WORLD OF LETTERS.

There are eight stories in the hand-some little book which Way & Wil-liams, Chicago, have just published for Mrs. Elia W. Peattle, and the title of the book is taken from that of the first of these stories, "A Mountain Woman," which describes the acute unhappiness of a western goddess of nature wher suddenly transplanted from the grandeur of her home among the mountains and the cataracts into the stuffy com-monplaces of fashionable New York. "mountain won an" sta ds this depressing contrast as long as she can sidering that it is part of her honey liberty by returning very mysteriously to her occidental surroundings. There her bewildered husband finally finds and there he has the unexpected good sense to permit her to remain, he sing her home in preference to his

It does not follow, however, that this first story is the best. The second one, "Jim Lancy's Waterloo," is distinctly superior. Perhaps some of our readers recall its original appearance in the braska farmer's grim, silent and ultimately disastrous battle against extortionate railway charges, drouth and mortgages. The story opens with Lancy taking his newly wedded wife from Illinois to their future prairie home, both happy, hopeful, contented. It closes with the woman returning within two years dull, apathetic and dejected, to her parents, prematurely broken on the rack of western poverty and slavish toil; and with Lancy rounded up as "drunk and disorderly" at an Omaha police station, the farm having been sold from under him despite his serf-like wrestling with ill-fate. particularly pathetic touch in it, all the more effective for being introduced without any dramatic striving, is the incident of the death of Lancy's baby. At the dinner table Annie, the wife remarks. "I don't suppose any of you have time to do anything about it; but I thought you might like to know that the baby is dead. I wouldn't think of asking you to spare the horses, for know they have to rest; but I thought, if you could make out on a cold supper.

that I'd go to town for a coffin."
"The Three Johns" is a strong study of the crude chivalry which underlies the rough exterior of prairie life, and the story entitled "Two Pioneers" is a powerful lesson in charity, with touches strikingly bold and original. In fact, ach story in the eight is characterized by a frank disregard of the conventions and an evident wish to carry its meswithout waste of energy on mere formalities. Mrs. Penttie is not a faultiess writer, but her errors are minor in comparison with her vividness and audacity. Mechanically the volume is a delight to both the artistic and the

"In the Valley of Tophet" (New York: Henry Holt & Co.) is in a certain Nevinson's carlier work, the "Slum Stories of London." It carries into the field of industrial struggle the same keen perceptiveness and the same power over broad effects which characterized his study of the municipal problem. It aims to put upon the canvas with sharp outline and daring contures of the suffering and stress of

fascinating widow who develops into a feminine devil; and the bachelor who relates the yarn evidently intends her as a type of the sex. The only merit in Mr. Postgate's effort is that it keeps

Three paper-bound issues of summer-time fiction, published by the Appletons in their Town and Country Library, deserve brief mention. "A Winning Hazari" by Mrs. Alexander, is a notably seat and pretty story, with no other purpose than to amuse, yet wholesome and enjoyable at every page. It contains in the personage of Carey a most delightful study of the Hibernian char-acter. "The Dancer in Yellow," by W. acter. "The Dancer in Yellow." by W. E. Norris, depicts the embarrassments of a scion of the British nobility who marries a music hall skirt dancer and may be assumed to be in the nature of a warning to other scions, among whom a warning to other scions, among whom this tendency seems to be on the in-crease. And, lastly, Christian Reid's, romance of Mexico, entitled "The Pic-tures of Las Cruces," is a skilfully woven story of superstition, passion and tragedy.

To their Select Novels series, the Lippincotts have recently added "A Faithful Traitor," by Effic Adelaide Rowlands, a spirited and charming fic-tion of English high life, told on melodramatic lines.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A volume opportune in its appearance at this time, when the people's thoughts nearly all have a political bent, is Osborn H. Oldroyd's "Lincoln's Camn, or The Political Revolution of (Chicago: Laird & Lee). In addition to containing a thorough and well-written review of that epochal struggle in young Republicanism, the volume presents, in an appendix, four-teen portraits and biographies of pre-sidential possibilities for 1896. An espe-cially interesting feature of this book is its reproduction of some of the principal campaign songs and cartoons of the Lincoin canvass, among the former being Edmund Clarence Stedman's "Honest Abe of the West," a lyrical outburst which must nowadays bring smile to the face of its gifted author. This poem runs as follows, to the air of "The Star Spangled Banner:" O, hark! from the pine-crested hills of old Maine,

Has swept through the land and aroused in the pure air of heaven a standard un-

deavor! Proudly the banner of freemen we Noble the hopes that encircle it there! And where battle is thickest we follow. the crest Of gallant Old Abe, Honest Abe of the West!

There's a triumph in urging a gloriou cause,
Though the hosts of the foe for a while
may be stronger,
Pushing on for just rules and holler laws,
Till their lessening columns oppose us no longer. But ours the loud paean of men wh

have past Through the struggles of years, and are victors at last; So forward the flag! leave to Heaver the rest, And trust in Old Abe, Honest Abe of the West!

Lo! see the bright scroll of the Future un Broad farms and fair cities shall crown our devotion—
Free labor turn even the sand into gold,
And the links of her railway chain ocea

Parks that float fair and free on the dark river waves
With a wealth never wrung from the
sinews of slaves;
And the Chief, in whose rule all the
land shall be blest,
Is our noble Old Abe, Honest Abe of
the West!

Then on to the holy Republican strife! And again, for a future as fair as t morning.

For the sake of that freedom more pre-cious than life,

Ring out the grand anthem of Liberty's

warning! Lift the banner on high, while from mountain and plain, The cheers of the people are sounded Hurrah! for our cause -of all causes the best! Hurrah! for Old Abe, Honest Abe of the West!

The question which confronts the reader of William Yates Chinn's latest book, "The Mercantile Agencies Against Commerce," (Chicago; Charles H. Kerr & Co.) is, Are we a nation of swindlers and liars? The impression of Mr. Chinn is that If we are not, we owe no thanks to the mercantile agencies. which in his judgment are doing their best to cultivate swindling and lying in the business community. The volume comprises nearly 400 closely printed pages, and is wholly directed to an elaboration of the following proposition from its introduction:

from its introduction:

Among the many and venal accessories and outgrowths of this mercenary system, the mercantile or commercial agencies, so called, are the most plausible in their motives, the most pennicious in their methods, the most corrupt and cewardly in their operations, and the most dangerous and degrading in their influence and results. Professedly organized to protect credit and advance commerce, they stab the one and debauch the other. Hypocritically pretending to rely upon voluntary support and to afford impartial information, they are sustained by a glegantic levy of indiscriminate blackmail, and they habitually dispense to their involuntary patrons the most unreliable those whom fate has ground down ander the cogs and spindles and wheels and whirr of factory life; yet it does not add a moral tag—it lets the picture flustrate its own moral. By very reason of its absolute lack of the preachifying inclination, this collection of stories about the industrial poor will do missionary work of real and permanent benefit.

"The Mystery of Paul Chadwick," a "tachelor's story," by John W. Postmate (Chicago: Laird & Lee) is an upto-date concoction duly seasoned with wiles, and mysteries, and plots and stratagems. The central character is a faccinating widow who develops into a gardinary of indiscriminate biackmail, and they habitually dispense to their involuntary patrons the most unreliable and distorted reports, based on Imperfect and offer imaginary data, Originating in the commercial centers where corporate wealth and corrupt combinations rule trade and certain dear commercial terror to every business that will not pay tribute to their confers or acknowledge allegiance to their tyranny. In the train of the larger establishments have sprung up a horde of lesser concerns, disguised as "collecting agencies," "clearing houses," "commercial bureaus," wherein pettifogging attorneys and irresponsible clerks compile and disseminate a villatinous literature of blackmail and extortion.

Considerable interest was recently excited among educators by the appearance in the Metaphysical Magazine of a ance in the Metaphysical Magazine of a series of papers in which the noted German scholar and philosopher, Dr. Adolph Brodbeck, outlined what in his opinion should be "The Ideal of Universities." Under this title Dr. Brodbeck's papers have been put in book form by the Metaphysical Publishing company of New York, in a handsome volume. of New York, in a handsome volume selling for \$1.50. The gist of Dr. Brodbeck's contention is that the mission of our higher schools should be not to go off on tangents in the direction of some special scientific or philosophic fad, bu strive to catch the unity of spirit under-lying all sciences and all systems of philosophy.

In a neat pamphlet printed by the American Relief association of New York, William Willard Howard, who of fifteen newspaper correspondents who left London in December, 1894, to investigate the massacres of Armenians in Eastern Turkey, was the only one that succeeded in penetrating into the interior of the devastated regions, and who was subsequently blacklisted by the Turkish government, which put a price on his head, tells a thrilling story of the "Horrors of Armenia." We doubt if a parallel narative has ever before appeared in print. Its revelations are simply indescribable. We will not attempt to make quotations. We would not trust ourselves to do this. But the pamphlet itself is for sale at 10 cents a copy by Charles H. Stout, treasurer of the Arealesia No. the American Relief association, Na-tional Bank of the Republic, New York city, and as the proceeds go into the relief fund, we trust that every reader of this notice will purchase at least one copy. Fox's "Book of Martyrs" is tame and pale in comparison.

MAGAZINES.

The illuminated cover of the June Cosmopolitan is the prettiest that this enterprising magazine has achieved since it went into the business of cove decoration. It represents a cluster of June roses, with buds and leaves trailiman's ing from the front page around to the lyrical rear one. Intellectually, the star arbeing ticle is Hobart Chatfield-Chatfield Taylor's paper on Madrid, which is the initial number in a series of papers that will present to American readers the salient political and social aspects of modern Spain. Mr. Taylor writes

Where the splendor first fulls from the wings of the morning.

And away in the West, over river and plain.

Rings out the grand anthem of Liberty's warning!

From green-rolling prairie it swells to the sea.

For the people have risen, victorious and free
They have chosen their leaders, and bravest and best of the West!

The spirit that fought for the patriots of old The Bookman for June sustains its

reputation for freshness of interest in all its departments. The illustrations are especially interesting and valuable in this number, particularly those ac-companying an article of exceptional importance by the well-known London editor, Clement K. Shorter, on "Mrs. Gaskell and Charlotte Bronte." An article on "Canadian Feeling Toward the United States" will attract attention. The Living Critic dealt with this month is Coventry Paragree of when month is Coventry Patmore, of whom there is a portrait. The latest books are well represented in the reviews, notably Mr. Allen's "Summer in Arcady," Mr. Frederic's "Dannation of Theron Ware," Mr. Crockett's "Cleg Kelly," and Miss Wilkins' "Madelon." "Kallyard Literature" disposes of the recent accumulation of Scottish novels, and Ian Maclaren contributes two more chapters of his novel, "Kate Carnegie,"

Godey's magazine for June begins with a vivid account of the annual snake dance of the Moquis of Arizona, with descriptions and illustrations of other peculiarities of the customs of these Pueblo Indians. "The Beauty of Mary Stuart" is the title of an intelli-gent and interesting comparison of the accounts and pictures extant of the unhappy Queen of Scots, with which eleven of the most important portraits are reproduced. A critical article on "The Art of Julia Marlowe Taber." is embellished with about a dozen pic-tures of the popular actress in differ-ent characters. "Some Industrial Art Schools for Women" presents informa-tion of very real value concerning the places to study in New York city, and the sixth of the "Talks by Successful Women" consists of a chat with Nor-dica, the American prima donna, about her career. These and the fashion de-partment make up the features of particular attractiveness to the sex. In addition, there is a goodly array of fic-

There is begun in the June St. Nicholas a serial work which ought to in-terest the older folk as well as the young ones. It is by Noah Brooks and its subject is "The Story of Marco Polo." Those who have heard Rev. Hudson Shaw's university extension lectures on Venice will recall the lectures on Venice will recall the ex-ceedingly interesting reference he made to Polo. The present story covers the same ground with greater detail and is worthy of high recommendation.
It, however, is only one feature in a number chock full of interesting things

"The Count and Little Gertrud." by S. R. Crockett, is the chief story in the June issue of The Pocket Magazine. In it the author of "Cleg Kelly" goes into the semi-romantic field with some success. Other contributors to this is-sue are Stephen Crane, W. W. Jacobs, Edmund Clarence Stedman and Matt

With its number for May 15, the Chap-Book begins its third year. The better-known contributors are Katharine Tynan Hinkson, Maria Louise Pool. Stephane Mallarma and Neith Boyce. The drawings in this number are notably clever. are notably clever.

The Lotus (published at 1014 Wyandotte st., Kansas City) has left the inter-collegiate field and branched out as a "literary and artistic journal" with a hankering for a general circulation. e T. Southwick succeeds F. Hilliard Johnson as editor, Frederic Thor-eau Singleton takes charge of the me-chanical part and A. H. Clark, of Lawrence, Kan., is art editor. In the Lotus for May 15 Arthur Grissom has a really captivating story entitled "The Mys-terious Mrs. Munn." It is a good offset to the duliness of the standard of the to the duliness of the remainder of the

"BOOKMAN" GOSSIP.

Here are three delightful anecdotes, all of them strictly true, that cast a somewhat lurid light upon the literary culture of East, West, and South respectively. The scene of the first is laid in Providence. Rhode Island, where a young lady was asked the other day by her uncle to make some purchases for him, of which he gave her a written list. The first item was "Scott's Emulsion," and after glancing at it the intelligent young woman made straight for a certain large book shop, where she was received by an equally intelligent salesman.

"I want a copy of Scott's Emulsion," said she casually.
"Scott's what:" said the clerk.
"Scott's what:" said the clerk.
"Cott's Emulsion," replied the maiden.
"Oh, yes," was the answer. "Well, you see, we don't sell Scott's works except in complete sets."

The scene of the second occurrence is in a thriving city of the West, where a Southern litterateur of distinction had just delivered a long and critical lecture on Matthew Arnold to a fashionable audience. A friend of the lecturer, while passing out of the hall, overheard the following conversation between two laddes:

"That was a pretty good lecture, on the whole; but who was this Matthew Arnold, anyway."

anyway?"
"Oh, I don't know. I haven't time to keep up with all these new Southern writers!"

The last incident occurred in a university town in one of the Southern States. A reading club had been organized, each member of which was required to prepare a paper on some designated literary masterpiece. One member, an Episcopal clergyman, was asked to take for his subject Sir Thomas Malory's Morte d'Arthur, immediately after the meeting he sought the study of a literary friend.

"What is this Morte d'Arthur that they've given me?" he queried anxiously. "Of course I've always known that Malory edits The Churchman, but I never heard that he'd written a book!"

Ian Muclaren's Bonnie Brier Bush threatens to become as much an advertising fad as Tribby was. Only the other day we saw it used in connection with a patent varnish, and now we are in receipt of a musical march called The Bonnie Brier Bush, which has been composed by W. Frank Tompkins, of Paineville, O.

Among the recently disinterred manuscripts of Charlotte Bronte has been found a fairy tale, entitled The Adventures of Edwin and Alembert. It is a curious and remarkable anticipation of Mr. Ruskin's The King of the Golden River. Mr. Ruskin has read the story, and pronounces it finer than his own.

NOVELIST CAINE'S

Plea for Peace.

At the recent arbitration meeting in Queen's hall, London, Hall Caine, the novelist, made this plea for arbitration of disputes between the United States and England: "A man of letters does not often intrude himself upon a political platform, and perhaps the only apology I can make for being here is that I am one of the latest of our countrymen to return from a visit to America. In the character of a recent American visitor, I have to assure you that America does not want war with England, or with any other country. By terrible experience Americans know what war can be. Nothing impresses the traveler in America more profoundly than the sense that deep in the American character iles the memory of the civil war. The bitterness has gone from the wounds it made, and old soldiers of north and south no longer refuse to sit down at the same table; but the scars remain, and when Americans speak of their great war, it is with straightened faces. For four years of awful struggle, a million of dead, and sil their own dead-their own, whether north or south. War has come very close to Americans. The men are still only in middle life who fought on the battlefields of ISM to 1854, and the women are not yet old who nursed their sons in the hospitals. We have no reason to fear that our appeals in the interests of peace will fail of a response in America. There is no end of piuck and courage there; the people are not so far given up to getting and spending that they forget their duty to their country. They have one of the smailest of standing armies, and yet they are a great milliary nation, with an intelligent, brave, and almost limitiess rank and flie ready to take the field. Whatever else they blow about, they don't blow about their miliary prowess, and yet they have done some of the greatest things in modern warfare. But in no part of the world is the horror of war greater than in America, and nowhere would any practicable plan of lessening the dangers of war be halled with more enthustasm.

"The recent upheaval of popular f

"The recent upheaval of popular feeling, both in England and America, over the Venezuelan entanglement was an alarming experience to such of us as were untouched by the war fever. To such as saw the trouble from both sides of the ocean it was hardly less than appalling. It chanced that I was in America when it began. It would be presumptuous on my part to discuss the political issue, and I will not dare do so; but I saw that Lord Salisbury's letter criticising the Monroe doctrine—a leter which seemed so strong and statesmanilize in England—was running counter to a national sentiment in Americanter. trine—a leter which seemed so strong and statesmanlike in England—was running counter to a national sentiment in America that had almost wathered the force of a superstition, and that a foreigner could not fully understand. On the other hand, I saw that, when Mr. Cloveland's message was assailed in England and elsewhere as a mere attempt to push along a third-term boom, it was being unjustly attacked, and that English criticism of the president was only uniting the parties in America in his favor. It was my pleasures and privilege to see a little—a very little—of Mr. Cleveland, and if his menace of war was mercily a badly calculated election ruse planned months ahead, the crime must have been perpetuated when I was in his house. I can only say, on the strength of the little I saw of the president, and on the authority of whatever observation I may have, that he left a deep impression upon me of strength and uprightness, of purity of political purpose, and superiority to all personal ambitions that were not ever set. of political purpose, and superiority to all personal ambitions that were not good and true; I found him a lover of England and a lover of peace. Everything that was said, everything that was done by his intimate friends and family during that short time left the conviction that he did timate friends and family during that short time left the conviction that he did not want a third term, and would not take it if it were offered him. Only at a moment of war fever could the English people have accused of mean and impure motives a statesman who had never before given evidence of meanness and impurity. Moreover, any cooler tribunal than two countries at fever heat would have remembered (what has never even been remarked upon) that Cleveland's ill-fatted proclamation was the same in spirit and almost literally the same as that of Lincoln when a similar entanglement with France occured in Mexico in 1868.

"All the same, Mr. Cleveland's proclamation was a shock to lovers of peace, and if such a danger can threaten us from so unlikely a source, no more proof is necesation was a shock to lovers of peace, and if such a danger can threaten us from so unlikely a source, no more proof is necessary that we want an improved method of sptling international disputes. At present England and America stand to each other in the relation of the neighbors in the familiar definition of the boy in Sunday school: Johnny, who is your neighbor? 'And what is your duty to your neighbor?' The person that lives next door.' And what is your duty to your neighbor?' To keep my eye on him.' We who are on this platform think an international court of arbitration would lessen the dangers of war. Such a court was tried in the case of the Alabama dispute, and in spite of some mismanagement on our zide it worked well, and reflected honor on the wisdom of Mr. Gladstone. Of course, we know that an arbitration court would not be an infallible preventive, and that it would presuppose a force behind it. We don't expect that it would abolish standing armies, but we think it would reduce them. It would be a council, not of war, but of peace. Peace would be its object, and when it failed to maintain peace it would be humiliated if not disgraced. Its business would be to understand both sides; it would begin with the motto that no devil is so black as he is painted, and it would end with the maxim that 'he that ruleth his spirit is better than he that taketh a city.' It might encounter practical difficulties and some will ask us what we will do in the cases in which it will fail. We will do what the clergyman did in Abraham Lincoln's favorite story: The clergyman had to cross the Fox river on horseback at a time when it was much swollen and very dangerous. 'What will you do when you come to the Fox river—until I get to it.'

"If ever there was a time to try an arbitration court, it is now, when the shader."

mediately after the meeting he sought the study of a literary friend.

"What is this Morte d'Arthur that they've given me?" he queried anxiously. "Of course I've always known that Mallory edits The Churchman, but I never heard that he'd written a book!"

Stephen Crane's forthcoming novel, Dan Emmonds, which was announced for publication in June, will not be rendy until the autumn. Edward Arnold will publish immediately, however, a new story by Mr. Crane, entitled George's Mother. W. D. Howells has expressed the opinion that this story is altogether the best bit of work Mr. Crane has yet done. The book will sell for seventy-five cents, and a first edition of 10,000 copies is being printed.

until I get to it.'

"If ever there was a time to try an arbitration court, it is now, when the shadow of a great disaster has hung over us and passed on. And if ever there were two countries made by nature for the experiment, it is England and America. We are one family, and, of course, we exercise their sometimes. When I am asked if I did not see in America a disposition to snicker at England, I answer that perhaps I did see it; but is it not true that we, too, frequently see a disposition in England in what the Canadian minister of finance calls her splendid isolation lacked the sympathy of America, is if not the fact that during her great struggle for unity America a lacked a good deal of the sympathy of England? But under the friction of lesser

retirement from the editorship of the Cornhill Magasine, it may not be generally known that one of the most spirited things done by the Cornhill was to purchase George E g 's Remola. The sum paid was immense, but the circulation of the magazine was in consequence reduced about 10,000. The fact is, even then the general reader felt Romola to be rather heavy.

Ian Maclaren's Bonnie Brier Bush threatens to become as much an advertising fad as Triby was. Only the other day we saw it used in connection with a patent varnish, and now we are in receipt of a musical march called The Bonnie Brier Rush, which has been composed by W. Frank Tompkins, of Paineville, O.

Among the recently disinterred manuscripts of Charlotte Bronte has been found a fairy tale, entitled The Adventures of Edwin and Alembert. It is a curious and remarkable anticipation of Mr. Ruskin's "War between England and America

sassinated, we held his burial service in St. Paul's cathedral.

"War between England and America would be indeed not only an absurdity, but a crime.' Think of it on its religious side. As Lincoln said, 'We read the same Bible, we pray to the same God.' If we were at war we should both ask the Almighty Ruier of Nations to be on this side and that. When a battle would be imminent the church bells would ring in Washington, so that the people there would be asked to pray that they might be the ministers of God's chastisement upon us; and if the victory fell to our side the bells would ring in London, that we here might give thanks to God for allowing us to slaughter the Americans. God can't answer both, as Lincoln said in another connection; and God forbid that he should ever be asked to answer ciner; it would be civil war, and nothing strikes deeper into the fibre of a people. If nations cannot be unbeld without brother fightling against brother and father against son, then in God's name let them go down."

OUR COUNTRY IN LITTLE.

Senator Cannon's Proposed Great Ground Map .- A Scheme to Construct on the Potomac Flats in Washington a Reproduction in Miniature of the United States.

When young Mr. Cannon of Salt Lake city was elected to represent the new state of Utah in the United States senate, he got, says the Sun, the particular opportunity which he had mose desired for several years. It was a chance to propose, in a way which should be sure of attracting thoughtful attention, his scheme for the construction by the government of a gigantic ground map of the United States, to be known as "Our Country in Miniature." Senator Can-non's resolution provides for the appointment of a commission of five citi-zens, "three to be selected by the president, one by the president of the senate, and one by the speaker of the bouse, to examine into and report to congress upon the practicability, advisability, and cost of establishing at or near the city of Washington a ground map of the United States of America, on a scale of one square yard of map surface for each square mile of actival area. for each square mile of actual area, or on such a scale as it may be possible to comprise within the recismation of the Potomac flats, said ground map to be as nearly as may be our country in miniature, reproducing in earth and other materials, on scale, the boundaries and the topography, all the nat ural and artificial features of the surface, showing geographical divisions; also, mountains, hills and valleys, for-ests, lakes and streams, cities and vil-lages; and said commission is to serve without compensation." AN OLD IDEA.

For a long time Senator Cannon has cherished the idea of consructing such a map. He proposed it to the managers of the Chicago fair in 1890, but they did not grasp the importance or worth of the project. Now he says he is very glad they did not, for there is a prospect that by government construction and care it will be made a permanent thing. Senator Cannon's plan is very compre-Senator Cannon's plan is very compre-hensive. His design is to establish at or near the capital of the nation a ground map of the country, which shall furnish in general and in detail a com-plete view of the vast domain within the boundaries of the United States. To do this satisfactorily he proposes that the map shall be constructed on the scale of one square yard for every square m'le of actual territory, or one-one thousand seven hundred and sixti-eth of the natural size of the country. this is not an excessive size for a ground map, but it is twenty-five times or more the scale which ordinary map makers use. To provide a map on this scale there will be required 625 acres. Upon it will be projected all the geographical lines, all the topography and what map makers call the "culture" of the United States, that is all improvements made by men, towns and cities. ments made by men, towns and cities, railroads, canals, and public works. railroads, canals, and public works.

Upon such a tract of land there would
first be established the periphery of the
United States, 10.855 yards in length,
representing the 19.855 miles of our actual boundaries by land and water.
Then from the apparent sea level on
the east and west the tract would be graded to a vertical scale correspond-ing with the horizontal scale to show the greatest height attained by any of our mountains. All the rivers, all the lakes, all the forests, all the mountains, all the valleys, all the cities and villages of the country, would be reproskill of the landscape gardeners could produce. Upon such a map the Mississippi river with its Missouri tributary will be 4,506 yards long and about three feet wide. Lake Michigan will contain 22,000 square yards of actual water surface. Upon such a body of water minface. Upon such a body of water min-iature steamboats and sailing craft could ply. The cities would probably be built of glass, so that by running electric wires under them they could be

Illuminated at night. In Senator Cannon's original scheme it was designed to have footpaths run on the state lines so that the observer could bass around each state. When such paths would not interfere with the topography or the culture they would also be run through the larger states. A grand driveway will be constructed around the boundary of the United States. It may also be found desirable to have a transcontinental driveway, following, perhaps, the line of the Union and Central Pacific railways, or neighboring state lines. One of the principal exhibits which would be sought to be made by the map would be the 228,000 schoolhouses in the United States. In the succeh which he made upon the introduction of his recolution in the seconds. in the senate, Mr. Cannon said that it was quite practicable with the skill now at the command of landscape gardeners thus to reproduce the coun-

Scientific men have been greatly interested by Senator Cannon's proposi-tion. Mr. Cannon himself is working hard to assure governmental construction of the map at Washington. If he fails in that the map will be constructed

OF VALUE TO WOMEN

Interesting Information that Should be Carefully Read by the Fair Sex.

It Treats of the Dangers of Procrastination. Points out the Way to Relief from Various Ills. Story of a Mother and Daughter.

From the Chronicle, Chicago, Illinois.

A story remarkable in many respects is told by Mrs. George Argile which contains much information which will be appreciated by thousands of women who are suffering as she did, and they will find relief from all their trouble, so easily, so quiekly, and opermanently that they will wonder how the possibility came about.

Mr. George Argile left his native home in Yorkshire, England, eight years ago to embrace the greater opportunities this country offered. He was fortunate in immediately securing a responsible position on his rarival in Chicago with the Chicago wi

woman.

This is the story of what Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People have done for her, and of course she is well satisfied with the benefits she has received. But this does not end by any means what she has still further to tell, and what is more she speaks with the same knowledge she has of her own case, the case of her little daughter Emily who is 15 years old. She says in regard to her, "about three years ago Emily in the summer months when diphtheria was prevalent, was taken down with it. She was very ill and had a serious time of it for weeks. Several times down with it. She was very ill and had a serious time of it for weeks. Several times I doubted whether she would pull through, but thanks to her strong constitution she got better and after many weeks was about again. I noticed, however, that something was left in her throat which seemed to effect her. Then, too, she did not regain her old lively spirits. She was languid in her movements, she complained of being tired and Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

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