Of and About the Makers of Books.

Notices of Recent Interesting Volumes and Chats Concerning Literary Men and Women

RECENT FICTION.

PHE DAYS OF AULD LANG SYNE.
Being Further Sketches of Drumtochty
Scenes and Folk. By Ian Mac.aren.
Cloth, 12 mo., \$1.25. New York: Dodd,
Mcad & Co.; Scranton, for sale by H.
Howard Beidleman.

Moward Beidleman.

Ninety-nine times out of one hundred, if not oftener, the experiment of a clergyman entering the field of letters as a writer of fiction will fail, and fail disastrously. Apart from the instance before us I do not now recall a single case wherein it has succeeded to the extent which would doubtless have been realized had the author been freed from the homiletic environment. The business of a preacher being to preach, it is natural that he should, in the overwhelming majority of instances. con-It is natural that he should, in the over-whelming majority of instances, con-tinue to perform this edifying but not always entertaining function in the novel as well as in the pulpit. Now, the preachy novel has its admirers, and in its way I dare say it deserves them. The utilization of romance as a kind of hand-maid to theology, the shifting of scenes on an imaginary canyass for the scenes on an imaginary canvass for the purpose of giving the worthy lecturer at the stereopticon a chance to indulge in highly praiseworthy precepts—this sort of thing, I say, has educational value, but it is generally conceded to belong to the primary grade. It suffices admirably in the Sunday school libraries and is of charming availability at the holiday time when grandmama at the holiday time when grandmama wishes to give to young America a Christmas i len at once readable and safe. But and this, the hortatory novel is a lily ignored, and art, very forturate for all concerned, is permitted to exist in its own person,

permitted to exist in its own person, sovereign and supreme.

I count it as the chief merit of the Rev. John Watson, otherwise "Ian Maclaren," that having only just left the pulpit of a church by traction severe in its manners and almost forbidding in its morals, he should have given to the world a series of wonderfully human sketches in which, with all their purity of insuration and their given to the world a series of wonderfully human sketches in which, with all their purity of inspiration and their tonic moral properties, there is not, from cover to cover, one single precept. I can conceive of no field more barren that that to which he withdrew for his subjects and his atmosphere. Of all the human beings inhabiting that portion of the sphere which is regarded as civilized, it occurs to me that the Scottish peasant farmer is probably the least interesting, the least picturesque; being in these respects second only to the jargon which distinguishes his speech. Yet the genius of this Scottish minister of a year or so ago, bursting suddenly upon the world of art, has gripped whole millions by the heartstrings and literally led them captive to Drumtochty. Touched by that genius, the waste places of the Glen bloom with the richest and rarest flowers of fancy; beneath the rugged ways of Drumsbeugh Blumbers and Jamie Societies. richest and rarest flowers of fancy; beneath the rugged ways of Drumsheugh. Burnbrae and Jamie Sottar, those types of the great mass of the Scottish middle and lower classes whom he has drawn seemingly with so much ease, yet with a thoroughness which bespeaks the inimitable artist, we soon discern the movings of emotions and impulses common to all mankir and even the dialect, harsh, discord.... and severe, mellows in his use into a kind of fascinating cadence which blends with the general effect and perceptibly augments its total charm.

This newest Maclaren book keeps before us the same characters, the same

This newest Maclaren book keeps before us the same characters, the same
surroundings, and the same atmosphere
that gave and is yet giving to its predecessor volume. "Beside the Bonnie
Brier Bush." its phenomenal popularity.
It treats of the crude, simple Scottish
peasant folk, canny in the craft of business, stubborn in the traditions of their
faith and kirk and yet, withal, true as
steel in friendship, loyal to the death in
patriotism and firm as the very bills steel in friendship, loyal to the death in patriotism and firm as the very hills about them when it comes to matters of principle and conscience. There are, in all, ten sketches, of which we specially principle and conscience. There are, in all, ten sketches, of which we specially commend the one in five chapters called "For Conscience Sake," in which it seems to us that the art of this wonderful writer has reached a degree of achievement beyond any previously recorded to its credit. It makes no difference who the reader is, what his tastes or predilections are, or whence his literary instincts were derived, if he be equal to the average in intelligence and not deficient in the normal susceptibility to pathos. Maciaren's sketches in this book will fasten their spell upon him, send the blood beating in rapid currents through his system and, at its climaxes—so easily reached yet so tense with scarcely revealed power and force—suffuse his eyes with the moisture of fairly conquered sympathy. The man who cannot be made to cry by Maciaren is unfit for a position of public or private trust, and should be put wader estences lest. tion of public or private trust, and should be put under esplonage lest he loot a bank or wreck a tran. L. S. R.

A SHERBURNE ROMANCE. By Amanda M. Douglas, author of "The Sherburne Series." Cloth, 12 mo, \$1.50. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

Miss Douglas' skill in the interpre-ation of youthful charcter and her tation of youthful charcter and her sympathetic understanding of the thoughts and emotions of young people were so pleasantly exhibited in the first story of the Sherburne series that she has not yet been able to bring that charming series to a close, so great has been the public demand for its continuance. In deference to many written requests that the heroine of the first volume, Lyndell Sherburne, have a love affair and be safely ensconced in domestic felicity at the last chapter, Miss Dougias has in the present book pilotmestic felicity at the last chapter, Miss Douglas has in the present book piloted Lyndell through the various episodes of a cardiac adventure. The delicacy with which this romance has been unfolded and the general brightness, purity and grace of the tale will commend it to all admirers of good juvenile literature.

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PETTERED YET FREE, A Study in Heredity. By Annie S. Swan (Mrs. Burnett Smith). Cloth, 12 mo, \$1.25. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

There is this agreeable virtue about Mrs. Smith's book: the problem in it is kept well in the back ground, while the story itself moves swiftly and easily toward its end. She has called it a "study in heredity;" and so far as that goes the book may be said to be a warning to parents that wrong-living on their part is certain to outcrop in the lives of their children, causing them anguish and humiliation. But this feature of the work is by no means delineated aggressively. It is at all times subordinated to the main story, which is a brisk and pleasing melodrama of life among the English middle classes, replete with incidents of a natural tenor and yet sufficiently varied and dramatic to sustain the reader's interest. Mrs. Smith has been likened as a writer to the late E. P. Roe, and there seems in this effort of her's to be good ground for the comparison.

SNOWBIRD AND THE WATER-TIGER, AND OTHER TALES, By Margaret Compton. With frontispiece in color and full-page illustrations and decorative cover design by Walter C. Greenough. Cieth. 13 mo. L.E. New York: Dodd, Mand & Co.

Need & Co.

This is a happy collection of fairy tales founded on the folk-lore of the American Indians, as disclosed by the government records of early Indian life and by the traditions still current among surviving tribes. The author has faithfully reproduced the spirit and color of the Indian imagination, and has been materially aided by the apt remiss of the artist, which is in evidence with several admirable sketches. So far as we know this is an entrance that I have a several admirable accounts.

lated for her successful start and urged to pursue the quest to yet more com-prehensive results.—:a:—

HADASSAH, or Esther, Queen to Ahasue-rus. An historical novel by Mrs. T. F. Black. Cloth, 12 mo, with illustrations. Chicago: Laird & Lee. Black. Cloth, 12 mo, with illustrations. Chicago: Laird & Lee.

To reproduce with anything like satisfactory results the language, manners and local color of the Jewish raceduring the supremacy of the Persian empire, or to be exact, during the year of the world 3531 and thereabouts, requires patient scholarship and painstaking care. Mrs. Black has succeeded quite well in this, her first attempt. The lines of her story closely follow the Biblical record, yet diverge sufficiently to enable the author to indulge her fancy and also to picture for us scenes and social conditions ascertainable from profane rather than sacred writ. It will not be pretended that she has been historically exact, but in the sense in which she clothes dry facts with living and breathing interest, and draws near to us, as through a telewith living and breathing interest, and draws near to us, as through a telescope, the activities of a generation more than two thousand years dead her work is historical in the highest form. Like "Ben Hur," which it suggests, if it does not equal, "Hadassah" is an excellent aid to a correct understanding of the Old Bible times, and the atmosphere of it is clean and pure.

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PRIVATE TINKER, AND OTHER STORIES, by John Brange Winter, with a frontispiece by William A. Mc-Cullough, Buckram, 32 mo. New York: Frederick A. Stokes company. For sale in Seranton by M. Norton.

in Scranton by M. Norton.

Here are ten bright, snappy stories of barrack life, each with a smile and a tear in it. The author of "Bootle's Baby" is at her best in the short story. Like Kipling she surcharges it with a verve and a swing that carry one to the end in a kind of delirium of interest. This little volume, handsome in mechanical execution and exquisite in arrangement, is just the book to take with one on a journey or to read in a leisure hour. It is like a tonic in its refreshment and like a magical spell in its quick and potent charm.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A DAILY STAFF FOR LIFE'S PATH-WAY. Selected and Arranged by Mrs. C. S. Derose; Illustrated by Izora C. Chandler. Cloth, 16 mo. Published by Frederick A. Stokes Co., New York and London. Received through M. Norton, Scrapton Scranton.

We have here a compilation of gems We have here a compilation of gems of thought, sentiment and fancy, culled from the writings of the world's great authors, and arranged for daily reading, in diary fashion. The first selection on every page is taken from the Bible; but few of the great uninspired sources of counsel and guidance are missed in this handy volume. The book is admirably suited to holiday presentation purposes. tation purposes. -:0:-

WEBSTER'S UP - TO - DATE VEST-POCKET DICTIONARY. A Collection of Words Such as Are Frequently Mis-spelled and Mispronounced. Leather, 25 cents. Received from M. Norton, This is a notably compact and con

This is a notably compact and convenient grouping of words. There are 25,000 of them altogether, beside a table of translated foreign words and phrases; but these 25,000 words really serve for double their number, inasmuch as all commonplace words, repetitions, compound words and those with well-known prefixes and suffixes are purposely omitted. Many new words appear in this dictionary for the first time, and altogether the volume is a most timely and convenient one for the pocket of the writer or speaker of pocket of the writer or speaker of tion needs occasional coaching.

THE ELVES CALENDAR FOR 1835, New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co.; Scranton: For sale by M. Norton. Price, 50 cents.

Of the numerous unique designs devised by this progressive firm of art-publishers, its Elves' Calendar is one of the most attractive. It comes in folded pasteboard, with four faces, each giving three months. The first elf, having to typify January, February and March, naturally provides himself with a snow shovel; the second, a spring-time type, appears carrying a basketful of tulips and other early flowers; the third salutes us with a sack of apples temptingly thrown open to indicate the season of harvests; and the last one stands with woeful face behind a pumpkin which bears upon its ample exterior the scars of autumnal frosts. The effect as a whole is quaintly charming. Of the numerous unique designs de fect as a whole is quaintly charming.

YELLOW BEAUTY. By Marion Mar-tin. Illustrations Reproduced from Paintings by Henrietta Ronner, of the Belgian Royal Academy, the Colebrated Painter of Cats. Beautiful Cover in Four Colors and Title in Gold. Chicago: Laird & Lee.

Laird & Lee.

This is one of the most satisfactory of the season's holiday juveniles. It is meant for children of from three years to six, but many older folk will also find more than passing pleasure in the marvelous accuracy of the productions of Mme. Ronner's cat faces. Every one of the score or more of pussy countenances pictured in this pretty volume is as characteristic and as thoroughly distinct from every other face as would be the case if the subjects had been men instead. Miss Martin's accompanying story is chic and clever; and the boy or girl who shall not take delight in this book will need to be sent delight in this book will need to be sent to the doctor for medical examination.

WASHINGTON: OR, THE REVOLUTION, a Drama Founded Upon the Historical Events of the War for American Independence. By Ethan Allen. Paper, 12 mo, 50 cents. New York and Chicago: F. Tennyson Ngely.

12 mo, 50 cents. New York and Chicago: F. Tennyson Ngely.

The author of this historical drama is a descendant of Colonel Ethan Allen of Fort Ticonderoga fame, and has been, in his day, one of the foremost practitioners at the New York bar. He has made American history a life study, and especially the history of the great struggle in which his ancestors took so prominent a part. The present drama is in two parts, each of five acts. Part one carries the tragedy of the revolution from the Boston massacre to the surrender of Burgoyne: part two, from Valley Forge to Washington's inauguration. From the nature of the subject the drama is not fitted for presentation on the stage, but as a theme of study in the library it possesses merit apart from its conscientious adherence to the facts of history and its scrupulous endeavor to be a truthful representation of the subject. It might well be introduced into the public schools.

AMERICAN CATHOLICS AND THE A.
P. A. A Complete History of American
Catholics in Their Relations to the Government of the United States; and a Review of the Meaning, Methods and Men
of the American Protective Association.
By Patrick Henry Winston, Paper, 12
mo, 25 cents, Chicago: Charles H. Kerr
& Co., 175 Monroe st.

mo, as cents. Chicago: Charles H. Kerr & Co., 175 Monroe st.

The burden of Mr. Winston's argument is that there is nothing in the Catholic religion or in any of the vows or obligations of the Catholic faith prejudicial to complete loyalty to American institutions and that, as a matter of record, many of our best and bravest citizens and truest patriots have been members of the Catholic church. On the other hand, the author's inquiry into the character of the leaders in the American Protective association convinces him that the overwhelming proportion of them are excitable, narrow-minded men, who by

reason of their peculiar mental equip-ment and undue susceptibility to alarm form a dangerous element in the com-munity. The authors argument is not dispassionate, but it is forceful and

THE MAGAZINES.

In the American Historical Register for November, the serial description of Lafayette's last visit to the United States is brought down as far as his arrival at Holmesburg, near Philadelphia, on the morning of Sept. 25, 1825. The instalment in this number of Mrs. Mary B. J. Richart's interesting traditions of Fort Jenkins treats of a phase of American history in which residents of Scranton and its vicinity naturally feel a deep concern. In addition to these two commanding special features the November Register has several readable historical contributions of a general character, and much detailed information pertaining to the patriotic hereditary societies, of which it is the official organ.

The Progress of the World, an "illustrated monthly summary of the leading facts in current history and achievement," is a new magazine which has just made its appearance on the editor's table. It is published by the Progress of the World company at 156 Fifth avenue, New York, at 10 cents a copy or \$1 a year, and is, as its sub-title implies, a digest of current news arranged with a view to permanency. Subjects of live interest are treated intelligently and at sufficient length to impart the necessary information, and the judgment shown in the selection of topics appears to be excellent.

topics appears to be excellent.

The Metaphysical Magazine has evidently found a field of its own, for it continues to give evidences of increasing prosperity. The November number of this highly interesting magazine marks something of a departure from tradition in that it contains, amidst several serious and even somewhat pedantic articles relating to occult themes, a capital "story of latter-day realism" by Frances Albert Doughty, treating of the vain attempt of a colony of advanced men and women near Boston to eliminate from their social problem the factor of age. This story is lem the factor of age. This story is

The Black Cat, which prides itself or ontaining the choicest nickle's #orth of reading to be found in print, appears for November with an attractive cover, backed up by eight swinging, nerve-tingling stories. The publishers of it have declared war on duliness in the short story line and they seem to be of it have declared war on duliness in the short story line, and they seem to be pushing their campaign to a satisfac-tory success. At all events, their maga-zine is unlikely to be laid down before the purchaser of it has read every tale in it. (Received from M. Norton.)

That exceedingly well-ed' 1 organ or the American Society for the extension of University Teaching, the Citizen (published at 111 South Fifteenth street, Pailadelphia), has among its November features a paper by Henry C. Adams on "The Statistical Division of the Interest of Contracts of the Con C. Adams on "The Statistical Division of the Interstate Commerce Commission" which will enlighten those who wonder what that commission is in existence for. There is also an interesting study, under the heading "Old Authors," of the too often forgotten "poet of blood and passion," Thomas Otway.

If anything in Chips for Nov. 9 (received from M. Norton) deserves mention, apart from L. B. Coley's humorous black-and-white drawing of "another new woman," it probably is Franklin E. Denton's sonnet entitled "What Is It to Be Dead?" That is as follows:

What is it to be dead? Who, who can tell
The awful verity of mortal fate,
lleyond the portals of that sable gate
Through which the race has passed since
Adam fell,
Toward which the cruel years our steps
impel?

impel? When, in his serious hours, that problem great great
Presses upon the heart with mountain
weight,
Who can the mob of his misgivings quell?
Does being end with this terrestrial scene?
Are we extinguished when the bolt shall smite? Or, shall our footsteps thread eternal

ere the inexorable gul Of darkness cleaves not the continuous Into and pieces by the name of days!

LITERARY GOSSIP.

The Putnams have just brought out a volume of humorous verse by the late Francis S. Saltus from which we make the following brief quotation, which exhibits the author's skill in the handling of the comic vein:

A KIND OF CRITIC With pompous mien and all-important air. He'il say your views are premature and rash, And with a grave grandiloquence declare That all the verse of later years is trash.

To satisfy his most aesthetic mind. In all the modern work he through. He grieves to state he really cannot find One worthy line, one thought supremely

You ask: "And Swinburne?" Well, he has some fre.

He will allow: "but then so very crude."

Browning? "Bah! verbose, of his style
you tire."

Hugo? "A bard of second magnitude."

Longfellow? "Dabbles in all kinds of Lowell? "A fraud, and so was Bryant, too.
They do not write," he cries, "in language terse,
As real and god-born poets always do,"

And as you gasp and dare not add a word, This critic gently smiles and says to you: "I wrote a poem that you never heard, I think you will admire it, it is new."

And he will read to you, unhappy friend,
Lines that begin "How lovely is the
night,"
And which I know invariably will end
With something like "Beneath the
Moon's pale light."

and which I know invariably will end With something like "Heneath the Moor's pale light."

By a lucky accident the writer of these lines recently got possession of the first number of a new magasine, which does not seem yet to have made the complete acquaintance of the public. It is entitled "The Looker-On." (published at 3 Broad street, New York) and is devoted, quite literary news and criticism. In the number in mind—that for October—Henry T. Finck had an appreciative review of the virtuoso Pederewiki and his art; William her in mind—that for October—Henry T. Finck had an appreciative review of the virtuoso Pederewiki and his art; William her in mind—that for October—Henry T. Finck had an appreciative review of the virtuoso Pederewiki and his art; William description of the property of the virtuoso Pederewiki and his art; William Gescription of the virtuoso Pederewiki and his art; William Cescription of the virtuoso Pederewiki and his art; William Foster Apthory gave a bright paper, lamenting description of the virtuoso Pederewiki and New; being a comparison of the lying artists of today with those of an earlier generation; and Louis C. Elson and Now," being a comparison of the lying artists of today with those of an earlier generation; and Louis C. Elson and Now," being a comparison of the lying artists of today with those of an earlier generation; and Louis C. Elson and Now," being a comparison of the lying artists of today with those of many the property of the property of

much as in flaying a new poet, or beating down a new musician, or in driving a new actor off the stage with verbal cabbuge-stalks and the stale eggs of ridicule, or, best of ail, in drawing a fierce indictment of imbecility and immorality against the present generation of mankind. There is a twist in unregenerate human nature toward this kind of work, at least in certain moods. I suppose the mildest-mannered of men has moments in which he would like to cut a throat, or scuttle a ship. The ability to inflict pain gives a sense of power. But then, I am sure, no one will maintain that this is a healthy state of mind, or calculated to foster clear perceptions and sound judgment.

perceptions and sound judgment.

"At the other extreme is the puff-and-plunder school of criticism. This also has an easy method and some attraction. It deals in unqualified praise for certain qualified performers. It revels in the discovery and announcement of new Shakespeares, Thackerays, Garricks, Titians, Beethovens, and Jenny Linds—but always within the boundaries of the family circle or stock company to which the critics belong. Their point-of-view is, that appreciation, like charity, begins at home—and sands there. Verily they have their reward. They usually make a contract for it. They resemble the hero of Lowell's 'Fable for Critics:'
Not a deed would he do, nor a word

'Not a deed would he do, nor a word would he utter, Till he'd weighed its relation to plain bread and butter.'

Till he'd weighed its relation to plain bread and butter.'

I would be understood as speaking now only of those who profess to be impartial and unbiased observers. For writers who are openly employed in the service of publishing houses, or art firms, or dramatic enterprises, to draw favorable attention to their productions, we should have nothing but respect. Theirs is an honorable business, and one that offers opportunity for the exercise of a very fine skill. There is no branch of commerce which has been more improved in modern times. I know an advance agent whose conversation is as brilliant and engaging as that of Sydney Smith, and a book-announcer who writes his notices in the purest English, sparkling with wit and full of illustrations. The advertising pages in the backs of the magazines are as entertaining to me as the earlier columns of reading matter, which are treated with more consideration and cost less money. But then, I like to know, and to remember, the difference between the two kinds of pages; and I cannot help thinking critics are sometimes tempted, by various considerations, to forget or to obscure it. The Looker-On, in these days of universal advertisment, must be on his guard against the peril of being transformed into a sandwich man or a bill-poster.

"There is another school of criticism,

in these days of universal advertisment, must be on his guard against the peril of being transformed into a sandwich man or a bill-poster.

"There is another school of criticism, midway between the thud-and-blunder and the puff-and-plunder, which may be called the gush-and-wonder school. It is the literary representative of those familiar people who say, 'I don't knew anything about music or painting, or books, but I know what I like,' and then they proceed to tell you at great length and with much enthusiasm the story of their confessedly unreasonable likings. In private life they are often amusing and sometimes profitable. It is pleasant to observe the transparent revelation of character in their unstudied admirations. I have seldom spent a more diverting half-hour than at a New England tea party, where the dear old ladies of the sewing circle were raving over 'Trilby,' and declaring that they would all the perfectly delighted to go and live in the Latin Quarter of Paris! But it is worth renembering that a taste which is not based upon knowledge, and backed, up by good reasons, is better adapted to private enjoyment than to public expression. The critic who is forever telling the world what he likes, without pains to explain and justify his liking on good and sufficient grounds, is not much of a critic after all. He is only an exclamation point. Real criticism—criticism that is needed to produce a page of print, and of human patience that is required to rend it,—is something more than the expression of personal prejudice and preposseions. It is the discovery of principles and the illustration of laws and the consequent illumination of life and art. The art of music and painting and sculpture, and postry and fiction, and acting are not affairs of chance; they are products of skill; and skill always has an idea behind it and an alm in front of it. The critic's business is to apprehend the idea, and to appreciate the aim and measure the means which have been used to bring them to excellence is very different, Mi

wishes thoughtful readers to have any respect for his observations.

"I do not mean by this that the Looker-On should divest himself of all personal likings in regard to art or literature, and look on at the passing show as coldly as at the progress of an experiment in chemistry. To do that would be to yield to one of his perlis—and not the least of them. The gusto of criticism comes from emotion and enthusiagm, even at its nutritive quality comes from intelligence and reason. I would not choose to live upon spicy salads, nor upon unsalted porridge, but upon wholesome dishes well flavored. How admirable in this respect is the book which W. D. Howells has lately given us with the title 'My Literary Passions.' It is full of generous admirations, expressed with piquancy and vigor; but they are by no means blind. He never forgets, nor fears, to give a reason for the faith that is in him; and the story of his love for books, interwoven with story of his life, is an instruction in living, as well as a guide to reading. But the danger of indulging too strong predilections in the matter of art is that they have a tendoncy to become exclusive and narrow. Because Abana and Pharpar are beautiful rivers it does not follow that the Jordan is a mere mud-puddle. Miranda sings the part of Marguerite to perfection; and Rublo plays the nocturnes of Chopin magically; and Antonius is a wonderful interpreter of Wagner's music; but shall we therefore refuse to listen to all other musicians? Let us avoid provincialism, and keep an open mind. It takes all sorts to make a world, and there are varieties of excellence."

AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS:

the Restoration period is as picturesque a character as a novellat has ever had, and Marriott Watson has proved his ability to handle the material.

Justin McCarthy does not care for books of the "Yellow Aster" type, "Women we have had always with us," he says, "and we have known her a long time. We cannot change her much, nor she us, anotherefore I'm inclined to think the modern problem novel a waste of power." Mr. McCarthy throws down the gauntiet to several people in the statement that there is no single novellst of today who can be called great as Thackeray was great and Dickons was great.

THE STORY WRITER:

THE STORY WRITER: His story had a plot, no doubt,
But then, he didn't need it;
He had to go and take it out
Before they'd even read it.
—Washington Star.

EUGENE FIELD'S VERSE.

With Trumpet and Drum.
With big tin trumpet and little red drum,
Marching like soldiers, the children come!
It's this way and that way they circle
and file—
My! but that music of theirs is fine!
This way and that way, and after awhile
They march straight into this heart of
mine! mine!
A sturdy old heart, but it has to succumb
To the blare of that trumpet and beat of
that drum!

Come on, little people, from cot and from hall— This heart it hath welcome and room for you all! It will sing you its songs and warm you with love, As your dear little arms with my arms It will rock you away to the dreamland

Oh, a jolly old heart is this old heart of mine, And joilier still is it bound to become When you blow that big trumpet and beat that red drum!

So come; though I see not his dear little And hear not his voice in this jubilant I know he were happy to bid me enshrine His memory deep in my heart with Ah me! but a love that is sweeter than mine Holdeth my boy in its keeping today! And my heart it is lonely—so, little folk, March in and make merry with trumpet

Some Time. Last night, my darling, as you slept
I thought I heard you sigh,
And to your crib I crept,
And watched a space thereby;
And then I stooped and kissed your brow,
For oh! I love you so—
You are too young to know it now,
But sometime you shall know!

Some time when, in a darkened place
Where others come to weep,
Your eyes shall look upon a face
Calm in cternal sleep;
The voiceless lips, the wrinkled brow,
The patient smile shall show—
You are too young to know it now,
But some time you may know!

Look bacward, then, into the years,
And see me here tonight—
See, O my darling! how my tears
Are failing as I write;
And feel once more upon your brow
The kiss of long ago—
You are too young to know it now,
But some time you shall know.
—:ii:— Norse Lullaby.

Norse Lullaby.

The sky is dark and the hills are white As the storm king speeds from the north tonight,
And this is the song the storm king sings,
As over the world his cloak he flings:

"Sleep, sleep, little one, sleep;"
He rusties his wings and gruffly sings:

"Sleep, little one, sleep."

On yonder mountain-side a vine
Clings at the foot of a mother pine;
The tree bends over the trembling thing,
And only the vine can hear her sing;
"Sleep, sleep, little one, sleep;
What shall you fear when I am here?
Sleep, little one, sleep."

The king may sing in his bitter flight. The tree may croon to the vine tonight But the little snowflake at my breast Liketh the song I sing the best—Sleep, sleep, little one, sleep; Weary thou art, anext my heart Sleep, little one, sleep.

I thought myself indeed secure,
So fast the door, so firm the lock;
But, lot he toddling comes to lure
My parent car with timerous ke My heart were stone could it withstand The sweetness of my baby's plea— That timorous, baby knocking and "Please let me in-it's only me."

I threw aside the unfinished book, Regardless of its tempting charm And, opening wide 'he door, I took My laughing da...ng in my arms,

Who knows but in Eternity, I, like a truant child, shall wait The giories of a life to be, Beyond the Heavenly Father's gate? And will that Heavenly Father heed The truant's supplicating cry, As at the outer door I plead, "Tis I, O Father! only 1?"

Wants It Pet Straight. He was saying all sorts of soft things to her. "Sir!" she exclaimed, with sudden in-"Sir!" she exclaimed, with adjustion.
"Oh, I beg your pardon," he replied hastily, "I meant nothing by—"
"That's just what I don't like, sir.
What I want to hear is something you mean."—Detroit Free Press.

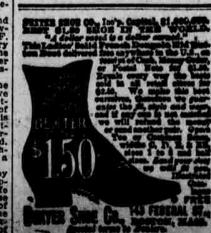
Always Reliable, Purely Vegetable, MILD BUT EFFECTIVE.

Purely vegetable, act without pain, elegantly coated, taxteless, small and usay to take, its dways; tills assist nature, attinulating to healthful activity the liver, bowels and other digestive organs, leaving the bowels as an antural condition without any bad after offices.

Cure Sick Headache. Biliousness, Constipation, Piles

-AND-All Liver Disorders. RADWAY'S PILLS are purely vegetable, mild and reliable. Cause perfect Digistion, com-plete absorption and healthful regularity. 25 cts. a box. At Druggists, or by mail. "Book of Advice" free by mail.

RADWAY & CO., P. O. Box 365, New York.



DOCTOR ALBRIGHT

A BROAD MINDED PHYSICIAN WITH PROGRESSIVE IDEAS.

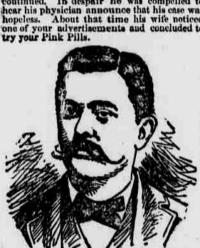
Believes in Recommending Any Medicine That He Knows Will Cure His Patients. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a Great Discovery. He Sites Some Marvelous Cures.

From the Examiner, Lancaster, Pa.

"AKRON, PA., April 24th, '95.

Dr. WILLIAMS' Medicine Co.:

Gentlemen—While it is entirely contrary to the custom of the medical profession to endorse or recommend any of the so-called proprietary preparations, I shall, nevertheless, give you an account of some of my wonderful experiences with your preparation, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. The fact is well-known that medical practitioners do hot as a rule, recognize, much less, use preparations of this kind, consequently the body of them have no definite knowledge of their virtue or lack of it, but soundly condemn them all without a trial. Such a course is manifestly absurd and unjust, and I, for one, propose to give my patients the best treatment manifestly absurd and unjust, and I, for one, propose to give my patients the best treatment known to me, for the particular disease with which they are suffering, no matter what it is, where or how obtained. I was first brought to prescribe Dr. Williams' Pink Pills about two years ago, after having seen some remarkable results from their use. Reuben Hoover, now of Reading Pa., was a prominent contractor and builder. While superintending the work of creeting a large building during cold weather, he contracted what was thought to be sciatica. He having first noticed it one morning in not being able to arise from his bed. After the usual treatment for this disease he failed to improve, but on the contrary grew rapidly worse, the case developing into Hemiphlegia, or partial paralysis of the entire right side of the body. Electricity, tonics and massage, etc., were all given a trial, but nothing gave any benefit, and the paralysis continued. In despair he was compelled to hear his physician announce that his case was hopeless. About that time his wife noticed one of your advertisements and concluded to try your Pink Pills. manifestly absurd and unjust, and I, for one,



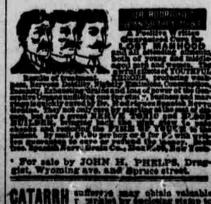
WEAK MEN
CURED AS IF BY MAGIC.
Victims of Lost Manhood should send at once for a book that explains how full manly vigor is easily, quickly and permanently restored. No man au firing from weakness can afford to ignore this timely advice. Book tolls how relogment and tone are imparted to every elopment and tone are imparted to every ortion of the body. Sent with positive roofs (scaled) free to any man on application. ERIE MEDICAL CO., BUFFALO, N.Y.



WOLA SKIN SOAP to stuply incomparable so o data purifying Soop, unequaled for the tallet, and without a straight for the same and addressly moderated. At drugates, Price 25 Comm.

G. C. BITTNER & CO., TOLEDO, Q. For sale by Matthewa Bros. and John





He said :

LOCOMOTOR ATAXIA SUCCESSFULLY

T. D. McCarthy, of this place yesterday

old a Palladium reporter his experience with Locomotor Ataxia. The account is of interest because Locomotor Ataxia is supposed to be

incurable and yet Mr. McCarthy is cured.

TREATED. From the Oswego, N. Y. Palladium.

bold weather, he contracted what was thought to be relatica. He having first noticed it one morning in not being able to arise from his bed. After the usual treatment for this disease he falled to improve, but on the contrary grew rapidly worse, the case developing into Hemiphieja, or partial paralysis of the centre right side of the body. Electricity, tonies and massage, etc., were all given a trial, but nothing gave any benefit, and the paralysis continued. In despair he was compelled to the far his physician announce that his case was hopeless. About that time his wife noticed one of your advertisements and concluded to try your Pink Pills.

Why your Pink Pills.

"He had given up hope and it required a great deal of berging on the part of his wife to persuade him to take them regularly.

"He, however, did as she desired, and fappearances indicate health in this man, one would think he was better than before his paralysis.

"Me, however, did as she desired, and fappearances indicate health in this man, one would think he was better than before his paralysis.

"Why,' says he, 'I began to improve in two days, and in four or five weeks I was entirely well and at work."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills I hope every sufference of the paralysis.

"In October, 1892, I was working at my trade, that of a machinist, in the Eames Vacuum yreached that such as abole to a machinist, in the Eames Vacuum trade, and the said:

"In October, 1892, I was working at my trade, that of a machinist, in the Eames Vacuum yreached to a machinist, in the Eames Vacuum yreached to a machinist, in the Eames Vacuum yreached heave he fore a layer that the said:

"In October, 1892, I was working at my trade, that of a machinist, in the Eames Vacuum yreached to a machinist, in the Eames Vacuum yreached to a machinist, in the Eames Vacuum yreached heave he fore have taken possession of me, and rest as long and the well work. A thred feeling seemed to have that time his in this me, one life to the paralysis out the wide paralysis of the entire that the

well and at work.'
"Having seen these results I concluded that such a remedy is surely worth a trial at the hands of any physician, and consequently when a short time later I was called upon to treat a lady suffering with palpitation of the liams' Aledicine Company, Schenectady, N.Y.



NO, 2, Contains all that has made Hammond Work famous, and NEW, NOVEL and UBEFUL improvements. "Hammond Work the Criterion of Hammond Superiority." "Hammond Sales the Criterion of Hammond Popularity." Hammond No. 2. "The Perfect Typewriter. Examine it and be convinced. Philadelphia branch of The Hammond Typewriter Co., 118 S. Sixth Street.

F. A. & A. J. BRANDA, Spruce St., Scranton Representatives.



POISON