Of and About the Makers of Books.

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

BIOGRAPHICAL.

NAPOLEON III. From the French of Pierre De Lano by Helen Hunt Jack-son. With portrait. Cloth, 12 mo \$1.25. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

Because the nephew of the Great No poleon was at heart a good fellow, who after the novelty of official eminence had worn off, became bored of its care and longed rather to play at cards with a congenial group than to be emperor of the French; and because, having failen propensities of the disreputable Mme. Montijo and married her unreasonable daughter, Eugenie, he afterward could not live with her and hence gave way to numerous indiscriminate amours, bestowing his affectoins freely on women of the court when none was left for his lawfully wedded wife, M. de Lano would have us believe that Naporomance or of drama before whom all subsequent heroes of romance and officent." But the pletures which M De Lano draws of this incomparable hero of his are anything but heroic. Al-though he tries to dress the figure up in the garb of greatness, it remains at best a very commonplace puppet, weak of will, easily worked up by plotters and flatterers, a dreamer filled with visions of desired magnificence but lacking the resolution whereby the first Napoleon would have made these visions real, a creature of fluent emotions singularly tried to govern-in short, a character picturesque only by reason of its semitragic environment, and interesting chiefly as an illustration of the vanity as eulogist rather than as biographer. His language is prefervid; his adjectives are invariably in the superlative degree and his enthusiasm becomes at not convnicing is not his fault; it is rather the fault of the poverty of his of eulogy looks withal weak and

a citation from the book in illustration of M. De Lano's fluent style and for this purpose we may well take an episode connected with the ill-starred Mexican campaign of the Emeperor Maximilian. Louis Napoleon was drawn into this fanciful scheme, we are under the influence of the empress Eugenie's enthusiasm"—which somehow always seemed to be enlisted in bad causes and to be denied to good ones"-and through diplomatic intri gues secretly conducted by Prince and Mme. de Metternich. He sustained the campaign, and preserved his faith in its outcome, just so long as the mirage of ccess kept his eyes turned away from the actual. When he saw the error into which he had fallen, he withdrew to his tent, and uttered the words of the ancients, 'Alea jacta est.' It was not, perhaps, a very generous course of action; but the logic of government is often cruel, and falls to take into consideration generosity and sentiment.'
The scene which follows describes the interview with Maximilian's wife the Empress Charlotte, in which to withdraw all support from the protected Mexican empire.

Very nervous, very excited, with a half-wild look in her eye, the Empress Char-lotte awaited with mingled feelings of hope and fear the arrival of the emperor. She dared to hope; because it seemed to her that Nepoleon III, after raising a throne for her husband, would be unwill-ing that the whole work should be de-stroyed. She could not but fear; because, by his evasive words, his disheartening actions and the pity which he showed, the sovereign had made her understand that her story had no longer any interest for him. When the emperor was announced, she went forward to meet him, and speedily cut short all preliminaries by introduc-ing immediately the subject which lay so

"Your majesty is perhaps moved at last," she said, "by the cruel fate which has overtaken my husband. May I hope that your majesty will grant him assist-The emperor remained silent a moment

then spoke with an accent of great defer-ence and of sincere regret. ence and of sincere regret.
"My action in Mexico, madame," he replied, "is at an end and I cannot renew it.
Were I inclined myself to do so, my government and the Chambers would oppose

"You are emperor, sire."
"I am emperor, madame, and my commands are respected and obeyed when they are in harmony with the glory and the interests of France; but"—he became excited—"I shall not use the power of danger, into an interminable war which France could gain nothing." from which France could gain nothing.
"A short time ago, sire, you spoke differently."
"A short time ago, madame, I had

ope."
"Ah, you had hope?"
"Hope that Maximilian would avail him

self of the assistance which I gave him and win the love of the people; that he would learn to understand their needs and

"Now I have no longer this hope."
The empress shuddered, rose and took
one or two steps across the great room;
then she passed her hand over her fore-

This is terrible," she muttered, "terri-

Once more she seated herself near the emperor and resumed the conversation. mperor and resumed the supplicating voice "sire," she said that you are kind, that your heart is touched by those who are in misfortune. My husband and I are both victims of misfortune; have pity, therefore, upon him and me. I implore you, sire, give us your support, and our hearts will love and bless you."

She took the emperor's hand, and brought it to her lips as she stooped to kneel. Napoleon III, however checked this movement, and, full of compassion, bent over the woman who supplicated

"You speak, madame," he said, touching her fingers with his lips, "as though your husband were in danger. It lies with him to avoid this danger. Let him retreat with my troops and leave behind him the dream of an empire; it was an unfortunate

Empress Charlotte drew herself up

is pride.

What is this, sire," she exclaimed. u counsel my husband to fly, to coman act of dishonor and cowardise."

I general, madame, is guilty of neither ardice nor dishonor when, after havious a battle he capitulates. Is not Emperor Maximilian in the position a defeated general? Let him act afore, as such a general would. Fine we have little sense or utility. You suffering, madame; you are much unner. I pray you caim yourself."

which he has espoused and I will die with

Again the emperor spoke.

"Madame," he said, "I beg you to examine more coolly the arguments which I have presented, and the advice which I ave given. The Emperor Maximilian's future and your own depend upon you

ing, it seemed into space; she had no ap-pearance of listening to Napoleon's words, her lips were moving as though murmur-

ing some chant.

"He will die, he will die, and I shall die with him. They will put us into the same tomb; we shall lie there together, and we shall love each other, love each other still, despite the cruelty of man. We shall be exalted and the future shall sing our class."

glory."

The emperor made a movement of dis-The emperor made a movement of dismay and alarm. He remembered the attack from which the empress had suffered at Sainte-Cloud, and he feared a similar one now. He touched her arm gently and made her sit down.

"Ah, you are the Emperor Napoleon III," she said at last, "that all-powerful emperor who raised my husband to a throue; and I am a wretched woman who implores mercy for a victim whom you have condemned."

Her voice then changed, and assumed a tone of severity.

"You have, then made your final decision?" she added. "You will leave us to our own resources with no hope of assist-

nce from you?"
"I have told you, madame," replied he, wakened to a consciousness of his pain-tel position. "I have told you that I have to longer power to assist the Emperor Maximilian.

less, she fixed her sad and earnest eyes on Napoleon III, who, embarrassed by her gaze and by a kind of magnetic influence which resulted from it, bowed his head. Suddenly, and without having spoken a word, Charlotte became desperate, and threw herself upon her knees at the emperor's feet; and before he could check her passionate supplication, she clasped her hands and pleaded with him as the faithful plead with their God in whom is their last hone.

voice were like careases, "sire, the Em-peror Maximilian has enemies in that country, enemies who do not know what it is to forgive. Unsupported, he is power-less against them and must become their victim. I have taken this journey to save nim; he awaits my return with loving im-patience, with the anxiety, too, of a con-lemned man who counts the hours which separate him from death. Sire, you have separate him from death. Sire, you have loved; surely the remembrance of your happiness must open your heart and mind to the feelings of others. I love my husband, sire, and he loves me; we are everything to each other. I entreat you to have nercy on him and me. I entreat you not o sacrifice him to the pride of a rebellious people. From him who more than once has granted life to the criminal I, sire

has granted life to the criminal 1, sire dare entreat the life of an honest man, the life of the Emperor Maximilian."

The wretched woman paused, exhaust-ed; a great sob shook her frame. She had put her whole soul into her prayer; she collapsed with its last words. Gently the some consolation. He that this heart-rending scene was prolonging itself use-lessly, and hastened to bring it to a close. "Madame," he said, "I will ever do all that lies in my power to secure the safety of and the happiness of both yourself and your husband; but I cannot, alas! deceive you as to the attitude of my government in this affair. France will no longer suport Maximilian on the throne of Mexico!" He had hardly spoken these words when he started back in horror. Empress Char-lotte had risen, one may better say leaped to her feet, and stood tall and majestic efore Napoleon III. Her lips were draws and her look was that of a mad woman, at once terrible, and superbly beautiful. Thus facing him she flung out her words

"Sire," she cried, "it is said that you are good; it is a lie! It is said, sire, that you are a magnanimous sovereign; it is a lie! It is said that you are great; it, too, is a lie! You are, sire, an evil man. You are an emperor without authority: a ruler without ideals. You are ruthless fate and we are your victims. You are the author of evil; you favor its existence. Evil, how-ever, returns to its source; it will find you, sire, and at no distant time. You and your throne shall be swept away by a mighty force which you do not under-

Her frenzy increased as she spoke and finally took full possession of her. She stretched out her arms with a wild ges-

ture.

"Move back!" she cried, three times,
"move back! Sire," she then added, "it is
my turn to say that nothing more may be
expected of you."

The emperor had risen as though struck
by a thunderbolt. For a moment he had
been filled with anger by the violence of
the young empress; but locking upon her
despair he had forgiven her wild language,
and calmed the feelings of rage which had
taken possession of him. When at last and calmed the feelings of rage which had taken possession, of him. When at last Empress Charlotte, in the final climax of her despair, drove him from the room, he bowed his head in profound commisera-tion and withdrew. When once more with-in the palace, he retired to his own apart-

ments and forbade admittance.

The Emperor Napoleon III. feared the fulfillment of these evil prophecies, and was much disquieted by the words of the woman who had thus foretold his doom. It was a relief to find himself alone and able to look capital forwards. able to look calmly forward into the ture. Who knows but that, by an effort of the imagination, that future seemed still to smile upon him? Who knows but that, in the terror of his own soul, he, in that hour, saw the star of the Bonapartes

Not very heroic, not very grand, this picture of Louis Napoleon! But is it not in keeping with is whole halfcomic, half-fantastic career? A sorry wearer, he, of the mantle of Napoleon

THE MAGAZINES.

An attractive table of contents is pre-sented for thoughtful readers by the December number of Professor George Gunton's Social Economist (New York: Union Square). Especially notable is the paper entitled "What Shall Be Done With the Tariff?" in which a forcible claim is presented for the restora-tion or protection to at least the following extent: (1) a restoration of the duty on wool and woolens, and (2) the levying of a duty of one cent a pound on raw sugar. The author contends that this would aug-ment the now deficient revenues by at least \$80,000,000 annually, which would be an abundant provision for present emergencies. This magazine (like the School of Social Economics, established by the editor, George Gunton) repre-sents the American School of Political Economy, as distinguished from the English and other foreign schools. It is the only magazine of its kind pub-

much readable literary gossip. Poems are contributed by Frank Dempster Sherman, Harry T. Peck, Frederick J. The December St. Nicholas contained many articles of real live interest, several being especially prepared with an eye to the Christmas season; but none of these was better than James Whit-comb Riley's two-page poem, embody-ing in swinging rhyme a merry jingle about "The Children."

Writers and those who hope or expect to become writers will find the Author's Journal for December an interesting and instructive issue. Probably its most striking feature is its reproduction of the essay which Hall Caine read recently before the Nineteenth Century club concerning the "Moral Responsibility of Novellsts." This is a responsibility so often and so daringly shirked that Mr. Caine's viggorous insistence upon its better observance will please most readers mightily.

Sherman, Virginia Woodward Cloud, Herbert M. Hopkins and Ernest Mc-Gaffey. A portrait of the late Eugene Field, which appears in this number, is things, by the way, are expected of Maclaren's new serial, "Kate Carnegie," which The Bookman will print during 1896. It is his first long novel.

The Christmas Book Buyer (received through the courtesy of H. Howard Beidleman) is an exceptionally well prepared guide to the purchase of holiday volumes. It reviews almost every new book issued during the prelimin-ary holiday season and lets the inquirlikely to get for his money.

Among contents of interest in the December Citizen (published at 111 South Fifteenth street, Philadelphia) are Herbert Nichol's scholarly paper on "Psy-chology and Education," and an article in the Old Authors series reviewing William Wycherley. The editorials in this issue of the Citizen are forcible

The Christmas Munsey's is probably the best illustrated magazine that ever fell from an American press. Its pic tures are worth double its cost, and the literaty features are not slow.

MISCELLANEOUS.

IVING AND GETTING CREDIT. A Rook for Business Men. By Frederick B. Goddard, author of "The Art of Selling." Cloth. 12 mo, \$1. New York: The Baker and Taylor Co., 5 & 7 East 16th st. For sale in Scranton by M. Norton.

This is essentially a text-book or nanual for shrewd business men. It comprises twelve chapters, one definand money; one showing the average losses on credit sales and the liability to business failures; one arguing at length and with much force that the applicant for credit should be made to prove that he is worthy of it; two showing the various methods employed and dangers encountered by established houses in reference to the giving of credits; a chapter on collections, with ound advice as to how best to make them; one on corporations and the lia-bility of stockholders; one on the mercantile agency system; one on the new system popularly known as "credit inone arguing for a uniform bankrupt law, and two chapters treatbankrupt law, and two chapters treat-ing of panics in general and of the panic of 1893 in particular. The book is written in a simple, straightforward style and its arguments and suggestions betoken that the author has had extended experience and is a man of sound, practical sense. There are few men in commercial pursuits whom this book would not in some respects in-

NURSERY ETHICS. By Florence Hull Winterburn. Cloth, 16 mo, \$1. New York: The Merriam Co.

Mrs. Winterburn's idea, carefully elaborated and developed in this attractive book, is that there should be a code of laws for the government of the nursery just as there is one for the gov-ernment of the community. But far from approaching this subject with a set of repellent "dont's" upon her ton-gue's end, the author has taken up the entire philosophy of parentage and of childhood, and her chapters, while not lacking in practical advice, are really ay sermons upon the responsibilities of those who beget offspring. Her judgment is excellent, her style fluent and her command of the subject thorough. No parent would become the worse for an attentive perusal of Mrs. Winterburn's book, and many parents we fancy would be benefited by it.

THE STORY OF THE EARTH IN PAST AGES. By H. G. Seeley, F. R. S. Flex-ible cloth, 32 mo., with 40 illustrations, 40 cents. New York: D. Appleton & Co. This little book is the fourth in the Mesars. Appleton's Library of Useful Stories, which aims to present various branches of knowledge in clear, concise language, as free as possible from technical words and phrases. Preceding volumes in the series treat of the stars, primitive man and plants. In the pres-ent volume Professor Seeley tells us, in lucid and entertaining fashion, about the earth, how its crust was formed what the rocks teach and also what has been learned by the scientists from the study of fossils, etc. He has put a vast range of useful information into very small space, and made it readable even to the layman.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

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The Critic gives a new and, it seems likely enough, a true explantion of "the dearth of American authors of the first-class or even of a good second class." It is the great cost of living. "A man has to work so hard in the United States to make both ends meet that he has no time to do good work. He has either to write pot-boilers or to be in some other business than that of an author; whereas living in the great capitals of Europe is so comparatively inexpensive that the foreign author is not obliged to think of his bread and butter." The writer goes on to say that it was not always so and that the most famous group of American authors—the Cambridge-Concord group—lived in a quiet, countrified way, as some few living writers still do; but authors can no more resist the influence of their generation than other people. What were formerly luxuries are now thought necessaries and the struggle to procure them is arduous. An English author can come to London to mix with his literary brethren for awhile and sharpen his home-bred wits without great expense but a visit to New fork is a most costly proceeding. A profession that afters but few prizes, and the average income of which is small, is not attractive, especially to persons who like their comfort, as is the case with cost people of literary tastes."

The time is not so far back, says the

Economy, as distinguished from the English and other foreign schools. It is the only magazine of its kind published in the United States, and is well worth buying.

The time is not so far back, says the Chicago News, when a price of 3 cents per word was considered a fair remuneration even by authors of considerable reputs. Then it jumped up to 5 cents per word and it has been jumping ever since, until now the highest point reached is 14 cents per word, with such an occasional leap into the realms of abaurdity as when a certain magazine editor recently offered the author of "Trilby" \$5,000 for a story of 1 in Maclaren and a paper by Fredérick C. Gordon describing "A Visit to Drumtochity" are of special interest. There is also a readable biographical study of the critic, Hamilton W. Mabis, and

APHORISMS BY EMERSON.

Magazine has said that no novel printed in the magazine ever made a perceptible increase in its circulation. And any man who knows anything of the business side of magazines knows this to be true in his own experience. A value of it cents per word or anything approaching to it is

THE SOLACE OF BOOKS: What matter though my room be small Though this red night lamp looks On nothing but a papered wall And some few rows of books?

For in my hand I hold a key That opens golden doors; At whose resistless sesame A tide of sunlight pours.

In from the basking lawns that lie, Beyond the boundary wall: Where summer broods eternally, Where the cicallas call.

The bowers are roofed with elematis, With briony and vine.

There pears and golden apples hang.
There falls the honey dew.
And there the birds that morning so
When all the world was new.

And still the laughing Faun pursues, And still the wood nymph flies. And you may hear young Orpheus there,

Come singing through the wood, Or catch the gleam of golden hair, When life is out of chime, I take this keg of gold and fly

To that serener clime. To those fair smill lawns that lie Beyond the boundary wall, Where summer broods eternally,

And youth is over all.

—Harper's Bazaar.

Many, very many, wearled readers who Many, very many, wearled readers who have long been surfelted with the conventional will, we fancy, join with Ernest McGaffey in his cry, as uttered in the poem, "False Chords," in the December Bookman, for truer and stronger tones. We quote him below:

I listen, but I listen all in vain.

Amid the Jangle of beribboned lyres (The which or modern poets strum upon) For some heart-note, some echo of great

thrill me and uplift me like the breath Of sudden brine from out old ocean's

But so it is that all I hear-good God! art, art, art, and sickly plaintive runes flowers, and birds, and lovelorn sere-

In cunning form, fine-moulded for the ear, Frail word-mosaics of these lesser days; Or, failing that, there comes a mystic chant Of dense, dull verse whose secret lies in Swathed like a mummy in his cerements.

And these are nothing but false chords l For true-born singers smite Apollo's harp With something of the spirit of a god, And give their very lifeblood to the song.

O, muse of mine, let not my lyre sound To such vain pipings; grant its varie such vain pipings; grant its varied touch of tears-a voice of nature's own As lucid, and as free and undefiled; And give it steel, and iron, like the

clashing sabres and of bayonets And black-mouthed cannon, wreathed in thunder clouds, Whose music rolls a menace o'er the skies Where earth is shaking to the tread of

AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS:

Balzac considered that he was wasting time if he devoted more than six months to any one of his longer stories. He frequently finished a novel in less than three. Prescott, being aimost bilind, required ten years to prepare 'Ferdinand and Isabella." The "Conquest of Mexico" required six years and the "Conquest of Pern"

six years and the "Conquest of Peru" four.

The manuscript of "Trilby" is on view in a glass case at the Fine Art society's galleries in London. It is written in a bold school-boy hand, and mainly in copy-

A Swedish translation of "Uncle Tom" A Swedish translation of "Uncle Tom" ("Onkel Toms Stuga"), has just begun publication in parts at Goteborg, by Forsten Herlund. There will be more than 100 original illustrations.

Rudyard Kipling's famous Jungle stories had their origin in the suggestion of the editor of St. Nicholas that he try his hand at writing stories for the young readers of that magazine. This Mr. Kipling was the more ready to do a be said.

readers of that magazine. This Mr. Rip-ling was the more ready to do as he said he had "grown up on St. Nicholas." He will write for it during the coming year— in a new vein; the Jungle stories are fin-

F. Marion Crawford has arrived in Nev F. Marion Crawford has arrived in New York from Europe. He considers New York a better place to work in than the south of Italy. He has two novels in course of publication, and has mapped out a third, "A Rose of Yesterday," to be published in the Century in 1897. He will not write another Indian story because "it is not well to tempt fate or luck a second time. I do not believe in trusting to luck, and "Mr. Isanes" was pure luck for me and 'Mr. Isaacs' was pure luck for me.
Yet his was in a sense a true character."
Mr. Du Maurier's manuscript of "Trilby" shows that his writing is as painstaking and conscientious as his work as a draughtsman. There is not so much actrail symmetry about the callgraphy as there is accuracy of detail and a certain harmony of aspect when the writing is regarded as a whole. You cannot see an unnecessary line or flourish and yet there is a roundness and completeness that must

have reduced the corrections of his proofs to a minimum.
The Funk & Wagnalls company celebrat-The Funk & Wagnalls company celebrated on Nay. It the first anniversary of the completion of its Standard Dictionary, by putting to press the ninetleth thousand of this work. The publishers mathematician has figured out that, if these 30,000 sets were piled flat one upon another, they would reach nearly seven miles in height; and the printed pages, if laid end to end would extend over 40,000 miles, one and three-fifths times around the globe. Another feature of the anniversary was the forwarding from the Pennsylvania depot for Michigan of a big freight car loaded wholly with Standard dictionaries.

Rondout, N. Y. CURED OF DYSPEPSIA Commander Dean writes: "As chief U. S. Mail Agent of the U. & D. R. R., good health is indispensable. I found myself, however, all run down with Dyspepsia. I doctored and doctored, but I grew worse. I suffered misery night and day, for fully two years. My case was pronounced incurable. I chanced to meet Dr. Kennedy about that time, and told him of my condition and he said, "Jimmy." you need not suffer so, try a bottle of

Goodies make us very bad.

The only teller of news is the poet.
A strenuous soul hates cheap successes.
They can conquer who believe they can
Men are respectable only as they respect
Half a man's wisdom goes with his courge. Nature loves analogies, but not repeti Where there is no vision the people

Obedience alone gives the right to com Obedience alone gives the right to com-mand.

The popular religion is an excellent con-stable.

Good manners are made up of petty sac-rifices. A man makes his inferiors his superiors by heat.
It is in vain to make a paradise but for good men.
It is better to die for beauty than to live for bread.

The highest revelation is that God is in

Sincere and happy conversation doubles our powers.
The truest state of thought rested in be-comes false.
Future state is an illusion for the everresent state.
There is hope in extravagance; there is

none in routine.

If the heathen rage it is because the Christians doubt. My creed is very simple, that goodness is the only reality. Everything great and excellent in the world is in minorities.

-Man is the image of God: why run after

Man is the image of God; why run after a ghost or a dream.
The great are not tender about being obscure, despised, insuited.
It is a bad sign in a man to be too conscientious and stick at grats.
Omit the negative propositions; nerve us with incessant affirmations.
The mind stretches an hour to a century and dwarfs an age to an hour.
I think there is as much merit in beautiful manners as in hard work.
I find nothing in fables more astonishing than my experience in every hour.

than my experience in every hour.

A rush of thoughts is the only conceivable prosperity that can come to us.

Genius believes its faintest presentiment against the testimony of all history.

Prosperity and pound-cake fire for very young gentlemen, whom such things content tent.

Let us say then frankly that the education of the will is the object of our exist

tions.

To every reproach I know but one answer, namely, to go again to my own

more.

Have no regard to the influence of your example, but act always from the simplest motive.

A low self-love in the parent desires that his child should repeat his character and

fortune.

By humflity we rise, by obedience we command, by poverty we are rich, by dy

command, by poverty we are rich, by dying we live.

No aristocrat, no prince born to the purple, can begin to compare with the self-respect of the saint.

The way to have large occasional views, as in a political or social crisis, is to have large habitual views.

Give up, once for all, the hope of approbation from the people in the street, if you are pursuing great ends.

A determined msn, by his very attitude and the tone of his voice, puts a stop to defeat and begins to conquer.

The sun grudges his light, the air his breath, to him who stands with his hands folded in the great school of God.

It is curious to see what grand powers we have a hint of, and are mad to grasp, yet how slow heaven is to trust us with such edge tools.

when he has lost all private interests and regards, and exists only in obedience and love of the author.

RIGHTEOUS SYMPATHY.

From the Wilkes-Barre News-Dealer. "Sentimental" sympathy is it, Misto Grover Cleveland, that the people of this country have for Cuba in her struggle for liberty? "Sentimental" sympathy it was too, we dare say, in your opinion that France showed this country when struggling for liberty during the revolu struggling for liberty during the revolu-tionary war. Well call it thus, and sneer at it if you will, but it is given with a full heart, and no law prohibits the bestowing it to a people who are suffer-ing the same oppression that our fore-fathers suffered in 1776. The sympathy fathers suffered in 178. The sympathy of liberty loving Frenchmen, and the recognition given us at that time, were sweet and precious, and it added new fire and courage to the patriotic souls who were struggling to break the bonds that held them to England. "Sentimental" sympathy indeed! But the sentimental sympathy together with the aid given and the exertions of the early colonists, made America free and independent as Cuba yet will be, and would there were more of the same sympathy. It is noble, it is generous, and is for the righteous

Danger Signals More than half the victims of consump-tion do not know they have it. Here is a list of symptoms by which consumption can certainly be detected :-

Cough, one or two slight efforts on rising, occurring during the day and fre-quently during the night.

Short breathing after exertion.

Tightness of the chest.

Quick pulse, especially noticeable in the evening and after a full meal.

Chiltiness in the evening, followed by

Slight fever. Perspiration toward morning and Pale face and langued in the morning. Loss of vitality.

If you have these symptoms, or any of them, do not delay. There are many preparations which claim to be cures, but Dr. Heter's English Remedy for Consumption has the highest endorsements, and has stood the test of years. It will arrest consumption in its earlier stages, and drive away the symptoms named. It is manufactured by the Acker Medicine Co., 16 and 18 Chambers St. New York and sold and 18 Chambers St., New York, and sold by all reputable druggists.







A GIRL'S DANGER.

Mothers are Altogether too Delicate **About Advising Their** Daughters.

Plain, Sensible Talks to Them Oftentimes Saves Years of Suffering: and it is Entirely a False Modesty on the Mother's Part that Keeps Her from Her Known Duty.

From the Agitator, Wellsboro, Pa.

In Elkland, Pennsylvania, a small town located on the Cowanesque River Railroad, there lived for some years, prior to 1880, Mr.

Charles H. Heath, whose profession was that of a blacksmith. He had chosen for his life companion Miss Genie Boyd and here settled with his little family to carn a living by the side of his already well-beaten anvil. On January 8th, in the year 1882, there was born unto Mr. and Mrs. Heath a beautiful baby girl, with health which promised to take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills up to the present time and it has only cost the small amount of \$4.00 to place me where I am to-day. My health is better than ever before; my complexion was never so rosy and I am never troubled with nervous spells as before using this remedy. I attribute my present condition to the healing powers of Pink Pills. Pale People, and I am glad to recommend them to any suffering as I was. My appetite, which before their use had nearly failed me, is now as good as one need wish for, and I am again able to enjoy the pleasures of life so long denied me."

Miss Heath is still using the Pink Pills and declares her intention so to do should she require medicine of any kind. She also relates instances of her friends who are having as good results as hers from their use. Clara B., and, indeed, she was a bright star in that little circle.

A few years later, Mr. Heath seeing a removed his family to Harrison Valley, a town located on the same branch of railroad near its terminus. Here for a while everything was bright and the future promised to be one of comfort to them, but suddenly it became fully apparent to the father and mother that the radiant face of their little daughter was beginning to fade. This caused them much anxiety, and a physician was consulted, but little, if anything, was done vide for the dependents, but the sunlight seemed to be fast fading from their home.

vide for the dependents, but the sunlight seemed to be fast fading from their home.

In March, 1892, thinking a change in location might add vigor to Clara, they took up their abode in a beautiful little town situated between the mountains, known as Little March, Pa., and where nature itself seemed to be a physician superior to all mankind. Here, for a time, the change of air seemed to revive their daughter (lara, but soon other weaknesses established themselves in her body, which promised to take her from their midst.

Physicians were summoned, but she continued to grow worse and it was very evident that only a few short days remained for her ou carth. The mother was distracted upon realizing the situation of her loving daughter, and it was while relating her condition to a neighbor. Mr Southworth, in January, 1895, that she I med of the wonderful results obtained oy the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for female weaknesses. Everything else having falled to add one glimmer of light to the life so fast fading away, a fifty-cent box of Pink Pills was procured from the druggist, hoping that there might be something in this new remedy. Already Clara's complexion had grown to be of that faded color so well-known to all similarly affected. Time rolled on and she was stricken down more closely with nervous prostration and again all hope seemed to vanish. Still she continued the treatment of Dr. Williams, and when the first box was gone there seemed to be a change for the better. Her nerves had grown stronger and other weaknesses seemed to mind. Where there is life there is hope," and another box was purchased and taken as prescribed. Clara continued to grow worse and it was very evident that only a few short days remained for the decing the proper size of the fall of the proper size of the pro

MRS. CAREY'S ENTHUSIASM AT

better opportunity for earning his livelihood, Her Daughter Marvelously Cured, them

From the Era, Bradford, Pa. Mrs. Hannah Carey, an estimable lady Pa., is enthusiastic in her praise of Dr. Wile

liams' Pink Pills. Mrs. Carey is sixty years of age, but still possesses much of the youthful appearance of her younger days. She had never known a day's illness until a year ago, when she to restore the vanishing beauty to their little one. The father toiled on faithfully to prosystem. She grew emaciated, lost her appetite and it was only by a great effort that she kept on her feet.

mend. "Where there is life there is hope," and another box was purchased and taken as preserbed. Clara continued to grow and all forms of weakness. They build up the stronger each day and there seemed to be new life in the little home again. Father and mother were both elated to see the improvement and once more have their daughter join their family circle.

They are also a specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as suppressions, irregularities and all forms of weakness. They build up the blood, and restore the glow of health to pale and sallow checks. They are for sale by all druggists, or may be had by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y., for 50c. per box, or six boxes for \$2.50.



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