ERICAN DYSPEPSIA.

s It and How It May be Cured.

, or inflammation of the di-
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oms whether found in Am-
where, but it is doubtless
on in the United States
opean countries.
the epigastric region, head-
t-burn," distress after eat-
gurgitation of either bitter
es, or both, make the lives
sons miserable.
r who recently visited the
es was impressed with the
rush characteristic of our
nowhere so much as in the
and other public eating re-
a physician, his habits of
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est restaurants in the bus-
of the city he found the
gth of time occupied at
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utes and 45 seconds were
dinner, while 11 minutes
n eating supper.
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er that it may not prove
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eals one should drink suffi-
partially to liquefy the
inking of moderate quan-
er during meals also does
o be other than beneficial.
y. critic recommended as
plicable to American dys-
following prescription,
safely be commended to
general:
r for breakfast.
r dinner.
our for supper.—Youth's

NGTRY'S LOVER.

Earl of England Now Hes voted Admirer.

Peel's projected marriage
ngtry, which constituted
ect in instituting divorce
this country against her
been broken off. The bit-
tween them may be judg-
fact that after Sir Robert
to get his wealthy Ger-
in-law, Baron Von der
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with his creditors at 50
dollar—these being the
n which he could obtain
from bankruptcy—Mrs.
ped in with a claim of
This almost upset the ar-
ut finally Sir Robert's
reluctantly consented to
$15,000, enabling Mrs.
im to be included among

Jersey's daughter has a
ain in tow, the Premier
ealth, Lord Shrewsbury.
e her racing partner, and
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er day by special train,
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y has played a more im-
in the social history of
f of the Victoria reign
er footlight favorite. In-
e the matrimonial en-
has by her beauty
at of young Sir Robert
Lane-Fox, who has since
untess of Powis, among
She, too, contributed
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ily treasures.
Countess of Rosslyn is
charming and popular,
ympathy was felt for her
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had inspired in the mem-
glish aristocracy did her
in this one. To-day Lord
out to go on the stage,
fessional career, not so
ove of the drama as be-
avagance has made it
hat he should work for
e believes the theatrical
only one in which he
y.—New York World.

y to a Star.

perpetual fascination
and the immense dis-
they lie from one an-
us. To demonstrate the
of Cenauri from this
lar scientist gives the
ration:
pose that some wealthy
vant of outlet for their
pital, construct a rail-
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the engineering diffi-
detail—and suppose
and the railway open
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ith a view to encour-
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at the office, demands
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e do you travel?"
an hour, sir, including
he answer.
shall we reach Cen-
years, sir!"—Answer.

an Umbrella.

ntly," said a stroller,
with their arms full of
hard work of opening
here is a very simple
f opening an umbrella
known to many, but
ll. You grasp the little
the handle, to which
f the ribs are attached,
of the umbrella against
d push until the little
on the upper catch,
are, without the least
world."—Philadelphia

25th Sunday After Trinity

THE FUTURE OF CHRISTIANITY.

The Increasing Influence of the Bible—The Rediscovery of Christ.

Interest in the lectures of Prof. Alexander Balmain Bruce delivered at the University of Chicago during the late summer quarter has been widely extended. It is said that no course of lectures in recent years has been more thorougly discussed. One of these adresses, on "The Future of Christianity," appears in The Biblical World (Chicago, November). This lecture begins with the emphatic assertion that Christianity will have a future. Professor Bruce then reviews all the forces and principles at work against religion, outside and inside of the church. Admitting that the present condition of things look like impending dissolution, he says that there are ample facts and phenomena to encourage hope and suggest the thought that if we have arrived at a crisis it is not a crisis of destruction, but of reconstruction, a crisis in which old things pass away to make room for better things of the same kind. Of such hope-inspiring symptoms he names three: The sovereign place in the universe assigned to man by recent science, the new interest awakened in the Bible by recent criticism, and the intense thirst of the modern Christian mind for knowledge of the historic Christ. In elaboration of this last point, Professor Bruce says:

"Foremost in importace among the good omens is the intense desire of many among us to know the mind of the historic Jesus, and to give to it the authoritative place in the faith and life of the church. Not a few of our best men, I fear, have been tempted in these years to get weary of ecclesiastical Christianity. But one rarely meets with a man who is weary of Christ. The appeal of malcontents is rather from the church of Christ, from modern presentations of the Christian religion to the religion embodied in the authentic sayings of the Great Master. There is as little weariness of Jesus Christ as there is of nature, of the world revealed to us by the eye and the ear. After many disenchantments, multiplying with the years of our life, these two objects, Jesus and nature, retain their charm unabated, growing rather as old age steals on. What is true of the individual Christian is not less true of Christendom at large. It is going on to two millenniums since Christ was born, but that event and the life it ushered in are not losing their attraction through the long lapse of time. Rather Christ is being born anew among us; through scientific study, devout thought and loving endeavor at imaginative realization, His life and ministry are being enacted over again, insomuch that it may be said with truth that the Hero of the Gospel story is better known to-day and more intelligently estimated than He ever has been since the Christian era began."

Remarking that one of the inevitable tasks of the Christianity of the future will be the popularizing of the Bible, Professor Bruce continues:

"Whether we like it or not, this is one of the things that lie before us. The inquiry into the history of the sacred books of our faith is a movement of too much depth, breadth and strength to be stopped by prudential considerations. It must spread more and more till our ministers and even our Sunday school teachers have become more or less acquainted with its methods and results. It can not remain a mere academic movement; it must influence the practical use of the Scriptures in pulpit, school and home. Religious people contemplate this prospect with mixed feelings; some with dread, many with sympathy and hope qualified by a certain solicitude engendered by a reflection on the perils of a transition time. The right attitude for all who are competent to influence the situation is readiness for earnest participation in the work imposed by the situation, with unwavering faith in the ultimate issue."

Touching the use which will be made by the church of the future of the re-edited and reinterpreted Bible, he says:

"The Bible will be regarded more as sacred literature, less as dogma than it has been in the past; as a book for religious inspiration rather than as a book for theological instruction. It will be understood that it does not teach many things, the raw material of an elaborte creed, but rather a few things very thoroughly. It will also be understood that all things taught in Scripture are not of equal importance; that it is not necessary that every proposition that can be supported by proof texts should become an article in a creed. A distinction will be taken between doctrines of faith and dogmas of theology. The consequence will be a shrinkage in the dimensions of creeds and confessions, and therewith the removal of one of the main hindrances to a wide, full communion of saints. For there have been two great dividers of Christendom. One is an undue value put upon sacraments, the other is equally undue value put upon dogmas."

Passing on, in conclusion, to speak of what he expects to be the most characteristic feature of the Christianity of the future, namely, "the working out of the ideas of Jesus concerning God and man," Professor Bruce says:

"This must come sooner or later. The teaching of Jesus has taken such a hold of the Christian mind that it will get no rest till it has given effect thereto both in theology and in life. Though we be near the close of the nineteenth Christian century this thing has yet to be done. And done it shall be. The rediscovery of Christ imperatively imposes the task. It is an arduous task, not to be accomplished in a year, or even in a century, and before the consummation devoutly to be wished many changes, theological, ecclesiastical and social, may come which shall cause faint hearts to quake — such a shaking in earth and heaven as shall look like the final judgment. But it will be only a shaking of things that ought to be shaken in order that the things which can not be shaken may remain."

DON'T SEND WOMEN TO CHINA.

Women Missionaries a Failure—They Nullify all the Good.

The conditions under which missionary work is carried on in China are peculiar, and are possibly but imperfectly understood by those who who have never visited the country and been brought into personal contact with the Chinese. We are told by a writer in Macmillan's that the population is divided into two sharply defined classes, the very rich and the very poor, the middle class being an insignificant quantity, and that though the poor, with all their ignorance and superstition, are the more amenable to external influences, for good as well as for bad, they betray, in common with their rulers, a rooted aversion to foreigners. The writer says:

"The days of Chinese exclusiveness have departed, never, we believe, to return; but the supreme self-complacency of the people as a whole, their lofty pretensions, their affectation of goodness, wisdom, and more or less beneficent power, are still one of their most striking characteristics, and while naturally more marked in the words and actions of the official class, may still be detected in the most wretched coolie who loads a ship's bunkers with coal. The latter's inborn animosity toward strangers does not, of course, show itself much outside China, where the conditions are naturally reversed. It rather develops into an unuttered contempt, and a determination to get the better of the foreigner in every conceivable way, even if it be only in the washing of linen. In China itself this animosity is fanned and kept alive by the expressed contempt and the active opposition of the governing classes."

In reference to the "high moral code" of China, we quote:

"Confucianism has no doubt wrought much good in its time, but it has outlived its moral power; its body is there still, but such soul as it had seems to have departed out of it. Confucius threw no light on any of the questions which have a world-wide and eternal interest; he gave no real impulse to religion; he had no sympathy with progress. It does not seem, however, as if Dr. Legge's prophecy that his influence would wane is likely soon to be fulfilled. Putting Christianity aside for the moment, China would assuredly fare better if she followed out her great philosopher's principles. It is because her people preach so glibly of morality and virtue, and neglect to practice them, that the Empire is the morally rotten body that we see it to be."

Ought women to be sent to China as missionaries, and are the missionaries sufficiently careful not to inflame the passions of the people needlessly? These questions are asked, and are answered as follows:

"We must reiterate our conviction, which will be shared by nearly all laymen who have visited China, that the hostile feelings they (women) indisputably excite almost completely nullify the good they would be capable of accomplishing under more favorable conditions. Their enthusiasm and devotion, their bravery and (as a general thing) their tact, their tireless and unceasing labors in lonely provinces where everything but their own steadfast belief in their cause tells against them, make their relative failure all the more pathetic. Still, badly as Chinese men think of our Western women who go out among them unrestrained, the Chinese women are more amenable to feminine influences, when once their natural prejudice has been removed, and there is a marvelously wide field here for female energy. It is possible that our women do more good among their own sex in China than we are generally disposed to admit; but it is certain their presence is an abomination to the people at large, and until China has been properly awakened, sporadic outbreaks, with more or less serious results, are inevitable. The other question, as to the discretion of the missionaries of China, has occupied the attention of successive ministers to Pekin and of consuls at the various treaty ports any time during the past thirty years or more. After all, it must be remembered that China belongs to the Chinese, and that we, when we penetrate beyond the treaty ports, are only received on sufferance. The authorities do not want us there, and they would turn us out if they could and if they dared. Given a rooted antipathy to foreigners and a missionary whose zeal outruns his discretion, and a disturbance is the most natural result in the world. It speaks well for the qualities of the men we send out to preach the Gospel in China that collisions with the officials and the people have, in circumstances tending very readily to enmity been so relatively few and the converts so relatively numerous."

EUGENE FIELD'S DEVOTION.

His Religious Aspirations—Some Beautiful Verse.

Speaking of Eugene Field, The Central Christian Advocate says:

Mr. Field, in his better moments, gave utterance to religious aspirations in poetry which are singularly reverent and devout, while here and there in the books of the departed singer there are prayers in versified form which are singularly suitable to be breathed forth in view of death and the issues which lie beyond the grave. For example, how apt is this plea:

"I hear thy voice, dear Lord,
Aye, though the sighing winds be stilled,
Though hushed the tumult of the deep,
My fainting heart with anguish chilled
By thy assuring tone is thrilled,—
'Fear not, and sleep.'

"Speak on, speak on, dear Lord!
And when the last dread night is near,
With doubts and fears and terrors wild,
Oh, let my soul expiring hear
Only these words of heavenly cheer,
'Sleep well, my child!'"

Again, in a dainty piece, "At the Door," after telling of the "timorous baby knocking," at his study door and finding admittance there, he goes on to say:

"Who knows but in Eternity,
I, like a truant child, shall wait
The glories of a life to be
Beyond the heavenly Father's gate?

"And will that heavenly Father heed
The truant's supplicating cry,
As at the outer door I plead,
'Tis I, oh Father, only I?"

Surely there were breathings of the better life in the poet's soul when he wrote lines like the above, and when he rendered into English verse the twenty-third Psalm:

"My Shepherd is the Lord, my God—
There is no want I know;
His flock he leads in verdant meads,
Where tranquil waters flow.

"He doth restore my fainting soul
With His divine caress,
And when I stray, He points the way
To paths of righteousness.

"Yea, though I walk the vale of death,
What evil shall I fear?
Thy staff and rod are mine, O God,
And thou, my Shepherd, near!

"Mine enemies behold the feast
Which my dear Lord hath spread;
And lo! my cup he filleth up,
With oil anoints my head.

"Goodness and mercy shall be mine
Unto my dying day;
Then will I bide at His dear side
Forever and for aye!"

It Is True

That life insurance is the poor man's best friend. It is the only way by which he can provide for his family after his death, or for himself when old age has overtaken him. Life insurance sweetens every night the sleep of millions of tired brains and troubled hearts, and saves from desolation and want thousands of bereaved families every year.

If a man has a large income, a medium income or a small income, life insurance affords a protection for it, and the amount of insurance he carries should be proportionate to the income he is receiving. In no other way can he invest his money to such certain advantage.

The unconditional accumulative policy issued by the Confederation Life Association is the one you ought to have, and it will pay you to write for pamphlet describing this policy.

CAREER OF HALL CAINE.

AN INTERESTING VIEW OF OUR RECENT VISITOR.

His Early Struggles—His Intimacy With Rosetti—His First Meeting With Gladstone—How He Wrote "The Deemster"—Ill Success at First—The Writing of "The Manxman."

Hall Caine, though ere this well-known to us by "The Deemster" and "The Manxman," and by the plays founded on these books, which Wilson Barrett presented on his Canadian tours, has, through his recent stay in Canada, become intimately known to the Canadian public, and particularly the Canadian publishers. His personal qualities have gained much admiration and his mission in bringing about an agreement over the much-vexed Copyright question has been successful. Something about his life and his career will be of interest especially at this time, and what follows is taken from an article in McClure's Magazine for December, written by his friend, R. H. Sherrard.

It is not true, as is supposed, that Hall Caine was born in the Isle of Man. He first saw the light at Runcom in Cheshire on May 14, 1853, but he is entirely of Manx descent.

He comes of a stock of crofters, or small farmers, who for centuries had supported themselves by tilling the soil and fishing the sea. He is the first of all his line who ever worked his brain for a living. His grandfather, who had a farm of sixty acres in the beautiful parish of Ballaugh, which lies between Peel and Ramsey, was a wastrel, fond of the amusements and dissipations to be found in Douglas, and alienated his small property, so that, at the age of eighteen, his son, Hall Caine's father, was for a living obliged to apprentice himself to a blacksmith at Ramsey. When he had learned his trade he removed, in the hopes of finding more remunerative employment, to Liverpool, and while pursuing his trade in Cheshire Hall Caine was born. He was brought up, however, in his family's picturesque home-place in the Isle of Man, where his grandmother used to tell him tales of the sea and of the fairies. He had a great fondness for reading. When thirteen he went as an apprentice to John Murray, an architect in Lancashire.

He First Sees Gladstone.

Murray was agent for the Lancashire estates of W. E. Gladstone, and it was in this way that Hall Caine first became known to the statesman, who from the first has been amongst his keenest admirers. One of the first occasions on which he attracted Mr. Gladstone's attention was one day when he was superintending the surveying of Seaforth, Gladstone's estate, Gladstone was surprised to see so small a lad in charge of the chainmen, and began to talk with him. He must have been impressed by the lad's conversation, for he patted his head, and told him he would be a fine man yet. Mr. Gladstone has never forgotten this incident. Some time later, John Murray, having failed in the meanwhile, an offer was made to Hall Caine from the Gladstones, of the stewardship of the Seaforth estate at a salary of one hundred and twenty pounds a year. "Although the thought of so much wealth," he relates, "overwhelmed me, I did not see in this offer the prospect of any career—indeed this had been pointed out to me— and I determined to continue in the architect's office.

Till the age of twenty-four he remained in Liverpool, earning his living in a builder's office, lecturing, starting societies, working as secretary of the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings, and writing for the papers. His lectures on Shakespeare attracted the attention of Lord Houghton, who expressed a desire to meet him. A meeting was arranged at the house of Henry Bright (the H. A. B. of Hawthorne); and the first thing that Lord Houghton, the biographer of Keats, said when Hall Caine came into the room was: "You have the head of Keats." He predicted that the young author would become a great critic. Another of Hall Caine's lectures, delivered during this period, "The Supernatural in Poetry," brought a long letter of eulogy from Matthew Arnold. His lecture on Rosetti won him the friendship of this great man, a correspondence ensued, and when Caine was twenty-five years old, Rosetti wrote and asked him to come up to London to see him. Caine went and was received most cordially.

His Life With Rosetti.

"He met me on the threshold of his house," he relates, "with both hands outstretched, and drew me into his studio. That night he read me 'The King's Tragedy.'"

During the evening Rosetti asked him to remove to London, and invited him to his house; at the same time—it may be to prepare him for their common life—he showed him, to Caine's horror, what a slave he had become to the chloral habit.

It was not until many months later that Hall Caine determined to accept Rosetti's invitation, and went to share his monastic seclusion in his gloomy London house. In the meanwhile, and in this Rosetti had helped him by correspondence, he had edited for Elliot Stock an anthology of English sonnets, which was published under the title of "Sonnets of Three Centuries." For his work in connection with this volume Hall Caine received no remuneration. Indeed, at this period in his career the earnings of the writer who can to-day command the highest prices in the market, were very small indeed. His average income was two hundred and sixty pounds (thirteen hundred dollars), and of this two hundred pounds was earned as a draughtsman. When he went to live with Rosetti he had about fifty pounds (two hundred and fifty dollars) of money saved, to which he was afterwards able to add a sum of one hundred pounds, which Rosetti insisted on his accepting as his commission on the sale of Rosetti's picture, "Dante's Dream." It may be mentioned to dispel certain misstatements, that this was the only financial transaction which took place between the two friends. His life in Rosetti's house was the life of a monk, seeing nobody except Burne-Jones (whom, as Ruskin will have it, he resembles closely), going nowhere and doing little. "I used to get up at noon," he says, "and usually spent my afternoon in walking about in the garden. I did not see Rosetti till dinner-time, but from that hour till three or four in the morning we were inseparable." It has been stated that Caine owed much of his success in literature to Rosetti. This is only partly true. His introduction to literary society in London under Rosetti's wing was harmful rather than advantageous to him, for it prejudiced people against him; and his connection with Rosetti, which was that of a spiritual son with a spiritual father, was misrepresented. He was spoken of as Rosseti's secretary, even as Rosetti's valet. On the other hand, so young a man could not but derive benefit from the society of so refined an artist, who had no thought nor ambition outside his art. And, in a practical way, Rosetti also benefited him. When he first came to Rosetti's house he was under an engagement to deliver twenty-four lectures on "Prose Fiction" in Liverpbol, and in preparation of these lectures began studying the English novelists.

"One day Rosetti suggested that, instead of reading those novels alone, I should read them aloud to him. From that day on, night after night, for months and months, I used to read to him. I read Fielding and Smollett, Richardson, Radcliffe, 'Monk' Lewis, Thackeray and Dickens, under a running fire of comment and criticism from Rosetti. It was terrible labor, this reading for hours, night after night, till dawn came and I could drag myself wearily upstairs to bed. But it was a very useful study, and this is indeed the debt which I owe to Rosetti.

Rosetti died on Easter day, 1882, at the seashore, near Margate, in Hall Caine's arms. It shows the extent of their friendship that, the bungalow being crowded that night, Caine readily offered to sleep in the death-chamber. "It is Rosetti," he said.

His First Novel.

After Rosetti's death, Mr. Caine wrote his first novel, "The Shadow of a Crime," first published serially in The Liverpool Mercury, in 1885. It met with no very enthusiastic reception. The author received £175 for the story, and this is all he ever got out of the book, although it is now in its seventeenth thousand.

"A son of Hagar" produced three hundred pounds (fifteen hunlred dollars), and has now achieved an immense success, but its reception at the time was a feeble one. Hall Caine ground his teeth and clenched his fist and said: "I will write one more book; I will put into it all the work that is in me, and if the world still remains indifferent and contemptuous, I will never write another." In the meanwhile he had decided to folow Rosetti's advice, to write a Maux novel; and having thought out the plot of "The Deemster," went to the Isle of Man to write it. It was written in six months, in one of the lodging-houses on the Esplanade at Douglas, in a fever of wounded pride. "I worked over it like a galley-slave; I poured all my memories into it," he says. In the meanwhile he maintained his family by journalism, being now connected with the best papers in London. "The Deemster" was sold for one hundred and fifty pounds (six hundred dollars), the serial rights having produced four hundred pounds (two thousand dollars). He would be glad to-day to purchase the copyright back for one thousand pounds. He had great faith in this book. "Long after we are both dead," he said to his publisher, when they were discussing terms, "this book will be alive." "I was indifferent to its reception," he relates; "I said that if the public did not take it, that would only prove its damnable folly." Its reception was immeense, and "then began for me something like fame."

The Beginning of Prosperity.

Offers came in from all sides; the little house in Kent, where he was then living, became the pilgrimage of the publishers. Irving read the book in America, and seeing that there was here material for a splendid play, with himself in the part of the Bishop, hesitated about cabling to the author. In the meanwhile Wilson Barrett had also read the book, and had telegraphed to Kent to ask Hall Caine to come up to London to discuss its dramatization. Hall Caine started, but he decided to leave the train at Derby because a terrible fog rendered traveling impossible. He spent the next ten days in the Isaac Walton Inn, at Dovedale, near Derby, waiting for the fog to lift, and whilst so waiting, wrote the first draft of the play, which he entitled "Ben-my-Chree." Barrett was enthusiastic about it, and "Ben-my-Chree" was duly produced for the first time at the Princess Theatre, on May 14, 1888, before a packed house, in which every literary celebrity in London was present. "The reception was enthusiastic; the next day I was a famous man." Notwithstanding its great success on the first night and the splendid eulogies of the press, "Ben-my-Chree" failed to draw in London, and after running for one hundred nights, at a great loss to the management, was withdrawn. It was then taken to the provinces, and was very successful, both there and in America, holding the stage for seven years. It was afterwards reproduced with some success in London. This play brought Hall Caine in a sum of one thousand pounds (five thousand dollars), and out of this he bought himself a house in Keswick, where he remained in residence for four years. Having now given up journalism, he devoted himself entirely to fiction and play writing.

In 1889, he went with his wife to Iceland and spent two months there, for the purpose of studying certain scenes which he wished to introduce into "The Bondman," on which he was then working. Documentation is as much Hall Caine's care in his novels as it is Emile Zola's. "The Bondman," which had been begun in March, 1889, at Aberleigh Lodge, Bexley Heath, Kent, a house of sinister memory—for Caine narrowly escaped being murdered there one night—was finished in October, at Castlerigg Cottage, Keswick, and was published by Heinemann in 1890, with a success which is far from being exhausted even to-day. In this year Hall Caine experienced a great disappointment. He had been commissioned by Sir Henry Irving to write a play on "Mahomet," and had written three acts of it, when such an outcry was made in the press against giving a license for their common stage, to the certain offence of British Mohammedans, that Sir Henry telegraphed him to say that the plan could not be carried out. He offered to compensate Hall Caine for his labor. "I refused, however, to accept one penny," says Caine, "and after relieving my feelings by spitting on my antagonists in an angry article in 'The Speaker,' I finished the play." It was accepted by Willard for production in America, but has not yet been played. "This was a great disappointment," says Caine, "and I had little heart for much work in 1890."

In 1891 he wrote "The Scapegoat," and in 1892 visited Russia to write about the persecutions of the Jews in that country, but the outbreak of cholera prevented him from pursuing his investigations very far.

The Writing of "The Manxman."

In the meanwhile, circumstances had obliged him to give up Castlerigg Cottage in disgust, and he accordingly removed to the Isle of Man, with the determination of fixing his residence there definitely. For the first six months he lived at Greeba Castle, a very pretty but very lonely house, about half way between Peel and Douglas, on the Douglas road—and it was there that most of "The Manxman" was written.

"I turned my Jewish story into a Manx story, and 'The Jew' became 'The Manxman.' In my original scheme, Philip was to be a Christian, Governor of his Province in Russia; Pete, Cregeen and Kate were to be Jews. I thought that the racial difference between the two rivals would afford greater dramatic contrast than the class difference, and it was only reluctantly that I altered the scheme of my story."

Hall Caine, in speaking of the genesis of "The Manxman," may be induced to show his little pocket dairy for 1893. Against each day during the whole of January and part of February are written the words: "The Jew."

"That means," he will explain, "that all those days I was working at my story in my head."

"The Manxman" was finished at the house in Marine Parade in Peel where Hall Caine is now temporarily residing—a large brick house, which was built for a boarding house, and is certainly not the house for an artist. As he has determined to make his home in the island, he is at present hesitating whether to purchase Greeba Castle or to build himself a house on the Creg Malin headland at Peel, than which no more wondrous site for a poet's home could be found in the Queen's dominions, overlooking the bay, with the rugged pile of Peel Castle, memory haunted, beyond.

He loves the Manx and they love him. At first "society" in the island objected to his disregard of the conventions. Now he is as popular at Government House, or at the Deemster's, as he is in Black Tom's cottage. But his warmest friends are amongst the peasants and fishermen, from one end of the island to the other. "They are such good fellows," he says, "and such excellent subjects for study for my books. They are current coin for me." So he asks them to supper, and visits them in their houses, and has taught himself their language and their strange intonations as they speak.

In June and July of 1894, whilst in London, Hall Caine wrote a dramatic version of "The Manxman" and offered it to Tree, who, however, refused it, as unlikely to appeal to the sympathies of the fashionable audiences of the Haymarket Theatre. In this version Philip was the central figure. The version which has been played with much success both in America and in the Provinces, was written by Wilson Barrett, with Pete as the central figure. It was originally produced in Leeds on August 20, 1894, and has met with a good reception everywhere except in Manchester and New York. The critics in the latter city wrote that it was a disgrace to the book.

For some years past Hall Caine has devoted himself to literary public affairs. He is Sir Walter Besant's best supporter in his noble efforts to protect authors, and to advance their interests. His ability as a public speaker and a politician of letters is great, and in recognition of this he was asked—a most distinguished honor—in November of last year to open the Edinburgh Literary and Philosophical Institution for the winter session, his predecessors having been John Morley and Mr. Goschen. He is at this writing in America on behalf of the Authors' Society, in connection with the Canadian copyright difficulty. He possesses in a marked degree that sense of solidarity amongst men of letters in which most successful authors are so singularly lacking, and the great power with which his world-wide popularity has vested him is used by him rather in the general interest of the craft than to his own advantage.

His life in his home in Peel, in the midst of his family—the old parents, the pretty young wife, and the two bonny lads—is noble in its simplicity, a life of high thinking, when, his success and personal popularity being what they are, he has many temptations to worldliness.

He attributes his success in part to the fact that he has always been a great reader of the Bible.

"I think," he says, "that I know my Bible as few literary men know it. There is no book in the world like it, and the finest novels ever written fall far short in interest of the stories it tells. Whatever strong situations I have in my books are not of my creation, but are taken from the Bible. 'The Deemster' is the story of the prodigal son. 'The Bondman' is the story of Esau and Jacob, though in my version sympathy attaches to Esau. 'The Scapegoat' is the story of Eli and his sons, but with Samuel as a little girl. 'The Manxman' is the story of David and Uriah. My new book also comes out of the Bible, from a perfectly startling source."

Hall Caine does not begin his books with a character or group of characters, like Dickens or Scott, nor with a plot, like Wilkie Collins, nor with a scene, like Black, but with an idea, a spiritual intent. In all his books the central motive is always the same. "It is," he says, "the idea of justice, the idea of a Divine Justice, the idea that righteousness always works itself out, that out of hatred and malice comes love. My theory is that a novel, a piece of imaginative writing, must end with a sense of justice, must leave the impression that justice is inevitable. My theory is also—on the matters which divide novelists into realists and idealists—that the highest form of art is produced by the artist who is so far an idealist that he wants to say something and so far a realist that he copies nature as closely as he can in saying it."

His methods of work are particular to himself. It is difficult for a visitor in Hall Caine's house to find pens or ink. As a matter of fact, his writing is done with a stylograph pen, which he always carries in his pocket.

"I don't think," he says, "that I have sat down to a desk to write for years. I write in my head to begin with, and the actual writing, which is from memory, is done on any scrap of paper that may come to hand; and I always write on my knee. My work is as follows: I first get my idea, my central motive, and this usally takes me a very long time. The incidents come very quickly, for the invention of incidents is a very easy matter to me. I then labor like mad in getting knowledge. I visit the places I propose to describe. I read every book I can get bearing on my subject. It is elaborate, laborious, but very delightful. I then make voluminous notes. Then begins the agony. Each day it besets me, winter or summer, from five in the morning till breakfast time. I awake at five and lie in bed, thinking out the chapter that is to be written that day, composing it word for word. That usually takes me up till seven. From seven till eight I am engaged in mental revision of the chapter. I then get up and write it down from memory, as fast as ever the pen will flow. The rest of the morning I spend in lounging about, thinking, thinking, thinking of my book. For when I am working on a new book I think of nothing else; everything else comes to a standstill. In the afternoon I walk or ride, thinking, thinking. In the evenings, when it is dark, I walk up and down my room constructing my story. It is then that I am happiest. I do not write every day—sometimes I take a long rest, as I am doing at present—and when I do write, I never exceed fifteen hundred words a day. I do not greatly revise the manuscript for serial publication, but I labor greatly over the proofs of the book, making important changes, taking out, putting in, recasting. Thus, after 'The Scapegoat' had passed through four editions and everybody was praising the book, I felt uneasy because I felt I had not done justice to my subject: so I spent two months in rewriting it, and had the book reset and brought out again. The public feeling was that the book had not been improved, but I felt that I had lifted it up 50 per cent."

No Use.

"No use," puffing; "we'll never catch it."

"Why not?"

"Conductor sees us!"—Chicago Record.

The Price.

He (musingly)—There is something about that flower that makes it seem very dear to me.

She—What is that?

He—The price!—Pick-Me-Up.

The Smasher.

"We hadn't a bit of cut glass in the house when our present girl came to us."

"Indeed!"

"But now we haven't anything else."—Detroit Free Press.

Reform's Location.

Stump Speaker—I say, we've got to have reform in our politics! It's in the air!

Skeptical Auditor—'Bout time it struck the earth, isn't it?—Roxbury Gazette.

Less Cheap.

First Doctor—And although you failed to cure him you raised your bill?

Second Doctor—Yes, my failure made me feel cheap, you know.—Detroit Tribune.

VAIN VERSES.

A Boy in the Library.

From The Chicago Times-Herald.

Alas! what ruin has he wrought
In learning's dim domain!
Invader of the realms of thought
And leveler of brain!
How did he gain the Library Key
And scale the topmost shelf
To batter Dante's bust, to be
Lamb's butcher—by himself?

My Milton shows an inky mark—
A page is missed from Moore;
And Chaucer from his corner dark
Has tumbled to the floor.
And Baxter—he of Saintly "Rest"
And meditation deep—
Brought from the regions of the blest,
Lies in the tousled heap!

Sage treatises on Ancient Greek,
And dissertations long,
And soul-enchanting love lays speak
Promiscuous from the throng.
From corners drear I sadly hear
Old Duncan's dying groans;
A handful's gone from Hamlet's hair,
And Banquo suns his bones!

Then in the rare and classic wreck
I see the tyrant's form;
His arms are round his mother's neck,
A refuge in the storm—
And as his rosy lips meet mine
And showery ringlets fall,
A world of Shakespeare I'd resign—
His kiss is worth them all!

A Change in the Weather.

From the Atlanta Constitution.

Don't growl about cold weather! Suppose you were to land
On Greenland's icy mountains, on Norway's freezing strand?
Suppose they were to send you as a missionary where
The Eskimo makes fire out of whale oil half the year?

Suppose you were shipwrecked on an iceberg far from home,
And making for the country where the hungry grizzlies roam?
Where time is told by ages of icicles
No living soul would blame you if they heard you growling much!

But, here you are—a little chill, and coal not very high,
And all the fires blazing and the possum smiling nigh,
And the hick'ry nuts a-roasting, while the cane juice drips away,
And, you're railing at the weather, and you're mourning for the May!

Love's Souvenirs.

Chicago Record.

No longer in love! No more can I sing
With the archer inspiring my lays.
With wonted aplomb I have struck on my feet;
But my head—it is all in a maze.

No longer in love! Have I merited aught,
My friend, by the fealty of years?
Then let not your sympathy ooze drop by drop—
Nay, shed me an ocean of tears!

No longer in love! Yet 'tis not for that
I'm a maniac and rudderless wreck;
'Tis the thought of the pawn checks that loving hath wrought
That gives me a pain in the neck!

Proving His Purchase.

He walked through slush with a jaunty air,
Nor stepped he high to escape the ooze,
For Jones had bought him a splendid pair
Of the very latest cork-sole shoes.
"Your feet will never be wet in these,"
The clerk had said, and 'twas even so;
Jones broke through ice just after the freeze
And his feet swam dry with his head below.

Canvas-Back.

New York Sun.

Delicious morsel, fit for king or peasant!
For peasants' stomachs are as good as kings!
Sweet canvas-back! What memories strangely pleasant
From out the past thy fattened beauty brings!
The odor of good times about thee clings,
And in thy presence I recall the days
Of my prosperity. A song it sings
When all my lines were cast in pleasant ways,
And feast and frolic kept the boisterous nights ablaze.

My Maryland! thou hast no clearer claim
To man's respect than that thou dost produce
The canvas-back, in form that puts to shame
All other fowl of epicurean use.
The meaty turkey and far-flying goose,
Though they belong to one generic class,
Lack the fine flavor and abundant juice
Of those proud birds that winter brings en masse
In countless thousands round the Havre called de Grace.

Blest be the sportsman when such feathered saints
Falls tribute to his gun's unerring aim;
But cursed be he who, thoughtless of his duty,
Neglects to keep the fowl till highly game,
Or eats it while its flavor still is tame.
Ten days must pass before the luscious bird
Is fit to satisfy the gourmand's claim,
And then, as all good eaters have averred,
No dainter dish the human palate ever stirred.

Split your fat duck in twain; its equal parts,
Back downward, place above a quick, hot fire;
Press, not too hard, lest the rich juice that starts
From all its pores doth in waste flame expire.
Twelve minutes broil it, but if you desire
It may be longer left to brown the meat,
Then, as the time for serving it draws nigher,
Expose the breast one minute to the heat,
And, being thus prepared, invite your guests to eat.

With celery salad, dressed in Mayonnaise,
Your canvas-back is served. And dry champagne
Will quench your thirst, and lend a sparkling grace,
E'en to the fancies of the dullest brain;
While those who eat will never more complain
That our gastronomy doth something lack,
Or sigh for France's culinary reign;
But will endure, if need be, stake or rack
To hold aloft the fame of native canvas-back.

No wonder that men liken girls to ducks,
But only girls when young and debonair;
For he who captures one such bird and plucks
Its downy feathers sees so much that's fair.
Such fine suggestions of the feast he'll share,
That after that his charmer's modest sweetness,
Her graceful form, her shy, coquettish air,
Her full, plump lips, her beauty and completeness,
Remind him of a duck, in all its lovely sweetness.

—Theodore P. Cook.

My Baby

was a living skeleton; the doctor said he was dying of Marasmus and Indigestion. At 13 months he weighed only seven pounds. Nothing strengthened or fattened him. I began using Scott's Emulsion of Cod-liver Oil with Hypophosphites, feeding it to him and rubbing it into his body. He began to fatten and is now a beautiful dimpled boy. The Emulsion seemed to supply the one thing needful.

MRS. KENYON WILLIAMS,
May 21, 1894. Cave Springs, Ga.

Similar letters from other mothers.

Don't be persuaded to accept a substitute!
Scott & Bowne, Belleville. 50c. and $1.

Doctors' Mistakes.

TREATING THE WRONG DISEASE.

How large bills are run up without benefit to the sufferer.

Many times women call on their family physicians, suffering, as they imagine, one from dyspepsia, another from nervous disease, another from liver or kidney disease, another with pain here and there, and in this way they all present alike to themselves and their easy-going, indifferent, or over-busy doctors, separate and distinct diseases, for which they prescribe their pills and potions, assuming them to be such, when, in reality, they are all only *symptoms* caused by some womb disease. The physician ignorant of the *cause* of suffering, encourages his practice until large bills are made. The suffering patient gets no better, but probably worse, by reason of the delay, wrong treatment and consequent complications. A proper medicine, like Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, *directed to the cause* would have entirely removed the disease, thereby dispelling all those distressing symptoms, and instituting comfort instead of prolonged misery. It has been well said, that "a disease known is half cured."

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a scientific medicine, carefully compounded by an experienced and skillful physician, and adapted to woman's delicate organization. It *cures* all derangements, irregularities and weaknesses of the womanly organs. It is purely vegetable in its composition and perfectly harmless in its effects *in any condition of the system.* For morning sickness, or nausea, due to pregnancy, weak stomach, and kindred symptoms, its use, will prove very beneficial. It also makes childbirth easy by preparing the system for parturition, thus assisting Nature and shortening "labor." The period of confinement is also greatly shortened, the mother strengthened and built up, and an abundant secretion of nourishment for the child promoted. Sold by all dealers.