

NEWS OF RECENT BOOKS



Alfred Campbell, the Canadian poet, has been spending some time in Scotland, one of the results of which is a novel "Ian of the Orcaes."

"Starting in Life" is another book which professes to aid young people in determining the choice of a calling or profession.

An exquisite little story, beautiful in its fancies and in its telling, is "The Story and Song of Black Rod-erick," by Dora Sigerson.

A book on "Jamaica" was announced by the Macmillan Company on the day when the news was received of the earthquake at Kingston.

Francis Coultts, who has inherited much of the wealth of the Baroness Burdett-Coutts, is a man of literary taste. He soon will publish two important books, one a volume of poems containing a few lyrics and some 3,000 lines of blank verse.

George Ade, as we have not been allowed to forget, has "been abroad." You would know it from "In Pastures New" if in no other way.

Now that letter writing is fast dying out as an art through the pressure of modern life and the availability of modern inventions for communication and travel, books of letters written in the old days have a peculiar charm.

Hector Macpherson, Jr., the youngest expert astronomer in the world, although only eighteen years of age, has produced two notable astronomical works, "Astronomers of To-day" and "A Century's Progress in Astronomy."

Indigo a Product of Art.

Consul General Guenther of Frankfurt writes: "The manufacture of artificial indigo has injured one of the oldest and most important industries of the Indies and of Salvador most severely and will in time probably destroy it."

Renewed Trouble.

The head of the goat household came home with lagging steps and a drooping beard. "What's the trouble, William?" cried Mrs. G.

"Trouble enough," was the mournful answer. "There's another crusade against the billboards."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"Do women as a cause of gossip." "Idleness as a cause of gossip." "Do women gossip more than men?" asks an exchange.

TRUMPET CALLS.

Ram's Horn Sounds a Warning Note to the Unredeemed. Lot gave his children to Sodom and lost them. Abraham gave his son to God and kept him.

It is easy enough to be prudent. When nothing tempts you to stray; When without or within no voice of sin is luring your soul away;

Making an idol of Christian work is no better than making an idol of Chemosh. The way in which truth is presented has much to do with its being hated or loved.

When the preacher leaves Christ out of his preaching the devil will help him fill his church. Think of the irony of putting "At Rest" on the headstone of a wife who was worked to death.

NEW SHAFT TO BISMARCK.

Emperor's Tribute to the Iron Chancellor Just Finished. The monument to Bismarck, the iron chancellor, ordered by the kaiser for the memorial chapel of the Baden cathedral, where the dead Hohenzollern princes now rest, has just been finished.

In accordance with a suggestion of the kaiser the champion of German unity is portrayed in the armor of an old-time knight, which is partially veiled by the folds of a cloak.

With his right hand the figure of Fame draws back a veil from the design carved in relief which covers the wall space behind the statue. This represents the unification of Germany.

First comes a page bearing the imperial crown upon a cushion. Next is King Ludwig II of Bavaria, King Albert of Saxony and the grand duke of Baden, all wearing regal crowns and ermine robes.

Out of His Element. An ex-Governor of Wisconsin, famous as a story teller, once rejoiced a company of friends with an account of his experience at a New Jersey clam-bake.

"I started off," said the ex-governor, telling the story, "by stating that I had eaten so many of their low-neck clams that I wasn't in the least sort of condition for speech-making."

"I paid no attention to him and went on with my remarks. After dinner he followed me out of the hall. 'You're from Wisconsin, aren't you?' he asked."

"Yes," I answered. "Don't have many clams out there, I reckon." "Well," I said, "we have some, but it's a good way to water, and in driving them across the country their feet get sore and they don't thrive very well."

"Why, man alive," said he, "clams haven't any feet!" "Soon after that he buttonholed one of my friends. 'Is that fellow Governor of Wisconsin?' he demanded."

"W-a-i," said he, "praps he may be a smart enough man for Wisconsin, but he's a good deal of a fool at the seashore."

WORTH WHILE.

It is easy enough to be pleasant. When life flows along like a song, But the man worth while is the one who will smother.

It is easy enough to be prudent. When nothing tempts you to stray; When without or within no voice of sin is luring your soul away;

By the cynic, the sad, the fallen, Who had no strength for the strife, The world's highway is cumbered to-day.



His coming to the Elms created the most profound sensation among the pupils of that time-honored school that had ever been felt there.

Dr. Saybrook was a good teacher, and he had a good school, and the school had a reputation that covered more than half a century.

That experiment was to be made with the son of a Sioux Indian chief. Not much could be said for the old chief, Horse-Afraid-of-His-Shadow.

But his son, Swift Water, was a remarkably fine specimen of the Indian, whose intelligence, courage, quiet behavior, and evident appreciation of the white man's ways, had attracted the attention of all the army officers and agency people that had met him.

News of his coming to the Elms had preceded him a week or ten days, and the usually sedate old institution had suddenly turned into something very much like a wire-corn-popper when the grains begin to feel the full effect of the hot coals.

There were two parties, of course—boys are not unanimous on any subject, you know; but these parties were not equally strong. In fact, of the eighty-five pupils, five were friendly to the young Indian's advent and eighty were not.

Against Swift Water—"We don't want a lazy, dirty, good-for-nothing son of a savage associating with us. The Elms is not the place for him."

For Swift Water—"His presence will not necessarily contaminate us, even if he is what you say. We think he should have a fair show, and, as far as we are concerned, we are going to give it to him."

And that is the way things stood when the day came for Swift Water to arrive at the Elms. The first disappointment came to the boys as they saw that the young savage was neatly dressed in the white man's fashion, and not in leggings, blanket and feathers.

Arthur Eggleston, the most outspoken advocate of the young Indian, glanced at the faces of his four friends, and then in a sort of triumph at Bart and the others.

Swift Water lived almost a life of seclusion, rarely going among his white companions, and never forcing himself upon any of them. In the gymnasium, however, which he passionately loved, he threw off his reserve and the grace and skill with which he executed the most difficult athletic exercises made even the expert Bart Ogglethorpe envi-

ous. The fine, shewy form of the "Son of the Plains" was the wonder and admiration of the whole school. The day approached for the annual athletic exhibition on the school campus and the great event of the occasion was to be a foot race between Bart Ogglethorpe and Swift Water.

The race came off, and the crowd that witnessed it was a large one, made up of teachers and pupils, their friends by the score and several hundred other people that lived in the surrounding country.

The spectators, expecting trouble, crowded about the party from every direction, all save Dr. Saybrook and the people he was talking to, who were in a distant part of the grounds.

"Bart Ogglethorpe," cried Arthur, "this thing has to stop! Swift Water is an Indian and the son of a savage, as you say, but he evidently knows how to behave himself better than some people that make much higher claims."

And with the words, Arthur threw off his cap and the coat and "prepared for business." His spectators, always ready to cheer the brave defense of the weaker side, greeted Arthur's little speech with shouts of approval.

The noise attracted Dr. Saybrook's attention, and just as the conflict was about to begin he rushed into the crowd and peremptorily ordered the boys off the grounds.

"Swift Water thanks you and will not forget your noble conduct." One night, several months after the campus episode, the startling cry of "Fire!" rung through the halls of the old school.

It was after midnight and the inmates were all asleep, except the watchman. When he discovered the fire it had gained so much headway that the building seemed to be doomed.

Losing no time in useless efforts to extinguish it, he ran from hall to hall and from floor to floor, rousing the endangered sleepers with that most fearful cry that ever pierced the shadows of night.

It is enough to say that within five minutes after the alarm had been given all the inmates of the building were on the lawn, safe, but shivering with the sudden fright and the cold night air.

For when the young Indian, Swift Water, ever thinking of his friend, approached Dr. Saybrook and asked if Arthur had escaped, for he could not find him, the doctor started, and then, followed by Swift Water, rushed here and there calling for young Eggleston.

Arthur had a little room to himself in the corner of the third floor, and the doctor feared that he had not been roused. And at that moment his fear was confirmed, for the unfortunate boy appeared at his window, where he stood looking down in a dazed way upon the faces that were upturned toward him.

"My poor boy!" cried the doctor, "he is lost—he is lost!" The swarthy young Indian, however, did not stand in idle despair to see his friend and champion burned to death. Rushing forward where Arthur could see him, the Indian called in ringing tones:

"Wait! Don't jump! Swift Water is coming!" And almost before he had finished speaking the words, the brave young redskin dashed into the burning building.

The spectators held their breath in suspense. No one thought now of the "lazy, dirty savage." Two minutes had not passed when Swift Water's form was seen in the window by Arthur's side, and then they disappeared together—apparently engulfed by the cloud of flame-lit smoke behind them.

human aid. His injuries were fatal—the inhalation of the fiery vapor had done his work. They bore him gently out to the grass of the yard and laid him down. Presently he opened his eyes and gazed up with a smile into Arthur's face.

And then Bart Ogglethorpe pressed forward and took the young Indian's hand in his own. "Forgive me—forgive me!" he cried. "Swift Water smiled at Bart, too, and smiling thus he left them for the happy hunting-grounds of his fathers.—Chicago Daily News.

BECAME A SQUAW MAN. Son Was Angered by Parent's Opposition to His White Sweetheart. One of the strangest romances found outside the pages of fiction was the death of Enoch Brokaw, a "squaw man," who died at the White Earth Indian reservation, says the New York Herald.

Brokaw was the son of Joseph Brokaw, one of the pioneer merchants of St. Cloud. The father was wealthy and indulgent and the young man found almost every wish gratified before it was expressed.

Young Brokaw was educated at St. John's College at Collegeville and afterward took up the study of law in the office of Former Justice of the Supreme Court Loren W. Collins, then a prominent lawyer of St. Cloud.

It appears that Brokaw had fallen in love with a young woman in St. Cloud. The elder Brokaw did not consider her a suitable match for his son and strenuously objected to his choice.

The news of the marriage created a great sensation. It seemed impossible to believe that the brilliant, polished young man, who had been raised in the lap of luxury, could take up his abode with the Indians in true aboriginal style.

The Troedel Market is on a little island in the heart of the old town of Nuremberg, Germany. And from Troedel Market come the mighty armies of tin soldiers.

That is the German way of putting it. What it means is that each army illustrates a battle or campaign—the war of Troy, the campaigns of Alexander, the exploits of Coeur de Lion.

It was this rare invention that brought fortune to the rusty little man of the Troedel Market, to him and the other two hundred toy manufacturers of Nuremberg and its neighboring Furth.

The soldiers are sold by the hundred-weight. Last year nearly fifty thousand quintals were sent into the United States.

As everybody knows, there are two kinds of toy soldiers—those stamped out of flat metal and the finer kind made in molds. Modern machinery has stripped the process of romance.

Over in Europe there are many happy towns where the note of the mosquito is never heard and the inhabitants don't care a snap about the penitential market. But in America the cities which claim to be mosquitoless will not run up to a dozen.

When a pretty girl begins to work her dimples a wise man forgets his wisdom. To have the approval of one's conscience is always worth while.



- 1420—English defeated French at Herings. 1543—Catherine Howard beheaded in the Tower of London. 1554—Lady Jane Grey executed. 1630—"Ralph Roiser Doister," first English comedy, produced. 1680—The reign of William and Mary began. 1764—St. Louis, Mo., founded by a company of French merchants. 1796—Amboyna seized by the English. 1797—Spaniards defeated at battle of Cape St. Vincent. 1842—Grand ball given in Park theater, New York, in honor of Charles Dickens. 1844—Thomas W. Gilmer of Virginia became Secretary of the Navy. 1851—Gold discovered in Australia. 1852—France and Turkey concluded treaty regarding the holy places of Palestine. 1853—Attempted assassination of Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria by Libenyi. 1856—John Sadler, member of British Parliament, committed suicide as result of revelations of gigantic frauds. 1860—Bridgetown, capital of Barbados, destroyed by fire. 1861—Jefferson Davis inaugurated President of the Confederate States at Montgomery. 1862—Assault on Fort Donelson, Tenn., began. 1864—Andersonville prison opened for the reception of prisoners. 1868—First session of the New Brunswick Legislature after Confederation. 1872—First session of the first Legislature of British Columbia. 1876—First telephone patent granted to Alexander Graham Bell. 1881—Baroness Burdett-Coutts married. 1880—Boiler explosion in Park Central hotel, Hartford, Conn., killed 22 persons. 1890—House of Representatives adopted Speaker Reed's new rules. 1891—Dillon and O'Brien, Irish National leaders, surrendered to English police. 1893—Home Rule bill introduced by Mr. Gladstone. 1894—Forty German sailors killed by boiler explosion on cruiser Brandenburg. 1898—United States battleship Maine destroyed in Havana harbor. 1899—Million-dollar fire in Brooklyn navy yard. 1900—Renef of Kimberley by Gen. French. 1901—Gen. Weyler proclaimed martial law in Madrid. 1902—British-Japanese alliance announced. 1904—Dr. Manuel Amador chosen president of Panama.



The management of the Lehigh Valley railroad is so well pleased with the good work of those employees who are total abstainers that it intends to order that every person employed in the operating department take the pledge and keep it, on penalty of dismissal.

The completed short-cut line from ocean to ocean across the isthmus of Tehuantepec was opened formally the other day, when President Diaz of Mexico started the machinery which carried the first load of merchandise from a ship to a car at Salina Cruz.

Travel by rail will soon be as luxurious for horses as for their owners. The New York Central lines have just ordered twenty cars to be used exclusively for the transportation of valuable horses.

Under the new rate law the Louisville and Nashville railway declined to continue the issuance of passes to two persons who had contracts for life passes. Judge Evans in the Federal Court at Louisville held that the new law should be construed precisely as if in its general language there was an express exception excluding from its operation the complainants' contract.