

importance. "The Manager of the B. & A.," by Vaughan Kester, is said to be a

remarkable performance for a first work of fiction by a young writer. It is also refreshing to learn that this novel is more concerned with the romance of business than with the pale senti-

mentality that takes the place of genu-ine passion in so much of the fiction of

today. Mr. Kester contributed a short story called "The Mills of the Little

Tin Gods' to the Cosmopolitan about three years ago, which attracted marked attention at the time, and evoked com-

ment from more than one eminent crit-ic. There was an indication in that story that Mr. Kester "sensed," so to speak, the feeling and atmosphere of

business life as few have done it, and there was the promise that if he de-

veloped this peculiar sensibility he would achieve something in a field

would achieve something in a field which today presents, in our country at least, one of the most fruitful for the young hovelist. "The Manager of the B. & A." is said to be a further evidence of Mr. Kester's power in the right direction. The scene of the story is laid in a little town in the lumber

follows situation in rapid succession in the trying experiences which the man-

ager of the B. & A. has to undergo in his efforts to build up the road and in-

Frederick Palmer, whose vigorous stories about the American soldier and

sailor in "The Ways of the Service" are

becoming so popular, is a graduate of

Allegheny University, Meadville, Pa. He is not yet 35 years old. He began

special articles for the Sunday edition of the New York Press. He made his personality felt and in a few years was sent abroad by the Press as its

regular London correspondent. He not only reported the news promptly, but

he was sent out as war correspondent. He foretold the fact that the Greeks

were so ill prepared for war that they

were practically defeated before a shot

was fired. His quick perception of what

was almost grotesque in Greece's meth-od of making ready for the struggle did much to make the mind of the pub-

lic familiar with the vital fact that the

Greeks of today were not the Greeks of

Thermopylae.
Palmer accompanied the Greek army.

saw the early battle from the trenches

where he lay with the Greek soldlers,

and finally, when the battle of Volo was

fought and decided so disastrously to

the Greeks, he rode as hard as he could ride to the sea and sent his paper a

cable dispatch which turned out to be

one of the great news "beats" of the

At the close of the war he returned to

London and resumed his correspon-dence, from which, however, he was

called to America to make a journey into the mysterious Klondike country.

DIPLOMAT'S WIFE WINS FAME.

The latest woman writer to win fame in Washington literary circles is

Mme. De Wollant, wife of the secretary of the Russian embassy. Mme. De

Wollant is an American girl and was born in Washington. She married the

Russian statesman three years ago and has since then made some very

clever translations from Russian novels, which have brought her unstinted

his newspaper career as a writer

cidentally to triumph in his wooing.

### THE FOUR GUESTS.

knock at the door-but he Was dreaming a dream of fame, and the one who knocked drew softly back and never again he came. A knock at the door—as soft— As soft—as shy—as a dove. But the dreamer dreamed till the guest

was gone-And the guest was Love.

Aknock at the door-again The dreamer dreamed away Unheeding—deaf to the gentle call of the one who came that day. Aknock at the door—no more The guest to that door came It the dreamer dreamed of the dreamer dreamed of the one

For the guest was Fame. A knock at the door-but still. He gave it no reply; And the waiting guest gave a cheery

Ere he slowly wandered by. A knock at the door in dreams The dreamer fain would grope, Till the guest stole on, with a humbled

And the guest was Hope.

A kneek at the door-'twas loud, With might in every stroke; And the dreamer stooped in his dream-And suddenly awoke,

knock at the door-he ran With the swiftness of a breath: and the door swung wide, and the guest came in-And the guest was Death. -Josh Wink.

# SIC TRANSIT.

the cities of the world, one after one, ike camp fires of a night, in ashes gray Crumble and fall; the wind blows them Kamak and Naucratis and Babylon-Where now are their kings' palaces of

as the card houses children build in Tempest and flame and ruin and decay have wasted them, and all their lights tre gone, This even thus, Manhattan, London,

The maubstantial figments shall de-

The treasure hoards of wisdom and Which war and toll have won, a ruthless hand scatter wide, as jewels the wild

athers and wastes and buries in the -Wm. Prescott Foster

SILENCE.

Silence is song unheard. Is beauty never born, Is light forgotten-left unstirred Upon Creation's morn. -Cale Young Rice.

## NOTES.

The name of Lady Sarah Lennox will e known to students familiar with the reign of George III. for the reason that monarch made a proposal of marlage to her, which she declined. nce of this lady has been salied by the Countess of Hehester and Lord Stavordale and is to be published vordale and is to be published Mr. John Murray in two volumes. h thirty-five photogravure portraits Lady Sarah was the daughter of the cond Duke of Richmond and was cossively the wife of Sir Thomas Sanbury and the Hon. George Napier. She died in 1826. The letters, which lave been preserved at Melbury, are ost entirely addressed to the friend almost entirely addressed to the friend of her early youth, Lady Susan Strang-ways.

A short political sketch of the years 180-2, by Henry Fox, first Lord Holland, will form an appendix.

Miss Gwendolen Overton, who has made a hit with her novel of South-Western life, entitled "The Heritage of has spent many years at army josts in Arizona and New Mexico. She was born at an army post on the plains, and the sharpness and clearness of her sketches of soldlers, post traders and comes from these childhood im-s. She was educated in Paris, ut now lives in Los Angeles. Her book which was recently reviewed on this lage, while a detailed study of the working out of hereditary influences in that eed Apache girl, gives the best Noture of the American army officer at western posts that can be found in literature.

Owen Johnson, whose "Arrows of the Almighty is reviewed in another col-umn, is only a year out of Yale, where he was one of the editors of the Lit. He is the son of Robert Underwood Johnson associate address of the Cen-Johnson, associate editor of the Cen-tary magnzine and a well known poet. In this first book he has shown that he has the true story-telling faculty, and the case of his narrative and the strength of his plot lift his work far above. of the stories of the day. implace level of most

Harper & Brothers have secured for the July issue of their "American Con-tamporary Novels" series a first book

necessary articles, that he managed to get over the route and back again be-fore most other correspondents were fairly started. He was thus able to relate the first really authentic story of the Klondike, describing with precision the various routes and trails and the extreme difficulties of the gold hunt long before others had authoritative tales to tell.

When Palmer got back from the Klondike the war with Spain was pracklondike the war with spain was prac-tically ended. However, he started im-mediately for the Philippines, where he saw a great deal of the early fighting with the insurgents, and when the Chi-nese trouble broke out he left Manila immediately for the scene and accom-panied the relief column on its memor-

able march to Pekin.

It was in these experiences that Palmer gained his knowledge of men and war. The experience of the Greek war war. The experience of the Greek war enabled him to see with understanding eyes the operations of the Philippine war. Having already laid his foundation he was able to devote much of his time to the study of men and women and the social and other minor aspects of the nation at war. In this way he made the studies which have resulted in the delightful stories which are finding now so large an audience.

Some time ago a Mrs. Voynich published a novel called "The Gadity," which attracted a good deal of attention. The same author has now issued a tremendously strong book entitled "Jack Raymond."

Many people may be repelled by this blatery of a great nature strongling

history of a great nature struggling with adversity. There are passages so frank that they will inevitably hor-rify those who think that much truth is better concealed than revealed.

There are suggestions and more than suggestions of appalling things; there are accounts of physical cruelty that make the blood run cold, and yet the book is in many respects a noble one. Jack lives. He is a memorable and touching creation. The bit of his life we are shown is hideously tragic, but it convinces one that Mrs. Voynich possesses ruthless power of presentations and have acceptant forces and active. tion and has a certain fierce audacity that recalls the work of Emily Bronte, but there is nothing crude or young in her genlus.

The Mail and Express of New York says that the Bowen-Merrill company, the publishers of Maurice Thompson's latest novel, "Alice of Old Vincennes," lead the list of American publishers in the number of great successes discovered by them. ered by them. For Mr. Thompson's book was preceded by "When Knight-hood Was in Flower" and "The Re-demption of David Corson."

The last issue of Modern Mexico, St Louis and Mexico City, appears in the form of a Pan-American Exposition number, and represents by far the most creditable production that excellent publication has ever turned out. The issue contains sixty-two pages, and is carefuly edited and lavishly illustrated throughout. A striking feature is the full-page reproduction of the equestrian portrait of President Diaz, by Cusachs the celebrated Spanish artist. Considerable space in both English and Span ish departments is devoted to Mexi-co's interests at the Buffalo exposition. involving fine half-tone portraits of the commission appointed to represent the republic at the great fair.

Mr. Edwin Markham, writing with enthusiasm of Zola's new novel, "Labor," thusiasm of Zola's new novel, "Labor," describes it as "a panorama alive with motion, with passion, with every human interest. A dozen love stories are tangled in the movement. No touch of grossness mars the book, yet terrible realities are dealt with. Zola's graphic, realistic strokes make us know the region of Michigan, and the hero is the manager of a small branch railroad which is on the verge of bankruptcy when he takes charge of it. The plot of the story is original, and situation two towns (in which the scenes are laid) as we know our Thrums. It cannot fail to excite the interest of all eaders. Its dramatic movement will interest even the unthinking, while the passionate purpose of it ought to be stimulating and suggestive to all are studying the labor problem from humane motives."

"The Love Letters of Bismarck" has everywhere been received with an en-thusiasm which has only been equalled by the reception given to the "Brown-ing Love Letters." This is not to be wondered at, for the surprise that meets one on the very threshold of Bismarck's House of Love comes to us with the startling effect of a transfiguration. As the London Times, in a long and admirable review of the "Love Letters." says: "They throw a new Letters," says: "They throw a new light upon his character; they present a very complete and attractive picture of the marriage of true minds, and of the relation which a perfect home life may hold to the life of a statesman at whose bidding momentous events were unrolling themselves, and incidentally they illustrate those events and express in very racy language Bismarck's opinions upon the actors in them. wife he was always frank, and in these letters we have a series of delightfully unreserved and caustic judgments as to most of the prominent people they came

across. Another edition of 19,600 copies of Tarkington's "Monsieur Beaucaire," the eighth edition in a few months, has been issued by McClure, Phillips & Co. The book is now on its fifty-first thousand.

We are apt to think, nowadays, that the great quantity of spurious litera-ture which continues to flood the country has spoiled the appetite of readers for the masterpieces of literature, and He got there so quickly and traveled so | for the masterpieces of literature, and lightly equipped, carrying only the most | yet it is remarkable how the taste for SOCIETY WOMAN AUTHORESS.



Mrs. Reginald de Koven, the New York society woman, has become famous throughout the country by the clever book on Babylon she has recently published. Mrs. de Koven moves in the most exclusive circles of American so-

subscription. It cannot be altogether that these are bought only to be placed on the shelf to adorn a library, for statistics show that many of these edistatistics show that many of these entitions are purchased by people of no great means. Whether these readers are like a prominent author who, when asked the other day if he had read a certain popular novel, replied, "I have no time to read current novels; I have not finished reading the classics yet," read rock he incurred into too carefully. need not be inquired into too carefully. That a great number of readers still enjoy the classics is evidenced by the statement made by Messrs. Harper & Brothers that the sumptuous edition of Oliver Goldsmith recently published by them has proved to be one of the most widely called-for sets in their handsome subscription editions of the classics.

A young girl, seventeen years old, who by the ears, should prove to be a lite-rary light of no small importance. Miss Margaret Horton Potter, daughter of a writes a novel wealthy Chicagoan, accomplished this triumph when, several years ago, she wrote "A Social Lion," under a nom de guerre. Within a year from that time, Miss Potter produced and had published "Lingaponized" a book of absolutely "Uncanonized," a book of absolutely different character from her first work, and which portrayed life in the monas-teries in England of the time of King John. Soon after this successful book was brought out, Miss Potter, then at the age of nineteen, wrote "The House of de Mailly," a story of France and America in the early eighteenth century. In the course of its publication in Harper's Bazar as a serial, during which process it was found necessary to emit a very considerable parties of to omit a very considerable portion of the story, this novel has proved Miss Potter to be possessed of extraordinary capacity for a woman of her years. The Harpers will publish it complete in book form early this month.

# BOOKS.

The literary event of the week is the publication of Winston Churchill's new novel, "The Crisis,"

Almost simultaneously, indeed, appears a collection of short stories by William D. Howells, the veteran leader of a rival faction in literature. But these stories have already seen print in the periodicals, and, moreover, though dainty and delicate they are of though dainly and deficate they are of too slight a texture to be looked upon as representative of realistic methods. Mr. Churchill's book, therefore, marks a sweeping charge of the romantic element. It is a historical novel, dealing with the civil war. One who prefers the methods of the present romantic-

ists to those of the present realists may be allowed to acknowledge the difficulties against which the romanticists contend. Undoubtedly the jostling of historical with imaginary characters is a difficult thing for the romanticist to manage. Especially is the difficulty in-creased when the historical characters are personages of the immediate past. are personages of the immediate past. Washington and Fox and other characters who thronged the pages of "Richard Carvel" are now part and portion of the awful past, and the mists of fable and tradition have begun to gather around them. But Lincoln and Grant and other heroes of "The Crisis" Grant and other heroes of "The Crisis" have not yet reached that mellowed haze. There are men still living who remember them in their habit as they lived. There are vast numbers who knew of them from contemporary reports as living figures. Each of these persons has formed his own conception of their language and their conduct. He rebels when the author's conception of them differs, as it almost al-

ways must differ from his own. We catch ourselves stopping to ask ourselves whether Grant would really have said this and whether Lincoln would really have done that, instead being absorbed in the adventures of the purely imiginary characters. These are the difficulties in the way a form of fiction which none the less is full of possibilities of delight. remains to be seen how far the charm of "The Crisis" will conquer this diffi-

culty in the mind of the public, Rev. Dr. S. D. McConneli's volume on "The Evolution of Immortality" is a study of the belief in the resurrection from the dead and the life everlasting from a new point of view. Dr. McConnell holds that no reasonable man can today sincerely entertain either the belief so long held by the Christian world that the soul and the body are immediate and simultaneous creations of Good, that they live in an intimate partnership during a lifetime, then separate, only to be reunited ultimately in a permanent personality which in a permanent personality which neither heaven nor hell will ever separate, or the conviction with which multitudes have contented themselves. or felicitated themselves, as the case mus be, that as the beast dies so dies the man. Dr. McConnell is a firm believer in the theory of evolution and the survival of the fittest. He carries this theory further than the evolution of species and applies it to the evolution of soul and the survival of the fit-

good literature survives among readers everywhere. This is attested by the large sales of sets of Scott and Thackeray, Dickens and Goldsmith, sold by Christ and of nature, we find a moral Christ and of nature, we find a moral dynamic which is quite incalculable, and from which there is no escape. Let a man once see that the alternative which confronts him at every step of his moral profession is life and death, that his task is, as Christ says. "to win for himself a soul," or, at a farther stage, it is "to save his soul alive." and he will realize that he is face to face with realities and not with an extraneous arrangement arbitrarily establish-ed. The appeal is to that deepest. strongest, most persistent of all desires, the love of life.—The Macmillan Co.,

> The popularity of "Alice Of Old Vincennes," is unabated. In the book stores all over the country the book occupies first or second place on the list of demand, and there will doubt-less be several more editions of the volume necessary before the taste for undoubtedly is in its romantic historical flavor, though the severer critics claim that it is the modification of the roman tic element that makes its chief virtue and places it a notch higher than the other historical novels of the day. The book is certainly lacking in the sensational and dramatic enisodes of many of the class of novels written recently which deal with historical epochs in the history of our country. All the episodes related are such as might well have happened, and the characters, too, are natural to a degree of tameness though Alice herself is a happy departure from the rather spiritless creations of some of the recent romances. The capture of the fort by the English, the attitude of the half French population, and the details of frontier life in the time described, are all realistic, and help to give a picture of the ditions connected with the gradual col-onization of the interior of the great continent, whose national and political history was being moulded, no less by the hardy and humble pioneers on the outskirts of civilization, than by the prominent actors in the great struggle who inhabited the then centers of life and activity of the commonwealth. The book is lacking in the wonderfully vivid descriptive sketches that made the scenery stand out like painted pictures in Miss Johnston's povels, but the touches are distinct enough to suggest much to the imagination of the reader. and with its many other merits, to give the book a foremost place in the historical fiction of the day. Americans should read it if for nothing else than the incentive it gives to the study of special phases and times of the country's history. Published by the Bowen-

> Merrill Co., Indianapolis. "The Penitentes," by Louis How, would be an important addition to American literature if it were only for the discovery to which it has assisted many people, of the existence of the peculiar religious sect in the heart of our civilization, whose fanatical practises it exploits in the plot of its story Besides this, however, are some portrayals of typical characters and scenes which make the book intensely interesting and mark the author a skilful though new adventurer into the fields of literary effort. The details of life in the little sun-baked Mexican villages, the love affairs of the heroine, and the brief glimpse of soldier experience in the quelling of the little band of Penitentes is done with remarkable skill,th only drawback perhaps being the prolonged distorue embracing unimportant details, which are important neither to the incidents nor character drawing in the book. The story is novel, convincing, eleverly told, and based we are led to believe, upon facts and scenes witnessed by the author. Published by the Bowen-Merrill Co., Indianapolis

# MAGAZINES.

Two articles of more than usual interest in the June issue of the unique mag-azine Mind, are "lumortality and Rea-son," by Alex E. Gibson, and "Religion and Spiritualism." by H. Forbes Kid-The first is an examination of the different theories concerning the soul that have dominated human thought in all ages, concluding with a plea for the doctrine of rebirth as a logical solution of the problem of immortality. (In the same number C. G. Oyston, in an article on "Reincarnation," lucidly explains this theory.) The other paper seeks to this theory.) The other paper seeks to point out the mutual dependence of spiritualism and religion of every phase. The Rev. R. Heber Newton concludes his series of articles on "The Training of Thought as a Life Force," Other contributions to this number are: "Demand and Supply," by Charles Brodie Patterson; "Hindrances to Soul Growth," by Edith Criffin; "The Everlasting Now," by Dr. T. F. Hildreth, and a lengthy instalment of the occult and a lengthy instalment of the occult story, "Mata the Magician." In the Editorial Department, John Emery Mc-Lean writes on "Mind and Thought," Parthy U. Bernsch on "Spiritual Bela. Bertha H. Barusch on "Spiritual Rela-tionships," and J. A. Fowler on "A Psychic Brain Center." The Rev. Helen Van-Anderson contributes to The Fam-ily Circle "An Ideal Method of Educa-tion," which precedes five other contri-

Nothing!

What you spend for PEARLINE is nothing to what you save with it. Everything that's washed with PEARLINE lasts longer. It saves clothes from wear and tear-keeps them and you looking fresh and new. PEARLINE economy is known to millions of women. Ask about it. They will say-better than soap or ordinary washing powders.

Pearline use Soap

butions. Editor McLean's "Reviews of 1 New Books' Alliance Publishing Co., New York.

In the Youth's Companion for this week a new scrial under the title of "The Great Scoop," is commenced. It is a newspaper story and is by that clever writer, Molly Elliott Sewail, so that the readers of the Companion may anticipate a treat. The serial will be completed in five chapters, and the first installment is most interesting. "Where the Sandpipers Nest," is a thrilling tale recounting the dangerous experiences of two young naturalists whose beat of two young naturalists whose boat capsizes in their search for sandpipers nests, leaving them at the momentary mercy of sharks, which are hiding under the vegetation that gives them a trescherous feature. treacherous footing. There is an inter-esting girl's story "A Lucky Pehny," by Harriet Prescott Spofford, and the usual interesting departments. The June number of The Arena com-

pletes the twenty-fifth volume of that standard review. It contains a number of contributions upon topics of interest to students of advanced thought. Liberal and even radical views of politics, economics, religion, and social reform are always to be found in this maga-zine, which aims to give "both sides" of public questions. The current issue opens with an article on "Imperialism," by the Hon. Samuel C. Parks, A. M., in which a pungent reply is made to Prof. Prince's "Passing of the Declaration," Prince's "Passing of the Declaration, which appeared in April. Eltweed Pomeroy, A. M., president of the National Direct Legislation league, outlines the purposes of the National Social and Political conference, to be held in June. John B. Willis, A. M., and Alfred Farlow contribute two authoritative papers on Christian Science, stating precisely what the numerous followers of Mrs. what the numerous followers of Mrs. Eddy really believe. Editor Flower has a lengthy character sketch of Wm. T. Stead, editor of the English Review of Reviews, and an interview with him on "England's Crime in South Africa." "England's Crime in South Africa." Mrs. Walter Vrooman writes most suggestively on "The Servant Question in Social Evolution," and the editorial and book-review departments are filled with interesting matter. Editor McLean announces the beginning, with the July number, of a series of papers on "Great Movements of the Nineteenth Century," by Prof. Frank Parsons, of the Boston University School of Law.-The Alli-ance Publishing company, New York.

#### Formed On Good Models.

"What an extraordinarily courteous and polished gentleman your friend

Scrivener is!"
"Yes: I presume it is the result of his constant reading." "What literature produces such de-sirable results?"

"He always reads the rejection slips that accompany his MSS."—Harper's

## VERSIFIERS OF WINDOW PANES.

Many and various have been the rhymes-good, bad, and indifferentwhich have been scratched at various times upon windowpanes. The greater number, as seems natural, are found in old-fashioned out-of-the-way inns and hostelries, although there are a goodly quantity scattered among the mansions of the country squires and nobility. Taking the shire of broad acres first, there is to be found in an old wayside inn near Harewood Bridge, on the Leeds and Harrogate Road, the followng specimen, written towards the end of the eighteenth century:

'Gaily I lived, as ease and nature taught, And passed my little life without a thought; I wonder, then, why Death, that tyrant

Should think of me, who never thought of him."

Many others have asked the same question without getting any very satisfac-tory reply. Under the lines quoted tory reply. above, the following was written:

'Ah! why forget that Death should think of thee? If thou art mortal, such must surely

Then rouse up reason, view thy hastening end, And lose no time in making God thy friend."

Sound advice, which it is to be hoped was followed. Another example from the same county is the work of an ap-parently genial old Yorkshire parson. who at the commencement of the nine-teenth century visited daily to take his glass and smoke his pipe, an inn situ-ated between Northallerton and Boroughbridge. He became so satisfied with his treatment at the establishment that he inscribed the following lines on one of the window-panes:

"Here in my wicker chair I sit, From folly far, and far from wit, Content to live, devoid of care, With country folks and country fare; To listen to my landlord's tale, And drink his health in Yorkshire ale; Then smoke and read the York Cour-

I'm happy, and 'tis all I want, Though few my tythes, and light my I thank my God it is no worse,"

Evidently a person after the Vicar of Wakefield's own heart. Leaving Yorkshire for Staffordshire-in the old coaching days-there was at Sandon a very popular house known as the Dog and Doublet, and here a guest scratched the following flattering recommenda-'Most travelers to whom these roads

are known Would rather stay at Sandon than at Stone: Good chaises, horses, treatment, and

good wines, They always meet with at James Ballentine's.' At the Bull Inn, near Dover, a wit thus imparted his none too flattering opin-

ion of the establishment: The bull is tame, so fear him not, All the while you pay your shot; When money's gone and credit's bad, It's that which makes the bull run

mad. A pane of glass bearing upon it a jeu d'esprit by Dean Swift was at one time exhibited at Rugby. The ecclesiastic was in the habit of refreshing at an nn called the Three Crosses, occasion he was not attended to by the landlady with the usual promptitude, and on his making a complaint the temper of the lady got the better of her interest and common sense, and some angry words passed between hos-tess and guest. Before quitting the house the Dean took his revenge by leaving the following "legacy" to the

THE LEGACY.

Good master tapster, I observe Three crosses at your door; Hang out your old, ill-tempered wife, And then you may count four."

The sign is said to have been after- | 本文文文文文文文文文文文文

wards altered to that of the Four Crosses. Men are not the only offenders in this mild mania of spoiling good glass with bad rhymes, for women are quite as bad. Thus, on one occasion a lady expressed herself as follows concerning a fop:

Dandies, to make a great show, Wear coats stuck out with pad and stuffing:

But that, you know, is apropos-For what's a goose without his stuff-

On the window of an inn on the Chester road a lady once serawled, "Lord M-has the soffest lips in the universe," to which another lady added the couplet:
"Then as like as two chips Are his head and his lips,

which was essentially feminine and spiteful, and seems to have displayed quite as infimate an acquaintance with the lips of Lord M— as that possessed by the first of the two scribbling la-

Pogls have even been given somewhat to this scratching on glass of more or less bad verse, our own Shenstone being, perhaps, the most quoted example. But the Iloughman poet of Scotland was a considerably greater sinner, there being many specimens of his window-pane poetry extant. His effusion at the Globe Tavern, Dumfries, has frequently been anoted; and at the quently been quoted; and at the Queensberry Arms, Sanquhar, Robert Burns on one occasion wrote up these

"Ye gods! you gave to me a wife Out of your grace and favor, To be a comfort to my life, And I was glad to have her, But if your providence divine For other ends design her,

To obey your will at any time I'm ready to resign her." The following lines, which are not so well known, refer to the charms of a daughter of a Mr. Stewart, the factor of the Closeburn estate, and was written when the poet resided at Ellisland:

"O, lovely Polly Stewart!
O, charming Polly Stewart!
There's not a flower that blooms in May That's half so fair as thou art." In some of the editions of the poet's

works, the following verse is stated to have been copied from the windowpanes of the same tavern: The graybeard, old Wisdom, may boast of his treasures,

Grant me with gay Folly to live; grant him his calm-blooded, timesetted pleasures,
Folly has raptures to give."

The following are the lines above re-ferred to from the Globe Inn. Dumfries, which were written on a pane of glass in one of the windows of that tavern: 'Hers are the willing charms of love, By conquering beauty's sovereign law, But still my Chloris dearest charms, She says she lo'es me best of a'."

It may be interesting to know that these lines passed into the possession of Mr. John Spiers of Glasgow, from Mr. John Thomson, writer, of Locheric, in token of friendship and regard, Sep-tember 15, 1824. The above quotations are, of course, only a few of the many window-pane rhymes and poems which are to be found scattered up and down the countryside.-London Standard.

# ART NOTES.

The exhibition of fine arts of the Societé des Amis des Arts of Strasburg, Alsace, will open on June 15 and remain open till July 15 inclusively. The exhibits consist of paintings, drawings, lithographs, and sculptures. The con-servators of the societies are Messrs Ad. Seyboth and Ch. Binder. Mr. Sey-both is a well-known writer on art matters and the director of the Municipal Museum of the Fine Arts of the City of Strasburg. All the paintings in the Strasburg museum were destroyed in 1870 during bombardment (August and September), but last year's cata-logue gives 515 titles of paintings by old and modern masters and important ones.

Emmanuel Hannaux, the Paris sculp-tor, has finished the bust of Mme, la Baronne de Hirsch in clay, given by her adopted son, to be place in the Home for Girls, which she founded in New York city.

Among the American exhibitors at

the international art exhibition at Venice this spring are John S, Sargent, Ed-win Lord Weeks, Frank W. Benson, Childe Hassam, Jules Stewart, and Dana March. The Danish sculptor Stephen Sinding

is the designer of the monument of Ole Bull recently unveiled at Bergen in Norway. The violinist is shown listen-ing to the music of a water-nix or spir-A cascade falls over the strings of it. A cascade falls over the strings of the harp held by the nix, and is thus supposed to give the keynote or inspiration for which the artist waits.

The 462 paintings and drawings illustrating the life of Christ upon which

the French artist, James Tissot, spent many years of arduous labor, have now been properly framed in gold mats suit. ably inscribed and hung in the galleries of the rooklyn Institute building. The purchase of the collection for \$60,000 was made possible through the gen. erosity of friends of the institute. Tis. sot's pictures were shown at the National academy last year. While opinions may differ concerning their value as works of art, there is no doubt as to their importance as studies in anclent oriental life, manners, and cos-

Twinkle, twinkle, little share Wish I'd known enough to buy
When you weren't up so high!
-Exchange.

Read It in His Newspaper.

George Schaub, well known German citizen of New Lebanon, Ohio, is a con-stant reader of the Dayton Volkszei-tung. He knows that this paper aims to advertise only the best in its col-Pain Balin advertised therein for lame back, he did not besitate in buying a bottle of it for his wife, who for eight weeks had suffered with the most ter-rible pains in her back and could get no rellef. He says: "After using the Pain Balm for a few days my wife said to me. I feel as though born anew, and before using the entire contents of the bottle the unbearable pains had entirely vanished and she could again take up her household duties." He is very thankful and hopes that all suffering likewise will hear of her wonderful recovery.

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