Ring in the books of nobler strain; Ring out those that discordant chime-Ring in those that will live again."-selected. one of the most touching, and one of the most complete sentiments that can be manifested by one living creature to an-other. Not to respond to it would be ab-solutely devilinh. You can't be a cynic when a dog's cold nose is pushed into when a dog's cold nose is pushed into your hand, or a dog's paw is placed gently and solemnly upon your knee."

Ow of these two thoughts, Mr. Hickens has written a remarkably intelligent, suggestive and original dog story fairly thrilling with interest. It fascinates you and has a good deal of the magic of Stevenson's "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," with all the latter's shivery features left out. "The Black Sosnie!" is a trumpet note

Ring out the worthless books of time,

Oxford University, Engage.

the world. Men above 60 years of age regard him as their personal enemy and would make a jarget of him, were it not for the law. Dr. Osier's newest pronunciamento is that it is erroneous to suppose and hope that as we die our last moments will be soothed by a vision of the dreams of the blessed and that we shall sink into blissful sleep. No, he says in the cares and anxieties incident to professional transfer of the world make a jurge to age.

The teacher's life should have three personal enemy and would make a jurge to age.

The teacher's life should have three personal enemy and would make a jurge to age.

The teacher's life should have three personal enemy and would make a jurge to age.

It is sad to think that for some of you there is in some of you there are the proposed and that we shall some in the proposed and the

hat thought is the most striking one in excerpts made by C. N. B. Camas, of New York City, from various lectures and ddresses made in recent years by the elebrated Dr. Osler. The book contains 0 essays, in 277 pages, and is certain to be the most talked-of purely medical-cientific book of the latter portion of the rear. It is intensely interesting both to year. It is intensely intersdical man and ayman. No man likes think as to what his private thoughts or sensations will be as he lies on or sensations will be as he lies on his death bed. A wise Chinese savant habitually placed a coffin in his bedroom to accustom himself to a philosophical contemplation of his approaching death, and professed himself as being satisfied with the prospect. But the average man—to be perfectly frank about it—prefers to live rather than to die. He hates the leap in the dark

Here are a few Osler ideas:

We habitually talk of the departed, not as though they had passed from death unto life and were in a state of constant joy and falicity, or otherwise, but we count them out of our circle with set deliberation, and fix between them and us a guit as deep as that which separated Dives from Lazarus. The secset and gracious feeling of an ever-present immorality, so keenly approclated in the religious of Numa, has no meaning for us. The dead are no longer immenent and we have lost that sense of continuity which the Romans expressed so touchingly in their private religious of the Ambarvaila. In which the dead were invoked and remembered. Even that golden cord of Catholic decirine, the community of the ashirs, so comforting to the faithful of all ages, is worn to a thread in our working day world. Over our fathers, immortality broaded like the day. We have consciously thrust it out of lives, so full and busy, that we have no time to make an enduring covequant with our dead.

As a rule, man dies as he had lived, uninfluenced practically by the thought of a future life. Bunyan could not understand the quift, easy death of Mr. Badman, and took it as an incumestible sign of his damnation. The Ideal death of Concellus, so beautifully described by Evasmus is rarely seen. In our modern life the educated man dies usually as did Mr. Denner in Margaret Ibeland's actory—wondering, but uncertain, generally unconficious and unconserved. I have careful records of about 500 death teels, studied particularly with reference to the modes of death and the sensations of the dring. The We habitually talk of the departed, not as nough they had passed from death unto life

confecious and unconcerned. I have careful records of about 500 death beds, studied particularly with reference to the modes of death and the sensations of the dying. The latter alone concern us here. Ninety suffered bodily rath and distress of one sort or another: Il showed mental apprehension, two positive ference; one expressed spiritual exhaustion; one bitter removes. The great majority gave no sign one way or another-like their birth, their death was "n sleep and a forgetting." The preaches was right. In this manner man hath no pre-emittence over the heast—"as the one dieth, so dieth the other."

other."
The real tragedy is the moral death, which, in different forms, overtakes so many good fellows who fall away from the pure, honorable and righteous services of Minerva into the judgatery of Bacchus, of Venus and of Cirre. It is play of Owar Wilde's, one of the characters remarks: "There are only two great tragedles in life-not setting what you wantened getting it!" And I have known consultants whose treadmill life illustrated the bitterness of this mot, and whose great success at 00 did not bring the success they had ambieplated at 40.

cree at 00 did not being the success they had anticipated at 40.

Much study is not only believed to be a neglinear of the flesh, but also an active cause of ill-health of mind in all grades and phases. I deny that work, legitimate work, has anything to do with this. It is that four-flend, scory, who is responsible for the majority of the cases.

Pot your affections in cold storage for a few years and you will take them out ripones, perhaps a little mellow, but certainly sees subject to those frequent changes which perplex so many young men.

So truly as a young man married is a young man marred, is a woman understed, in a certain sense, a woman understed, in a certain sense, a woman understed, the a certain sense, a woman understed, the a certain sense, a woman understed, in a certain sense that the advancing reary, I would urge the clinical physician as he stravels further from the East to look will to his companions—to see that they are not of his own age and gueration. He must mak with the "boys," size he is het. Not hall at once, but by easy grades, and system

Counsels and Meals, from the writings of Dr. William Poler. \$1.23. Houghton, Miffiin & Co., Boston, and the J. K. Gill Company. Portland.

Dr. Osler, he of chioform fame, is nothing if not sensational. If he had not been so he would probably have been quietly known as Dr. Osler, of Baltimore, Md. Now he is known as Professor Osler of Now he is known as Professor Osler of dividual is nothing more than the transferd.

Cooper, secretary of the Atlanta Chumber of Commerce. The Consolidated Retail Booksellers, New York City, and the J. K. Gill Company, Portland.

Based on the doctrine of self-help, the author treats this subject not in the viewpoint of an alarmist, but in a same, viewpoint of an alarmist, but in a mane, conservative manner, that Insures respect and attention. He realizes that two rival camps of the corporated trusts and the common people will not forever stand felly by centent to watch each other. In the beginning he shows how the trust is a necessary step toward the federation of industry and the eventual establishmens of an industrial elegring. federation of industry and the eventual establishment of an industrial clearing-house, which will approximately adjust production to consumption, and save the world the immense loss that is now caused by overproduction. Either the democratic influence of the governmental form and habit of thought, be thinks will make room for popular control of consolidated industries, or the imperial influence of industries, or the imperial influence of industries. influence of industry operating upon the minds of men will bring government to

the same condition.
Will, then, popular central of industry mean government ownership or Social-ism? Mr. Cooper thinks not. He reasons that it is the more likely to take the form of a wide diffusion of shares among the people and, perhaps, through co-oper the people and, perhaps, through co-operation or profit-sharing a larger participation of the employes in the earnings of industry. Mr. Cooper sums up by saying: "The organism of industry is not Socialistic but individualistic. The rise of the masses can never be by Socialism, but by the thrift of the individual and his advance in intelligence, morality and self-control. Not Socialism but industrial democracy is the bone of the fundamental democracy. democracy is the hope of the future,"

The Speculations of John Steele, by Robert Barr. \$1.50. Illustrated by F. R. Gruger. Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York City.

What do you think of a girl giving her sweetheart a present of \$10,000,000, which he refuses, in the last chapter of a novel? This is what occurs in the set-enteenth chapter of Mr. Harr's newest work of fiction about millionaires, stocks, railroads and dollars, and yet more dollars. The story was originally published in part in the pages of the Saturday Evening Post, and won deserved popularity. The facility with which Mr. Barr commares railroad kings, caught the fan-cy of thousands of readers who admired the holdness and audacity of the financial pictures painted. The hero, John Steele, is a typical railroader, who is allowed to make several fortunes, only to lose them again at the hands of unscrupulous rival financial magnates. At the open-ing of the last chapter he is practically pointless. So be turns holdup arist, waylays Constance Berrington, called the richest woman in the world, and politely richest woman in the world, and politiely but firmly proposes marriage to her. Here is one of his pleas: "Constance, let us take the yacht, go to Duluth, and be married before a magistrate, for \$10, his a lumberman and his girl." And she consented. It is refreshing to read this novel, for millions of money in it are as carelessly mentioned as the average author writes. So cents. author writes 30 cents.

The Black Spaniel and Other Stories, by Robert Hichens. Hustrations by A. Porestier. \$1.50. Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York City, and the J. K. Gill Company, Portland.

The vivisectionist's view: "Animals are in the world to be the servants of humanity, to minister to our comforts, our pleasures, our necessities, to help to increase our knowledge and satisfy our appetites, to give us case and to gain us money."

money."

The anti-viviscotionist's view: "I believe if a man has been trutial to an animal, at death his woul passes into a similar animal, which codures the falls intone metod out when he was a man. A

On turning over the book cover of this volume of poety, one comes across the picture of a woman's face, calm, dignified picture of a woman's face, caim, dignified and beautiful. This face expression applies exactly to the quality of the poems within, about 70 in number. They are after the Swinburne order of expression, not in metre or philosophy, but in fine beauty of sentiment. The verses appeal to the imagination and are decidedly above the average in their class. The libustrations are worth while, being original in design and boldly drawn. Here is Mr. Sands' modest and thoughtful dedication:

Mart to swortlings with the work.
But upon the hillede lends.
Jey unto the flocks he reads.
What are shell and starry semantics.
What is good to him who hards
Spartling, from the frontains, pearls.
O, for some smort vale to staff.
And lover, the bearer of the svrath!

Lady Bobs, Her Brecher and I, by Jean
Chamblini, Hillstrated S. 12.5. G. P. Jean
Chamblini, H "The Black Spaniel" is a trumpet note against vivisection and is a living object lesson showing that all domesticated animals are our friends, bound to us by stronger ties than we know of. Nine

George Bell & Sons, of London, have just ranged with Henry Holt & Co. to bring the cowboys "Mandalay." and written by Jessel M. Whittaker, of Denton, Tex. It has the this would indicate that the English hithers think their countrymen will speciate Mr. Hale's treatment of Phillips, great and Shaw, the three British play gives a character of Robert Louis Stevenson.

The funniest story for years is "The Compilal and M.

"Self-Government and Vassar," by Georgia A. Kendrick, and "Women of the Great West," by Marion F. Washburne, are two motable stories in Harper's Bazaar for Jan-

Thomas Campbell from the Seceder Presbyterian Church in Western Pennsylvania, and the publication of the so-called "Declaration and Address." Dr. Gates has given a lucid, entertaining account of his chosen theme.

Bubbles: The Bachelor's Birthday Book, by Stanley Mayati. The Matthew Publishing Company, Boston, Mass.

Mr. Mayaii, who resides in Spokane. Wash, has written a verse for each day in the year, and has prepared the same by Henry Beach Needham, takes first place

In the reader feeling in the reader feeling is the reader feeling to thoman and history is charted to whom a man who has helped make history is charted the publication of the so-called "Declaration and Address." Dr. Gates has given a lucid, entertaining account of his charted the reminiscences run along smoothly and with a charm which you enjoy all the more for the reminiscences run along smoothly and with a charm which you enjoy all the more for the inking of the centrast of the exciting chapters of the next few months will afford for Schurz is going to devose considerable space to the revolution of "48 and "49 in Germany; and in this country to the Civil War and in this country to the Civil War and in the succeeding political and financial struggles."

"Theodore Rooseveit: An Outdoor Man."

by Henry Beach Needham, takes first place

Mr. Shorter predicates in Lordon, has aroused considerable discussion as to Harter editor of The Sphere, asserted in contradiction of The Sphere, asserted in contradiction of The Sphere, asserted in contradiction of Mr. Boynton's less positive view, that anyone with a charm which you enjoy all the more for the reminiscences run along smoothly and with a charm which you enjoy all the more of the exciting charter of the exciting of the contradiction of the charter of the positive view, that anyone of the care in the charter of the exciting charter of

The Silent Reaper's Harvest of the Great Continued from Page 38.

42 of those whom the world has watched or harkened to dving in each with January a close third, showing 40 deaths. November, with but an even dozen written opposite its name, seems

to have been safest.

The oldest of those who now have passed over to the silent majority, was Hiram Cronk, sole surviving participant in the war of 1812, who had passed his century five years ago. David Wark, Canada's veteran legislator was 101. Within a few months of the 190th milewhim a few months of the losts mis-stone was the Rev. Thomas Yuill, the last of those Scotchmen who had played shelr parts in the church disruption of 1842, while Francesco Zocchi, Italy's venerable actor, and de Thygeson, the "Father of the Swedish Rigsdag," were each of them 98. Those two financial experts. Sir Edward Blount, the Eng-lishman, and Henry V. Poor, the American were respectively 25 and 32, and Dr. James Shrigley, the "Grand Old Man of the Universalist Church," was 32. Five others were 20—George Edward Day, the Hebrew scholar: Von Menzel, Germany's famous painter; Lord Norton, that pioneer of Colonial self-government: Sir Ambrose Shea, once Governor of the Bahamas, and F.

R. Lubbeck, ex-Governor of Texas.

There were two "Grand Old Women,"
too, in the year's list—the Dowager
Duchess of Abercorn and the Dowager
Countess of Clancarty. Born in the same year (1811) and married in the same year (1842), they left the world together, passing on, the one at the close of March and the other in the

opening days of May.

At the other end of the roll fall two names, each honored with the dignity which is lent to title—the Grand Duchher broken heart refused longer to beat against unloving surroundings while the tiny Infanta Ferdinand was not yet two. He was heir presumptive to the Spanish throne—and be it also recalled that another heir to kingly power has this year laid by forever all the pomp of such circumstance, the Count of Flanders, apparent successor to Leopoid of Belgium.

Count of Flanders, apparent successor to Leopoid of Beigium.

Of the ages between these extremes, only 6 of those on the roll were in their thirties, 22 were in their forties, 24 in their fifties, and 92 in their sixties. One hundred and sixty-seven had passed the three score and ten—the 15 already enumerated who had left 99 behind, 65 who were in their eighties, and 86 in their seventies. The average age (of all) at death was 65 years, 7 months.

The work of this great world will never

indoor, who springs forth to fill the vacant place in the line-but those vacancies are always filled. This is the certain comfort which comes with every sense of loss in those good men and great who have ceased to labor here, but in recalling them it nonetheless is true that one realizes anew that ancient truth—"What we have we prize not to the worth Whiles we enjoy it, but helps leveled and

Why, then we reck the value, then find The virtue that possession would

What Four Children Wrote While Their Parents Were at Watch Meeting

By Louise Lexington.

HE four youthful Stanleys were left alone while their parents attended a watch-meeting, and as mother had told them they might alt loveliest thing!" up just as long as ever they pleased, the ambition was strong among them

The view of a cheerful and uffbiased

future of what we people along the Pa-cific Coast call "the islands." Mr. LeRoy is American consul at Durango, Mexico, and for two years he was connected with

to see the new year in, But how to pass the time perplexed them not a little. Ethel, knowing that guests were expected on the morrow declared they must not stick up things they popped some corn over the fire in the grate, and after tiring of that it still lacked two hours of midnight. Two whole hours in which to keep awake, and Beatrice was already growing desperately sleepy, much

"What's New Year for, anyway, specially?" suddenly asked Richard, and Ethel, as sage of the four, answered

"Why. Dicky, how silly not to know that! It's the time in which to make resolutions, of course." "Are they good to eat—couldn't we make some. Ethel?" came from Beat-rice, who was more disappointed than the rest over her candy calculations.

the rest over her candy calculations. "Always something sweet to eat, you little Bee." cried Raiph, teasingly, but Ethel said seriously:

"I don't see why we couldn't make some. I think they'd please father and mother—if they were really good resolutions, of course, and." reflectively, "If we kept them afterwards."

"Just the thing: Ralph exclaimed, jumping up excitedly, and so upsetting his chair. Ralph was the eldest, a whole year older than Ethel, but he didn't act so at all.

whole year older than Ethel, but he didn't act so at all.
"Let's get peecils and paper and begin right off," he continued rummaging in the table drawer. "We'll leave them here for father and mother to read, after we've gone to bed."
Enough pencils and paper to go around were soon at hand, and they all looked expectantly at Ethel before beginning.

beginning.

"If we can't remember what our worst faults are, let's just tell each other right out. One should niways resolve over one's very worst besetting sin," she reminded them impressively.

"It's the funniest thing," squenked Beatrice as the watched them all begin

Beatrice, as she watched them all begin to scratch away so busily. "I can't think of one single thing I do that's

think of one single thing I do that's at all mean!

"Dear me, what a parody of excellence!" Richard exclaimed, and, of course, meant paragon.

"How about grumbiling when mother wants you to do an errand, or study lessons, or get up in the morning, or go to bed at night?" Ethel suggested, smiling at her younger sister, whose face instantly fell.

"I'm not like Bee." Richard observed, looking up. "I've so many faults that I can't decide which is worst. They just completely overwork me!"

"You mean overwhelm. Dick. I guess," Raiph commented. "Nothing could overwork you, old fellow. And that reminds me that your treatment of the kindling-box is the thing you have to be scolded about the most."

"You have to be told to biacken your shoes every morning. Raiphle," piped up Beatrice, thinking to take Richard's part.

"But your worst fault is playing poetical jokes." Richard added, at which Ethel and Raiph began laughling.

"Why will you twist words so?" ex-

serted Richard, unwilling to admit so ; many blunders:
"Oh, that's the best idea!" Ethel's
pen was polsed in mid-air, and her
eyes shone like stars. "It's the very "Yes, fun for you!" Richard protest- | nelp us out, since she suggested it.

should enlighten them.

"We'll make our resolutions poetical," she explained. "I'm sure we can remember them better, and they'll certainly be more fun."

"But what about the rest of us."

Ralph hastened to say: "Oh, Dick. Beatrice required a great deal of armining the same of the poetry. If tainly be more fun."

Ralph hastened to say: "Oh, Dick. Beatrice required a great deal of armining to the promised to do, and they all set to work with a will. Beatrice required a great deal of armining to the promised to the promised to the rest of us."

Ralph hastened to say: "Oh, Dick. Beatrice required a great deal of armining to the promised to the promis

I hereby promise to be good-

Nor whine when I am told. R chard's contribution ran:
My resolve is both noble and good,
And to read it your time will repay;
I shall bring up the kindling and woed.
Without being told to each day.

Richard needed help only in the mat-ter of feet, making the rhymes for him-

Ralph's was characteristic:

My boots no more my mother shall disma,
I'll brush them well before I go to school;
And when a joke on someone I would play
I'll bear in mind the famous Golden Rule.
"Oh, don't say famous!" expostulated Ethel. It sounds so queer; not at all

Ethel. It sounds so queer; not at all poetical.

"Neither is blacking one's boots poetical," returned Ralph, "but that happens to be what I want to talk about and I think I'll let it go at that."

Ralph leaned back in his chair in a final manner, and Ethel read her own:

I promise to finish
What tasks I begin.
When the Old Year goes out
And the New Year comes in.
"That's not a very big verse," she
said, "but it's a pretty big resolution."
Ethel hesitated, and then added, by

Ethel hesitated, and then added, by way of a little preachment:

"If we promise and then think no more about it, it is worse than not promising at all, it seems to me. If we are not in earnest, we'd much better burn them before father and mother see them at all."

them at all."

They all looked rather serious at this, but Beatrice broke the silence:
"I've said 'hereby' in mine, and that's just what gran'pa said in his will. I never expected to go back on that—I wouldn't dare!"
"Well." declared Ralph, "I think we can all stick if Bee can. To think that she felt so solemn about it as that!"
Richard began to quote elaborately.

Richard began to quote elaborately:
"Out of the mouths of babes and ducklings," but nobody paid any attention to
him, and Ethel interrupted:

lings," but nobody paid any attention to him, and Ethel interrupted:

"Bee, you run for the paste-pot on father's desk, and I'll get some pretty mounts I have upstairs and we'll make these look just lovely. It's getting late and we must finish before they get here."

"After the liftle verses were neatly copied and mounted upon the gray board. Ralph punched some holes through the top of each and tied in some gold cord for hangers.

"If mother is wise," Ethel remarked sagely, "she will hang these where we'll see them every morning when we first open our eyes."

But Ralph disagreed, with no lack of reason, "I think a better plan would be to keep them out of sight altogether, until some one needs to be reminded," said he. "Then, to hang his right where he will see it will do more good than a scolding."

"That's right!" shouted Richard, "and

"That's right!" shouted Richard, "and I'll bet mother will think so." And then. "Hurrah for the New Year!"

For the middight bells had begun to peal, and the whistles to blow ere they had scarcely finished their task. So they said, "Happy New Year!" to one another and soon after hurried away to bed, leaving their resolutions all spread out under the drop light, that mother and father might see them the very first thing.

After Beatrice and Ethel had reached their room, they heard a most peculiar noise, which seemed to proceed from the kitchen. They both listened intently, and Ethel whispered:

"I can't imagine what it is' it sounds

