IN THE REALM OF BOOKS

THE FALL SEASON OPENS WITH SOMETHING DISTINCTLY NEW IN LITERATURE—PIDGIN'S "THE CLIMAX."

CHARLES FELTON PIDGIN, who wrote "Biennerhassett" and "Quincy Adams Sawyer," has achieved something new in American fiction. It is a historical novel wherein he has invented all the "history" except a few of the names. Aaron Burr is the central figure. Wild as are Haggard's stories, they are tame when compared with this fairy tale. It opens with an account of Alexander Hamilton engaging a woman to act as a spy on Burr. She figures in many chapters. The action begins in earnest when Burr forces President Jefferson to appoint him General of the United States Armies. In that capacity, Burr invades and conquers Mexico and Central America, and acquires all the islands of the West Indies except Jamaica. Then Burr is chosen President. Says the author:

"It was the Summer of 1808 when the great reception of Burr and his victorious Generals took place at the National capital. The Americans were then, and always have been, idol-worshipers, and Aaron Burr was the idol of the hour. By popular acclaim he was nominated for the Presidency, and the selection of delegates and the casting of ballots was of pro forma character. . . . But if Burr had startled his political opponents by his military operations, he was to astonish them still further by the changes which he suggested in the Constitution of the United States."

With charming naivete, Mr. Pidgin tells of a constitutional amendment under which Burr was re-elected for a term of eight years. In his first term as Chief Magistrate, he created the Departments of Commerce, Agriculture, Manufacturing and Mining, put through a homestead law, built a canal across the Isthmus of Panama, emancipated the slaves and settled them in Mexico, Central America and the West Indies, and inaugurated a vast scheme for internal improvements. He then declared war with England, was victorious on the sea, and added Jamaica to our possessions.

After this victory, leaving the Vice-President (name not given) to tend shop at Washington, Burr took command of a great army, invaded Canada and captured Montreal. Then came the great battle of Chaudiere before Quebec, and the surrender of that citadel. Canada was added to United States territory. Toward the end of his second term (1820) he forced the nomination of Andrew Jackson as his successor and dictated Jackson's policy!

These in brief are the main events as recorded by the modern Hans Christian Andersen. Incidentally in the Canada campaign Burr falls in love with Stephanie, Countess d'Auxrois, the daughter of Kings, whom the French revolution has exiled. He appoints her as one of his aides in the assault on Quebec. However, this was not strange, as several of his Generals took their wives with them on this campaign, the ladies serving with bravery and intelligence in carrying orders. At the age of 80, long after he has retired from office, Burr marries Stephanie.

And a vein of rude comedy runs through the "history." Abiel Budlong, a country bumpkin of Litchfield, Conn., carries it. He bobs up unexpectedly in every big event chronicled, always with "Hello, Aaron," "Hello, Abe," when the great man greets his humble admirer.

A short paragraph in the short preface saves the author from the extremity of ridicule: "One more word; being purely imagination, this work cannot be historically true; but I would ask the reader if he or she does not wish it were true."

Dr. Cuyler's Autobiography.

Recollections of a Long Life, an autobiography, by Rev. Theodore L. Cuyler, D. D., LL. D. (The Baker & Taylor Company.)

Autobiographies of famous divines have been frequent, and like the autobiographies of many prominent men, they have often been labored and not very accurate pictures. The common faults of such books, however, cannot be urged against "Recollections of a Long Life, an Autobiography," by Dr. Cuyler, of Brooklyn.

When the book was undertaken, Dr. Cuyler felt unequal to the task of a detailed autobiography, to say nothing of his prejudice against such "big books of little interest." As the book developed, however, the doctor's "recollections" rounded into a life story of the most interesting and fascinating sort. The doctor is seen against a background of other people with whom he has been associated, and thus the picture is most characteristic of his life.

Two things contribute greatly to the interest of this book—first, the doctor's remarkable memory even for conversations of many years ago and for anecdotes and stories of the great men with whom he has been associated; and, second, his innate dislike of anything that is tedious. He has condensed his autobiography and recollections into a volume so full of life and thought that it cannot but leave the average reader hungry for more.

When Dr. Cuyler was 20 years of age and fresh from Princeton, he traveled in England and France. He was full of energy, and his interest in the great writers still living led him to seek these people in their homes, an occurrence not as common then as in these days of promiscuous interviewing and lion-hunting. This trip was taken 60 years ago, and the chapter on "Great Britain Sixty Years Ago" gives us glimpses of the great authors which probably no other American could duplicate. He visited the land of Burns and learned from the old peasants of the respect and awe in which the Scotch poet was held. He visited Wordsworth at Rydal Mount Cottage and talked with the old poet and his wife. They walked about the country together, and in him the doctor found, instead of a "grave recluse in scholastic black," a genial man much like the average New York farmer in appearance. Dickens he saw in London, and the account of his two visits to Carlyle, the first on his trip when Carlyle must have summed up the impressions of the other great writers in his opening sentence, "You are a vera young mon," in his broadest Scotch, but with a genial laugh; and later, when the doctor was a famous pastor and visited Carlyle, then bent with age and not in cheerful humor. The recollections of Carlyle are among the most fascinating and striking parts of this book, and furnish a new view of the old iconoclast.

Shortly afterward he resolved to enter the ministry, and in the 60 years since that time his life has been devoted to Christ. Strong, hopeful and vigorous, the doctor has been interested in practically all of the great forward movements of the past 50 years, and in this life work he has stood shoulder to shoulder with the greatest men of the times. His glimpses of these men and his stories about them are perhaps the best and most interesting parts of the book. Of the famous preachers and students whom he knew intimately and well, few, if any, remain alive today, but the doctor is laboring as best his age will permit in the same causes to which he has devoted his life. Beecher was his fellow-worker in Brooklyn. Spurgeon, Newman Hall, Dean Stanley, Moody, Sankey, Finney, Father Theobald Mathew, John B. Gough, Neal Dow, the Alexanders, and many of the great hymn-writers, philanthropists and evangelists, and in fact all of those whom we identify with the great reform movements of the last half-century, are recalled here, and the generous love and keen wit of Dr. Cuyler are seen in his anecdotes about them.

Washington Irving Dr. Cuyler knew and talked with upon occasions, and his reminiscences of the "father of American literature" are very pleasant, and seem to take the reader back to another period of American life very remote from the present generation. Whittier and Greeley, an odd pair perhaps, though linked in a common cause, were both intimate friends of Dr. Cuyler, who came to his home and of whom he had a fund of pleasant recollections. Of statesmen, Lincoln through the Civil War and Gladstone are also written about. These men commanded Dr. Cuyler's deepest love and respect.

The book, in spite of this vast fund of anecdotes, is not very long nor for a moment tedious, nor is it all recollections of prominent men.

In dealing with the "new theology," and primarily with the theory of evolution, he quotes from Spurgeon, who said: "If we are not the product of God's creating hand, but are only the advanced descendants of the ape, then we ought to conduct our devotions accordingly and address our daily petitions 'not to our Father which is in heaven, but to our father which is up a tree.'"

Jesus, the Jew.

Jesus, the Jew, and other addresses, by Harris Weinstock. (Funk & Wagnalls Company, New York and London.)

Progressive Hebrew thinkers, such as Dr. Felix Adler and late Rabbi I. M. Wise, have never lacked an interested and appreciative public for their utterances, even when these have run counter to the fixed beliefs of orthodox Jews and sectarian Christians. A similar reception has been accorded Mr. Harris Weinstock, a Jewish liberal, who recently delivered at Stanford University a course of lectures upon the relation of the Jews to the Gentile world, and, in particular, their attitude toward the person and teachings of Jesus. Owing to the widespread attention which these addresses commanded, both from Jew and Gentile, and the continual demand for printed copies, their publication in a single volume was determined upon, and this book, which takes its title from the initial address, is the result.

As to the nature of its contents and the kind of readers to whom it appeals, we quote the words of President Jordan, of Stanford University, who writes the introductory:

"What is the modern Jewish idea of Jesus? Do the Jews look forward to the coming of a Messiah? Do they continue to look upon themselves as God's chosen people? Does the modern Jew approve of intermarriage? These and similar questions have been asked of the author by non-Jews who were seeking enlightenment on these subjects.

"These addresses are designed, not especially for the theologian, nor for the layman; not for the churched, nor the unchurched; not for the Christian, nor for the Jew; but for all who are earnestly interested in these inquiries. An effort has been made to be as explicit and simple as possible."

"Ship of Silence and Other Poems."

In a recent number of The Outlook there appears from the pen of Mr. James Lane Allen a really notable review of Mr. Edward Uffington Valentine's "The Ship of Silence and Other Poems." (The Bowen-Merrill Co.)

In this charming essay, for it is nothing less than that, the beautiful possibilities of a book review are revealed; and it would be well for the discouraged reader, who is ever mourning the lost critics, to turn for inspiration and encouragement to Mr. Allen's flawless exemple of literary reviewing.

"A fresh voice has of late been singing through the green wood of American poetry. Those who have had the good taste to listen must soon have discovered that the songs are not always made out of material within the wood."

In this way, Mr. Allen begins his estimate of Mr. Valentine's verse and he closes his flattering, but judicial analysis with this paragraph

"This is Mr. Valentine's first book. It makes its appearance with the distinction of unobtrusiveness. There is a certain triumph for literature in the fact that a man should find, as the chief concern of his art, the beauty of the world in which we must all live, and the beauty of the human spirit which we should all share. To succeed on these heights is success indeed."

An Epitomized Biography.

The initial volume of a first-novel series to be brought out by a New York publisher this Fall is entitled "The Ragged Edge," and is written by John T. McIntyre, a Philadelphia newspaper man who gives the following biographical matter about himself. "Born in November, 1871; was sent to school at 7; stopped going at 11; began to write for publication when 20, and now has a package of return slips from publishers which is about a foot thick. First thought of writing 'Ragged Edge' in '94; began it in '98, but gave it up after a few months. On the advice of Talcott Williams, took story up again, and when it was finished I sent it to a New York publisher. The train on which it was carried was robbed and the manuscript was lost. I rewrote the story and when this work was finished the original turned up. This is about all there is to it."

A New Book by Riley.

Prominent in the Fall list of books for young people, Scribners announce a volume of new verses by James Whitcomb Riley. The book bears the happy title of "The Book of Joyous Children."

Mr. Riley, as is well known, has, among his other gifts, that of aptly naming his books, and this one certainly bears a felicitous title. His success in the writing of rhymes of children and for children has been markedly great.

Of late years he has paid more attention than formerly to this class of composition, and the encouragement he received led to the making of this last book, which doubtless will contain the best that is in him.

His last previous book for children was "A Child's World," which was hailed with delight, not only in this country, but abroad.

Dr. Wilson's American History.

Dr. Woodrow Wilson, recently elected president of Princeton University, has completed his "History of the American People," upon which he has spent several years of writing, and the work will be published within a few days in a five-volume edition. Professor Wilson has spared no labor in collecting from the original sources all the material necessary for his work, and the publishers have supplemented his efforts by obtaining from many different sources copies of old prints, paintings and sketches. One of these is a portrait of Columbus, dated 1490, the original of which is in the Spanish Government collection at Seville.

Mark Twain on "Huck Finn."

It will be recalled that not long ago the Omaha public library barred out Mark Twain's "Huckleberry Finn" on the ground that its influence upon the youthful mind was pernicious. The Omaha World-Herald sent Mr. Clemens a telegram, which called forth the following characteristic letter:

York Beach, Me., Aug. 23.—Dear Sir: Your telegram has arrived, but, as I have already said all I want to say concerning Huck Finn's new adventures, there is no need to say it over again. I am making this remark by mail instead of telegram in order to secure speed; your courtesy requires this promptness of me. Lately it has twice taken a telegraphic dispatch four hours and a quarter to reach me here from Boston, a distance of 40 or 50 miles; therefore, if I should answer you by that vehicle I estimate that it would be upward of eight days on the wire, whereas I can get it to you by mail in two.

I am tearfully afraid this noise is doing much harm. It has started a number of hitherto spotless people to reading "Huck Finn," out of a natural human curiosity to learn what this is all about—people who had not heard of him before; people whose morals will go to wreck and ruin now.

The publishers are glad, but it makes me want to borrow a handkerchief and cry. I should be sorry to think it was the publishers themselves that got up this entire little flutter to enable them to unload a book that was taking too much room in their cellars, but you never can tell what a publisher will do. I have been one myself. MARK TWAIN.

On How Stories "Come Out."

Wilkie Collins has told us that for a writer to establish satisfactory relations with his readers he must "make 'em laugh; make 'em cry; make 'em wait." If a fourth maxim might be added which should also include the other three, it might be said, "make 'em satisfied." The average reader, caring little for rhetorical juggling or artistic studies in psychology, wants his story to come out happily, or at least satisfactorily, for all concerned, says the New York Independent.

The author of the "Hoosier Schoolmaster" takes his readers into his confidence in a manner reminding one strongly of Thackeray, and he devotes his last chapter to "how it came out." He says:

"We are all like children in reading stories. We want more than all else to know how it all comes out in the end, and if our taste is not perverted we like it to come out well. For my part, ever since I began to write this story I have been anxious to know how it was going to come out."

And so we find all our interesting and delightful companions in just about such conditions as we should wish for them. Ralph and Hannah and Bud and Martha are properly married, just as they should be. Ralph becomes a successful teacher, Bud a sheriff and Shocky a philanthropist. And they all live happy ever after.

But, alas, all this is changed. There is a growing tendency among modern writers to assume that the most satisfactory relation to establish with their readers is to "leave 'em nowhere." Any one who has read the fiction in the midsummer numbers of the magazines would have little difficulty in finding a dozen stories whose endings might be characterized by objections varying from unsatisfactory to abominable. A husband and wife become estranged and separate; they find themselves unhappy in their new surroundings and instinctively they turn toward each other. The reader eagerly turns the page to learn the manner in which the writer is about to bring them together, and he finds—the heading of the next story.

Again a boy and girl love affair is cleverly developed until the reader becomes truly interested in their concerns. In the natural order of events he sees a dozen ways in which they might be brought together. But his hopes are rudely shattered as he finds himself obliged to leave his hero gazing sorrowfully at the lovely lady as she passes by him—one of a long line of sisters in a convent. Dumas or Scott would have battered down the walls, and Dickens would have developed some piece of extravagance by which the heart of the Mother Superior would have been melted, and the girl sent to the altar with her blessing. At any rate, we should have thought we had read a story.

But, it may be objected, those modern writers are realists; they write things down just as they happen in ordinary life. Well, it may be that events in our own lives and those of our neighbors do not come out exactly as we might wish; but on the whole the problem is usually solved before the curtain falls. Then, too, the writer is like the physician—he must be an optimist. The physician who tells his patients about all the cases with which he is familiar in which the outcome was unsatisfactory, soon has no patients left to listen. And so we look to our story tellers, not for portrayals of exceptional cases of misanthropy and disappointment, but for cheerful and hopeful views of life.

Occasionally, once in a lifetime, a writer may be enough of an artist to leave his story unfinished and still have it satisfactory. But there was only one Stockton, and he wrote only one "The Lady or the Tiger." It is greatly to be hoped that the uncompleted story is only a passing fad which the editors of the magazines will remedy by a proper enlargement of the borders of their waste baskets.

The Hen in Literature.

Indianapolis News.

Two stories that are being much read at present introduce the domestic hen. The readers of "The Virginian" have laughed immoderately at "Emly." Emly was a hen that was determined to sit. An effort was made to keep her from it, and she was successively placed on onions, potatoes, stones, green peaches and various other articles, more or less egg-shaped. Nothing broke her of the habit, and the climax was capped when she was found hovering a litter of puppies. The writer tells the story of Emly with all the thrilling details, and Emly-the-hen occupies the center of the stage for a considerable space. "The Diary of a Goose Girl" tells not only of one hen, but of several. There is "Cannibal Ann," that eats her own eggs and a hen that rivals Emly of "The Virginian" in her desire to sit. Indeed, she breaks the record by brooding several young kittens. One might almost think that Mr. Wister and Mrs. Wiggin, the two authors, had conferred, or that one had read the story of the other first, but it would be rash to say which originated the idea. To show the degree to which the hen has found a place in literature it might be mentioned that one of the wisest and brightest women of a leading club agitated the momentous question, "Can a chicken hatched in an incubator love its mother?" Thus it may be seen that the hen is fairly to the fore.

Never, indeed, has the hen been so conspicuous in her role as now. Her natural instincts to raise a flock and provide Spring fries for her human contemporaries have furnished scope and verge for much humor. She may not be absolutely new in literature, but she has been retired for so long that her reappearance may be said to rank with the farewells of Patti—likely to occur at any time. It is simple justice to the hen that she should be celebrated occasionally, just to let her know that she is not forgotten. She rarely forces herself on one's attention, except in her desire to let her owner know she has laid an egg, which he has the liberty of finding. She is always giving her best talents to her duty to the world, and if the novelists do not write her up in their best style once in awhile her manifold virtues might remain unheralded and unsung of men.

Help and Good Cheer.

This is a series of brief messages addressed by the venerable Theodore L. Cuyler, D. D., to his old friends and all who are in need of help and strengthening. The spirit and tone, in spite of Dr. Cuyler's years, are as fresh and vigorous as in his earlier books.

Concerning Books and Authors.

A short time before his his death the late Grant Allen selected 10 of his short stories which he believed to represent the best work he had done in the line of fiction and expressed the hope that his literary reputation as a story-teller might be allowed to rest on these. These stories have been published by Lewis, Scribner & Co., of New York, under the title of "The Backslider." The high rank which the book has taken proves that Mr. Allen's judgment is sustained by the reading public and testifies to the warm place he holds in the affections of those who are fond of well-told tales.

Governor William H. Taft, who undoubtedly is better informed than any other American in regard to the Philippines and their resources, is enthusiastic about the possibilities of these new possessions of the United States. As he expresses it: "There are plenty of blank checks in these islands waiting to be drawn on Nature's resourceful treasury." Governor Taft has written the introduction to the book "Oportunities in the Colonies and Cuba," which has just been issued by Lewis, Scribner & Co., of New York. He says: "The book contains just the information everybody wants in regard to these new fields opened to American enterprise." Among the other contributors to the book are General Leonard Wood, Charles H. Allen, ex-Governor of Porto Rico; Hon. Perfecte Lacoste, Secretary of Agriculture of Cuba, and Hon. M. E. Beall, of the division of Insular Affairs, Washington, D. C.

President Hadley, of Yale, has in the September Century a suggestive little article called "The Twofold Cause of Betting," in which he draws an instructive parallel between betting and dueling.

Miss Louisa M. Alcott left two unpublished stories, which were written by her for her own little niece. They have been secured by St. Nicholas, and will appear in that magazine during the coming year.

The Baker & Taylor Co. announce for publication in the early Fall "Reciprocity," by Professor J. Laurence Laughlin, head of the department of economics in Chicago University, and Professor H. Parker Willis, of Washington and Lee University; a "Life of Ulrich Zwingli," the Swiss patriot and reformer, by Samuel Simpson; "Valid Objections to So-Called Christian Science," by Rev. Andrew F. Underhill; The Rolfe Shakespeare, in limp leather, and "Over the Black Coffee," compiled by Arthur Gray.

"The Strollers," the novel and the comic opera of that name are in no wise related. Frederic S. Isham, the author of the successful romance, procured the copyright of "The Strollers" several months before the musical production was known. Since the manuscript has been in his publishers' hands for a year, and since the name seemed to fit the story so well, he decided to adhere to the title.

Small, Maynard & Co. will publish on September 27 a book by George Horace Lorimer, editor of the Saturday Evening Post, of Philadelphia, entitled "Letters From a Self-Made Merchant to His Son." This volume contains 20 letters purporting to be written by John Graham, head of the house of Graham & Co., porkpackers, in Chicago, and familiarly known "on change" as "Old Gorgon Graham," to his son, Pierrepont, sometime an undergraduate at Harvard University, and facetiously known to his fellow-students as "Piggy," and later an employe of the house of Graham & Co.

Booth Tarkington does all his work late at night—very often he works through the entire night. His first draft of a story is in the form of pen and pencil sketches of the scenes which he has pictured out in his mind. When he has transferred these to paper he begins to write the story. Not long ago Mr. Tarkington was reported as saying that he was tired of the conventionality of society, falseness of modern life, etc., and that he proposed to retire to some country spot, where he could be apart from the haunts of men. Tarkington's best friends do not credit the story. Every man may at some time hanker after the book of verses underneath the bough, a loaf of bread, a jug of wine and Thou, singing beside me in the wilderness; "Ah, Wilderness were Paradise enow!" but such a companionable fellow as "Tark" did not mean to be taken seriously when he said he was tired of people.

A curious but very effective argument against the Baconians appears in a book published this Spring, "In My Vicarage Garden," by Canon Ellacombe. "Shakespeare," says Canon Ellacombe, "was a versatile genius, and one can place one's finger on but three spots in the map of knowledge which he left apparently unexplored. He praises not the fragrant weed, tobacco; he loves not his lady's dog; but, far more surprising and weighty than these omissions, nowhere throughout the plays do we find a single description of architecture or of any architectural structure. Now, considering the passion shown by Bacon in all his writings for architecture, this omission will need more plausible explanation than is even in the power of a Baconian theorist to give, in order to remove the obstacle it raises. No such great artist as he who wrote the plays of Shakespeare, possessing at the same time as intricate a knowledge of architectural details as Bacon, could have let slip so many opportunities of glorious illustration and description as are afforded by instances in the plays.

Law and Lierature.

It is surprising to find how many masters of prose and poetry were lawyers and lawyers' clerks.

Boccaccio would have been a lawyer had not a visit to the tomb of Virgil fired his imagination. Petrarch was a law student. Goldoni was a lawyer when he fell in love with the stage and became the delight of his nation.

Metastasio was a law student. Ariosto and Tasso studied law in the University of Pauda. Politian was a doctor of law. Schiller studied law two years, then took up medicine, and all the while was making for himself a name in literature. The prince of German writers, the glorious Goethe, studied law in Leipsig, and the strangely gifted Heine was a lawyer, as well as a dreamer and poet. Uhland held a post in the Ministry of Justice at Stuttgart. Ruckert was a law student at Jena. Mickdewicz, the greatest of Polish poets, was one of a family of lawyers, all celebrated in the profession.

Kacinczy, the Hungarian poet and creator of his country's literature, studied law at Kaschau. Corneille was an advocate and son of an advocate. Voltaire was for a while a practicing lawyer. Chaucer was a student of the Inner Temple. Gower studied law and was Chief Justice of Common Pleas. Nicholas Rowe studied for the bar. Cowper, the pensive Christian, was the last person in the world to be called lawyer-like, but he was a genuine attorney, and Commissioner of Bankrupts. Butler was clerk to a Justice of the Peace.

We all know how Scott adorned the profession of law, as well as of letters. Thomas Moore was a student of the Inner Temple. Gray studied law, but did not practice. Campbell was in the office of a lawyer in Edinburg. Longfellow was the son of a lawyer, and studied in his father's office.

The Cloud.

I bring fresh showers for the thirsting flowers,
From the seas and the streams;
I bear light shade for the leaves when laid
In their noonday dreams.
From my wings are shaken the dews that waken
The sweet birds, every one,
When rocked to rest on their mother's breast,
As she dances about the sun.
I wield the flail of the lashing hail,
And whiten the green plains under,
And then again I dissolve it in rain,
And laugh as I pass in thunder.

I sift the snow on the mountains below,
And their great pines groan aghast;
And all the night 'tis my pillow white,
While I sleep in the arms of the blast.
Sublime on the towers of my skyey bowers,
Lightning, my pilot, sits;
In a cavern under is fettered the thunder;
It struggles and howls at fits.
Over earth and ocean, with gentle motion,
This pilot is guiding me,
Lured by the love of the genii that move
In the depths of the purple sea.

Over the rills, and the crags, and the hills,
Over the lakes and the plains,
Wherever he dream, under mountain or stream,
The Spirit he loves remains;
And I all the while bask in heaven's blue smile,
Whilst he is dissolving in rains.

The sanguine sunrise, with his meteor eyes,
And his burning plumes outspread,
Leaps on the back of my sailing rack,
When the morning star shines dead.
As, on the jag of a mountain crag,
Which an earthquake rocks and swings,
An eagle, alit, one moment may sit
In the light of its golden wings.
And when sunset may breathe, from the lit sea beneath,
Its ardors of rest and of love,
And the crimson pall of eve may fall,
From the depths of heaven above,
With wings folded I rest on mine airy nest,
As still as a brooding dove.

That orbed maiden with white fire laden,
Whom mortals call the moon,
Glides glimmering o'er my fleece-like floor,
By the midnight breezes strewn;
And wherever the beat of her unseen feet,
Which only the angels hear,
May have broken the woof of my tent's thin roof,
The stars peep behind her and peer;
And I laugh to see them whirl and flee,
Like a swarm of golden bees,
When I widen the rent in my wind-built tent,
Till the calm rivers, lakes and seas,
Like strips of the sky fallen through me on high,
Are each paved with the moon and these.

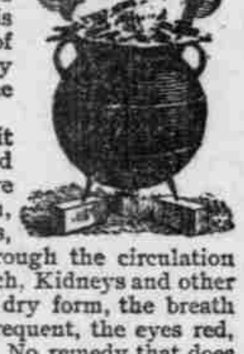
I bind the sun's throne with a burning zone,
And the moon's with a girdle of pearl;
The volcanoes are dim, and the stars reel and swim,
When the whirlwinds my banner unfurl,
From cape to cape, with a bridge-like shape,
Over a torrent sea,
Sunbeam-proof, I hang like a roof—
The mountains its columns be.
The triumphal arch through which I march,
With hurricane, fire and snow,
When the powers of the air are chained to my chair,
Is the million-colored bow;
The sphere fire above, its soft colors wove,
While the moist earth was laughing below.

I am the daughter of earth and water,
And the nursling of the sky;
I pass through the pores of the ocean and shores;
I change, but I cannot die.
For after the rain, when, with never a stain,
The pavilion of heaven is bare,
And the winds and sunbeams, with their convex gleams,
Build up the blue dome of air—
I silently laugh at my own cenotaph,
And out of the caverns of rain,
Like a child from the womb, like a ghost from the tomb,
I arise and upbuild it again.

—Percy Bysshe Shelley.

Charles Becker, an expert forger, who is about to be released from the California penitentiary, has agreed to quit his old business in consideration of a pension that is to be allowed him by the bankers. Five hundred dollars a month is to be allowed him, and the bankers think they are buying him off cheaply at that price.

CATARRH



The treatment of Catarrh with antiseptic and astringent washes, lotions, salves, medicated tobacco and cigarettes or any external or local application, is just as senseless as would be kindling a fire on top of the pot to make it boil. True, these give temporary relief, but the cavities and passages of the head and the bronchial tubes soon fill up again with mucus.

Taking cold is the first step towards Catarrh, for it checks perspiration, and the poisonous acids and vapors which should pass off through the skin, are thrown back upon the mucous membrane or inner skin, producing inflammation and excessive flow of mucus, much of which is absorbed into the blood, and through the circulation reaches every part of the system, involving the Stomach, Kidneys and other parts of the body. When the disease assumes the dry form, the breath becomes exceedingly foul, blinding headaches are frequent, the eyes red, hearing affected and a constant ringing in the ears. No remedy that does not reach the polluted blood can cure Catarrh. S. S. S. expels from the circulation all offensive matter, and when rich, pure blood is again coursing through the body the mucous membranes become healthy and the skin active, all the disagreeable, painful symptoms disappear, and a permanent, thorough cure is effected.

SSS

S. S. S. being a strictly vegetable blood purifier does not derange the Stomach and digestion, but the appetite and general health rapidly improve under its tonic effects. Write us about your case and get the best medical advice free. Book on blood and skin diseases sent on application.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Atlanta, Ga.

TWENTY YEARS OF SUCCESS

In the treatment of chronic diseases, such as liver, kidney and stomach disorders, constipation, diarrhoea, dropsical swellings, Bright's disease, etc.

KIDNEY AND URINARY

Complaints, painful, difficult, too frequent, milky or bloody urine, unnatural discharges speedily cured.

DISEASES OF THE RECTUM

Such as piles, fistula, fissure, ulceration, mucous and bloody discharges, cured without the knife, pain or confinement.

DISEASES OF MEN

Blood poison, gleet, stricture, unnatural losses, impotency, thoroughly cured. No failures. Cures guaranteed.

YOUNG MEN troubled with night emissions, dreams, exhausting drains, bashfulness, aversion to society which deprive you of your manhood, UNFITS YOU FOR BUSINESS OR MARRIAGE.

MIDDLE-AGED MEN who from excesses and strains have lost their MANLY POWER.

BLOOD AND SKIN DISEASES, Syphilis, Gonorrhoea, painful, bloody urine, Gleet, Stricture, enlarged prostate, Sexual Debility, Varicocele, Hydrocele, Kidney and Liver Troubles, cured without MERCURY AND OTHER POISONOUS DRUGS. Catarrh and Rheumatism CURED.

Dr. Walker's methods are regular and scientific. He uses no patent nostrums or ready-made preparations, but cures the disease by thorough medical treatment. His New Pamphlet on Private Diseases sent free to all men who describe their trouble. PATIENTS cured at home. Terms reasonable. All letters answered in plain envelope. Consultation free and sacredly confidential. Call on or address

Dr. Walker, 149 First St., bet. Alder and Morrison, Portland, Or.

Weak Men Cured Free

Send Name and Address Today—You Can Have It Free and Be Strong and Vigorous for Life.

INSURES LOVE AND A HAPPY HOME

How any man may quickly cure himself after years of suffering from sexual weakness, lost vitality, night losses, varicocele, etc., and

Health, Strength and Vigor For Men. enlarge small, weak organs to full size and vigor. Simply send your name and address to Dr. Knapp Medical Co., 1722 Hull Bldg., Detroit, Mich., and they will gladly send the free receipt with full directions so any man may easily cure himself at home. This is certainly a most generous offer, and the following extracts taken from their daily mail show what men think of their generosity:

"Dear Sirs:—Please accept my sincere thanks for yours of recent date. I have given your treatment a thorough test and the benefit has been extraordinary. It has completely braced me up. I am just as vigorous as when a boy and you cannot realize how happy I am."

"Dear Sirs:—Your method worked beautifully. Results were exactly what I needed. Strength and vigor have completely returned and enlargement is entirely satisfactory."

"Dear Sirs:—Yours was received and I had no trouble in making use of the receipts as directed, and can truthfully say it is a boon to weak men. I am greatly improved in size, strength and vigor."

All correspondence is strictly confidential, mailed in plain sealed envelope. The receipt is free for the asking, and they want every man to have it.

READ! READ! READ!

What the Well-Known People of Portland Say of

C. GEE WO

THE GREAT CHINESE DOCTOR

Can it be wondered that he is called great, when his wonderful remedies cure and help so many sick and suffering people, not only here, but throughout the United States? Many are given up to die; others told that an operation was the only help for them, yet their lives were saved without the great suffering of an operation. Cured by these powerful Chinese herbs, roots, buds, barks and vegetables, that are entirely unknown to medical science in this country. Through the use of these harmless remedies he treats any and all diseases of men, women and children. This famous doctor knows the action of over 500 different remedies that he has successfully used in different diseases. He guarantees to cure catarrh, asthma, lung troubles, rheumatism, nervousness, stomach, liver, kidney, female troubles, lost manhood and all private diseases. Read following testimonials. He has hundreds more at his office.

Testimonials of well-known people:

G. W. Stafford, 63 Sixth street—Cured of kidney and bladder trouble of one year's standing.

G. A. Lane, corner Eleventh and Northrup—Cured of kidney, liver and bladder trouble of several years' standing.

Miss S. Starbuck, 692 Front street—Suffering from inflammation, womb and stomach trouble.

Mrs. N. A. Dibble, Burns, Or.—Stomach and female weakness, several years' standing. I recommend his wonderful treatment.

A. Jensen, 300 East Clay street, cured of indigestion, stomach and liver trouble of 10 years' standing, and cured in six weeks.

Mrs. Hadson—Suffering from hemorrhage of womb and female weakness of four months, and was cured in a short time by this wonderful treatment.

Charges moderate. Call and see him. Consultation free. Patients out of the city write for blank and circular. Inclose stamp. Address The C. Gee Wo Chinese Medicine Company, 132½ Third street, Portland, Or. Mention this paper.

TRAVELERS' GUIDE.

The Best Way East

is though the

BIG TWIN CITIES MINNEAPOLIS and ST. PAUL

and over the

North-Western Line

with its

FAMOUS TRAINS

To Chicago.

All Thro' Trains from North Pacific Coast connect with Trains of this line

In Union Depot, St. Paul.

THE . . .
NORTH-WESTERN LIMITED
is the
Finest Train Entering Chicago.

Call or write for information
H. L. SISLER, General Agent
248 Alder Street, PORTLAND, ORE.

Astoria & Columbia River Railroad Co.

LEAVES	Depot Fifth and I Streets.	ARRIVES
8:00 A. M.	For Maygers, Rainier, Clatskanie, Westport, Clifton, Astoria, Warrenton, Flavel, Hammond, Fort Stevens, Gearhart Pk., Seaside, Astoria and Seashore. Express Daily.	11:10 A. M.
7:00 P. M.	Astoria Express, Daily.	9:40 P. M.

Ticket office, 255 Morrison st. and Union Depot.
J. C. MAYO, Gen. Pass. Agt., Astoria, Or.

TRAVELERS' GUIDE.

O.R.&N.

OREGON SHORT LINE AND UNION PACIFIC

THREE TRAINS DAILY FOR ALL POINTS EAST

UNION DEPOT.	Leave.	Arrive.
CHICAGO-PORTLAND SPECIAL. For the East via Huntington.	9:00 A. M. Daily.	4:30 P. M. Daily.
SPOKANE FLYER. For Eastern Washington, Walla Walla, Lewiston, Coeur d'Alene and Gt. Northern points	6:15 P. M. Daily.	7:00 A. M. Daily.
ATLANTIC EXPRESS For the East via Huntington.	8:30 P. M. Daily.	8:10 A. M. Daily.

OCEAN AND RIVER SCHEDULE.

FOR SAN FRANCISCO. SS. Geo. W. Elder—Sept. 9, 19, 29. SS. Columbia—Sept. 4, 14, 24.	From Ainsworth Dock. 8:00 P. M.	5:00 P. M.
FOR DAYTON, Oregon City and Yamhill River points, str. Modoc, Ash-street Dock. (Water permitting.)	7:00A. M. Tues., Thurs., Sat.	3:00 P. M. Mon., Wed., Fri.

TICKET OFFICE, Third and Washington. Telephone Main 712.

PORTLAND & ASIATIC STEAMSHIP CO.

For Yokohama and Hong Kong, calling at Kobe, Nagasaki and Shanghai, taking freight via connecting steamers for Manila, Port Arthur and Vladivostock.

INDRAVELLI SAILS ABOUT AUGUST 23.

For rates and full information call on or address officials or agents of O. R. & N. Co.

EAST VIA SOUTH

SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY — SUNSET OGDEN & SHASTA ROUTES

Leave	Union Depot	Arrive
*8:30 P. M.	OVERLAND EXPRESS TRAINS, for Salem, Roseburg, Ashland, Sacramento, Ogden, San Francisco, Mojave, Los Angeles, El Paso, New Orleans and the East.	*7:45 A. M.
*8:30 A. M.	At Woodburn daily except Sunday), morning train connects with train for Mt. Angel, Silverton, Brownsville, Springfield, Wendling and Natron.	*7:00 P. M.
*4:00 P. M.	Albany passenger. Connects at Woodburn with Mt. Angel and Silverton local.	*10:10 A. M.
*7:30 A. M.	Corvallis passenger.	*5:50 P. M.
‖4:50 P. M.	Sheridan passenger.	‖8:25 A. M.

*Daily. ‖Daily except Sunday.

PORTLAND-OSWEGO SUBURBAN SERVICE AND YAMHILL DIVISION.

Depot foot of Jefferson street.

Leave Portland daily for Oswego at 7:20 A. M.; 12:30, 1:55, 3:25, 4:40, 6:25, 8:30 P. M. Daily except Sunday, 5:30, 9:40 A. M.; 5:05, 11:30 P. M. Sunday only, 9:00 A. M.

Returning from Oswego arrive Portland daily 8:30 A. M.; 1:35, 3:10, 4:30, 6:15, 7:40, 10:00 P. M. Daily except Sunday, 6:35, 9:30, 10:50 A. M. Except Monday, 12:40 A. M. Sunday only, 10:05 A. M.

Leave from same depot for Dallas and intermediate points daily except Sunday 5:05 P. M. Arrive Portland 9:30 A. M.

The Independence-Monmouth motor line operates daily to Monmouth and Airlie, connecting with S. P. Co.'s trains at Dallas and Independence.

Rebate tickets on sale between Portland, Sacramento and San Francisco. Net rates, $17.50 first class and $14.00 second class. Second class includes sleeper, first class does not.

Tickets to Eastern points and Europe. Also Japan, China, Honolulu and Australia.

CITY TICKET OFFICE, corner Third and Washington streets. Phone Main 712.

TIME CARD OF TRAINS

NORTHERN PACIFIC

PORTLAND

	Leaves.	Arrives.
Puget Sound Limited..	7:25 A. M.	6:45 P. M.
Kansas City-St. Louis Special	11:10 A. M.	11:10 P. M.
North Coast Limited...	3:30 P. M.	7:00 A. M.
Tacoma, Seattle Night Express	11:45 P. M.	5:05 P. M.

Take Puget Sound Limited or North Coast Limited for Gray's Harbor points. Take Puget Sound Limited for Olympia direct.

Take Puget Sound Limited or Kansas City-St. Louis Special for points on South Bend branch.

Double daily train service on Gray's Harbor branch.

Four trains daily between Portland and Tacoma and Seattle.

A. D. CHARLTON,
Assistant General Passenger Agent,
255 Morrison st., Portland, Or.

Pacific Coast Steamship Co.

For South-Eastern Alaska.

Leave Seattle:

Steamships Cottage City, City of Seattle or Spokane, 9 P. M., August 27, 31; September 4, 8, 12, 16, 20, 24, 28; October 2, 8, 14, 20, 26.

FOR SAN FRANCISCO.—Steamships leave Seattle at 9 A. M. every fifth day.

Steamers connect at San Francisco with company's steamers for ports in Southern California, Mexico and Humboldt Bay. For further information obtain folder.

Right is reserved to change steamers or sailing dates.

AGENTS—N. POSTON, 246 Washington st., Portland; F. W. CARLETON, N. P. dock, Tacoma; Ticket Office, 113 James st., Seattle; M. TALBOT, Commercial Agent, Seattle; GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., General Agents; C. D. DUNANN, General Passenger Agent, San Francisco.

THE GREAT NORTHERN

Ticket Office 122 Third St. Phone 680

LEAVE		ARRIVE
No. 4 6:15 P. M.	The Flyer daily to and from St. Paul, Minneapolis, Duluth, Chicago and all points East.	No. 3 7:00 A. M.

Through Palace and Tourist Sleepers, Dining and Buffet Smoking-Library Cars.

JAPAN - AMERICAN LINE

KAGA MARU

For Japan, China and all Asiatic points, will leave Seattle

About September 23.

Willamette River Route

Salem and way landings—Str. Pomona leaves 6:45 A. M. Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday. Str. Altona, for Mission and way landings, 7 A. M., Monday, Wednesday and Friday.

Oregon City boat leaves Portland 10:30 A. M., 4:30 P. M. Leaves Oregon City 7:30 A. M., 1:30 P. M. Round trips, 25c. No Sunday trips.

OREGON CITY TRANSPORTATION CO.,
Dock foot of Taylor st.