

"I have many times been driven to my knees by the overwhelming conviction that I had nowhere else to go. My own wisdom and that of those about me seemed insufficient for that day."—Abraham Lincoln.



SCENE FROM "THE WAYFARERS" BY MARY STEWART CUTTING. "HER COUSIN'S ARMS WERE AT LEAST AS WELCOME."

The Testing of Diana Mallory. By Mrs. Humphrey Ward. Illustrated. Price, \$1.50. Harper & Brothers, New York City. A wise but cynical old heathen philosopher once wrote: "If you want to win a woman, do not think of her as a good creature. Make her think that you must be saved on this earth and that she is the one beautiful being to save you. In other words, make her think you are a good creature."

has presented before, although it cannot be devoured at a hasty reading, and is somewhat difficult to understand. It is not a case of "the arrow in the air," landing in a book at the 66th page, the thoughtful reader realizing that he has been watching the unfolding of a tragedy, the tragedy of Heron's life. Delaney, a widow, who is eaten up with a love-hunger and is such a volcano of repressed emotions that she is generally misunderstood. She is a creature of fancy, and much of her foolish sophistry would have been replaced with common sense had she been obliged to work hard for her living. Her life story is one of the most striking of the year, and haunts one like a photograph. The story opens near Naples, and pictures an island where Mrs. Heron's Delaney, widow, her 16-year-old daughter, Vere, and her servant, Gaspare—of late, these are the principal actors in a romantic spot. Vere is listening to a fisher boy, Ruffo Scaria, singing and diving in the sunshine. Her feelings "Napoli" are of course, the feelings of the Delaney family in foreign travel, and in the interval her husband, Maurice, betrayed a young peasant girl, Maddalena. The latter's father, in revenge, throws Maurice into the sea, where he was drowned, and Maddalena's baby boy was born near Scaria's house. Then the tragic drama of Maddalena and Antonio Bernari, a man of loose morals, who in the years to come often broke his marriage vows.

correct by military experts. In care of preparation, and quality of cuts, plates and general book-work, it can challenge comparison with any other similar publication. The table of contents: Introduction, definitions, general principles, commands, school of the knights, school of the commander, ceremonies, exercises, salutes, the card, orders, correspondence, asylum tactics, instructions for the hand and drum major, standards, banner, trumpet calls and drill signals, etc. The book measures four and seven-eighths by seven and one-fourth inches, and is bound by hand on flexible back covered in the finest grain leather. In general appearance, the little book is extremely neat and it is worth noting that it has been adopted as the standard by the various military jurisdictions of Maine and Florida.

The Children's Longfellow. Illustrated. Price, \$1. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. Curiously enough, the complaint has been made that an adequate collection of Longfellow's poems for young people is not to be found. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. have just now supplied the want in this exquisite book which has eight charming full-page illustrations in color and is bound in a decorative cover. More than 80 poems, suitable for children, have been selected. Many of them are from the best of Longfellow's work. An unusually attractive holiday present.

Every Man for Himself. By Norman Duncan. Price, \$1.50. Harper & Brothers, New York City. A reprint of Labrador sea stories, all old and new, and of the Christmas legends, with a fine religious tone. JOSEPH M. QUENTIN. IN LIBRARY AND WORKSHOP. Mark Twain recently said that his best short-story writer today is O. Henry. This is handsome of Mr. Twain.

View of a Tenderfoot. Continued From Page 2. I like the woodpeckers of Portland. They give a primitive old-timey look to the town, and the old-timey, so fresh and sweet, their crackles merry in the tree-places, too. These cool evenings, and it altogether a joy. But what a pity it seems to burn up these grand old forest trees, and we ought to catch our other cities young and train them in the way they should go. I like the woodpeckers of Portland. They give a primitive old-timey look to the town, and the old-timey, so fresh and sweet, their crackles merry in the tree-places, too. These cool evenings, and it altogether a joy. But what a pity it seems to burn up these grand old forest trees, and we ought to catch our other cities young and train them in the way they should go.