minute directions

for costumes and settings are given, and the numerous songs are set to music, air and piano accompaniment being given. The little dramas, run from two to four acts in length and include, among these subjects, "Cinderella," "The Sleeping Beauty," "The Apple of Discord," "Pandora," "Undine" and other legendary stories.—Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

As "The World's Best Orations" is arranged alphabetically according to names, the second volume, which is just from the press, is very rich, for it includes such masters of the art of oratory among Americans as Benton, Blaine, Jeremiah Black, Blair, Phillips, Brooks, Boutwell, Breckinridge, Bryan and Burlingame, and among ancient and modern orators of other nations it includes bits of the work of Bernard of Clairvaux, Beryer, Bismarck, Lord Brougham, Bossuet, John Bright, Lord Brougham and Edmund Burke.

In a notice of the first volume we spoke of the admirable plan of the work and of the care shown in editing it. The second volume bears out the promise of the publishers for each sketch is complete and satisfactory and the work of selection has been well done. The illustrations are half-tones of portraits and memorable scenes of great triumphs of oratory. (St. Louis: Fred P. Kaiser; price \$1.50 a volume.)

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AMERICAN WOMAN NOW CHIEF LADY OF INDIA.

This picture of Lady Curzon, the wife of the viceroy of the great Indian empire, with her children, was taken especially for American newspaper readers in answer to a request, on behalf of the press of this country, that her excellency allow admiring friends to see the former Chicago society girl, through the medium of these columns, as she looks today.



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is now selling in Chicago at \$10 a copy, whenever a copy is to be found for sale at any price. Owing to it, said, to some unfavorable criticism which the story received in some quarters, the publisher of the book is to be printed or sold. Copies still remaining in the hands of booksellers were bought up, and publishers endeavored not to circulate another one of the novel, and friends requested not to lend their presentation copies.

The edition comprised 500 copies. A "Social Lion," although bearing somewhat the relation to literature that art is not an amateurish piece of writing. It displays the knowledge, the cynicism, the enmity of a society woman of fifty. The style glides on with the practiced strokes of "Dipsy" or the English authors who, as Zangwill remarked, write "colored things" like "The Yellow Art" and "The Green Carnation."

Under the title "The Future of War" is published a translation by R. C. Long of part of the book of I. S. Bloch, the Warsaw banker, which is said to have influenced the Czar to call the peace conference at The Hague. The object of the book was to show that a great war is self-destruction for the nations engaged, and that the maintenance of the armed peace of Europe is the only progress to the same end. In a preface is given a conversation between the author and Mr. W. T. Stead, in which the ideas of the Warsaw banker are set forth clearly.—Doubleday & McClure company, New York.

Miss Edith Henrietta Fowler, who is known as the author of two representations of child life, has written a novel entitled "A Corner of the West," the scene being laid in Devonshire. Miss Fowler is the daughter of Sir Henry Fowler and sister to Miss Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler, the author of "A Double Thread."

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This article reveals the leader of the Christian Science movement in a way that is new to most readers, for we see her in the friendly setting of her New England home, among the hills of New Hampshire, where she was born and where she still lives, and we dwell in the busy retirement of "Pleasant View," in the suburbs of Concord.

The Christmas number of The Saturday Evening Post, marking the new departure in periodical literature—the first successful attempt to give for five cents, stories, articles and pictures by the same writers and artists who make the high-cost magazines. The opening story in the Christmas Post is by Rudyard Kipling, and the tale that of Private Ortheris and his dog, Garm; Joel Chandler Harris tells "Why the Confederacy Failed," and Ian MacLaren, Justin McCarthy, M. P. John Luther Long, M. E. M. Davis, W. C. Cope and W. S. Harwood contribute stories and articles. The verse in the number is by Edwin Markham, Frank L. Stanton, Mary E. Wilkins and Clinton Scollard. The Christmas Post will be on newsstands December 21st.

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MAGAZINES.

The Overland Monthly for December contains an excellent article by H. L. A. Culmer of this city, its publication in this number implying the compliment of special merit, of which the articles in the holiday issues of the periodicals aim to be made up.

Mr. Culmer's article is entitled "An Artist in Monterey," and is given a semi-fictional tinge by the use of fictitious names for the characters in the narrative which describes the saunterings of an artist, John Sunderland, and Prof. Harris his antithesis—a prosaic deliver in natural science—about Monterey. The article is written in excellent style with some choice bits of description, and is illustrated with sketches by the author, the work, though in black and white, conveying something of the color, motion and light which are the enchantment of the California coast scenes. The titles of the eight pictures accompanying the article are suggestive of the scenes—"Moss Beach" alone being deceptive or perhaps suggested by the contrast of its strip of sharp, rock-studded shore with the downy sea suggested by the appellation.

"Timber Point" shows a piece of tree stump, beach with the clinging waves of the sea hungrily licking the shore for the roots of their sometime prey. "Incoming Tides" tells its own story of stealthily lifting and lapping reaches of sea, reaching point after point of the near shore. "Cascades of the Sea," the most impressive of all, shows the great foam frills of the ocean dropping the jagged bosoms of big rocks, and off "Ocean Home," "Secret Beach," "The Sands of Malapappa" and "Chinese Fishing Village" are suggestive titles of equally striking scenes. Judging by the beauty of the sketches any one of the eight illustrations would make a superb canvas picture.

"Their Personal Decisions" is the title of a most interesting story occupying

the front page of the "Youth's Companion" for this week.

It is the story of two boys dissimilar in nature and taste, but alike in nobleness of nature, who are left to decide which of them shall have the benefit of an offer made by a wealthy and affectionate uncle to take one of them to Europe for a year's trip in Europe. The interest of the story is kept up to the last and the finale is delightful as it is unexpected. "Aunt Tabitha's Wedding Gown" is a charming story for girls, and the issue is made up of the usual number of choice articles of fiction, history and bright anecdotes.

In the Juvenile Instructor for December Edna Barry contributes an excellent article entitled "Some Evils of Immortality" in which various instances are cited showing that a sensation, intelligence and individuality are inherent solely in spirit, as is made evident in the fact that the body manifests intelligence and keeps its individual form only so long as the spirit remains to hold it together. Interesting instances are given of people who, in cases of severe illness have been separated from the earthly tenement and had full consciousness of scenes going on about the deserted frame of clay. The article is interesting from a psychological standpoint as well as from its excellent proofs of immortality—the fact that it cites showing that intelligence and sensation are resident in spirit—giving interesting material for students of materia medica to reflect upon.

"How Susannah Collinsworth Changed" is a bright piece of fiction, and the usual excellent historical articles, stories, etc., make an attractive number.

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Trained Motherhood for December opens with a timely article on "Possibilities of the Ball." This is followed by a number of papers on a great variety of subjects of social interest to the queens of our homes.—New York.

Among the subjects presented by Self Culture for December is "The Unique Londoner," by "Valerie Customs," "The Proposed Tunnel to Ireland," "The Gold and Diamond Mines of Africa," and the "Centennial of the Death of George Washington." The departments—Woman and the Home, Art and Music, the Literary World, and the Educational World—are well filled with appropriate reading, and the entire number is one of much interest.—Akron, Ohio.

The contents of The Living Age for Dec. 9, are as follows: "Unwritten Literary Laws," by "Celia," "Fortnightly Review," "Small Catholics Keep Out of Italian Politics" by Pompeo Molmenti, Nuova Antologia; "It is the Trifles Matter Most," by Frederick Langbridge, "The Sentimentalists," by Garnet Smith, "Macmillan's Magazine," "The Perishing Land," VI. An Appeal to the Master, by Rene, Revue des Deux Mondes; "Powder and Paint," by L. A. Taylor, Nineteenth Century; "Wimbledon come," by H. S. Burn Ward, Leisure Hour; "London," Blackwood's Magazine; "To the Poor Man's Cardinal," by George Meredith; "A Family Living," by Archibald Marshall, Longman's Magazine; "Close-Time Curate," Punch; "The Human Boy," Spectator; "The Great Alliance," by H. B. Speaker.—Boston.

The first number of "The Denver Evening Post" Library, containing "Breezy Western Verse," by James Barton Adams, has been received. It is announced that every three months a new volume will follow. There is a good deal of poetic thought in the pieces presented in this little volume, and it is all the more acceptable because of the natural, sometimes unpolished form.—Denver Post, Denver, Colo.

The current number of Cassell's National Library, new series, contains Shakespeare's Twelfth Night, with an explanatory introduction.—Cassell and Co., New York.

A new map of the Transvaal and South Africa, the scene of Great Britain's war, has been issued by J. L. Smith, publisher, Philadelphia. It seems to be a good map and should be of use to all who take an interest in the world drama now enacted in the southern part of the "Dark Continent."

five sketch of nature and natural scenery; Mrs. Ella W. Peattie's lively "The Artistic Side of Chicago" pictures the aesthetic, artistic, educational and literary features of the great city, while the short story, "The Detectives," by Will Payne, is a capital example of the power of Chicago writers in romantic fiction. Chicago has reason to be proud of her contributions to this number of the representative magazine of America.

From the novel cover design to the very last page the December Woman's Home Companion is bright with Christmas cheer and full of new and practical Christmas ideas. The spirit of the approaching holidays enlivens the excellent Christmas stories and verse contributed by Francis Lynde, Hester Caldwell Oakley Ward, Lewis E. MacBryne, Clinton Scollard and Margaret E. Sangster, while John Kendrick Banges in a decided stand for the myth of Santa Claus. The profusely illustrated accounts of "An American Christmas at Blenheim Palace," by Edward Jago Gaston, and "When Santa Claus Comes to the White House," by Mary Nimmo Munroe, describe the holiday festivities at these two widely renowned mansions.

"The Founder of Christian Science" is the title of an interesting and timely article in the November number of the New England Magazine, by Henrietta H. Williams. She says:

The Rev. Mary Baker Eddy, discoverer and founder of Christian Science, author of the denominational text book "Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures," and the acknowledged spiritual adviser of a very large and growing body of intelligent Christian men and women, is a woman whose history is intensely interesting to thoughtful people of all shades of opinion. In a little more than a quarter of a century this gifted woman has established a church with thriving branches all over the world and converted to her ideas of practical Christianity hundreds of thousands of people.

This article reveals the leader of the Christian Science movement in a way that is new to most readers, for we see her in the friendly setting of her New England home, among the hills of New Hampshire, where she was born and where she still lives, and we dwell in the busy retirement of "Pleasant View," in the suburbs of Concord.

The Christmas number of The Saturday Evening Post, marking the new departure in periodical literature—the first successful attempt to give for five cents, stories, articles and pictures by the same writers and artists who make the high-cost magazines. The opening story in the Christmas Post is by Rudyard Kipling, and the tale that of Private Ortheris and his dog, Garm; Joel Chandler Harris tells "Why the Confederacy Failed," and Ian MacLaren, Justin McCarthy, M. P. John Luther Long, M. E. M. Davis, W. C. Cope and W. S. Harwood contribute stories and articles. The verse in the number is by Edwin Markham, Frank L. Stanton, Mary E. Wilkins and Clinton Scollard. The Christmas Post will be on newsstands December 21st.

The Delinquent for January is already out. It is largely devoted to the fashions for the coming month, and as usually, beauty and utility are predominant in its suggestions.—The Butterick Publishing Co., New York.

Trained Motherhood for December opens with a timely article on "Possibilities of the Ball." This is followed by a number of papers on a great variety of subjects of social interest to the queens of our homes.—New York.

Among the subjects presented by Self Culture for December is "The Unique Londoner," by "Valerie Customs," "The Proposed Tunnel to Ireland," "The Gold and Diamond Mines of Africa," and the "Centennial of the Death of George Washington." The departments—Woman and the Home, Art and Music, the Literary World, and the Educational World—are well filled with appropriate reading, and the entire number is one of much interest.—Akron, Ohio.

The contents of The Living Age for Dec. 9, are as follows: "Unwritten Literary Laws," by "Celia," "Fortnightly Review," "Small Catholics Keep Out of Italian Politics" by Pompeo Molmenti, Nuova Antologia; "It is the Trifles Matter Most," by Frederick Langbridge, "The Sentimentalists," by Garnet Smith, "Macmillan's Magazine," "The Perishing Land," VI. An Appeal to the Master, by Rene, Revue des Deux Mondes; "Powder and Paint," by L. A. Taylor, Nineteenth Century; "Wimbledon come," by H. S. Burn Ward, Leisure Hour; "London," Blackwood's Magazine; "To the Poor Man's Cardinal," by George Meredith; "A Family Living," by Archibald Marshall, Longman's Magazine; "Close-Time Curate," Punch; "The Human Boy," Spectator; "The Great Alliance," by H. B. Speaker.—Boston.

The first number of "The Denver Evening Post" Library, containing "Breezy Western Verse," by James Barton Adams, has been received. It is announced that every three months a new volume will follow. There is a good deal of poetic thought in the pieces presented in this little volume, and it is all the more acceptable because of the natural, sometimes unpolished form.—Denver Post, Denver, Colo.

The current number of Cassell's National Library, new series, contains Shakespeare's Twelfth Night, with an explanatory introduction.—Cassell and Co., New York.

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The 400 for December is a beautifully illustrated magazine. It opens with

an article "Across the Continent," in which the Salt Lake Temple square, the great organ in the Tabernacle and other objects of interest to Utah readers have found a place. It also gives a number of scenes in California.—Chicago.

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