

AT THY FEET.

Oh priceless pearl! whose soft and tender gleaming. With calm clear light down from the

Oh, precious blood! which mystically Redder than rubles in the chalice worship Thee, enraptured and Our faith undoubting, but our reason

Of snowy cloud, our Savior's face concealing, Lest we should fear its awful ma-His tenderness and love alone revealing, Hiding with thy white veil His Delty. We feel the presence of that Godhead But every thought of fear has from us

Oh, patient heart! unmurmuring, un-When those thou lovest so ungrateful oh, prisoner Divine! with us abiding. Bound by the chains of an eternal

Draw now our hearts with mighty force to Thee, Till we Thy captives, Thou our Master

Oh, constant Comforter! whose ear un-Is ever open to each suppliant's

With courage and fresh hope our souls When underneath life's weariness we Those only who have suffered long and

Oh, mercy infinite! sweetly accepting Hearts offered when their life's best years are spent; Refusing not the dregs of earth's re-

Can tell the consolations of Thy touch.

Repulsing none, if only they repent; Who could imagine pity like to Thine. The yearning pity of Thy heart Divine?

Oh, food celestial! bread from heaven descending; Oh, Aliment of creatures weak and O, Gift! all other gifts of God trans-

cending: Oh, Sun! to which all lesser lights are pale! Silent we kneel in humblest ecstasy Words falling us to tell our love for

Oh, King immortal! Monarchs, aweetly

reigning In this dear Sacrament by love alone Oh, mighty Magnet! hearts forever By the strong tenderness that fills

Thine own; Let us, dear Lord, draw by this influence sweet, Watch, till the hour we die, here at Thy feet!

-Magazine of Poetry.

Foes have cropped up about Mr. Edwin Markham in amazing numbers since "The Man With a Hoe" found a hard row before him, and his works are subjected to microscopic inspection. In regard to this Mr. S. K. Hawkins of ew York writes us: "Mr. Markham's critics have a set-

back upon at least one point in the At-lantic Monthly for April. It will be remembered that several censors whose observations had been confined to the forests of the East loudly impeached the veracity of the clasing figure of Mr. Markham's late fine poem on Lincoln: "And when he fell in whiriwind he went

down, when a kingly cedar green with boughs Goes down with a great shout upon the

They claimed that a cedar is always a low tree; that it grows on plains in-stead of hills; that it could not go down imposingly. Now comes Mr. John Muir, the Thoreau of the West, and gives a description of the California cedar that justifies completely the Markham su-dacity of phrase and imagination. Mr. Muir suys: "The incense cedar when full grown is a magnificent tree, from 120 to nearly 200 feet high, five to eight and occasionally twelve feet in diameter, with a cinnamon-colored bark and warm yellow-green foliage. It is distributed through the main forest from an elevation of three to six thousand an elevation of three to six thousand feet, and in sheltered portions of can-yons on warm sides to 7,500. It fre-quently lives more than a thousand years, invincibly beautiful, and worthy its place beside the Douglas apruce and the great pines.

According to this noble measurement, it would seem that the poet had found a most proper and dignified symbol for parison of the tragic death of the greatest American.

And, by the way, another magazine for April, the Overland Monthly, has a direct commendation of this Lincoln poem. In part, the criticism runs thus: "The adequate word has, at last, been said about Abraham Lincoln. Painstuking biographers, eloquent orators and brilliant essayists have been travailing to utter that word since April 15, 1865. In the endeavor they have given the world a profusion of printed pages and have multiplied books. But the perfect

utterance, brief, yet all sufficient; simple, yet of pleasing sense and force, awaited the last year of the century. It was left to Edwin Markham to say

this at once ample and exact word."

The extent of the gloom prevailing throughout England during the early part of the war in South Africa may be gauged from the fact that several of our British cousins had to suspend their literary labors. Egerton Castle was among those who wrote to their American publishers to say that the paths of light Setlon could not be pursued. of light fiction could not be pursued under the depressing conditions. It is be presumed that today, with the froat Britain, the reinspired pens are speeding along at a pace to make up for the halt. * * *

Not many authors have had, according to Collier's Weekly, a larger income from their books than Ruskin. For the past thirteen years his copyrights brought him an average of £4,000 a year. They must continue a valuable property, though the earlier writings will soon be released from copyright. A careful estimate shows that Ruskin's best sellings book has been "Sexame and best selling book has been "Sesame and Lilies." After it would come "A Crown of Wild Olive." "The Seven Lamps of Architecture," and "Unto This Last."

A new and very well-produced English magazine is called the Universal, and has for its leading article a slash-ing attack by Marie Correlli on those writers who turn patriotism into a means of self-advertisement. It is with a gentle mense of the incongruous that we note Miss Correll's holding forth on the tendency of authors to exploit themselves, and a keener sense of humor on her part would have prompted her to choose another topic, but none the less her strictures on a democratizing form of self-advertisement. moralizing form of self-advertisement are but too justly founded. After a severe arraignment of Kipling for branding the plucky British soldier as beggar," she writes:

"One cannot but be sorry that the name of Kipling, who has done so much the work, should be associated with piece of balderdash which could have been turned out by any postman, poet or versifier attached to the comic press. "We should have preferred him, for his own sake as well as for the nation's to have written such a lyric as should have outrivalled the finest of Thomas Campbell's—a lyrie to last for all time and ring like a clarion clearly on through English literature, when we and our generation have passed away not to have flung us a set of flash hur-dygurdy verses, entitled by a catch-

dygurdy verses, entitled by a catch-word, which implies more contempt than honor for English arms.

"The 'Absent-Minded Beggar' stanzas will mark Kipling's name with fatal persistency as long as he lives, cropping up with inflinte tedium and exasperat-ing sameness with every fresh thing be

Let him be us wise as Solon, classic as Virgil, as strong as Soion, as classic as Virgil, as strong as Samson, he shall never escape it. Like another sort of raven, he shall see it sitting, never flitting, on every bust of Pallas or new work he offers the public. He shall demand of it, Take thy beak from coll my heart thy form from off my out my heart, thy form from off my door.' Its reply shall be, 'One monotonous devil's croak, nevermore.

An amusing addition to the valued pages of "Who's Who?" is offered by a London journal in this form:

RULL, JOHN, b. 1215; farmer and colonist. Publications: Occasional Ultimata, Address: England. Has country places in Australia, Canada, New Zeniand, India, the Mediterranean, and West Indies. House cleaning in Africa Just now; finds it trous blesome and expensive, but intends to pull through. Recreation: reading forelan criticisms."

Here is a charming tale told of the late Robert Louis Stevenson. He was visiting a friend in California, and speedily became a great confidant of his speedily became a great confident of his host's little daughter. One day the subject of birthdays was being discussed, and then the young lady bewalled her hard fate. She had been born on the 28th day of February, and, therefore, had enjoyed only two high-days in all her cleven years. The kindhearted writer sympathiaed with her the medicated a few minutes there.

went to the writing desk and drew up the following document:

Robert Louis Stevenson, in a sound state of mird and body, having prived at an age when I no longer baye any for birthdays, do give and becausalt my birthday, on the lith of November, to Miss Adelaide Ide, to be hers from this year as long as she wishes it.

ROHERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

M. Huysmans, the movelist, has final, iy left the world and is now a Benedictine "oblate"—that is to say, he is a monk without the habit, and with ner-The reason why he is not a Benedictine in full is that he wishes to continue authorship and print what he likes, and that is inconsistent with the strict rules

So much has been said about the present circulation and sale of novels that an inquiry has been started concerning their sale in the past generation. Of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," probably the most popular novel ever pub-lished in America, 100,000 copies were sold in the first two months after publication, and 200,000 in a year. It must

be remembered, however, that "Uncl Tom's Cabin" was published in 1852, and that the period of its active saleten years-was long beyond precedent. For quick sales, however, we must look to Paul Leicester Ford's recently published novel, "Janice Meredith," which three months after publication reached the surprising total of 200,000

Mr. Egerton Castle is what might be called an all-around man. He is an au-thor, dramatist, editor, publisher, sol-dier, engineer. He writes delightful novels, one of which, "The Pride of Jenico," written jointly with his wife has been dramatized, and is soon to b duced by Mr. J. K. Hackett in New ek, "The Light of Scarthey," though only recently published in this country, has gone into four editions.

Mr. Henry Guy Carleton has drama-tized "When Knighthood Was in Flow-er," and, it is reported, has succeeded in pleasing both the actress and the author, Miss Marlowe and Mr. Major.

There are scores of colored people who earn money with their pens in magazines and weeklies, but who are not bookmakers. Among these are Barbara Pops and Mrs. William E. Matthews, Mrs. Victoria Earle Matthews of New York, Miss Ida Platt of Chicago and Professor R. T. Greener, now con-sul at Vlavidovstock, whose recent in-formation in regard to the Siberian railroad attracted national attention.

It is said that Mr. Murray has already a list of a thousand volumes, the work of 190 authors, thoug he has but just begun the task of col-lecting. From these he will shoose the most admirable and distinctive for the

In view of the phenomenal vogue of In view of the phenomenal vogue of the popular novel it is amusing to be reminded by Professor Francis H. Stod-dard in his book on The Evolution of the English Novel that the novel as a literary form has fought its way against prejudice and that it is but a few years since unployies for putting few years since apologies for putting this or that study of life into the form of a novel have disappeared from the

One of the literary events of the sea-son in Paris is to be the choice of a suc-cessor for Victor Cherbullez in the Academy, and already the election bids fair to be a hotly contested one. Another event is the production of "l'Algion," by Edmond Rostand, author of "Cyrano de Bergerac." Mme. Bernhardt impersonates Napoleon's son in this play, which is to be the chief dramatic attraction during the exposition. atic attraction during the exposition.

Letters written by Thackeray, Brownlectors written by Thackethy, Brown-ing, Carlyle, Landor and other celebri-ties are about to be sold in Landon. One of the Carlyle letters has this char-acteristic sentence: "We are well, at least well for us, poor sleepless, literary ever afflicted creatures." Beeth-oven's original sketch of the last movement of the Moonlight Sonata is to be included in the sale.

Mark Twain will probably return to America this month, but it is not likely that he will go back to his Hartford home. The place has been unoccupied for a number of years, and it is said sorely in need of repairs. There is a umor that Mr. Clemens will settle in Princeton, but it seems to lack founda-tion. As a matter of fact, Mr. Clem-ens has not decided exactly what he will do. He may remain here or he may return to England,

The late Richard D. Blackmore left strict instructions in his will that no biography or memoir of him was to be published. Accordingly a monograph will be brought out in the autumn. William Shakespeare gave a brilliant nature when he laid a curse on the van-dal who would disturb his bones. Yet they were once actually in danger from an insane American woman!

The Book Buyer says: "It is said that Mr. Kipling has at last completed the manuscript of a long story which he has had in hand for a considerable time, and whose scene is laid in Burmah. The title is not yet announced, but it will probably be published in McClure's Magazine."

BOOKS.

Mrs. Mannington Caffyn in 'The Minx' has produced a book which will undoubtedly rank amongst the foremost notable novels of the period. The material is far from new—the clashing of conservative and socialistic ideals in the agency of picked personalities representing both sides of the troubled question of modern approach to the constraint of the c tion of modern economics has been a well used theme since even before" Mar cella" enthralled the reading world something like a decade ago. But the characters if not the types are original, and a refreshing atmosphere of reality bides distinct with their flavoring charm of newness.

Joyce with her babyish innocence and

perplexity, her girlish freshness and im petuosity weighted down with her self-assumed burdens of old problems of labor economics—caught fast in the silken meshes of an alluring human love and struggling to break from it and bring her heart into line with her ab-stract ideals is an appealing and fascin-ating creation; and the natural anti-thetical types expressed in her two lovers have an almost equally absorbing nierest. A keen and unprejudiced view of the economic problems dealt with in the book, and a cleverly comprehensive and concise expression of them is shown in the author's handling—the plot, characters and finale of the story, being worked out with remarkable strength and skill. Only in one incident does the and skill. Only in one increase the book seem to have drawn upon influences of previous fiction of the same line—the mine explosion which introduces the climax of the story being perilously emindful of the closing chapters in Sir George Tresady. Outside of this the book is distinctly original and is unhand,-Frederick A. Stokes & Co., New York.

"A Ten Years' War: An Account of the Battle with the Slum in New York." by Jacob A. Riis, is the story of a long and hard battle for health, cleanliness and morality against squalor and vic in New York city—a battle of a few in New York City—a battle of a few energetic reformers against intrenched wrong and callous indifference. Jacob Rila has fought that battle hard and well. He went down into the slums and turned the searchlight of the press on their physical and moral foulness. He brought to the knowledge of the more fortunate half facts showing "How the other Half Lives." The result was a later with a life of the half with the half with with the half actor wingless of the result was a later with a life. etermination to fight the battle with the slum until it should be successful. The present volume by Mr. Rils is the narrative of that battle from the time of the publication of "How the Other Haif Lives." some ten yours ago: a measurement of the fround covered in that period. "Some of it," Mr. Rils mays, "we cannot ploddied, and some of it full speed; some of it in the face of every postagle that could be thrown to one way whether victors from the tear at every step; some of it with the enemy on the run. Take it altogether, it is a long way. Most of it will not have to be traveled over again." Mr. Ellis "respectfully" dadlentes his volume "the faint hearted and those of little aging, and a helpful volume in many ways. It tells only of what has been done, but there is not a populous city in the land but needs its lessons.

"A Mother Book." by E. Francis Soule, is a suggestion on the newer method of child education as applied to religious subjects. Its object is help the conscientious mother who wishes to train her children to beep hely the Subbath day and yet to make it a pleasure to do so.

the well known translator of Balzac has just issued "Letters to Madame Hanska," which we suppose may be considered the very last volume of her edition of the complete works of this great writer, which make a library of themselves, other translators than Miss Wormeles. Wormeley, at an earlier period than here have sought to translate into the gardens of English and American literature the most characteristic growths of modern French fiction, particuarly as cultivated by George Sand, Victor Hugo, and—to say nothing of a score or more of their minor contemporaries greatest of all, Honore de Balzac, but she is the only one whose efforts have been successful, for not more than half a dozen examples of the talent or the genius of Victor Hugo and George Sand can be said to have attained any popularity in their English dress, while Balzac, in the versions of Miss Wormeley, was the library of forty expansive value. makes'a library of forty separate volumes, or, more exactly, forty-two vol umes, including a "Memoir" and these Letters to Madame Hanska.

There has been recently published an authorized English translation, by Mr. George Maidment, of "Legends of the Basille " by M. Frantz Funck-Brentano, who has devoted more than ten years to the preparation of this curious monograph, the materials of which are derived from the archives of the Bastille itself, the remains of which were collected shortly after its destruction, July 14, 1789, and deposited in the Arsenal Library, where they are now preserved. Interesting for just what they are, that is to say as fragments of authentic historic documents, they are singularly disappointing even as legends. In view of the halo of romantic miseries with which novelists and dramatists have surrounded them, and to which historians like Michelet have not scrupled to lend the somber gloom tano, who has devoted more than ten not scrupled to lend the somber gloom of their excited minds.

M. Funck-Brentano, in a brief chap-ter of less than thirty pages, entitled "History of the Bastille," tells us all that is really known about this bugaboo of a place of incarceration, when it was projected and erected, and to what ordinary uses it was put, and in a shorter chapter, entitled "Life in the Bastille," enables us to realize, if we care to, the average conditions of the majority of its enforced inhabitants.

The Sailor of the Sen Yarns told by

T. Jenkins Hains are rough old sea dogs and all his stories smack of the dogs and an his stories smack of the fo'castle. "The Wind Jammers" was a collection of yarns illustrative the rugged natures and rough experiences of the tough old salts who rounded Cape Horn in the bygone salling ship days. In his new story, "Mr. Trunnell, Mate of the Ship Pirate," he brings the same class of sallors into a novel of sea life, in which not only "the stormy winds do blow," but other blows are dealt out freely to the accompaniment of orders and admonitions as forcible as the blows. The officers and men on the ships of Mr. Hains totally differ from those on H. M. S. Pinafore and have no use whatever for the expression, "If ise whatever for the expression, "It rou please;" they wouldn't know what I meant if they heard it. Therefore, "Mr. Trunnell, Mate of the Ship Pirate," is scarcely to be commended is a welcome visitor to a young ladies coarding school, or even as a congenia companion to members of a Sorosis club, but in the smoking room of a man's club he would be good company and for a man housed by the grip and ferling blue the salt breezes, rough humor and vigorous action of the story are likely to have a breezes. are likely to have a bracing effect.

By many of his fellow countrymen he "Debts of Honor," of Dr. Maurus Jokal is regarded as his masterpleos On that point there is room for a dif ference of opinion, but it will certainly be considered by many American readers as less extravagant and there-fore more convincing than several of the tales that have given this author American fame in addition to that which he has long enjoyed with his own countrymen. There is no lack of exsors, but it has a quiet, though sorrow

An excellent edition of older writ-ings is the "Haworth Edition" of the works of the Bronte sisters published by Harper & Bros. "Villette," "Shirley," and "The Professor" have recently been received. The latter volume also contains a number of poems by the sis-ters and by the Rev. Patrick Bronte. Each volume has an introduction by Each volume has an introduction by Mrs. Humphrey Ward and is well supplied with illustrations. There is also a general introduction to the series by Clement K. Shorter, There are seven volumes in all, neatly and handsomely bound in green and gold.

A new and handsome edition of Shakespeare is the "Larger Temple Shakespeare,"The edition is Israel Gol-lanez and the text used is that of the Cambridge Edition, Each volume con-tains a number of excellent illustralons, as well as notes and glossary. The sovers are green and gold, and the use of red lnk in naming titles, acts and scenes adds to the handsome appearance of the pages,

Another very valuable and instruc edition of Shakespeare is that of the plays as they were presented by Edwin Booth. There is perhaps nothing which teaches one more dramatic con-struction than the comparison of the plays in the form in which they were written with the actual playing ver-sion used by the great modern actor, it is not often that these versions are t is not often that these versions are oublished in such shape that the ordinary Shakespeare student can get at them and the Penn Publishing company has done a real service in producing this edition. It is edited by William Winter, than whom none is better fitted for each a task

The delicious flavor of romance in Robert Chamber's delightful book. "The Cambric Mask," would make it a choice confection for the lovers of rare literary bits, even without the charm and strength of style that go with the telling. An entrancing plot charged with White-Cap raiders, a scheme of financial trickery on the part of the two capitalist scoundrels of the Sweet Fern Distilling company, a here immersed in experimental natural science, with the trump cards of the capitalist's scheme socurely up his sleeve—a beautiful heroine unconsciously imbibing remance and sentiment in her duties as assistant in the successful hatching of caterpillers, and other experiments in natural science, and helplessly implicated in the wondernos white Can tolls were about the controllers and sentiment of the capitalist in natural science, and helplessly implicated in the wondernos white Can tolls were about the can toll a were a were about the can toll a were a were a were about the can toll a were cience, and helplessly implicated in the vonderous White Cap tolls woven about her lover, are some of the ingredients of the tale, and with many other details eleverely and harmonious. In rounding out the central theme making a most delightful and interesting whole. Exquisite hits of deduction of the charmonic literary tene which leaves the mind of the reader entered. teeps the mind of the reader entranced cometimes at the expense of the hrilling incidents of the book.—Frederlek Stokes & Co., New York.

MAGAZINES.

This week's issue of the Youth's Com-nanion comes in an artistic Easter cov-r, with a beautiful face surrounded with Illies and a apray of the exquisite Caster emblems as decorations. A charming Easter story entitled "The St. Ichn's Fund," opens the number, and "His Luxury," "Mortar and Excitement," "The Taming of a Hear Cub," "The Stage Tavern," "Queer Miss Maria," "In a Mexican Dugout" and "My Adventure with a Cougar" are the and clever narration make the number a most notable one.

The April Century is rich in pictoria mishes to train her children to beep hely little Sabbath day and yet to make it a pleasure to do so.

The April Century is fich in pictorial illustration, its special art features in cluding a frontispiece engraved by close, a full-page painting of Dr. H. O. Tanner's painting, "The Annunciation;" sion is a healthy, normal physique, centainly the consumate flower of beauty is

Mond's decorative treatment of "The of Pan," a poem by Clarenc From the Talks With Napole in this number, it appears that the eror was so fully resolved to make his home in America, in the event of defeat at Waterloo, that he had bills drawn upon this country for whateve sums he chose to take. "Fashionable Parls" is brought vividly before the reader by Richard Whitelng's pen and Castaigne's pencil M. Worth's explanation of how fashions were started, under the Second empire, is one of the titbits of this paper. Lovers of travel and adventure will turn to Miss Scidmore's ac-count of "The Greatest Wonder in the Chinese World," the bore of Hang-Chap, a tidal wave that sweeps up the Tslentang river thrice every year; to R. Talbot Kelly's "Out-of-the-Way Places in Egypt," with illustrations by the author; and to the first installment of Benjamin Wood's true tale of "The Hardships of a Reptiler" engaged in turtle-hunting, for profit, on the Caribbean coast of Central America. The ame class of readers will be drawn to The Kentuckian," a timely study of a type, by John Gilmer Speed, a native of Kentucky, and in some respects typical representative of the Blu-Grass State. Lovers of letters, on the other hand, will find their account in "Browning in Asolo," by Katherine C. Bronson, an American friend of the poet, the loggia of whose summer home was perhaps the one spot in Italy that most attracted him. Of kindred interest is an unpublished letter of Tennyson's to an old bricklayer in a Western State, who had known the Laurente in Mr. his childhood. chiefly, this month, of the crisis of 1647. d Cromwell's attitude therein. In Welr Mitchell's "Dr. North and His Friends," the heroine is introduced voice but a slightly deformed body. "The Duice-Piji Fainily" is a sympathetic study of marmosets.

Everybody's Magnzine for April contales many interesting features. The second article in the series, "Great American Industries," treats of the enormous steel works of the Carnegie company near Pittsburg. Pa., and ex-plains in what manner this company will make this year profits exceeding \$40,000,000. The fourth in the series of "Simple Explanations" takes up a fascinating subject and one which has undoubtedly been a mystery to nine-tenths of the magazine renders; that is, the method of navigating a ship by observation of the sun and stars. For difficult mathematical subject this cid fashion, and appears to be very sim ple after all. A very strong article is that on "Our Coast Defenses," which describes the manufacture, emplace-ment and use of the huge disappearing guns, the mortar batteries and coast de-fenses in general which are now being pushed to completion on both the At-lantic and Pacific seaboards. The lilustrations for this are new and inter-

The most striking feature of the April East and West is a poem some four pages long, by Madison Cawein, en-titled "The End of the Century." It is. perhaps, the most distinguished single bit of work this poet has yet given the world. His symbolical characterization of the Present, coming after a rapl succession of the ghost-trains of the Past, is remarkable for its vividness and the appropriateness of its sugges-tion. The lines:

Yet I knew her a barbarian By the sword upon her hip.

emphasize the strange perversity of fate that has compelled our great cen-tury of peace and progress to pass out in the primal flare of war and amid the world-old clang of arms. The poem should certainly attract attention

Mr. D. Parnell has succeeded in creating an entirely original series of acters, whose adventures are followed with the keenest interest by the readers of Cassell's Little Folks. In the April number a great circus is de scribed in which Baby Jane and he companions play the part of perform dance by Mary Carmichael. She would do it in spite of everyone's advice that she was being too ambitious. Dresses in a silly little muslin skirt and carry ing the umbrella coquettishly over her shoulder, she skipped up to the rope that had been stretched between two posts and, with the help of the Bear, clambered on to it. For a moment all went well. With a simpering smile she went trip tripping along the rope; but went well. With a simpering same saw went trip-tripping along the rope; but then she gave a frightful stagger, swung out her legs in all directions, twisted her back cruelly in a wild effort to recover herself, and fell with a clatter to the ground, smashing the umbrelly beneath her. The whole audience rosred with delight, thinking it part of the fun, but there were tears in Mary's eyes as she limped out of the ring. "I am afraid I have spoiled the whole show with my silliness," she said in a chok-ing voice. "I had batter be a common spotted horse now.

"The Heart of the Ancient Wood," by Charles G. D. Roberts, the Canadian novelist and poet, is the complete novel in the April New Lippincott. There are also four good short stories, one by Seumas MacManus of Irish life, one illustrating an experience of Boer life, story of Mormon life. Among the short poems of the number is this, "The Strange Confidant," by Miss Edith M.

I hid my sorrow from the friend most And with a smile shut down the springing tear;
As to a priest of God, a cure of souls,
I told it freely in a stranger's ear.

The Chautauquan for April, in the variety, character and treatment of its subjects, justifies all that has previously been said in these columns in commen-dation of this excellent "magazine for self-education." The artistic features of the magazine are as noticeable as its literary and educational merits.

Among the features of Scribner's Among the features of Scribner's Magazine for April the animal story by Ernest Seton-Thompson, illustrated by him, will attract the large audience which has been fascinated by "Wild Animals I Have Known." In this story is given the life and adventures of a curious little animal of the southwest, known as the kangaroe rat. Henry Van Dyke has another outdoor story, the scene of which is laid in a lighthouse on the St. Lawrence. The title is "The Light That Falled Not." It contains several dramatic situations, in addition to the attractive literary It contains several dramatic situations. In addition to the attractive literary contents of the number there is a notable list of artists. It is bound in a striking colored cover designed by C. A. Hinton. It contains drawings by such well known French artists as Marchetti, Lepere, Steinlen and Jeanniot; such English artists as Partridge, Lucas, Shepperon and Frank Craig, and such American artists as Henry McCarter. American artists as Henry McCarter, Walter Appleton Clark, Seton-Thomp-son and Yohn. These distinguished il-justrators make this an artistic and notable spring number.

The Woman's Tribune, the bright The Woman's Tribune, the bright fortnightly journal published at Washington, D. C., comes to bund this week with a list of interesting contents embracing a report of the recent national Council of Jewish Women, and a number of other important articles, which wasks the issue a notably interesting make the issue a notably interesting one. The Woman's Tribune is one of the leading women's journals of the country, and gives in its pages all the important happenings and items that in any way affect women. It is at all times most readable and interesting.

The Power of Joy.

joy. There is nothing surely more in heavy within you console it with a ections that sheer gladness. It seems ad, at first thought, that we turn from unhappiness almost instinctively, and spring with such eugerness to share in any gayety or pleasure. Be kindly as we may, and ready with instant sympathy, there is in the human spirit a dread of sadness and sorrow that makes us wince before them. And yet this is no evidence of selfishness, but only a trait of the inevitable universal law. For gladness is a bond of brotherhood, but unhappiness means disintegration, dissolution and death. Joy is the natural test of life. Sorrow is the fore-shadow of annihilation, the creeping presentment of an untimate defeat and

Cessation.

To say that sorrow is the portion of age, and joy is the part of childhood, is nothing more than a recognition of this same truth. In children the springs of life are welding over with energy, with zest, with confident strength; the tide of vitality is running full, and their natural joyousness is only the indica-It is for them the morning of time, the dewy freshness of earth. Given spirit enough, and this gladness may be lifelong. We have all seen old people whose cheery mein was a reproach to despondency; but, for the most part a considering straitty beings delection disconnected. ion of normal and exuberant existence wandering vitality brings dejection, disouragement. disconsolateness and

couragement, disconsolateness and gradual cessation of life.
This is all a wrong fancy. What we call old age should mean in our minds a change of conditions, nothing more. We have allowed ourselves to think of it as a change of essentials. But nothing an allowed property of the second ing can alter the spirit except the spirit itself. How paltry and inconsiderable are the few years of one life period, and yet how sufficient for vasitiess of joy. Even in our own memories we soon fail to distinguish between a day, and a year of time, if one has been memorable and the other unimportant. The spirit has lived its span of life and grown its cubit in stature, while the sun was coming over the hill; or again, perhaps it has not advanced a snall's journey in a dozen uneventful seasons; it may have had no instant of joy, no increment of life, no radiant moment of growth. We think of time, usually as a measure of quantity only, unmindful of its wonderful quality that varies so. And we are, perhaps, wrong in con-stantly thinking of time as something to be saved rather than as something to be enjoyed. For gladness is a duty no less than industry. And he who goes surily abount his business leaves his work only half done, though he toils from dawn till candlelight.

To carry and possess ourselves al-ways with a consciousness of joy, with a confidence of our birthright in the natural gladness of the universe, never to allow ourselves to entertain the idea of sadness or dejection; this would seem to be wisdom. But how shall we secure this abundance of contentment, this excess of happiness? Primarily by care of these frail bodies which can minister so wonderfully to pleasure. There may be days when sorrow overwhelms our soul, when the last vestige of hope seems to have been quenched; there never should be a day when we fall to bathe, to walk, to eat, to rest, to the best of our ability, We must take pains to surround ourselves, however modest may be our means, with all helps to pleasurable existence. If your heart is

creed of forgetfulness; it to your thred and overwro You have no more right nerves with an excess of than they can bear, the have to harass your spirit with cal torture. And after we have good habits of physical luxury. cleanliness and comfort, and give course of life! We might

by the old-fashioned others; this taken for gr ways been the carding It is nothing less the of the care of sacred t

pendence of individuals not fall to recognize to force of unhappiness in this

radiant ecatacy of day, We even call And I must remain the world of art, all ascendant for long, Jo power, should prevail the artist who can ap right to inflict us with BLISS CARMA

ON THE BRIGHT WAY,

Hope is allus in yo' sight-Joy is sho' ter find you; Worl' is come to be so by Sunshine almos' blind you!

Sorrer say good-nisht: Ef you only lif' yo' eye You'll see de mawnin' light. Seed a-springin' fom do ground, Heavy harves' givin'; Happiness a-loafin' roun' Axin' whar you livin'!

Sorrer say good-night; Ef you only lif' yo' eye

Soap-sprung -Pearline. Came from soap-an improve ment upon it; a sort of higher development of soap, just as man is said to have been developed from the monkey. Every virtue that good, soap has you'll find in Pearline. All the soap is in it that's neces-

sary. Pearline isn't meant to be used with soap, but to take the place of it. Everything that soap does, Pearline does, and does it better. Willions Pearline

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