



## A PRISONER OF HOPE.

To sit and watch in the lonely house  
Whence others have risen and gone  
Their way—  
So hush'd and still that the wainscot  
Creeps out on my heart to play;  
To hear the hurrying foot go by,  
Their echoing feet the silence fill—  
The world is busy enough, but  
In the midst of it all still  
To wait, tho' the tide runs far and  
fast,  
To share the story, yet turn no page,  
To dwell in the heart of a vanished  
Past.  
With friends of a bygone age;  
The living about me come and go,  
But these have done with earth's toils  
And tears,  
And follow with faltering step and  
slow,  
In the wake of the tedious years,  
A broken weapon that's flung aside,  
A worn-out tool for which none need  
care—  
Sometimes I fancy I must have died,  
And that only a ghost sits there!  
Yet the Dead no longer can feel the  
strife  
Of the nerveless hand and the power-  
less limb,  
And the weariness even worse than  
pain.  
That comes when Life's lamp burns  
dim!  
Often I think the hour of dawn,  
When the faint light glimmers on  
wall and floor,  
And the curtains of night are half  
withdrawn,  
Is the worst in the twenty-four!  
How long will it be ere the tardy gleam  
Of sunset dyes the golden west?  
It is less hard than to watch and  
dream  
When even the toiler rests?  
And when stars come out o'er the twi-  
light sea  
There falls on my soul a peace pro-  
found,  
As I think of a hand that once set  
free  
The spirits in Prison bound;  
One day He will burst these bonds of  
mine—  
And perchance there is good work yet  
undone  
He is keeping for me in His Love  
divine  
In the Land beyond the Sun!

## NOTES.

There seems to be an agreement  
among the dramatic critics that To  
Have and To Hold, by Miss Johnston,  
will make a successful play. The Bos-  
ton Journal says: "It is an unerring  
instinct which has led Mr. Charles  
Frohman to secure the dramatic rights.  
The story as a play is fitted for and  
capable of interpreting the character.  
A writer in the Chicago Tribune says:  
"I may say, without exaggeration, that  
whoever gets the dramatic rights of  
this book gets the thing in the  
dramatic world at this moment. It is  
a great part for the right actress."

Albert White Vorse has been made  
editor of the New Yorker, which is to  
become one of our monthly magazines.  
For some time past Mr. Vorse has been  
the literary adviser of G. P. Putnam's  
Sons, and he has also contributed fre-  
quently to the magazine.

Some years ago we were promised a  
speedy publication of McCauley's Jour-  
nal. The announcement was prema-  
ture, but it has been repeatedly stated  
in English periodicals the Journal would  
be published at an early date and we  
may hope to find it this time, well  
founded.

George Bird Drinnell's The Indians of  
Today, just published by H. S. Stone &  
Co., Chicago, contains a notably large  
number of portraits of living Indians.  
More than fifty full-page photographs  
are given—suggestive in themselves,  
and also suggestive of the great ad-  
vances made in this form of reproduc-  
tion.

Many eminent names were attached  
to the petition asking for permission to  
place a memorial of John Ruskin in  
Westminster Abbey. The dean immedi-  
ately gave his consent, and provision-  
ally selected a site for the proposed  
memorial. A committee has been named  
to carry out the necessary arrange-  
ments.

Concerning the Congress of Librai-  
ries, which will be held at the Paris Ex-  
position August 20 to 23, the French  
government has issued a neat leaflet  
containing all requisite information on  
the subject. These may be obtained by  
addressing M. J. Courvoisier, director  
at the Bibliotheque Nationale, 55 Rue de  
Richelieu, Paris.

It has taken a year to sift the manu-  
scripts left by Johann Strauss. His ex-  
ecutors have found complete a ballet,  
Cinderella, which will be performed  
next fall at the Berlin Opera House;  
besides many pieces for former operas  
which he did not use.

The spring publishing season in Eng-

land has proved a comparative failure.  
Publishers are holding back their books  
until autumn, and there can be no doubt  
if the South African war is brought to  
a successful issue within the next few  
months the autumn and winter book  
trade will be unprecedentedly large.

A congress of Bibliography will be  
held at Paris in connection with the  
Universal Exposition, from the 16th to  
the 18th of August. This congress, ac-  
cording to the program prepared by the  
committee of organization, will concern  
itself chiefly with plans for the prepara-  
tion of the special bibliographies so  
urgently demanded by students and  
men of science the world over.

Dodd, Mead & Co. is preparing for  
next autumn a little Christmas story  
by Paul Leicester Ford, which is to be  
an attractive piece of bookmaking.  
Howard Chandler Christy is furnishing  
the illustrations in color, and Miss Ar-  
mstrong has the decorations in charge.

September is to be the launching of  
a neat little leather-bound periodical to  
be known as "The Tremont Quarterly"  
and published by Richard Badger & Co.  
It is an amplification of the Babelist  
idea and will present every third month  
some little-read treasure of literature.  
For the first number the editor, Mr.  
Earl Stephen Hermann, who is the edi-  
tor of the Literary Review as well, has  
chosen Alexander Smith's superb but  
generally forgotten "Life, Drama,  
and James and Horace Smith's "Re-  
jected Addresses."

The popular notion that all the suc-  
cessful books are published in the East  
gets something of a setback when we  
remember that two of the strongest  
novels of the season bear the imprint  
of an Indianapolis publishing house,  
Messrs. L. C. & J. C. Moore's "What  
Knewthorpe was in Flower" has not  
passed in its triumphal march since  
the first copy came from the press, and  
now Charles Frederic Goss's "The Re-  
demption of David Corson," in spite of  
its being a "tendency" novel and whol-  
ly without the aid of historical incident  
or association to lighten its interest,  
defies the efforts of printers and bind-  
ers to keep pace with the demand.  
Written from an advance copy, Dr.  
Withrow, whose judgment can hardly  
be questioned, says, "It is masterful in  
conception, rich in rhetoric, sound in  
psychology—the best religious novel I  
have ever read."

While recently visiting a Chicago  
friend Miss Beatrice Harraden, the  
English novelist, gave this account of  
her experience as an author. From the  
start my aim was high. When only  
seventeen I made my first serious liter-  
ary attempt. It was a short story called  
The Voice of the Violin and I sum-  
moned the bravest of friends to Black-  
wood's Magazine, wherein George Eliot  
and many other great British authors  
had made their mark. Oh, how eagerly  
did I watch the poet for something from  
the celebrated editorial office, which  
should make known the fate of my first  
effort! Finally the token came. The  
bulky envelope told me the whole story

When winter comes the vital forces of  
nature are low, and the tree stands like  
a solitary

monument to the dead  
summer. In the  
winter of life,  
active men  
experience a  
smaller low-  
ering of vital-  
ity. In some  
the effect is  
startling. They  
lose their grip  
on life. They  
seem like  
monuments of  
a buried past.  
At this crisis  
there is need  
of a medicine  
which will nourish  
and build up the  
body, and increase its vital power. Such  
a medicine is Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical  
Discovery. It enriches the blood,  
purifies it, carries off the clogging waste  
of the system, increases the nutrition of  
the body, and produces a sound, healthy  
condition with abundant vital power and  
physical energy.

David Higgins, Esq., of Jones, Ohio Co., Ky.,  
writes: "When I began taking Dr. Pierce's  
Golden Medical Discovery I think I had  
some general debility of three years duration. I  
took three bottles of the 'Discovery.' During  
the time I was taking it, my sleep became more  
refreshing and I gained fifteen pounds weight.  
I feel stronger and more energetic than I have  
for years. I am willing to have my name  
published in this, and also my former letter,  
if you wish to use it. It will be of benefit  
to any afflicted person I will feel well re-  
warded."

There is no alcohol or other intoxicant  
in "Golden Medical Discovery," neither  
opium or other narcotic drugs.

The dealer who offers a substitute for  
the "Discovery" is seeking to profit  
himself, not to help you. Insist on hav-  
ing "Golden Medical Discovery."

Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical  
Adviser is sent free, on receipt of stamps  
to cover cost of mailing only. Send 21  
one-cent stamps for edition in paper  
cover, or 31 stamps for cloth binding.  
Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

of rejection and disappointment. With  
the impulsiveness of an irritated school  
girl, I threw the packet of letters into  
my trunk and turned my thoughts into  
other directions. Weeks later, in obedi-  
ence to another impulse of the moment,  
I went to my chamber, took the envel-  
ope from the trunk and tore it open.  
There was the ill-fated story, but it was  
not with something which was destined  
to exercise a strong influence upon the  
rest of my life. It was a long and kind  
autograph letter from William Black-  
wood himself, in which he said that  
though the little story could not be  
given place in the pages of the maga-  
zine, he saw in it the promise of things  
to come so excellent that he felt con-  
vinced that experience would make it  
a real Blackwood's letter. This com-  
pliment was not lost on me, for I was  
familiar with the rich literary traditions  
of the Blackwood house. The letter also  
invited me to continue sending stories  
until acceptance should finally be the  
result of perseverance, and assured me  
that Mr. Blackwood would give me the  
benefit of personal criticism. That first  
story was sent to Blackwood and accept-  
ed; but my ambition was not yet sat-  
isfied. Time after time I sent to the  
famous Edinburgh house the best work  
of which I was capable—only to receive it  
back again with a painstaking letter point-  
ing out defects and giving definite advice  
for future efforts. One day I posted an un-  
pretending sketch called "The Umbrella  
Mender," thinking it would return to me  
in due season as my other efforts had  
done. Instead, I received a character-  
istic note from Mr. Blackwood telling  
me, in happy terms, that I had fairly  
won a place in the pages of the Black-  
wood's Magazine. After that I had fair  
sailing until I offered "Ships That Pass  
in the Night." Mr. Blackwood at last  
gave it as his opinion that the book  
would not sell. This forced me to look  
elsewhere for a publisher who would  
take it. The sale was very large. Not  
in the least, however, did this experi-  
ence shake my sense of loyalty to Mr.  
Blackwood, and I gave him my next  
story as readily as if there had been no  
such episode. Beatrice Harraden con-  
fesses herself a "very British subject,"  
and just before sailing for England, a  
few weeks since, she declared: "I'm  
eager to get back so that I can go down  
to the docks and welcome the victorious  
soldier boys as they come home from  
behind the Boer line. Why, I haven't had  
so much as a chance for one good, rou-  
sing, patriotic cheer, but I'll make up  
for lost time when I get back to the  
dear old town where the air is full of  
just that sort of thing."

Miss Harraden has probably the  
shortest working day of any writer who  
labors systematically. She permits her-  
self to work but ninety minutes a day.  
In this brief time, however, she accom-  
plishes a marvelous amount of work.  
When asked if she did not do any men-  
tal work outside of her appointed hour  
and a half of labor she answered: "Un-  
consciously, perhaps; but not to con-  
sider anything. During the remainder of  
the time I try to be diligently idle so  
far as literary thought is concerned."  
Of her own novels, Miss Harraden is  
said to regard "The Power" as a much  
stronger piece of work than "Ships That  
Pass in the Night."

The Master Christian is the title given  
by Marie Corelli to her forthcoming  
novel.

The Cambridge edition of Sir Walter  
Scott's complete poetical works has  
been added to their series by Houghton,  
Mifflin & Co.

The price of Harper's Monthly Maga-  
zine is to be raised to \$4.00 a year, be-  
ginning with the December number.

A uniform edition of the works of  
Col. Thomas Wentworth Higginson is  
in active preparation by Houghton,  
Mifflin & Co.

Kipling's long-expected novel will be  
entitled "Kim," and it will first  
make its appearance in McClure's Maga-  
zine.

Eden Philpotts has been compelled by  
ill health to lay aside the novel on  
which he has been some time at work.

The Oxford University Press will pub-  
lish shortly the Two Versions Bible,  
showing at a glance every change made  
in the revised version.

## BOOKS.

"The Honorable Peter Stirling," by  
Paul Leicester Ford, is a story chiefly  
dealing with American life, and viewed  
from a point of view charmingly new to  
literary productions of similar intent.  
The character of the hero is probably  
one of the best in American fiction and  
holds the reader from the beginning  
to the end. The story is told in a way  
that results from the intense naturalness  
that breathes in the author's creation  
throughout. The traits of taciturnity  
and phlegmatism that characterize the  
hero, covering the ground of feeling and  
from the guess of the reader even, till  
unfolds by the slow evolution process  
of events, and then shown in acts that  
one recognizes as perfectly natural to  
the character, is a piece of delineation  
that may well mark the beginning of  
a new light in literature, while the events  
and incidents themselves are of a kind  
to keep the interest of the entire narra-  
tive up to the standard of its chief  
character throughout the book. Only in  
one place does the plot threaten to fall  
to the level of sensationalism—that is  
in the scene in which the French woman  
and child appears and Peter takes the  
stigma of disgrace on his own shoulders  
to save his friends and child from  
sorrow. The story here rings dis-  
cordantly from its former pure tone of  
naturalness, and the incidents hinge  
upon it are too apparently forced to  
excite either the reader or relief at the  
advent and ending. Aside from this  
and the extreme phases of girlishness  
exhibited by Peter's last love "Leonore"  
—an overbearing fault with both "Jan-  
ette Meredith" and the author's latest  
work—the book is a most refreshingly  
natural and interesting throughout—  
George Q. Cannon and Sons.

There is art even in "The Touch-  
stone," the new story by Edith Whar-  
ton, indeed, the effort is only too ap-  
parent. Mrs. Wharton is unquestion-  
ably clever; but why does she endeavor  
with such painful insistence to imitate  
Mr. James? It is far better to say that  
imitation is casual. The whole story  
— motive, characters, conversation, de-  
velopment, is his to the life. Just what  
significance the title has we have been  
unable to discover. The gist of the  
story is that the public opinion of the  
letters written to him by a woman,  
now dead, who was an immense  
reputation as a novelist. The tempta-  
tion to sell these letters comes with  
the knowledge that the public will  
devour them eagerly and with the fact  
that he needs money badly to marry the  
girl he loves. After the deed is done  
he begins to suffer for it. His wife tor-  
tures him unconsciously before she  
knows the truth, as well as after, and  
he feels to the full the humiliation of  
his position. The analysis of the situa-  
tion is admirable. But the wish to  
deal in epigram interferes with the  
reader's comfort. The story is a hardy  
sentence in the whole book that does  
not have an artificial ring in conse-  
quence; for a metaphor lurks in every  
corner. The worst thing about imita-  
tion is that it is so easily copied. The  
faults rather than the virtues of the  
model. If Mrs. Wharton could only  
forget her master she might do good work.  
As it is, "The Touchstone" is a rather  
unhappy example of cleverness mis-  
applied.

Miss Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler is a  
good representative of the newest  
school in fiction. It may be de-  
scribed as the epigrammatic school, and  
on the surface it might seem to illus-  
trate nothing more than a recrudescence  
of the Meredithian ideal. It is

hardly possible, however, that the au-  
thor of the Epigrammatic school recog-  
nizes this in the numerous stories  
that are now told in would-be "smart  
conversation." His epigrams are elo-  
quent of thought. The epigrams of the  
school to which we refer seem more  
like the product of purely mechanical processes.  
We meet this sort of thing on every  
page. Accordingly, it is not surprising  
that whatever elements of reality may  
have resided in Miss Fowler's material  
when she started to hold it in the  
hands of the world, it has since been  
of a kind of theodoric formula.  
You sketch a tolerably ingenious plot  
and then develop it with the aid of in-  
tolerably ingenious epigrams. The  
breath of life is missing from novels  
of this class.

We are very glad to announce the  
publication of an excellent book as  
Journalistic German, edited by August  
Rehn, Ph. D. This volume contains 30  
selections taken from the current Ger-  
man periodicals of the highest class,  
and provides reading material treating  
of many sides of life and illustrating  
the present use of the language. They  
are concerned with the definition of  
events of the most modern times, pre-  
serving the great facts of invention,  
discovery, commerce, and industry, and  
showing the German as a progressive,  
energetic, modern factor in the develop-  
ment of the world's civilization. Hitherto  
there has been a great lack of avail-  
able literature of this nature, and we  
feel sure the present volume will meet  
with a warm welcome from all teach-  
ers. The vocabulary seems very com-  
plete.—American Book Co.

A Term of Ovid, by Clarence W. Gleason,  
A. M. (Harvard), of the Roxbury  
Latin school, is an invaluable book for  
students of Latin. It contains a com-  
plete history of the Metamorphoses of  
Ovid will prove a welcome  
addition to the ordinary school cur-  
riculum. They can be taken up with  
great benefit by students before read-  
ing the original. The book is a very  
difficult and more interesting. The vo-  
cabulary included in these selections is  
almost identical with that in the first  
book of the Aeneid, and consequently  
will serve as an excellent preparation  
for reading the original. The expe-  
rience gained from mastering a new  
author. Time so spent is not wasted  
but gained. In addition to the notes  
the book contains a short introductory  
history of the work, and a complete  
table of contents of the principal  
characters, names of the most available  
books of reference, etc. The vocabulary  
is very complete, the notes are full and  
interesting and special attention has  
been paid to scansion.

Miss Mary E. Wilkins' friends, who  
are inclined to like best her work in  
her original and peculiar field, have  
a deal of trouble over her strong  
tendency toward the romantic and the  
colonial. She has always had a pas-  
sion for romance connected with the  
colonial period, and of recent years she  
has written rather more in that field,  
perhaps than in any other. Her story  
of the Deerfield massacre, her "Little  
Maid at the Door," her "Giles Corey,"  
her "Buckley Lady," her "Evelina's  
Garden," her "Maddox" and other  
tales show her extraordinary liking for  
the romance of the past. Now she has  
entered the field still more definitely  
with her new story, published by  
Messrs. Doubleday, Page & Co., and  
entitled "The Heart's Highway." The  
scope of it is Virginia and the time  
is 1862. The motive is one somewhat  
unusual to our literature—the story of  
a young man of an aristocratic house  
who has been sent out to Virginia as a  
convict, who loves the daughter of the  
Virginia house to which he serves, and  
who is apparently barred out from any  
acceptance by her or equality with  
her, through his melancholy status as a  
convict and practically a bondsman.

But though the theme is not new, Miss  
Wilkins' treatment of it, it is needless  
to say, is entirely original.

"In 'The Judges' Cave' Margaret Sid-  
ney has told a good story of the chase  
of the two men who condemned  
King Charles. The story is told in a  
way that is both interesting and in-  
structive. It is a story of the judges  
who were protected by New Haven Colony,  
and the cave in which they took refuge  
is one of the historical spots now  
pointed out to the tourist. The story  
is told in a way that is both interest-  
ing and instructive. It is a story of  
the judges who were protected by New  
Haven Colony, and the cave in which  
they took refuge is one of the historical  
spots now pointed out to the tourist.

The features of the July Arena are  
three: first, the absorbing matter of  
affairs of the Orient. "Will the Chinese  
Emigrate?" is a thoughtful paper by  
J. M. Scanlan; Turkey and the United  
States is by Justin S. Kern; and the  
last of the series is "Railroad Building  
in Persia," by Kelchik Aba. Besides these  
are a number of other important articles  
which make the issue a most valuable  
one. Among them are: "The Con-  
trast of America," "The Refor-  
mation in America," an excellent arti-  
cle upon the value of "Manual Train-  
ing in Mental Development," and an  
equally important one on "Periculous  
Maxims and Ideas."

McClure's for July contains Rudyard  
Kipling's new story, "The Outsider,"  
the opening article in this week's Youth's  
Companion, is a story dealing with the  
attempted construction of the Panama  
canal and relates the honesty of a  
young construction agent who is em-  
ployed on the work, and who is tempt-  
ed by one of the men over him to report  
false numbers of men at work on the  
canal, and thus be able to share the  
extra amount in salary supplied by the  
company between themselves. He re-  
fuses to accept the hint and the end of  
the story shows his twofold promotion  
in consequence of his honesty.

The chief of a bureau one day  
came to him for an order to pay for  
some machinery.

"Has it been advertised?" asked the  
secretary.

"No," said the chief, "but there are  
only two places where it can be made,  
and we are accustomed to get their  
bids and contract with the lowest."

"But," said the secretary, "the law  
says it must be advertised."

"At this time may pass, for it is made  
and we need it."

"I cannot help that; the law says it  
must be advertised, and advertised it  
must be." And advertised it was, at a  
very large saving to the government—  
Saturday evening Post.

The fifth of the series of the "Ameri-  
can Girl," drawn by Howard Chandler  
Christy for the Ladies' Home Journal  
series, is entitled "The American  
Girl at Her Sports." Ernest Seton  
Thompson's "Wild Animal Play" is il-  
lustrated with figures in costumes ap-  
propriate to the story. The "Play" is  
private theatricals. "The Fashionable  
Summer Resorts of the Century" is a  
timely and readable summer article, as  
are also the illustrations of old fash-  
ioned gardens, which are contained in  
the issue.

The story of the Doctor told in a  
touching story of an almshouse in-  
mate and with the serials makes up the  
choice reading in the number.

THE WOMAN WITH THE BROOM.  
(Written after seeing a farmer's wife  
cleaning house.)

Bowed by the eaves of cleaning house,  
she leans,  
Upon her broom and gazes through the  
dust.

A wilderness of wrinkles on her face  
And on her head a knob of wispy hair,  
Who made her slave to sweeping and  
dust.

A thing that smiles not and that never  
rests,  
Stanchioned in stall, a sister to the  
cow?

Who moaned and made shrill this an-  
gry low  
Who bowed this narrowed chest for  
dowering up

Of sluggish men-folk and their morn-  
ing fire?  
Is this the thing you made a bride and  
brought  
To have dominion over hearth and  
home?  
To scour the stairs and search the bin  
for flour  
To bear the burden of maternity?  
Is this the wife they wove who framed  
our law  
And planned a bright land on smiling  
homestead?  
Down all the stretch of street to the  
last house  
There is no shape more angular than  
hers,  
More tongue with gabble of her neigh-  
bors' deeds,  
More filled with the nerve-ache and  
rheumatic twinge,  
More fraught with menace of the fry-  
ing-pan.  
Oh, lords and masters in our happy  
land!  
How with this woman will you make  
account:  
How answer her shrill question in that  
hour?  
When whirlwinds of such women shake  
the polls,  
Reckless of every precedent and creed,  
Straight in hysteric haste to right all  
wrongs?  
How will it be with cant of politics,  
With lying or trade and legislative  
boss,  
With cobwebs of hypocrisy and greed,  
When she shall take the ballot for her  
broom  
And sweep away the dust of centuries?  
—New York Sun.

## THE GIRL WHO SMILES.

The wind was east, and the chimney  
smoked,  
And the old brown house seemed  
dreary,  
For nobody smiled, and nobody joked,  
The young folks grumbled, the old  
folks croaked,  
There had come home chilled and  
weary.

Then opened the door, and a girl came  
in;  
Oh, she was homely—very;  
Her nose was pug, and her cheek was  
thin,  
There wasn't a dimple from brow to  
chin,  
But her smile was bright and cheery.

She spoke not a word of the cold and  
damp,  
Nor yet of the gloom about her,  
But she mended the fire, and lighted  
the lamp,  
And she put on the place a different  
stamp  
From that it had had without her.

Her dress, which was something in so-  
ber brown,  
And with dampness nearly dripping,  
She changed for a bright, warm, crim-  
son gown,  
And she looked so gay when she so  
came down,  
They forgot that the air was nipping.

They forgot that the house was a dull  
old place,  
And smoky from haze to rafters,  
And gloom departed from every face,  
As they felt the charm of her mirthful  
grace,  
And the cheer of her happy laughter.

Oh, give me the girl who will smile and  
sing  
And make all glad together!  
To be plain or fair is a lesser thing,  
But a kind, unselfish heart can bring  
Good cheer in the darkest weather.

## SOME QUESTIONS.

The Kingdom of Heaven is within us,  
Then why do the church people say  
We must die ere we get into Heaven  
In the same old orthodox way?

Why did Christ tell us so plainly,  
The Kingdom of Heaven is within,  
And why do we struggle so vainly  
To live in a world full of sin?

If Heaven is reached by mere dying  
Why is it we want not stay  
On earth, whereafter we find it so trying  
To keep ourselves living each day?

'Tis the sin that must die, not the sin-  
ner,  
Christ taught it, is teaching it yet,  
Why, oh, why do we not learn the les-  
son,  
Oh why do we always forget?

If we seek for the Kingdom of Heaven,  
We will find it is close at our hand,  
We have only to turn and do better  
And we enter the promised land.

Then spend not the moments in wait-  
ing,  
For a Heaven in regions above;  
Not death, but life is the doorway  
And the key to unlock it is love.

—BELLE TAYLOR.

SHERMAN'S RIGID HONESTY.

To his aid Mr. Sherman brought a na-  
ture instinctively methodical, and an  
unfailing probity. He saw to it that  
the public money was not squan-  
dered or used for dishonest purposes.  
A claim for a million dollars was once  
brought to him for his signature. It  
had been regularly allowed, but it was  
illegal, and he refused to sign.

"It has been allowed," insisted the  
claimant's attorney, "and you must  
sign it."

"I will not," repeated Mr. Sherman;  
and he did not. He would have re-  
sisted the chief of a bureau one day  
came to him for an order to pay for  
some machinery.

"Has it been advertised?" asked the  
secretary.

"No," said the chief, "but there are  
only two places where it can be made,  
and we are accustomed to get their  
bids and contract with the lowest."

"But," said the secretary, "the law  
says it must be advertised."

"At this time may pass, for it is made  
and we need it."

"I cannot help that; the law says it  
must be advertised, and advertised it  
must be." And advertised it was, at a  
very large saving to the government—  
Saturday evening Post.

The fifth of the series of the "Ameri-  
can Girl," drawn by Howard Chandler  
Christy for the Ladies' Home Journal  
series, is entitled "The American  
Girl at Her Sports." Ernest Seton  
Thompson's "Wild Animal Play" is il-  
lustrated with figures in costumes ap-  
propriate to the story. The "Play" is  
private theatricals. "The Fashionable  
Summer Resorts of the Century" is a  
timely and readable summer article, as  
are also the illustrations of old fash-  
ioned gardens, which are contained in  
the issue.

The story of the Doctor told in a  
touching story of an almshouse in-  
mate and with the serials makes up the  
choice reading in the number.

THE WOMAN WITH THE BROOM.  
(Written after seeing a farmer's wife  
cleaning house.)

Bowed by the eaves of cleaning house,  
she leans,  
Upon her broom and gazes through the  
dust.

A wilderness of wrinkles on her face  
And on her head a knob of wispy hair,  
Who made her slave to sweeping and  
dust.

A thing that smiles not and that never  
rests,  
Stanchioned in stall, a sister to the  
cow?

Who moaned and made shrill this an-  
gry low  
Who bowed this narrowed chest for  
dowering up

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EVERY PAIR GUARANTEED.

SUPERIOR to all others  
Corsets in lightness, flex-  
ibility, fabrics, wearing  
qualities, fit and detail of  
finish. Boned with pliable  
rust-proof metal boning.  
Every length of waist,  
breadth of hip and bust  
measure perfectly fitted in  
all the new shapes, at  
prices from \$1.00 to \$3.00  
per pair.

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SOUTH  
STREET...

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interest if you live to the end of the  
distribution period and if you die the  
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your family.

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leaving either his family or his old age  
unprovided for. The great

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like to try the merits of my Face Bleach,  
but on account of the price, which is \$2.00  
per bottle, or three bottles for \$5.00, time  
and some hesitancy in spending that  
amount to convince themselves of its great  
value. I have decided to give away a  
bottle of my Face Bleach to every lady who  
will send me a trial bottle, sufficient to  
show what it will do for her skin. I will  
send a trial bottle of my Face Bleach to  
every lady who will send me a trial bottle  
of my Face Bleach, and I will send a  
bottle of my Face Bleach to every lady  
who will send me a trial bottle of my  
Face Bleach, and I will send a bottle of  
my Face