LITERATURE

POEMS EVERYBODY SHOULD KNOW.

HAIL COLUMBIA.

This song was written in 1798 to the air of "The President's March," and was first sung at a benefit performance for a Philadelphia actor. It was composed with the intention of reconciling the political parties of the time—bitterly divided with respect to the war with France—on the common ground of devotion to country. The author was Joseph Hopkinson, a Philadelphia lawyer, born in 1770 and son of Francis Hopkinson, a signer of the Declaration of Independence and author of "The Battle of the Keys," one of the most popular ballads of the Revolution. To supplement the first verse and chorus of Hopkinson's song, Oliver Wendell Holmes, in 1861, wrote three additional verses and a chorus.

1798.

Hail Columbia, happy land!
Hail ye heroes, heaven born band,
Who fought and bled in Freedom's cause,
Who fought and bled in Freedom's cause,
And when the sound of war was gone,
Enjoyed the peace their valor won
Let independence be our boast,
Ever mindful what it cost;
Ever mindful what it cost;
Ever grateful for the prize,
Let its altar reach the skies.

Firm, united, let us be,
Rallying round our Liberty,
As a band of brothers joined,
Peace and safety we shall find.

Immortal patriots, rise once more,
Defend your rights, defend your shore;
Let no rude foe with impious hand,
Let no rude foe with impious hand
Invade the shrine where sacred lies
Of toil and blood the well-earned prize;
While offering peace, sincere and just,
In Heaven we place a manly trust
That truth and justice may prevail,
And every scheme of bondage fail.

Sound, sound the trump of fame!
Let Washington's great name
Ring thro' the world with loud applause!
Ring thro' the world with loud applause!
Let every clime to freedom dear
Listen with a joyful ear;
With equal skill, with steady pow'r,
He governs in the fearful hour
Of horrid war, or guides with ease
The happier time of honest peace.

Behold the chief who now commands,
Once more to serve his country stands!
The rock on which the storm was beat!
The rock on which the storm was beat!
But armed in virtue, firm and true,
His hopes are fixed on heaven and you.
When hope was sinking in dismay,
When gloom obscured Columbia's day,
His steady mind, from changes free,
Resolved on death or liberty.

1857.

Look our ransomed shores around,
Peace and safety we have found!
Welcome friends, who once were foes,
Welcome friends, who once were foes,
To all the conquering years have gained
A nation's rights, a race unchained!
Children of the day new born,
Mindful of its glorious morn,
Let the pledge, our fathers signed
Heart to heart forever bind!

While the stars of heaven shall burn,
While the ocean tides return,
Ever may the circling sun
Find the Many still are One!

Graven deep with edge of steel,
Crowned with Victory's crimson seal,
All the world their names shall read!
All the world their names shall read!
Enrolled with his hosts that led,
Whose blood for us, for all was shed,
Pay our sires their children's debt,
Love and honor, nor forget
Only Union's golden key
Guards the Ark of Liberty!

Hail Columbia, strong and free,
Firm enthroned from sea to sea!
Thy march triumphant still pursue!
Thy march triumphant still pursue!
With peaceful stride from zone to zone,
And make the Western land thine own!
Blest in the Union's holy ties,
Let our grateful song arise,
Every voice its tribute lend,
In the loving chorus blend!

NIGHT OFF HATTERAS.

BY CLINTON SCOLLARD.

We saw the light-ship winnowing the west
With its thin fan of flame, and from afar
A beacon glimmered like a ruddy star
Across the ocean's undulating breast.
Here in this haunt that harbors storm for guest,
Where currents join with roaring rush and jar,
There was no sign of tumult, naught to mar
The night's blue vastness and the sense of rest.

Peace lay upon the waters; o'er the sky
Peace spread the visible aura of its wings;
It was as though the warring winds were awed;
We felt that from the void's immensity
The brooding mystery that round it clings—
Leaned the inscrutable whom we name—God!

In Youth's Companion.

NOTES.

There is a rich mine of literary material in the diversified history of our country, especially in the tales which make picturesque the records and the table-talk of the rural districts. After infinite research, Mr. Charles M. Skinner has gathered more than 100 of these stories, both well known and obscure, and he tells them briefly and skilfully, and in a manner which will lure the reader on and on through all their changing phases of history and legend. They occupy two ornamental volumes illustrated with half-tone and photogravure pictures, and they furnish excellent documentary evidence that our American myths and legends are as varied and as unlimited as are the tales which make up the legendary lore of the old world. Mr. Skinner's earlier books upon the same subject attest his competency to handle such intricate themes, the "American Myths and Legends" forming almost indispensable companion volumes to his "Myths and Legends Beyond our Borders," "Myths and Legends of our New Possessions," "Myths and Legends of our Own Land." In his preface Mr. Skinner sets forth clearly his purpose in making this collection. "Americans have an interest in their own traditions," he says, "at least such as concern the land during the centuries of white occupancy—a fact disclosed by the appearance, within half a dozen years, of many stories, poems and essays that have for their subjects these transmitted but unverified histories. Where the legend becomes parable or myth, and widens beyond any local source or application, it is a subject for scientific rather than popular treatment, because it may then give a clew to tribal emigrations, race origins, world faiths and social history." Among the many tales recounted by Mr. Skinner are, "The Niagara Thunder God," "Charlotte Temple," "Who was John Wallace," "Tom Dunn's Dance on Rag Rock," "The phantom Steamer of Raccourci," "The Smitten Rock and the Waters," and "Helen of the Sacramento."—J. B. Lippincott & Co. are are the publishers.

* * *

Owing to the great demand for advance copies, McClure, Phillips & Co., have been obliged to postpone the publication of Henry Harland's new book "My Friend Prospero," until Jan. 18.

* * *

The shade of the authoress from Butte still falls upon us from the reected light cast by a little volume called "The Devil's Letters to Mary MacLane." They are 37 in number, dated from various places in the nether regions, and it is of course needless to say that they endeavor to emulate the frankness and verbal license of the eccentric young woman who made such a stir in the world not long ago. The fact that they by no means equal Miss MacLane's fulminations is obviously nothing either for or against them. The volume is published in Chicago by the Inter-State Book company.

* * *

An English publisher a short time ago bought a small edition of George Madden Martin's story of a little girl's school days, "Emmy Lou," from the American publishers, McClure, Phillips & Co. The sample volume had hardly reached the other side before the English house sent a cable order to double the edition. Since then McClure, Phillips & Co. about once a week have received cables from the English firm "Please increase our order to ...." "Emmy Lou" has been out a year and is still selling in America, equally with any of this season's new books.

* * *

R. E. Young, whose name appears on the title page of that brisk western story, "Sally of Missouri," is Rose E. Young who has chosen to use noncommittal initials because they conceal the sex of the owner. Miss Young was at one time manager of a medical magazine and took up her masculine appearing name because she found tht business men dealt more readily with men than with women. "For my part," she says, "I felt more ready and more satisfied when my letters began to read 'Dear Sir.' Once in a while, however, the arrangement produced amusing combinations, especially when some lady subscriber would persist in lavender scented correspondence until I had to beat a hasty retreat or explain myself. Once in a while an irate delinquent subscriber would handle me in a truly masculine way, as one did who wrote to me as follows: 'Dear Sir: Yours at hand, and I want to assure you that to my notion it shows a primordial dawn of intelligence almost human in significance.' My publishers seem to think that I write like a man, which is rather incongruous when you consider that I can't sleep until I make sure about burglars in the most approved feminine way, and that I write best when munching chocolates."

* * *

McClure, Phillips & Co. have put to press the fourth edition of Mary Stewart Cutting's "Little Series of Married Life."

HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED STOMACH BITTERS

To strengthen a weak stomach, restore the appetite or promote sound sleep we urge a trial of the Bitters. It never fails, as thousands have already testified. It also cures Indigestion, Constipation, Heartburn, Dyspepsia and Liver Complaints.

W. C. DUNBAR
As "Yankee Doodle" in Salt Lake's Old Dramatic Days.

* * *

The London Chronicle, in reviewing Hamlin Garland's last novel, "Hesper," says: "Mr. Hamlin Garland has one conspicuous and rare quality of the novelist—a genuine and compelling personality. . . . His books are not like any one else's; they bear their own hallmark; they remain in the memory as creations of their own class. . . . They leave upon the reader the impression of real force and vitality, of insistent and palpitating power, in the face of which only a starved and hide-bound criticism could refuse its meed of enthusiasm. For real power is not so often met with that it can be easily discounted or overlooked."

* * *

Henry Krehbiel's volume, "Studies in the Wagnerian Drama," is in demand at present, say the Harpers, because of its scholarly account of "Parsifal." Mr. Krehbiel inquires into the origin of the opera, and shows that it was an offspring of two previous dramas of Wagner's, one of which was entitled "Jesus of Nazareth," the other "The Victors." In his analysis of the later and greater opera, Mr. Krehbiel says: "The fundamental elements of the music of Parsifal' are suffering and aspiration. When they are apprehended, the ethical purpose of the drama becomes plain but not till then."

* * *

Senator Albert J. Beveridge's book, "The Russian Advance," which directly bears on the most momentous world-question of the hour, the threatened war between Russia and Japan, will be published by Harper & Brothers on Dec. 11. The volume covers the Russo-Japanese situation now, in all its most important phases. Furthermore, Senator Beveridge gives an account of Russia from his own personal observation—the Russian laborers and businessmen, Russian religion in its influence on state affairs, and the actual progress of the country in civilization, etc., all being treated of in turn, and from an American point of view. Senator Beveridge's pen pictures of leading Russian statesmen are a feature of the work.

* * *

Gelett Burgess, author, with Will Irwin, of that fantastic volume "The Reign of Queen Isyl," while sui generis in all other respects, is like the common mortal in having a history. He had a mother and father; he was born in 1866; he was educated in the public schools and went to college at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Unlike a great many other mortals he graduated. Then his career took on some Burgessian originality. He was for three months instructor in topographical drawing in the University of California and then a designer of furniture until he became the editor of the "Lark," in 1895, and made his fame by that piece of "precious" ridiculousness, "The Purple Cow." Later he started two more periodicals, Le Petit Journal des Refusees and Phyllida," the latter a bi-weekly on the lines of the "Spectator." He served a term in the London "Sketch" and has written with persistent continuousness for the New York magazines. His first book was "Vivette, or the Memoirs of the Romance Association;" his most serious effort, "The Romance of the Commonplace," a volume of very charming essays. As an artist he is known by his "Goops;" as a literary impressario he has added to his own fame by bringing into prominence Yone Noguchi, Oliver Onions, Will and Wallace Irwin and others.

* * *

Stanley Weyman's new book, "The Long Night," McClure, Phillips & Co., appears again this week among the six best selling books in New York. It has been mentioned in the lists consecutively now for about two months; practically since the date of its publication.

* * *

Joseph Conrad, author of "Falk," and "Youth," is not a man of many friendships. His closest intimacy was with our ill-fated young American author, Stephen Crane, and those who know the work of both will understand that they had much in common. The young American war correspondent and the Polish ex-seaman had both led lives, to a certain extent, adventurous. Conrad had seen life in all its phases in many parts of the world, and Crane had gone through the mill in our country and elsewhere in many ways. The last years of Crane's short career were spent in Kent, near Winchester, where Mr. Conrad lives. Almost immediately upon Crane's arrival the intimacy began. Crane occupied a fine mansion, living in fine baronial style and making things very lively. Conrad has always considered Crane one of the brightest stars in the literary world, and affirms that if he had lived he would have given much more than anyone anticipated to what can be called the great literature of the world.

* * *

Clarence L. Brownell, the author of "The Heart of Japan," McClure, Phillips & Company, though he spent five years in Japan living among the people, never became a fluent speaker of the Japanese language. He says that this is impossible unless one has mastered Chinese, so much of the language of Japan having been borrowed from the Celestials. He declares furthermore that Chinese influence is seen in every movement of Japanese modern civilization, especially in matters of education. "In their schools their methods are simply brutal," says Mr. Brownell. "They force their students to digest too much. A man is not considered well educated until he has mastered Chinese, English, German and French, as well as the ancient languages. The Japanese students consume half of their lives in study and the other half they spend trying to repair their broken health." Mr. Brownell is intending to return to Japan and to make a serious study of the country and the Japanese character, in order to draw a comparison between Japan today and the Japan he knew ten years ago.

* * *

Mrs. Katherine Cecil Thurston, author of "The Circle," whose new novel, "The Masquerader," begins its first instalment in the January number of Harper's Bazar, was born in Cork, in the south of Ireland. She was an only child, educated at home and much given to reading. Strangely enough, in view of the success of her first novel, Mrs. Thurston avers that the thought of writing never came to her until it was suggested by her husband, who is himself an author. Mrs. Thurston resides altogether in London, making a pilgrimage each year to her own country. It was in the quaint and primitive village of Ardmore, on the south coast of Ireland, that the greater part of "The Masquerader" was written.

* * *

Norman Duncan is the author of "The Way of the Sea," spends much of his spare time in Newfoundland and Labrador. Travel on that coast is difficult and unconventional, chiefly by little boats that go from port to port, picking up a passenger here and dropping one there. The passengers on these coastwise tugs are few and chiefly masculine, so when Mr. Duncan and a friend boarded a vessel for a short journey last summer, they took it for granted that they would probably be sole occupants of the cabin which, however, contained two rows of bunks, one designed for men and the other for women. When Mr. Duncan and his companion turned in they did so leisurely, with a sense of full possession, sweeping curtains aside to give themselves ample air. Mr. Duncan was up early, stalking the cabin freely in a decided neglige. He had scarcely finished the disrobing part of his toilet before he saw his companion rise from his berth, with a look of horror in his face. The companion said no word but polated across the cabin at a bunk where the curtains were drawn. From beneath the bunk appeared a pair of very feminine high heeled shoes and a delicate feminine hand was seen holding the curtains securely closed. Mr. Duncan gathered his garments together with one swoop and dived for the engine room, emerging half an hour later apologetic, crimson, and minus one sock, one shoe, collar and necktie.

* * *

Some evil minded reviewer has had the impertinence to circulate the following article: "It is reported that the employes of Messrs. McClure, Phillips & Co., can all box the compass, can lay out aloft to reef stunsails, splice the main brace and commonly employ such terms as "blast-my-weather-eye," "shiver-my-timbers," "avast-my-hearty;" that in dirty weather they come to work in sou'-westers and on fair days in duck. All this is the result of the numerous marine books the publishing house is launching this fall, Joseph Conrad's "Falk," Norman Duncan's "The Way of the Sea," Dr. Rowland's "Sea Scamps," Albert Sonnichsen's "Deep Sea Vagabonds," and Frank T. Bullen's "A Sack of Shavings"—there may be others." McClure, Phillips & Company desire to state that this story is untrue.

* * *

Miss Marie Manning, author of "Judith of the Plains," whose travels have always yielded material for good stories, is fond of telling of a family she encountered while taking a horseback trip in Tennessee. They were typical backwoods people, far off of civilization's highway. In conversation it transpired that the eldest daughter, Luella, had recently returned from a town, and had brought home a pair of curling-irons. The entire feminine portion of the family had since spent their spare time in hair-curling, but without avail. Not a curl would come. Miss Manning sympathetically inquired into the trouble, and discovered that they had never heated the curling-irons. Overjoyed at this discovery, general curling operations were promptly renewed, and at the end of the performance every woman of the family had a head, not only thoroughly curled, but equally well scorched.

* * *

"Hall's Homeric Stories" for young readers; by Frederic Aldin Hall, Litt. D., professor of Greek in Washington university, St. Louis. American Book Co. The pure and highly imaginative tales of Homer are in this book adapted for elementary reading and presented as a connected narrative. They will prove both entertaining and profitable reading for the children and a fruitful source of material for teachers. They will explain the numerous references and allusions to the characters and incidents of the Iliad and the Odyssey so often found both in classical and in current literature. The style of the narrative is clear and simple, and will both arouse the pupil's interest and hold his attention. The book is profusely illustrated, largely from the works of celebrated painters and sculptors. It is the most recent addition to the well-known series of Eclectic School Readings, and is especially intended for use in the sixth and seventh grades.

BOOKS.

"Alarcon's el Nino de la Bola," edited by Rudolph Schwill instructor in Spanish in Yale university. A judiciously made abridgment of the successful novel of the well-known Spanish author. The real interest of the romance is retained, but the prolix descriptions of minor characters, and the religious and political discussions, are in large part omitted. The picture of Spanish life is excellent, portraying vividly the naive traits of the people, their insatiable curiosity, their love of idleness and gossip, their weakness for all that is showy, and their continuous much ado about nothing. The editor has supplied all needful helps in the footnotes and complete vocabulary, and the volume is well calculated to introduce the student to one of the principal figures in modern Spanish literature.

* * *

"The Beauty of Wisdom" is the title of a book compiled by James DeNormandie, pastor of the First Church in Roxbury. These daily readings for the use of individuals, families, and schools are selected from the Bible, Plato, Euripedes, Confucius, Xenophon, Cicero, Montaigne—in fact, from the whole range of literature. These passages are here arranged with a definite view to their ethical and moral value. "There is always another generation of young persons attracted to what the past generations have found true and beautiful," as Dr. DeNormandie says in his preface, and his book ought to attract many thoughtful young people. To serve another distinct purpose—"to revive if possible an interest in some form of family service"—the selections are well adapted for reading aloud.

* * *

"Daphne," is a new novel by Margaret Sherwood, author of "A Puritan Bohemia," and "An Experiment in Altruism." Miss Sherwood has written a delightfully fresh and graceful piece of imaginative fiction. Against a mellow Italian background the love story of a sensitive American girl and a mysterious pagan person, a kind of god in exile, is very attractively presented. This fanciful but strangely real idyl is told with so intimate a sense of the genial pagan spirit that it is fit to rank with Walter Pater's "Apollo in Picardy." Its human interest and fine ironies make it a story that one will not willingly put down, for it combines originality and literary workmanship of a high order.—Houghton, Mifflin Co., Publishers.

WHAT THE BEST MAGAZINES CONTAIN.

In a recent number of Harper's Magazine J. C. Thompson has collected a large number of Tennyson's Suppressed Poems, some of surprising beauty. Of the one quoted below and referring directly to America, Mr. Thomson rightly asks, "What reason can Tennyson have had for suppressing such stanzas as these:

"Gigantic daughter of the West,
We drink to thee across the flood,
We know thee most, we love thee best,
For art thou not of British blood?

"Should war's mad blast again be blown,
Permit not thou the tyrant Powers
To fight thy mother here alone;
But let they broadsides roar with ours.

"O rise, our strong Atlantic sons,
When war against our freedom springs!
O speak to Europe through your guns,
They can be understood by Kings."

* * *

The current number of the Cornhill Magazine contains an excellent review of Mr. Whibley's "Thackeray," by Andrew Lang. He says: "I knew now that Mr. Thackeray moralized too much, and too often—at least for the general taste—the practise was a legacy from Fielding. I know that the novels are rather picturesque than masterful in construction, and are not precisely terse. I have found out that Col. Esmond is grossly unjust to his king, as regards his most sacred majesty's morals; and over generous to his esprit, which was a minus quantity. I read in a review, last month, that Thackeray 'wrote with his elbow,' as compared with Dickens, and though I do not quite agree (moror magis), yet one has observed lapses in grammar, odd and unaccountable. Still, I stand confessed a fanatic and a sentimentalist."

* * *

"Half a Loaf" is the title of the opening story in the present week's issue of the Youth's Companion and there are several others with the usual good poetry and material in the departments.—Perry, Mason Co., Boston, Mass.

OUR LONDON LITERARY LETTER.

Special Correspondence.

London, Jan. 2.—It is a long time since any series of "literary investigations" has stirred up so much interest among Continental readers as that which Gaston Deschamps has been contributing to the Paris Temps regarding the true personalities of Dumas' heroes, "The Three Musketeers." Of course, all readers of "Alexander the Great" learned long ago that there is no doubt whatever that D'Artagnan, Porthos, Athos and Aramis were historical characters. Dumas' assertion to this effect in his original preface to "The Three Musketeers" was not taken with great seriousness, but Andrew Lang's researches disposed effectively of any question that might have existed regarding the authenticity of four of the most captivating figures in fiction. Mr. Lang, however, let it go at demonstrating that there really was a D'Artagnan, who was captain of the king's musketeers, and that he really had three comrades of much the sort described in the Musketeers series.

But M. Deschamps, whose investigations have been made, for the most part, not in libraries, but in the region from which the musketeers came, tells us exactly what the swashbuckler's full names were, and where their homes. To begin with, he shows that D'Artagnan was not, as Dumas supposed from reading his memoirs, a Gascon, but a Bearnais, and asserts that the "Three" also came from Bearn, a district which lies close to Gascony. M. Deschamps points out that the rise of that Bearnais hero, Henry of Navarre, to the kingship of France led many of his young countrymen to set out for Paris and caused them to be received favorably in the capital. And the writer instances the historical case of Gassion, a squireen of Bearn, whose story must have been in Dumas' mind in writing the first chapter of the "Musketeers," especially that part of the story which concerns his mount. "They sent him to the wars," wrote Tallemant de Reaux, "on a venerable docked horse, 30 years old. There was scarcely such another in all Bearn and the bob-tailed nag of Gassion' became a jest. To all appearances, the youth was no better off in his purse than in his charger. He had to leave the gentle courser four or five leagues from Pau, but that did not prevent his joining the hunchback duke's army in Savoy."

As for D'Artagnan, Deschamps has decided to his own satisfaction that he set out from the Chateau Jacques d'Artieau, near Lombeye, in the northeast corner of the Basses-Pyrenees, an estate, by the way, that is now in the possession of an Englishwoman. And this biographer declares that the real D'Artagnan was killd at the second attack on Maestricht, in June, 1673. Athos, M. Deschamps has identified as Armand de Sillegue, Lord of Athos and Autevielle, the former being a little village between Sauveterre and Oraas. His family had grown rich in trade, afterward being ennobled. The "Count de la Fere," according to Dumas, lived to be old, in reality he died young, in Paris, Dec. 22, 1645. M. Deschamps even has found the "act of decease" in the church of St. Suplice. "Procession, service and burial—the late Armand Athos, Musketeer of the king's guard, gentleman of Bearn." By the way, this writer observes that many of Athos' descendants were likewise men of valor, one of them having gone to America with Lafayette and been wounded at Yorktown. Either Dumas or their other biographers changed slightly the names of Porthos and Aramis. The former was in reality the eldest son of Isaac de Portau, Seigneur of Campagne, who was secretary to the king and councilor in the parliament of Navarre. This nobleman did go to Paris to serve in the Musketeers, and after his father's death inherited the family estates. Whether he was as strong as the Porthos of the story or as fond of food and drink, Deschamps could not learn, but it is certain that he married a beautiful woman, and no lawyer's wife of repellant appearance such as Madame Coquenard, in the "Musketeers." Porthos' seal, by the way, can be seen in the archives of the Basses-Pyrenees. This French investigator's information about Aramis, "the sly and valiant one," as Lang called him, is not quite so full, but the question of his identity is not left in doubt. He came from the valley of Barstous, and took his family name from the lay abbey of Aramits there. He was Henri d'Aramits, and Deschamps thinks it quite likely that he was a Huguenot. After being a musketeer in Paris, he retired, like Porthos, to his native mountains.

* * *

In this country, Louis Becke's name has been coupled frequently with that of Joseph Conrad since the appearance of the Australian writer's novels, "Tessa," the "Trader's Wife," and "The Jalasco Brig," and readers here have been a good deal surprised to learn, from Australia, of his divorce. The action therefor was brought by the novelist's wife, Mrs. Bessie Mary Becke, on the ground of desertion. In court, she said that after their marriage she and her husband lived in Queensland and then in the South Sea Islands. Subsequently she went to work as a barmaid, her husband making no objection, and she never had seen him since. Evidently there was something akin to the Beckes' domestic history in the author's novel, "His Native Wife," for in court at Sydney the judge asked the plaintiff if she had read the story. Mrs. Becke replied that she had.

* * *

Perhaps, now that he is running in "double harness," to use his own phrase, Anthony Hope has become doubly solicitous about his literary reputation. Anyway, there are a lot of his works that he evidently no longer wishes to "stand for." The list of his books which Mr. Hawkins gives in the new "Who's Who?" which has just been published, makes no mention whatever either of "A Man of Mark," "Father Stafford," "Phroso," "Mr. Witt's Widow,"—of any of Hope's earlier works, in fact, except "The Prisoner of Zenda."

HAYDEN CHURCH.

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MAN IN THE CABOOSE

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A Missouri Pacific Railroad Conductor Tells How He Prevents the Wreck of His Nerves.

A great deal of fatigue and anxiety is housed up in the little red box that swings at the tail end of every freight train and shares in every jolt of the string of heavy cars that precedes it on the rails. The men in it are good, hearty fellows who bear cheerfully the hazards connected with the great problem of transportation. They are astir night and day on a vast network of lines over the globe, and the sympathies of tens of thousands of peaceful little homes go with them on their runs. Irregularity in meals and sleep, delays, wrecks, washouts, landslides, breakage of machinery, extremes of cold and heat, are a few of their discomforts. The great public, sleeping complacently all night, must have its supplies in the morning and these are the men who must get them through at the cost even of their lives.

Mr. Jack Rumsey, of Council Grove, Kansas, is an energetic, frank, good-natured member of this brotherhood and he bears a load of worries that makes it necessary for him to seek help at times to keep his excited brain and nerves from wearing him out. He says:

"What troubled me most for a long time in my occupation was my inability to get sleep when the chance came and a most irritating sensitiveness of my whole nervous system, growing out of the irregularities and anxieties connected with my daily work. Three or four years ago a clerk in the superintendent's office of the Missouri Pacific railroad at Osawatomie, Kansas, advised me to use Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. I acted on his advice and got help right away. Two or three boxes made me perfectly well. So I keep them on hand all the time and whenever the strain begins to tell on me I take a few doses and they set me all right again. They quiet down my excited nerves and make it possible for me to sleep just like a child. They are mighty good medicine for a railroad man. That is the absolute truth, as far as my experience goes, and I am right glad to recommend them."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are unlike other medicines because they act directly on the blood and nerves. This makes them invaluable in such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after-effects of the grip, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexions and all forms of weakness either in male or female. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are sold by all dealers, or will be sent postpaid on receipt of price, fifty cents a box, or six boxes for two dollars and fifty cents, by addressing Dr. Williams Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

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